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TOWN TALK

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The Monroe Doctrine Affirmed

The Venezuela controversy has emphasized more than ever our standing on the Monroe Doctrine, and we shall probably never hear the principle involved seriously questioned again. Not so long ago some of our own statesmen were inclined to scoff at it, especially when we acquired new territory in the Orient. They asserted that by doing so we were supplying the nations of Europe with an argument against the soundness of our position on the Monroe Doctrine, but two of the most powerful of those countries have by their assent to our suggestions in the Venezuela controversy signified their acquiescence in that rule of conduct as a guarantee of the safety of the nations in this hemisphere. In the last days of the session of the House of Commons Lord Beresford inquired whether the United States had consented to the blockade, thereby indicating his understanding to be that England was committed to the Monroe Doctrine, and the *Westminster Gazette* has gone so far as to advocate an international agreement by which the United States shall be made a party to any intervention on England's part involving the use of force in a South American state. "That country alone," says the *Gazette,* "can apply the ultimate remedy, which is the seizure and occupation of territory, and to act without her consent is to commit ourselves to proceedings which, if our opponent holds out, will either be without effect or threaten a quarrel with the United States. We should bring the United States into the affair before, and not after we are committed. There is no halfway house in this matter. We are either Monroeists or we are not." From this it is evident that there is a strong sentiment in England against anything which might savor of a repudiation of the Monroe Doctrine.

Morgan Against the Art Tariff

It was stated in the despatches some days ago that J. Pierpont Morgan purposed making a test of the Dingley Act so far as it related to the tariff on works of art. The millionaire was of the opinion that he could bring his Duchess of Devonshire painting into this country free of duty. Mr. Morgan's influence is such that he will probably succeed in having a new construction placed on the clause that imposes a tariff on art, and it is to be hoped that he will. This is the only country in the world that discourages the entry of educational and civilizing influences. The tariff on art is stupid and absurd. It subserves no purpose. It is imposed neither for revenue nor protection, and those are the only legitimate objects of taxation. That the government is not in need of revenue from such a source is evident from the fact that we have a surplus in the Treasury, and it cannot be defended as a protective tariff because our artists do not need protection. On the contrary, many of them have petitioned Congress for the abolition of the duty. Works of art are therefor taxed as though the production of them were a questionable pursuit. Perhaps some meddling old ladies of Boston convinced the politicians in Washington that all art is demoralizing, because it has been said that with the development of art begins the decay of the people. Italy seeks by legislation to prevent the exportation of the famous works of art, but we have a tariff which almost prohibits the importation of great masterpieces. The tax on a masterpiece worth half a million is one hundred thousand dollars. The author of the act probably proceeded on the theory that works of art are luxuries and that if the rich desired to enjoy them they should pay for the pleasure. But art is one of the most important possessions of a country and it is one of its most civilizing influences. Moreover the good taste of a people has commercial value, and as a business proposition the importation of art should be encouraged. We spend millions of dollars every year for objects of foreign manufacture that cannot be produced in this country on account of our lack of knowledge and talent to design. It is a notable fact that the American mechanic is ingenious but not artistic. He excels in inventive faculty but is lacking in artistic training. It is high time for this country to recognize the fact that art has a direct influence on the industrial wealth of a country. Artistic quality enhances the value of a work, and all crude materials used in the arts are made more valuable by artistic manipulation. It is as important to introduce works of art into this country as it is to found schools. It is surprising that the art tariff was not abolished long ago, for there are no powerful influences interested in having it maintained. On the contrary the plutocrats of the country have suffered financially from its enforcement. Morgan is one of the few whose protest against it cannot be challenged by the demagogues, for he has done more than any other individual to enrich public art galleries.

Uncle Sam Discouraging Matrimony

The Postmaster General recently issued a decree that hereafter husbands and wives are not to be employed in his department of the public service, and as a matter of course, he is being arraigned for his discouragement of matrimony. It seems to be taken for granted by a certain class of shriekers that the mere ceremony of marriage, mouthed over before a man and woman, under any circumstances and conditions, is something so sacred that in order to promote "matrimony" every other consideration of life must go by the board. There have been wails enough on the abstract question of the married woman turned out of her place simply because she was not single. Here is a concrete example given publicity in order to show how the

government is aiding and abetting the disruption of families. A woman who has been in receipt of a yearly salary of fourteen hundred dollars is married to a man whose salary is eighteen hundred dollars. She has always spent the whole of her salary upon herself. They live in a boarding house, and save nothing whatever. Now, complains the wife, neither is willing to spend less. She will not consent to support her husband out of her fourteen hundred dollars, nor will he cut down his expenses in order to maintain her out of his eighteen hundred dollars, "so there is no other course open to us but a divorce." It may seem at first sight, that the Government is blameworthy in causing the separation of two loving hearts. Apparently this pair, for couple they are not, have not an idea in common beyond making the biggest show they can on their income. Self-sacrifice, forbearance, mutual concession, apparently have never occurred to either of them. There are no children and luckily there are not, for to whom would they look for support? Surely not to the mother, who needs all of her income for herself, nor to the father, who can spare nothing from his own indulgence, and when parents have a joint income of three thousand dollars their offspring can hardly be justly regarded as wards of the public. That is the financial standpoint merely. In a union, if one may call it such, founded on mutual selfishness, there is no reason to believe that where money, usually the least regarded in the bringing up of children, is so openly worshiped, time or attention would be apt to be wasted on them. It is a beautiful picture to contemplate, especially in a day when the average earnings of women workers come to less than five dollars a week. This is the ideal state which is prayed for by reformers of the Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Charlotte Perkins Stetson brand; the financial independence of women, the glorious day when there shall be no longer a family purse and a necessity for giving up, each to the other and both for the sake of the family. Glorious day, when to be out of employment will be valid cause for divorce. This is on a level with another divorce asked for in Washington city, and with just as good cause. The lady in the case was ambitious to obtain an appointment in some official capacity, at the last Paris Exposition. She was told, or otherwise led to believe, that a relative of one of the government officials could obtain it for her, and she forthwith met and married him. When the appointments were made she did not receive recognition, and she sued for divorce on the ground that her marriage was the outcome of fraud and misrepresentation. In plain English, her husband's "pull" was not so strong as she imagined, and she was aggrieved. Incidentally, it is worth while to remark that these postoffice employes seeking divorce in order to save their salaries are a part of the grand army who are clamoring for Civil Service pensions, chiefly on the ground that they want more money. The seamstresses, laundry workers, sales girls and others, whose average yearly income is a little more than twice what the government employe receives monthly for less arduous work, and without deduction for necessary absence, is to be taxed to support in idleness the women who will not forego luxuries that they may provide for their own futures. When women were taken into the government service, during and after the war, it was with a view to providing maintenance for a few, at least, of those who were left dependent and destitute by their natural providers who had given their lives to their country. There was a sentiment which surrounded the soldier's widow and orphans, and it was deemed a nobler duty to provide them with employment which would render them independent than to dole out charity to them. It was never intended that adventuresses, and the favorites of politicians, should crowd out young men who ought to become the heads of families, nor that encouragement should be given to such pseudo-marriages, imitation homes and mockeries of families as have resulted from the system. A marriage that can be broken up because two people cannot live on one hundred and fifty dollars a month is no marriage at all. The government stamp which covers it was obtained by fraud and the parties to the deception deserve a term in the government prison.

A Cleric Behind the Bar

For many years the saloon business has been recruited from the pugilistic profession, but it has lately been demonstrated that the bartender's occupation is a congenial one to gentlemen of the cloth. A saloon owned and personally conducted by a clergyman is the latest novelty in the Bronx. The Rev. George K. MacDonald, formerly the pastor of the East avenue Baptist church in Long Island City, has given up his active connection with the ministry and is now engaged in handing out liquid joy to the good and bad alike of his rapidly growing congregation. He ascribes his sudden and strange change of profession to a feeling that in his former vocation he could not reach the masses. He says that he sees no harm in a man drinking moderately, and he thinks that he can do more good as a saloon-keeper than he did in the pulpit. "This bartender's white jacket and apron," said he to a *Sun* reporter, "are of infinitely more avail as a card of admission to a stranger's confidence, than the high collar and black clothes of the clergyman." Perhaps other ministers will follow the Rev. MacDonald's example. Ministers are broadening their views these days. Having denounced the saloon for years as a den of infamy without diminishing the number, it would not be surprising if some of them undertook to elevate the business by going into it, just as society women have sought to do with the stage. Though the recruits from society have had the contrary effect there is no reason to apprehend such a calamity in the event of the ministry deciding to be of service to the saloon business. The gentlemen of the cloth might at least improve the quality of the wet goods.

Teaching Literature

"The humors, conscious and unconscious, of an examination, are best enjoyed by those who correct the hundreds of papers which result," says a contributor to *Lippincott's* in introduction to a lengthy article made up chiefly of a selection of blunders. And they would be humorous enough if they were not so sad. The pupils, who range in years from twelve to sixteen, appear to have been compelled to

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take in the whole range of English literature, from Chaucer to Kipling, and to have read and formed opinions, or at least, to have assimilated the opinions of others, ready to give them out on demand as a faucet delivers water when tapped. When one considers that the unfortunate infants have also been steeped in grammar, geography, history, mathematics and natural sciences, and that in all probability the majority of them have been struggling with some musical instrument and perhaps a foreign tongue, besides other social accomplishments, the wonder is not that they have blundered, but that they have had sense enough left to blunder with. What have children from twelve to sixteen to do with the matrimonial alliances of Shakespeare's characters, and why, when modern orthography is evidently too much for them, should they be set to pick their devious way through the "Canterbury Tales"? Why should they be expected to "give a one-line sketch" of "The Light that Failed"? Could the idiotic examiner who set the task have succeeded much better than the victim who answered: "A blind man who went to war and was killed"? Children who should be barely emancipated from fairy tales, and still most vitally concerned with the fortunes of "Little Women" and "The Boys of '76" have been expected to make comparisons between Burns and Whittier, to dig out the esoteric significance of "The Vision of Sir Launfal," to "characterize" Bryant and Longfellow, to be glib in discussing Irving's works and ready with opinions of "Evangeline" and "Cotter's Saturday Night," and have Franklin's Autobiography at their finger ends, and be able to quote from Gray's "Elegy." Ruskin and Lowell, and Emerson and Holmes also appear amidst the chaos of the examination questions. It is evident that the misguided children have conscientiously done their best and tried to please their teachers, for their efforts to be "literary" and grandiloquent plainly show that they have kept their eyes on the final test and tried to absorb words big enough to express the ideas they were expected to have formed. What possible advantage is gained by "teaching literature" after this fashion? What are the children gaining now, and what use will it be to them later on? There is quite as much common sense displayed in this matter as there was in expecting the pupils of a native school in Calcutta to explain the meaning of the Tennysonian line, "Was proxy-wedded to a bootless calf." The idiocy was not on the part of the pupils, who gave up the riddle, but on the part of the examiners who proposed it. The best solution to the problem of why worthless fiction forms the bulk of popular reading lies in the teaching of literature in school. It is enough to beget a loathing of the best, even of what is fairly good, to be crammed with it. It is not uncommon for a class to be furnished, at the beginning of the year, with a list of a hundred or more books, comprising history, biography, poetry, criticism and fiction, all of which they are expected to read, learn, mark and inwardly digest, in addition to their other school tasks. It would be an undertaking for a mature mind, not to mention the disheartenment of having so much piled up before one, like all the dinners for a week displayed in one heap with orders to eat, and be about it betimes. It does not seem to occur to the modern educator that children have all their lives before them, and that there is no necessity for them to read everything within the brief space of their school life. It is worse than absurd to demand so much, and the failure which children make is the best proof of it. Let children of twelve years confine themselves to juveniles. Put better books within their reach, and as fast as they outgrow their childish favorites they will take up the others of their own accord. Let them express their own opinions about the things they can understand, but let us have an end to the utter imbecility of demanding estimates of Chaucer and Spencer, and Shakespeare and Bacon from infants who, in their secret hearts, prefer "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Jack the Giant Killer," to "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet."

Converts Made by Hypnotism

The cat is out of the bag at last. At a Methodist Preachers' Meeting in New York the other day, Professor John Duncan Quackenbos lectured to the members on the value of hypnotic suggestion in the ministry. He said that it had a great value, and that the pastor could accomplish much that would otherwise be impossible in his flock, by employing hypnotism. The Rev. W. H. Lawrence said that Methodists have not been unaware that many of the so-called revivalists possess powers of hypnotism, and that as a result their converts have been able to speak better and truer than under ordinary circumstances. To hypnotism, then, may be ascribed the phenomena that one witnesses at those so-called revivalist meetings. People have been known to act on such occasions as though they were "possessed." If we are to believe the statements of Professor Quackenbos and Rev. W. H. Lawrence, it is not unlikely that the converts were under an hypnotic spell. If they were, it is unreasonable to assume that they were able "to speak better and truer than under ordinary circumstances," as Rev. Dr. Lawrence asserts. When a person speaks under hypnotic suggestion his utterances are controlled by the one exerting the hypnotic influence. Perhaps that is why people who proclaim themselves converts at revival meetings, and tell how good they intend to be thenceforth, go forth and sin more than ever. We believe that it was ex-Attorney-General W. H. H. Hart who created a great sensation at a meeting held by B. Fay Mills at the Mechanic's Pavilion some years ago by announcing that the germ of religion had entered his breast. People who knew Mr. Hart thought that he either had paresis or was "boosting" the Mills meeting. Who knows but that Mills hypnotized him?

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Mills Withdrew

Mr. William H. Mills, I have been reliably informed, has relieved Governor Gage of embarrassment. When Mr. Mills learned that the Governor had involved himself in complications by asking him to become a Regent of the State University he sent word to Mr. Gage to the effect that he did not desire the appointment, and that he hoped it would not be made. The Governor felt greatly relieved when he received the message, for the situation was an embarrassing one. Mr. Mills had never sought the appointment, and his availability was a matter of the Governor's own suggestion.

His Pet Pose

Governor Gage has always prided himself on his devotion to his friends. It has been urged in extenuation of many of the questionable acts of his Administration that he was prompted by loyalty to his friends, a very fine trait with which to cover a multitude of political blunders and sins against the commonwealth. It was the misfortune of Gage, perhaps, that he had friends to whom he could not vouchsafe the sort of loyalty they expected without being untrue to himself and the people whose interests he was sworn to protect. One of his latest manifestations of loyalty was in tendering a Supreme Court justiceship to his private secretary, Mr. Foley. This Mr. Foley was formerly the law partner in Los Angeles of Mr. Gage. His practice was not so large as to occasion grief on his part when he quit it to accept the secretaryship. Nobody ever suspected him of being qualified for a high judicial position. However, here was an opportunity for Mr. Gage to be good to himself as well as to his friend. As Mr. Gage is soon to resume the practice of law it would boom his business considerably if his ex-secretary were on the Supreme Bench, for that would be *prima facie* evidence that he was in touch with the court. At this writing Mr. Foley has about decided not to accept. Evidently he is not loyal to Gage.

The Return of Phelan

Back to town the other day came ex-Mayor James D. Phelan, whose official policy was antithetic to that of Henry T. Gage. Rather than pose as a loyal friend he preferred to make a record as the servant of the dear people. He headed one of those sporadic reform movements which are among the interesting phenomena of modern politics and which are always evanescent. He accomplished much good, but the results were not all that were hoped for. He contemplated many reforms and improvements that were never achieved, probably because the people began to mistrust the holier-than-thou reformers by whom he surrounded himself, and decided to have a change. A community will not sustain a government superior to the average probity of its active constituents, and the Phelan Administration gave promise of becoming too good. Morover, the people grew suspicious of the manner in which civil service was handled, and that their suspicions were well founded is evident from the fact that it is a farce today. Mr. Phelan was not satisfied with ordinary citizens for office. He went into the high-toned clubs and picked out smug and polished aristocrats to sustain him in running the government, and the experiment was a failure. Some of the men he boosted into office proved ingrates of the blackest hue, and, wearied of his efforts to reform the community, he went off to Europe to forget his failure in travel. On his return, after an absence of eleven months, the morning dailies took occasion to emphasize the unimportance of the man who a few years ago was exalted above all his fellow citizens, by scarcely mentioning his arrival. However, the ex-Mayor is far from being a has-been. His bank account would insure him against obscurity even though he possessed nothing else to keep him in touch with affairs.

When Roosevelt Comes

And by the way, he is destined to figure prominently in the functions incident to the reception to President Roosevelt in the spring. It was Mr. Phelan who issued the invitation as head of a Citizens' Committee, to the President to visit San Francisco, and the President's letter of acceptance addressed to the ex-Mayor was published a few weeks ago in all the leading Eastern papers. No doubt Mayor Schmitz will seek to do the honors on the arrival of the President, and perhaps there will be some lively tilts over questions of precedence.

The Career of Babcock

Madison Babcock, vice-principal of the Crocker school, has been charged with incompetency. Nothing strange in that. Mere incompetency is not sufficient ground upon which to remove a teacher of the San Francisco School Department. Many of them were incompetent when admitted. Mr. Babcock was imported from Sacramento about twelve years ago to act as chief deputy under Superintendent Anderson. After filling the position two

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terms he was elected Superintendent of Schools. At the expiration of his term he was placed in charge of a night school, but the duties were too severe for a man who had been filling an easy political berth at the City Hall. So he was shifted to the vice-principalship of the Fairmount Grammar School. The principal, Miss Johnston, soon discovered that he was not equal to the exigencies of the position. She so reported and thereupon Mr. Babcock's pull landed him in one of the finest positions of the department—the vice-principalship of the Crocker. I am curious to know what will happen now in view of the latest charges.

Ruef is So Busy

While on the subject of the School Department I am reminded that Miss McFarland has not yet won her fight for a principalship. However, I have learned that Mr. Ruef has about completed a deal by which his sister will be promoted without affecting the prospects of Miss McFarland. Perhaps Mr. Ruef has no time to give to school department affairs these days for he has been very busy negotiating a deal involving the Police Commissionership. It is regarded as the fattest plum in the gift of his Honor the Mayor, and no doubt it is not to be lightly considered. Honors of that sort are not thrown away

Ruef Losing His Grip

Apropos the appointments soon to be announced by the Mayor it is interesting to note indications that the hypnotic influence of Mr. Ruef is on the wane. I understand that Mayor Schmitz is to appoint that eminent young attorney, John J. Barrett, a Fire Commissioner to succeed John H. Grady. Barrett is of that element in the legal profession which does not approve of Ruef methods. His appointment will reflect credit on the Administration, and may be accepted as an indication of a desire on the part of the Mayor to correct certain irregularities in the Fire Department. Almost as soon as the job-chasing Grady was appointed, one of his relatives was made the purchasing agent of the department, and it is now said that all the merchants who have been furnishing supplies to the department petitioned the Mayor to retain Grady as Fire Commissioner. I have also heard that as a consequence of the manipulations of the clique in control of the commission, Chief Sullivan has complained that the department was threatened with demoralization and I've also heard that the Chief was thinking of resigning in disgust. And yet all this time the department was under the control of those high-toned gentlemen, Mike Hecht and Rolla V. Watt, who were appointed by Mayor Phelan. Mr. Hecht is one of the eminent merchants who have been making Mr. Grady's fight.

Significance of the Appointment

The appointment of Barrett, by the way, will greatly shock Mr. McNab and the Monticello Club. Barrett has never been identified with the McNab push. On the contrary he has been associated with Governor Budd and James H. O'Brien in the movement to crush the McNab faction. In complying with the law which provides for non-partisan commissions Mayor Schmitz was required to appoint a Democrat to succeed Grady, and in selecting Barrett he intimates that he believes the McNab organization to be defunct.

The Fraternal Pull

Fire Commissioner John H. Grady, who is a persistent, professional job chaser, had hoped to be reappointed on the earnest recommendation of his confreres of the N. S. G. W.. If the fraternal pull is worth anything I should suggest that Jim Denman enlist the support of the Masons or any other fraternal society to which he belongs in his behalf. Mr. Denman has been a tax-eater all his life, and he is now doing his second term on earth but he is still quite willing to feed at the public crib. And there is Martin Fleming of the Y. M. I. who wants to succeed Denman. Why shouldn't the Y. M. I. come to the front for Fleming who is also an experienced tax-eater? Mr. Fleming is the gentleman who was always threatening to bolt the Democratic convention if it didn't nominate his friend Haley for County Clerk so that he (Fleming) could be retained as Chief Deputy. He is now posing as a representative Democrat and he wants to be a School Director. If Grady has the support of the N. S. G. W. why shouldn't the Y. M. I. come to the front for Fleming, and the A. P. A. join hands for F. A. Hyde? Grady, by the way, has a record as Tax Collector, which has never been satisfactorily cleared up. He was very lucky at one time to escape indictment but he appears to be as active as ever in chasing jobs.

Big Money for the Toga

The tip is being industriously circulated among the members of the Legislature that a "dark horse" is being groomed for the toga, and that Colonel Burns and Martin Kelly have been authorized to spend one hundred thousand dollars for the prize. Those on the inside who are engaged in trying to persuade legislators to keep out of the caucus declare that Irving M. Scott is not the angel. They say that Scott was quite willing to make a fight against Perkins, but that he appraised the toga at too small a figure. The opposition is said to be behind a man who has enlisted the support of certain powerful influences, and the representatives of the Burns-Kelly combination promise to open the biggest barrel that was ever tapped at Sacramento. Indeed, there is already to be heard the tintinnabulation that so metallically wells from the coins that have been

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sent into circulation by way of evidence of the affluence of the opposition. And now it really looks as though the fight against Perkins is to be conducted on something more substantial than "jawbone."

Might Have Been Worse

From the *Examiner's* account of the Bohemian Club's jinks it is to be inferred that the affair was somewhat sacrilegious. From what I have heard of certain features that were programmed but not executed, I am quite certain that the entertainment was not half so bad as it might have been. Gelett Burgess is a gay rogue, but his humor is so broad that it should be carefully edited even when intended for a low jinks. I do not know whether a certain pictured fence bearing a vulgar inscription was the product of his genius, but he was the sire of the low jinks, and it was a committee that decided that the fence should be barred.

A Matinee Idol's Fall

A brief despatch from Greenwich, Connecticut, last Monday told of the marriage there of William Faversham, the renowned Frohman matinee idol and Julie Opp, the actress who is also under the same distinguished management. I recall that a few months ago Mr. Faversham's wife, who was not an actress, obtained a divorce from him. His friends and admirers accused her of unfounded jealousy and credited him with heroic self-sacrifice in making no defense. He went so far as to offer to furnish his wife with a co-respondent, though he disclaimed his guilt. In the financial settlement he was very generous. The magnetic William had bought a seventy-five thousand dollar residence with money made in Wall street, and he turned the property over to his wife. Throughout the controversy he sighed like an injured innocent, and vowed that never again would he permit himself to be influenced by lovely woman. Miss Opp was his leading lady at the time of the divorce. She was Maritana to his Don Cæsare de Bazan in a most comic opera like production of "A Royal Rival," in which our own Edwin Stevens played the villain. One hears a good deal about Miss Opp's talent but she is an unattractive woman, though there is about six feet of her, and she is far from being a histrionic artist. Judicious advertising has helped her wonderfully. And by the way she was recently divorced from her husband.

Gallant Admiral Wildes

Rear Admiral Frank D. Wildes, second in command to Robley D. Evans of the Asiatic naval station, is on his way to this city, having been "condemned" by a medical board and ordered home. Admiral Wildes is spoken of in the navy as the man who followed the advice of Lawrence by saying, "I won't give up my ship." Two months before the war with Spain he was ordered detached from the cruiser *Boston,* then at Hong Kong, and directed to return home, his tour of sea duty having expired. Captain Benjamin P. Lamberton was ordered to the Asiatic station to relieve him. Lamberton arrived just as war was about to be declared and Wildes refused to give up his ship. He was so anxious to get into the fight that he was willing to risk the consequences of refusing to obey the Navy Department's order. Lamberton was quite as anxious to get the ship as Wildes was to retain it. After a somewhat bitter controversy Admiral Dewey with his usual tact effected a compromise. He appointed Lamberton his chief of staff and permitted Wildes to keep the *Boston.* When the battle of Manila Bay was fought Wildes commanded his ship and Lamberton stood on the bridge of the *Olympia* with Dewey. For his services Wildes was advanced five points. He was promoted to the grade of Rear Admiral on October 10, 1901.

Calve was Jilted

When Madame Calve was in this city she confided to a friend that though many men had loved her she had loved but one and that one was Henri Cain, the painter and librettist. She even confessed that it was to excite his jealousy that she had once pretended a mad passion for another, but they had at last come to an understanding and were to be married on her return to Europe. That friend received a letter from Madame Calve some months ago informing her that the ceremony would soon take place, but last week, according to the despatches, Henri Cain was married to a soprano, but not however to the popular soprano of the Grau company. The bride was formerly Mademoisell Guirandou of the Opera Comique. So the probability is that the great Carmen was jilted.

A Local Composer Offended

Emile Bruguiere announced the other day that he intended to give Allan Wallace a dinner before the latter abandoned bachelorhood. "And," said he, "all the music on that occasion will be of my own composition." Fred Hotaling suggested that the function would be more enjoyable if the works of other composers were called into requisition. And now Hotaling and Bruguiere do not speak as they pass by.

Pursued by Her Admirer

About a year ago, when Lurline Spreckels was in Paris, the news came to me that she had captivated a representative of the French nobility, and that a match was very likely to be made. I published the story and it caused a sensation in social circles. Though it has never been confirmed, it is undoubtedly true that a Frenchman with a

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title was captivated by the charming Californienne. But the captivation was not mutual. The latest report is that the titled Frenchman does not consider his passion hopeless, notwithstanding the fact that he was not encouraged. I hear that he has come all the way to California to renew his suit, and that he has been prosecuting it with phenomenal persistency. The fact is that French titles are no longer of any value. The Republican Government of France has decided to abolish titles, and reduce the nobility to the level of ordinary citizenship. A French count has no longer anything to offer but his heart and hand. So an American heiress has now no occasion to be flattered by the wooing of one of the defunct nobility.

A Game of Hearts

As the story goes, it was not the ciphers in Miss Lurline's dot that lured the Frenchman from over the seas, but her own fascinating personality. He caught a glimpse of la belle Californienne at a Paris theatre, lost his heart to the fair vision, begged an introduction, and haunted the Gus Spreckels home ever after. Though Lurline would not smile on her titled adorer's suit, her mamma, it is said, was not so much averse to having a nobleman for a son-in-law. The Frenchman, by the way, is a great art lover. Perhaps if Miss Lurline still refuses to look seriously upon his suit, some other San Francisco girl may succeed in catching the heart and title in the rebound. A mutual taste for art could help the affair along.

Lurline Not the Only One

Miss Spreckels, en passant, is not the only girl in local society whom a foreign nobleman has "chased." There was Anna Voorhies, who was pursued to the very altar where she stood with Tom Bishop, by an Austrian with titles galore. The Austrian fell in love with the San Francisco girl when she was traveling on the continent. And until his rival's ring closed around the third finger of that fair left hand he would not believe his suit was unavailing. Mrs. Bishop, by the way, has recovered from her late illness, having successfully passed through an operation for appendicitis.

A Mine of Good Stories Gone

I suppose that nearly every newspaperman that ever did the "Police detail" tried at one time or another to get the late ex-Chief of Police Lees to give up his invaluable detective reminiscences. But he never would. "Billy" Hart came the nearest to getting them, and "Billy," who was closer to him than any man of the craft, was staved off with the indefinite "some day." Now, poor "Billy" and the chief are both gone across the line and no one will ever read those reminiscences. The other day a newspaperman related the following yarn to illustrate the reason why Chief Lees declined to make public his detective experiences: In the early days of his life on the force he arrested a strapping young fellow. Lees was taking him to the station when the prisoner suddenly drew a revolver and placing it against his captor's stomach, fired six shots in rapid succession. Lees fell back at the shock, fully believing he was mortally wounded, and the prisoner made his escape. Later on he reached the station and asked to be examined. It was then discovered that the prisoner must have held the revolver at an angle, for six big welts on the flesh was all that showed under a silk handkerchief that Lees happened to be wearing next his skin. In after years, according to Lees, he ran across his assailant in California street; the man was then a wealthy merchant and high in the social standing of the community. Lees always told some anecdote of this kind to show that he would not be acting right in giving names and details connected with his recollections as a detective.

The Philanderer's Friend

The report from the Probate Court that the estate of the veteran detective is worth less than three hundred thousand dollars will no doubt surprise many people who believed years ago that he had amassed a fortune of over a million. During his career as chief of detectives he had many opportunities to render valuable service to rich people, and it was generally understood that he was paid liberally. Lees was more familiar with the family skeletons that rattled their bones in the mansions on Nob Hill than any other individual, and many a secret was interred with him. He was always quick to respond whenever the love affair of a prominent citizen threatened to create scandal, and he negotiated scores of deals by which persistent females were induced to cease their importunities. From the days of Charley Crocker down to that memorable occasion when Dick McDonald's wife Clara Belle eloped with Seneca Swalm, Captain Lees rescued many a lustful millionaire from the direful consequences of his amorous escapades.

He Espoused Sharon's Cause

Captain Lees did good work for Senator Sharon during the stormy period when Sarah Althea Hill and her band of conspirators were trying to annex a large slice of the fortune of that antique flirt. Lees was most bitterly denounced for his activity in the interest of Sharon. I recall a meeting called by William M. Nielson in B'nai B'rith hall for the purpose of telling people what he knew about Lees. The detective was paid liberally for his work, but at the close of the case he demanded more and there was a very lively dispute over his claim. The same sort of dispute ensued at the close of the Fair case in which Lees was also active. There is no doubt that Lees was one of the most accomplished detectives that this country ever produced. Bill Pinkerton, the Chicago hawkshaw, told me a year ago that the police all over the country regarded Lees as America's premier detective.

A Champion of Penuriousness

The Chaperon has been at it again. She has been praising Glayds Merrill for being content with a simple seal ring as an engagement band, and condemning the scion of a wealthy family, presumably Jack Spreckels, for be-

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ing so extravagant as to pay one thousand dollars for the little token of his engagement to the girl who is now his wife. Pray, why should our rich and fashionable youth economize in such matters? There has been too much hoarding of wealth in our smart set. Stinginess is its chief characteristic. Instead of censuring a young man with millions to get for "loosening up" to the extent of a thousand dollars to purchase a ring for his sweetheart, the Chaperon should praise him for his generosity. That is a rare enough trait nowadays, and let us not discourage those who are inclined to give it rein. Too many of the sons of our skin-flint millionaires are like their fathers. Many of those that acquired a fortune without a struggle are clutching it so tightly that one might suspect them of being afflicted with incessant visions of the Alms House. They are too penurious to indulge in foreign travel, a diversion, by the way, calculated to broaden the mind and induce the habit of enjoying one's income.

The Emerald Did the Trick

And by the way, it sometimes behooves the young man in quest of a wife to seal the compact with the finest and prettiest ring he is able to purchase. The gentle sex is partial to costly jewelry, and women have been known to hesitate up to the very moment the ring was produced. I have heard that Mrs. Walter Martin did not give a decided answer the night of the Lester ball, but that nevertheless Walter, who is no laggard in love, sent the ring the next day. It was a magnificent emerald that would enthuse almost any girl. Mary Scott, that was, wore the ring over to the Hopkins house that day, and the girls raved over it so that perhaps they influenced her in deciding to have it "for keeps."

A craze for old-fashioned jewelry has developed in the smart set, and those of our belles whose mothers possessed none in their youth are raiding the second-hand shops in search of articles that may be worn as heirlooms.

Dr. Flint's Fiancee

Miss Apperson, Mrs. Hearst's niece, whose engagement with Dr. Flint of the University of California Medical College was recently announced, is a girl of rarely delicate beauty. She has never elected to take part in the gayeties of our smart set, preferring the more serious and intellectual cult fostered by Mrs. Hearst. Miss Apperson has never been Sunday-supped as a beauty, but she has far greater physical attractions than most of the paper-made beauties of the ton. Dr. Flint came to California at the solicitation of Mrs. Hearst to accept a position on the staff of the medical college, and her niece's choice of him as a future husband is very gratifying to the university's Lady Bountiful.

The Hartopp Case

Aileen Woods, the San Francisco song bird who is having her voice trilled by the London masters, writes me that the Hartopp divorce case is still the principal topic of conversation. The jury took the view that there was nothing to choose between the couple; that it was a case of the pot calling the kettle black. Miss Woods says that the people in the courtroom seemed to regard it as delicious as an epigrammatic problem. When Lady Hartopp was ordered to pay Mrs. Sands, whom she had named as corespondent, costs amounting to four thousand five hundred dollars, Lady Hartopp's relatives, the Wilsons and their allies, groaned, and made caustic remarks that every one could hear. Altogether, the costs of the suit are one hundred thousand dollars, of which Lord Hartopp must pay about sixty thousand dollars. Miss Woods writes that as the nobleman has only about three thousand dollars a year at present, his sympathizers started a private subscription to help him out, the Grand Duke Michael and the Duke of Devonshire heading the list.

Back to the Old Home

What a lot of old Californians are coming back to us. Some of them had shaken the dust of San Francisco from their feet for good and all, and their return goes to prove what a cinch the State has on those who have ever lived within its limits. In the first place there is Joe Redding, who will be with us again by and by, "to end his days in California," as he is reported to have said, much to the delight of his friends in general and the members of the Bohemian Club in particular. But when Joe went to New York he said he only did so to "make money to live in San Francisco." C. P. Huntington kindly died and enabled him to achieve riches. John Hays Hammond is also to become a resident again of the Golden State. Early in the spring Mrs. Henry Schmiedell will return. With her son-in-law and daughter, the George H. Howards, she has spent the last year or two in Europe.

Do you wish to try the most delicate elixir that fruit can produce, "La mute," or sweet must of the Sauternes?

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Have Many Friends Here

In the event of General Leonard Wood coming to California as Commanding General of this department, he will find a large family connection ready at hand. Mrs. Wood's father, Mr. Condit-Smith of Washington, married as his second wife Sally Swearingen of California and she has been more of a sister to her husband's grown daughters than a stepmother. Mrs. Smith's mother, Mrs. Swearingen, kept an old-fashioned Southern boarding house here in San Francisco away back in the fifty decade. Among her boarders were Judge Stephen C. Field, who married the eldest daughter Susan; George Whitney, who became the husband of Molly, the second daughter, and Andrew McCreery, who wedded the youngest daughter, Belle. Sally Swearingen, the third in line, was woed and won by Mr. Smith while she was visiting Mrs. Field. Mrs. Whitney, who has always resided in Oakland, has a large family of daughters, most of whom are married. So Mrs. Wood, if she comes, will not be a stranger in a strange land.

He Is a Genius

It may be of interest to the friends of Mr. Gelett Burgess to know that he really is a genius. He may not be entitled to rank as a literary genius, but as a cook he has Mr. Raphael Weill, as Billy Baxter would say, "lashed to the mast." There is not a chef in San Francisco so skilled in the art of cooking a duck. So hereafter the friends of the author of the "Purple Cow" should pardon his eccentricities, for those who have sampled his cooking have no hesitation in declaring that he is a genius. And for eccentricity he is without a peer. It is by his eccentric works that he is best known, and it is owing to the infrequency of his lucid intervals that he has achieved a reputation for individuality. For instance, at dinners, he never cuts a cake in the usual way. He prefers square pieces of abnormal size. At intervals he arises and requests every fourth person to change places, and then everybody who considers it an honor to know an author says, "Isn't he original?" He never thanks his hostess for entertaining him, and he usually turns his back to people to whom he has just been introduced. On such occasions it is to be presumed that he is in deep thought. However, Mr. Burgess has done some very clever and weird things. One of the queerest things he ever wrote was a song entitled, "My Mamma's at the Morgue," which he sang at one of the Bohemian Club jinks. I have heard that when he was in London he was greatly admired by Lady Colin Campbell, the sister-in-law of the Duke of Argyle. She is the lady whose husband sued her for a divorce, mentioning half a dozen co-respondents.

A Journalistic Star

Mrs. Mary Davison Chambers, better known in New York as Kate Carew, started her journalistic career in this city a few years ago. She used to draw beautiful pictures of women for the *Examiner*. She was a very pretty young widow when here, but now she is the wife of "Harrie" Chambers who was also on the *Examiner*. He is a brother of Haddon Chambers, the well-known playwright. Since leaving San Francisco "Kate Carew" has interviewed everybody of importance on both sides of the ocean. She always illustrates her own interviews. From a mutual friend I learned that she has one of the cosiest homes in New York, and that she is recognized as one of the great successes of New York journalism. Her salary on the *World* is one hundred dollars a week.

Our Literary Set

Mr. Wallace Irwin of "Omar Jr." fame and author of "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" has retired from his journalistic position and taken to writing on his own account. He made over two thousand dollars out of his jingle and is now at work on a comic opera. He also has an order from Fischer's for a burlesque. Mrs. Irwin is writing a novel. The Irwins belong to what is known as the Russian Hill literary set. The Will Irwins live up there too, as also do the Shepards of Elder & Shepard, Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, Howard Holmes the architect and the Rev. Mr. Wooster. The Frank Deerings expect to be located there in February, and Gelett Burgess lives not far away. The Moores have built a very handsome residence on the northern slope of the hill and will soon occupy it.

Anna Stronsky, who wrote "The Love Letters of Professor Wace" in collaboration with Jack London, has gone East. She intends entering upon a literary career in New York. After attending to the publication of her book she will make a trip to her home in Russia. Miss Stronsky is a Jewess, and her brothers are bright business men in this city.

Her Quaint Apparel

Miss Ethyl Hager's street costumes are as original in design as those by which she startles people at fancy dress balls. I saw her recently under a curious hat worn with a blue walking suit. It was a blue felt and looked like a garden hat. There were streamers attached fully a foot long, hanging down her back. She also carried a brown fox muff and wore a boa of the same.

DIVIDEND NOTICES

Security Savings Bank, 222 Montgomery st., Mills building. For the half year ending December 31, 1902, dividends on term deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 2, 1903. FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

At the regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3 1-8) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1902, free from all taxes and payable on and after January 2, 1903. ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.
San Francisco, December 29, 1902.

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The Sacred Slate of Berkeley

President Wheeler of Berkeley has on more than one occasion urged the students to cultivate the acquaintance of the professors. He thinks that the spirit of bonhomie should be fostered in the institution, and it certainly should. No man is a successful educator who holds himself aloof from his pupils. No system of education is complete that does not include character-building as one of its features, and unless the educator mingles with the students beyond the confines of the lecture-room he cannot achieve satisfactory results. However the views of all the members of the Berkeley faculty are not in accord with those of President Wheeler. There is Professor Slate for instance, who evidently believes that he is paid by the State merely to impart instruction during certain hours. During all other times students must keep at a distance from his sacred person. They should never seek to intrude. When a student visited him one day and started to address him this highly important pedagogue pointed to the door and vouchsafed the information that it was the door. Another student who called on Slate at the suggestion of another professor to get his consent to a certain proposition of considerable importance, was curtly told that he would have to defer his business. He declined even to hear what the young man had to say. I am of the opinion that Professor Slate is not in sympathy with the aspirations of the students at Berkeley. He is evidently engrossed with other things. He should be permitted to go to some nice, quiet spot where there is no danger of his meditations being interrupted.

Jones: What are you going to swear off on?
Brown: Mixed drinks. And you?
Jones: Straight liquor.

The Pilgrim Mothers Shocked

The Pilgrim Mothers invited Josephine Dodge Daskam to address them the other day under the auspices of the New York Legislative League. She was expected to talk about woman suffrage and she did, but not in a way to please the Pilgrim Mothers. On the contrary Josie shocked them. During her talk the atmosphere must have felt as though it were congealed. The good Pilgrim ladies who want to vote were no doubt astounded to hear Miss Daskam say that her advice to a young girl in doubt was to "hang on to her privileges and let her rights go." They should have called a halt then but they didn't, and continuing Josephine said:

"If you cannot in this generation get your vote, you always can get your voter. Women have always influenced men, and I don't see but what that's just as good. . . . I think there's a great deal of unnecessary twaddle these days about the increasing strenuousness of the young girl . . . A woman to be successful must be good and she must be charming. You may think of her charm as her parliamentary ability, her oratorical power or her excellent canning of peaches, but she has got to have it. And if she is not good the world can't progress. There may be something interesting in the bad woman, but she can't perpetuate nations, and after all that was the main purpose of our creation, I think. If a woman is good and nothing else, she will be as dull as anything the world ever made."

Of course in the opinion of the Pilgrim Mothers, Miss Daskam is an unregenerate young thing who should not be permitted to associate with intelligent women. But Miss Daskam must have enjoyed the consternation she created.

To banish the blues nothing is so efficacious as a drink of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve bourbon or rye.

The Zionist Movement

There is considerable agitation in the Eastern States over Zionism or the movement for the revival of the original spirit of Judaism. It has given rise to a controversy between Jewish factions which is almost as bitter as the disputes between some of the jarring Christian sects. The number of American Jews identified with the Zionistic movement is comparatively small. Out of nearly a million and a half Jews in the United States, the Federation of American Zionists has a membership of only seven or eight thousand. The opposition to the movement is strong. Rabbi Silverman of the Temple Emanu-el in New York has been protesting against it most assiduously. He argues that its tendency is to accentuate race barriers, and he argues that they should be torn down. In a recent address he urged the Jews of the New York Ghetto to "tear down from their shops their polyglot signs and root out of their hearts this love of the deformed and teach their children the language and manners of their associates * * throw aside the vain customs of the olden time and take on those of the young nation with which they have cast their lot." He ridiculed the argument that the Yiddish jargon used in the Ghetto is necessary for the preservation of the race. Max Nordau contends that the Jewish people can be freed from poverty only by leading a normal existence on their own soil, but Rabbi Silverman asserts that Nordau is all wrong, and that the Zionist program is an impossible dream. Nevertheless the movement is making progress.

Not Such a Glorious Victory

Though the local dailies have said that James J. Hill and his allies in Seattle failed in their effort to wrest control of the Government transport business from this city, that is not the view of the matter held by financiers and people familiar with the projects and enterprises of the great railroad magnate of the Northwest. They credit him with having scored a big victory, and such appears to be the case though our merchants seem to be laboring under the delusion that the situation has taken on a roseate hue. Secretary Root decided that for the time being the Government service should be operated from San Francisco. Nevertheless a contract was awarded to the Boston Steamship Company, which has close connections with Hill's interests, whereby troops and supplies may be transported from Seattle. The quantity to be sent over the Northern

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DRY, DELICATE, DELICIOUS.

Used by the President of the United States at the banquet to H. R. H. Henry of Prussia.
Used by His Majesty King Edward VII of England at the coronation b
Used by His Majesty the Emperor of Germany on his yacht, the "zollern," at the banquet given to the President of the United States
Used by the President of France at the dinner given in honor of the ing of the Rochambeau Statue.

route is left entirely to the discretion of the Secretary of War. The Seattle interests in making the bid stipulated that at least seventy-five per cent of the Government's Philippine business should go through Seattle, but Secretary Root declared that to be an impossible condition, and it was withdrawn. From a Washington correspondent I learn that Mr. Harriman was opposed to the granting of the contract to the Seattle company even without the condition named, but failed to influence Secretary Root. So unquestionably Mr. Hill scored a victory. His main purpose was to break into the Government's business, and he was quite gleeful over having inserted the entering wedge. He informed some friends in Washington that the great struggle for control of the commerce of the Pacific had commenced, and that he was confident that Secretary Root would make an equitable division of the Government business, because in the fight between Seattle and San Francisco the War Department purposed maintaining a neutral attitude.

The Result of Rivalry

However, San Francisco will have no occasion to regret the titanic struggle between the great captains of finance and industry. On the contrary it should lead to rejoicing over improved railroad facilities, for Hill has aroused the ire of Harriman, and H. E. Huntington, who recently doubled his fortune by sagacious investments, has joined hands with the Southern Pacific president, and together they should be able to give Mr. Hill the fight of his life. It is by reason of the existing rivalry that Harriman has projected the great improvements by which he expects to reduce the time between San Francisco and New York to three and one-half days. When he was in Washington he dined with the President and informed him that his corporation was expending ten millions of dollars in the reconstruction of the Union Pacific, straightening curves, reducing grades, putting in steel and stone culverts and laying the heaviest steel rails. Plans are being perfected for a tunnel under the Sierra Nevada range near Truckee, and he expects to complete all improvements within three years, and have as perfect a system as that of the Pennsylvania Railroad. And perhaps in the meanwhile he will shake up that moribund combination of the Pacific Mail, Occidental and Oriental and Toyo, Kisen, Kaisha lines, which is managed in a way calculated to drive traffic to Hill's steamship company. Mr. Harriman has been quoted as saying that there is great room for improvement in the steamship business on this coast.

Coming War Among the Druggists

The most strenuous battle for business supremacy in local commercialdom is going to take place in the drug field. The outcome is likely to be the same as in the sugar, coal and meat melees and I doubt very much whether the public will reap any benefit out of the scrap. The present contest, however, differs in one particular from these others: it is a combination to hammer the middleman. Once he is effectually squelched I suppose the delighted squeezers will turn to the usual and more profitable occupation of mulcting the public.

Chance for the Great Unbleached

From a very reliable source I have it that about seventy-five percent of the retail druggists of this city have signed themselves into a cast iron organization to do away with the jobbers. They have subscribed a handsome cash capital to buy drugs, wholesale and in car lots: hence they have no use for middlemen. The drugs will be warehoused and drawn on by the different subscribers according to the needs of each. The cost of stock will therefore be reduced for them to the net wholesale rate plus the cost of handling which has been reduced to a minimum. The big cut-rate drug stores about town are not in this new combine. For a long time they have been buying their goods in this wholesale manner and there is no inducement for them to join the new combination. The new combination, however, has planned to scale down prices in the hope that the cut-rate shops will be glad to come to them and agree on a uniform rate to be charged throughout the city on all drugs and druggists' materials. While the new combine is lowering prices to frighten the cut-rate shops into the "trust" fold there may possibly be a chance to raid the drug stores and drag away armfuls of lotions, potions, powders, creams and cerates at reduced rates. So let loose the pomatumed and beperfumed dogs of war.

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

His Opinion of California Women

Dr. Lorenz, the Vienna physician who has attained celebrity through his treatment of crippled children, was here long enough to form an opinion of California women. In a recent letter to a physician here who has been in correspondence with him since his flying visit, he says: "The American woman is the superior of her European sisters, for she combines superiority in three characteristics—the esthetic, the physical and the intellectual. My experience with California women outside of nurses has not been very extensive, but I have seen enough of them to form an exalted opinion. It is this rare combination of beauty, health and intellect that impresses me most. The outdoor exercises she takes make her a fine specimen physically; her carriage is excellent, her cheeks glow with health. It is this fine athletic training that makes her a superior part of the race. She is the best-fitted woman to become the mother of fine children."

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The Faded Lily

Mrs. Lily Langtry is once more in this country, and the dailies have published the rumor that an English Earl with an historic name is in her train. Our immigration laws should be amended to bar celebrities of the Langtry type, for they are as great a menace to the morals of the country as the problem plays from Paris and London. The morals of the Jersey Lily may not be so loose as they have been represented, but she has thrived on her reputation for unconventionality, and it appears to be taken for granted that she is no better than the stories that have been printed about her indicate. Sarah Bernhardt is popularly known as a woman with a contempt for virtue, but her genius has in a measure sheltered her shortcomings. The Jersey Lily has nothing to commend her to popular attention except faded beauty, a speckled past and a capacity for augmenting a record for amorous dalliance. Of course she may not be to blame for the presence of the Earl but it is not conducive to public morals to put into circulation the story that she has another love affair on hand. Lily Langtry is once more a married woman, and though she may regard a husband as a mere trifle, under the circumstances the pursuing Earl should not be paraded even for advertising purposes. It is not the first time that the actress has been accompanied by a lover in cognito. Freddy Gebhard was "under cover" when he came to this city with her on her first visit. She was then the wife of Mr. Langtry.

Just Before the Prayer

Down at Stanford they are laughing over an incident that occurred at the recent laying of the corner stone of the university's million dollar gymnasium. This dedication, although quietly observed on a stormy day, was really a great event in the history of the university. Speeches were made by Dr. Jordan, the Rev. Heber Newton, the New York clergyman who has been brought to fill the pulpit of the Stanford Memorial Chapel, and by many of the faculty. The corner-stone was then lowered into place, and declared "duly and truly" laid. This done the university chaplain advanced to the front of the platform to pronounce the benediction, and all heads were bared. One of two workmen standing by the stone at once doffed his cap, but the other showed no signs of doing likewise. Turning to his companion, the first, cap in hand, said in a hoarse whisper, that could be distinctly heard by the throng, "Take off your hat, dammit, can't you see he's going to pray?"

Zelie the Much Admired

Zelie de Lussan announced her engagement this week, and she says she intends to retire from the stage and lead a quiet, bourgeois existence hereafter. The beautiful Zelie is considered by some critics to be the greatest Carmen of the operatic stage. That she is fascinating, I am sure, for did she not inspire one of our local versesmiths to apostrophize her in an ode on one occasion? Zelie's admirers are from all classes and professions. One was a San Francisco factory hand, and the witching Carmen always preserved the letter he wrote in which he said, "There is a don't-care about your movements, and you are yet so graceful that one must needs be reminded of a purring pussy cat."

The Examiner's Chief Editor

Mr. Dent Robert, managing editor of the *Examiner*, is making his annual visit to the home of his parents in St. Louis. Mr. Robert began his newspaper career in St. Louis, and it was his reputation established in that city that won for him the position he now occupies. He is now regarded as one of the most able men on Mr. Hearst's long salary-roll. He is a thorough newspaperman, and a cultured gentleman. He possesses exceptional executive ability, a fact attested by the perfect harmony which has prevailed in the *Examiner* office ever since he assumed the managing editorship.

Our Inhuman Shopkeepers

Now that our holiday shopping season is over I should like to call the attention of the proper authorities to the methods of some of our storekeepers. Not only should an effort be made to force them to comply with the sanitary regulations, but they should also be required to work their clerks in shifts. It is inhuman to compel men and women to work fourteen and fifteen consecutive hours, and it is outrageous to keep them during that period in a basement, the atmosphere of which is foul. And by the way, I understand that the female clerks in some of the stores are prohibited from sitting down when there are no customers in sight. Some years ago there was considerable agitation over the cruelty of employers, and shopkeepers were compelled to put in stools for the accommodation of the women. The stools have not been removed but they are merely ornamental. As the shopkeepers reap a great harvest during the holiday season they could afford to be generous but they are not. One of the largest retail firms which advertised for college students to work as extra clerks during the holiday season paid as high as one dollar a day to the young men who worked from eight-thirty a. m. until ten p. m.

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THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President
PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary

Out of Mourning—Presto!

Lady Bache-Cunard has been arousing the comment of New York's society knockers because she recently attended the opera, in white satin and jewels, when she should still have been mourning for her step-papa, "Jim" Tichenor. Lady Cunard, who was Maud Bourke of Oakland, ward of Horace Carpentier and jilted of Prince Poniatowski, came over from England lately to see her step-papa before he died. But he had passed away before the liner made New York.

Culture in Oakland

The editor of a "literary department" across the bay regrets that the works of great writers, enumerating under this head in the following order, Lew Wallace, George Cable, Hall Caine and Thomas Hardy, were neglected, while those of mediocre talent, Barrie, Maclaren, Weyman and Kipling commanded readers. Oakland always was a cultured city, but I never knew the reason why. Now I can understand. It derives its culture from literary departments conducted by editors who class Hall Caine and Lew Wallace as great writers. But why was Carrie Morelli left out? I have been under the impression that that dear old girl was the author of "best sellers" in Oakland. And why hark back to Hardy when Carrie Morelli is still on deck?

Mrs. Castle in Canada

Mrs. Neville Castle, who, as Mary Scott, was quite popular in local society some years ago, and whose stage debut occasioned the usual flattering comment, has been heard from. She is now touring Canada under the management of George Brennan, the New York manager who bought out Kathryn Kidder last year. She has met with success in the role of Polly in "Caste." The company is headed this way.

Will Hardly Find Rest There

Marie Voorhies is going to Washington in a few days with view to a "rest" after an arduous round of gayety here, which often necessitated taking in four functions in a single day. But it is not likely that Miss Voorhies will find repose in the nation's capital, which is not at its gayest. She will visit her sister Kate, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, who is in the thick of the Washington swim. The Scott connections, too, will entertain Miss Voorhies, whose youngest sister married Guy Scott, son of the West Virginian Senator.

Gayety at Del Monte

They are having a gay winter season at Del Monte. On Christmas Eve the guests of the hotel and the officers of the Fifteenth Infantry and the Ninth Cavalry had a very pleasant dance, and there was another on New Year's eve. The special railroad service to Del Monte has been greatly improved. There is a train that leaves this city at three p. m. which makes the trip in three hours and forty-five minutes, and it leaves Del Monte at eight-thirty a. m., making the same time to this city.

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Society Danseuses

Another society girl is going to follow the example of Ysodora Duncan and Jean Logan, and become a professional danseuse. This is Ynez Dibblee, of the most exclusive circles of Southern California. The dramatic recruit from society promises to be quite eclipsed by the society girl who can dance. There are at least a dozen San Francisco girls of the inner circle who can do a *pas seul* almost as well as a professional skirt-shaker. When a society girl has the dancing temperament there's no mechanical one-two-three about it. It's soul and skirts and sparkling shoes.

Right on Top in London

The Bonynges gave a dinner in London during Christmas week at which the guest of honor was the Princess of Schlesswig-Holstein. Nothing perhaps shows more clearly how old traditions have been cast aside, in London society, for new and liberal ideas. Old San Franciscans will remember Mr. Bonynge, who worked in a livery stable here years and years ago. He was a pleasant chap and made friends among the stable's patrons, and they gave him tips on mining stocks. Through his tips he made money, and later in Virginia City during boom times as a curbstone broker he added to his store. Returning to San Francisco he married and then took his bride to London. Their daughter married Lord Deerhurst, who is so popular down Blingum way, and whose cousin the Earl of Craven married Miss Bradley-Martin.

The Innes-Robinson Wedding

What a sensible wedding that was of Miss Ida Robinson, daughter of C. P. Robinson, and Mr. Innes, which was solemnized a day or two before Christmas. A few telephone messages to intimate friends and relatives to be on hand the next afternoon, no fuss, flurry, hurry or worry, but the knot was tied and they were both just as happy as if the wedding had been less informal.

"OH! HOW GOOD IT FEELS!"

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Theosophists Watching Mrs. Tingley

This highly interesting game of casting out bad spirits and juggling with good ones has been going on for æons and æons, but it never got down to modern business methods till the Fox sisters cracked their toe joints and got into communication with the next world at so much per seance. Mrs. Tingley is having her try at it: she has her own individual methods but she is finding out that the trip to Nirvana is not all it is advertised to be. She is working the field of theosophy, just over the border line of spiritualism, but like all such schemes of work, whenever money is involved, it has ended in a competent court of jurisdiction. I am told that a large number of theosophical societies contributed largely to her Point Loma scheme at San Diego. To her likewise was entrusted the carrying out of certain details. They were so managed that after a time Mrs. Tingley had practically everything in her pocket. These societies are now closely watching the trial of the libel suit going on at San Diego and if it is discovered that Mrs. Tingley has been working for Mrs. T. there is likely to follow some lively inquiries not set down in theosophical lore.

More Claims of Spiritualists

Mr. Peebles, the eighty year old apostle of the Spiritist cult, who circles the globe stirring up the cause, unfolded to me, the other day, the spiritualist claims regarding Stanford University. "In their trying affliction over the death of their only son, Leland," he explained, "the Governor and Mrs. Stanford could find no consolation in church dogmas so they consulted trance and clairvoyant sensitives. At the time they were considering the plan of constructing a magnificent mausoleum to his memory. At one of the seances the son suggested to them that the most satisfactory monument to him would be the erection of an unsectarian educational institution. And Stanford University was built. It is the purpose, so I am creditably informed, when the landed estates are sold and the income put into the institution, to abolish tuitional charge to students." Mr. Peebles also informed me that Thomas W. Stanford, a brother of Governor Stanford, is also a great believer in consulting spirits. "I visited him," he said, "in his magnificent home in Australia just before I sailed for this country. He is enormously wealthy and owns real estate all over the country. He has already made several big contributions to the university and I don't doubt would eventually do much greater things were it not for the claims of his large family."

Ed Marchand's Experience

Any sect or cult might make these same claims regarding notable people, but you and I know countless others who were not so smart in consulting the "unknowns." For instance there was poor Ed. Marchand, who was having the dickens's own time, domestically, till he forsook the spirit's advice, took his mother's, and skipped to Japan. In those old, depressing days of bills, bills, everlasting bills, he fell into the habit of dropping into an up-town "spirit parlors," where they cable good advice from the other side at twenty-five cents a message. Messages came to him that the wife's habit of running up bills would soon stop, but it didn't, and then Ed consulted his mother. The two women didn't get along very well together and the mother's message was short and to the point. Ed was given enough money to get out of the way till the worst was over. Charge was at once brought against him that he had hidden all his money and was trying to protect it by flight. But Ed's claim that he could not pay the bills of his wife because he was practically drawing only a salary was perfectly true. He never possessed a big interest in the well-known restaurant as so many people believe. His mother and her husband, Pierre Priet, own almost all of it.

Madame Holds the Purse Strings

Marchand pere started the business way back in pioneer days. I believe his was the first French restaurant in San Francisco. Priet was the chief cook in those salad and canned goods days. Marchand pere passed away when Ed his son was a toddling infant and Priet succeeded to the widow and the business. He has been its mainstay and has made the place what it is today. Young Marchand apprenticed himself to life by working around town. I remember him quite well serving as clerk in a big Kearny street dry goods establishment. Later, as much on account of his name as anything, he was employed in the restaurant. When the place was altered to its present style he was given a small share in the business, but it was a share that only yielded him a good salary. His mother holds the purse strings and they are ample and promising enough to make him mindful that it will pay big to maintain his position in her good graces. She is shrewd, wilful and autocratic, so the chances are that he will obey the injunction she imposed upon him when she paid his way and sent him to China: "Remain abroad till the divorce is settled."

The San Rafael Mystery

Mr. Giulio Minetti, the distinguished leader of the Minetti Quartet, and one of the most enthusiastic of our musical exponents, has been unjustly humiliated by the stories published in the dailies concerning an alleged escapade in San Rafael. Minetti was accused of having contributed to the mysterious disappearance of a blonde woman who was believed to be Mrs. A. Lloyd Smith, the soprano. The handsome young musician does not relish being posed as a gay lothario. The fact is that he was essaying the role of a chivalrous protector of a defenseless woman. Mrs. Smith came to this city a few years ago and met Mr. Minetti in his professional capacity. She is an accomplished soprano who has had considerable experience on the operatic stage. She has studied under Marchesi, and was at one time with the Emma Abbott company. A

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few weeks ago she was wanted as a witness in the Moxey case, which has supplied a great deal of material for the press. Wishing to avoid being involved in a scandal she consulted an attorney, who advised her to sequester herself for awhile. She then asked Mr. Minetti if he knew of some quiet retreat where she could spend a few weeks. He advised her to go to the Jordan Villa in San Rafael and she did so. Thence, a few days later, she telephoned that she feared detection because of the presence of some newspaper people in the neighborhood. She asked Minetti to come over to assist her in finding a furnished house. He gallantly consented and the next day she moved into a house near the Jordan Villa with her maid and secretary. Scarcely had the maid and secretary arrived when Mr. Minetti discovered that they had been followed by detectives. Then he undertook to throw the sleuths off the scent, and at dusk he escorted Mrs. Smith over to this city, after eluding the hawkshaws. Aud such were the incidents that have given rise to the story of the mysterious disappearance.

Great Scandal Upsets German

Arthur Bolles, who is here on his annual circle of the globe for the Winchesters, tells me that the "Krupp scandal" is creating a greater stir throughout Germany than anything that ever happened at the "greatest gun works in the world." He saw a number of the alleged photographs of Krupp taken amid the much discussed Capri orgies and he declares they surpass anything ever conceived in the wildest fancies of lewd French art. With the champions of Krupp, headed by Emperor William, he thinks that the photographs of the "cannon King" taken in the various positions are undoubtedly forged—made from photographs of his heads which are easily obtainable. At present the situation in Europe has developed into a great and bitter controversy between the socialists and anti-socialists. The anti-socialists, headed by Emperor William and his subsidized papers, claim that the socialists were vindictively antagonized against Herr Krupp because he and his father introduced and successfully carried out plans for ameliorating the conditions of the one hundred thousand people living about their gigantic cannon works at Essen, all of which plans were aimed against the influences of socialism. The socialist leaders scout such charges.

Where Tiberius Held His Orgies

At any rate, for years past Herr Krupp has been in the habit of spending several months of each summer on the island of Capri, the spot selected by Tiberius for his most notorious iniquities. He was forty-nine years of age, had a wife and two daughters, was a typical German, and, his friends say, spent his evenings at the hotel on the island, singing and drinking as temperately as did the compatriots who joined him. During the time of these jovial gatherings a socialist paper of Naples came out with serious allegations against him. Other Italian socialist papers followed up the charges; then the barefaced photographs appeared, and finally the unscrupulous blackmailers, demanding their thousands. Herr Krupp defied the first and treated the others with contempt. He had hardly returned home, however, when the most powerful socialist paper in Germany picked up the matter and published what purported to be an exposure of an uncompromisingly sensational kind. Herr Krupp was never the same man from the day of that publication and his death followed almost on its heels.

To the Third Generation

Then it was that Emperor William, who had frequently been a guest at Krupp's palatial home, Villa Hugel, jumped into the fight and declared defiantly that he "would hold the shield of the German Emperor over the family and the memory of the dead." According to Arthur Bolles, Germany is now raging in a newspaper war over the case. Very quietly the family, assisted by the German Emperor, is doing everything to clear the good name of Herr Frederick Krupp. The great name of Krupp passes with him, for he was an only son and leaves no male heir. His immense estate, by far the largest private fortune in Germany, will go in trust to his widow and two daughters. The big cannon works are to be conducted by a board of directors. Thus passes the most famous business house in Germany, after the proverbial three generations. The grandfather started its fortunes as a poor blacksmith before the forge. The rise of Prussia as a war power, and her consequent demand for guns and cannon, gave those fortunes a phenomenal impulse. The first Krupp lived in a modest cottage, the second dwelt in a palace, famous throughout imperial Europe for its magnificence.

A New Lease of Life

This winter the buds of the season are not having it all their own way to the exclusion of the veterans. There was not one of them in the first set at the last Friday Fortnightly cotillion which was made up mostly of belles

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

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of several years standing, with the addition of a couple of young matrons, so the aforesaid "backnumbers," as the debutantes have been calling them, have taken fresh heart and do not feel so forlorn as they have hitherto. The "old girl" is having her innings. While the buds are getting engaged and the roses of last season's growth are getting married, Big Sister is dancing and flirting and having the best time of her life. The other night I went home in a Hyde street car which held the remains of a theatre-party. It was somewhere around half-past midnight, and the party had evidently just supped at the Grill, for they were all in a jovial mood. I could not help remarking the seniority of the feminine members of the giddy party. The disparity in ages was so pronounced that I found myself wondering whether the precocious youths were enjoying feminine chaparonage.

At the Fortnightly

The success of the Christmas Fortnightly was assured at the very outset of the evening and the fever of merry Yule-tide glowed in every face. The leaders of the cotillion were old-timers at the game and the figures were executed with brilliancy and verve. Several of the costumes were strikingly beautiful. Miss de Young wore a marvelous confection in silver and white, which I am sure must have been imported from Paris, as I have never seen anything resembling it among the creations of San Francisco's modistes. Miss Genevieve King in black jet never looked better. Black becomes the Titian type. Mrs. Bent, all in white, looked regal even to the crown of holly interwoven with silver which adorned her head. And what a merry, light-hearted young matron Mrs. Bent is. Her bright face and witty sayings always ensure a goodly following whenever she makes her appearance at tea, dinner, or dance, as the sparkling fun she irradiates makes every one feel happy.

Though Edward MacDowell is coming out here for rest, he will not get it if he attends all the functions that are being arranged in his honor. He is to be lionized, if he will permit it, by professors across the bay and at Palo Alto, and by Emil Bruguiere and others in town.

Mrs. Postley the Matchmaker

Mrs. Sterling Postley will be an honored guest at the Loughborough-Wallace wedding. Well may she be, for was she not the *deux ex machina* of the affair? When Fanny Loughborough was in Monterey last year, Mrs. Postley chaperoned her on automobile and other outings. Allan Wallace was also much at the Postleys, and it was not long before the engagement was announced.

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What She Thought She Wrote.

Dear Mr. Jones,

How sweet of you to send me those lovely roses. There is nothing I love so much as flowers. It was an evidence of your refined taste and kind thought that you should choose pale pink roses, too—my favorite flower.

Sincerely yours, *May Smith.*

What She Really Wrote.

How utterly stingy of you, Mr. Jones, to send me roses when at the very least I expected a diamond sunburst. Here have I been wasting my new frocks, my time and my brilliant conversation, not to mention an occasional kiss upon you, for three long months. You need not call any more—or if you do I'll not be at home.

Sincerely, *May Smith.*

What He Thought He Wrote.

My dear Miss Smith,

I thank you more than mere words can express for the lovely shaving mug you sent me. To a man who makes but few friends, you can conceive what a boon *your* friendship is. Every time I look at your beautiful gift, I say to myself, "Thank God for my good friend."

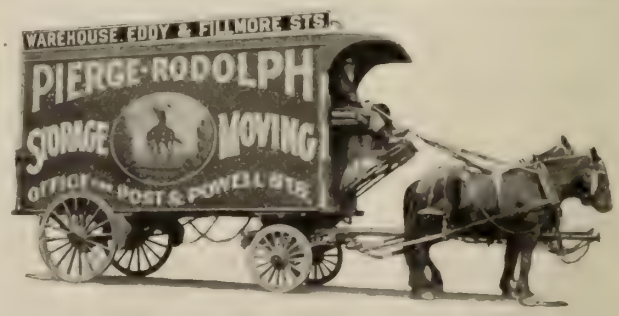
Very truly yours, *Richard Jones.*

What He Really Wrote.

Dear Miss Smith,

Why didn't you consult me before investing in that mug—such an ugly mug, too! Why, I have as many shaving mugs now as a popular clubman has loving cups. I could cover one side of my bedroom wall with them. And—I don't shave. I always get shaved at the Swell shop, the barber having all my utensils there. I consider it an evidence of great materialism on your part, anyway, to send me a shaving mug. I had thought you a woman of refined sensibilities. Well, perhaps it is as well to find out one's mistake before—yes, I *had* thought of proposing, but all is over now. Truly yours, *R. Jones.*

—The Psychologist.



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Told by the Flowers

Death. Silence. A rosewood casket, a white face visible under a pall of flowers. The tender curve of the mouth is no longer there. The lips are drawn and blue. The sightless eyes are veiled by sunken lids.

Hush! What is that? Only a lily detached from its stem, rustling to the floor, to be hushed in the velvet pile; a motion in the scented stillness like the beat of angels' wings, deepening into a sound of an idle wind in the deep forest. It is the voice of flowers.

In the midst of the pallid mass of bloom rests a lei of crimson carnations, after the custom of far-away Hawaii—a gory splotch on the sea of snow.

A cluster of waxen lilies with golden throats, breathing the magnetism of the hand that laid them reverently near the quiet face, murmured: "Dead; dead. And he loved life so well. He was my friend. His weaknesses were many and great, but God knows and understands. He made love to me and I forbade it. I would not allow our goodfellowship to be turned into a farce. In his loves he was weak; in his friendships, strong. Best and truest of friends, sleep well."

A knot of dainty violets shivered slightly; a crystal tear drop that had lodged among the petals splashed on the glossy surface of the casket, and the questioning whisper came: "Made love to you? You must be mad. 'Twas I he loved. It was the rose time just one year ago he brought heaven down to earth by telling me the old sweet story. I was his all. He told me there was none other beside me, and I believed him. He was mine, all mine. He gave a thought to no one but me. He said that ours was a love re-born; that he had loved me since Time was new, and would love me when Time had ceased to be."

"Nay, little one" (it was the lei that spoke), "it was to me he came from your arms. It was on my breast he laid his head. my soul he tasted through his kisses, and when he begged me to fly with him I drew him close and stifled his pleadings in my dusky hair. He called me his 'Heart's Blood,' and that is why I choose now to lie so near his heart. I would warm it into life if I could. He loved life so well, and now the stirring, passionate current is frozen in its course. Ah, the pity of it! A year ago this rose time you say he told you the sweet old story. It was then we were counting time by heart throbs; those summer nights when the sky was strewn with handfuls of jewels, and the great golden bubble threw a glamour over all; when the magnolia at the corner of the tower caught the night bird in its intoxicating aura—ah, God! We lived, we two, and all the beautiful, eternal Now was ours. It was madness, and the dream soon ended. It snapped asunder like a 'cello string drawn too taut. We were both weary of the play. We rang down the curtain, washed the paint from our faces, and I told him to go back to you and to be true to you."

A languid orchid took interest: "Ah, it was you? I never knew. I see now—it comes to me like a dim remembered dream —his flights northward, the flowers, the books—yes, and so you are she. He was to me—but no, I will not speak. I will not desecrate his memory by flaunting that which is sacred. It will be locked in my breast as securely as it is bound in this lump of passionless clay. We dreamed our dream"; the last with a shuddering sigh.

The cluster of pale roses murmured: "They never knew him as he really was. That delight was reserved for me. For long years he defied the laws of man, forswore hope of heaven and risked the tortures of hell for me. Gods! The deliciousness of defying the world for each other. Fate drifted us asunder, but the invisible golden links still bind our hearts together as in the rare old days. Ours was a love that time nor space nor death can change. I mourn him alone."

Here the shapely branch of lilacs quivered: "We lived our world together, he and I. We played a furious game, and passion burned itself out, but his heart called for me over land and sea. The wife was the barrier. He said they were not mated, and that in me he found his heart's desire."

A door opened softly and a little woman, garbed in deepest black, entered leaning on the arm of a tall, boyish figure. Her blue eyes were blurred with weeping, and her yellow hair in disarray. "See, my son," she said with forced composure, "the tributes from those who knew his worth. May you be like your father, my boy, strong and true and faithful." Then sinking on her knees she cried, "He loved me, he loved me as woman was never loved on this earth. I alone understood him. That is my great comfort. O, God! how can I give him up!"

And Passion was dumb in the presence of Love and Grief.

A. R. L.

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The subject of our frontispiece is a fair portrait of Mme. Idaline, the originator of the Mme. Idaline Face Cream. In the short space of four years, Mme. Idaline has built up the largest business of its kind west of Chicago, and one of the largest in the United States. She has shown great business ability in organizing a large company composed of some of the most prominent business men in our State. The system of demonstrating which this company employs in placing its goods upon the market has proved very successful. This unique system consists of a corps of thoroughly trained ladies who demonstrate and sell the goods from artistic booths which are placed in every large department and drug store throughout the United States. Mme. Idaline is a woman of culture, having been educated abroad in the science of chemistry, and now gives to the public the result of years of study and experiments. The Idaline Face Cream is a cream and powder combined and lends beauty to the fairest skin, without any danger of injury. It is far better than a powder, and does away with all use of the latter. Most face creams promote a growth of hair upon the skin, but the Idaline does not. It imparts to the skin a babylike, peachy softness that no other toilet preparation gives.

Proof Positive

Maud—He's not such a fool as he looks. I know because I was engaged to him once.

May—Then I know he's not, for he got out of it.

—*The Knocker.*

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Do you like this type dry? Then ask for the Olivina Sauterne.

Do you want it a little sweet? Then ask for the Haut Sauterne, for there is a small addition of Sweet must.

Do you want it quite sweet? Then ask for the Yquem, for there is a larger portion of sweet must to the latter wine. Now, do not assume that this addition is the usual rock candy syrup, but try the wine; or better still, send for a sample of this elixir and you will be convinced.

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The Abstracted Kiss

An Incident of the New Year.

The gay New Year's Eve carnival was under way. The celebration is peculiar to San Francisco, I believe, in no other city in the world being observed in exactly the same way. It is like the New Orleans Mardi Gras, without the confetti, the Roman carnival without the beauties posing in the balconies. It is just a procession, as it were, of frolicking men and women, children in their momentary forgetfulness of dull care. Horns tooting, bells ringing, the New Year is ushered in with noise and jollity.

The merriment was at its height. Up and down Market street passed a stream of paraders, some in grotesque costumes. The restaurants and cafes were packed to the doors. Everybody exchanged greetings:

"A happy New Year!"

"Many to you!"

"*Por el amor de Dios!*"

"Good luck!"

"*Wie geht's alter Haus?*"

"*Vive la joie!*"

"Happy New Year!"

With a group of friends I was among the revelers, but a looker-on rather than a participant. I had not drunk sufficient wine to give me that feeling of elation that seemed to possess the others. As yet, indeed, I was not waked up to the spirit around me.

* * * * * * * * *

The merriment began to grow less pronounced. The tooters of horns were growing tired. The bell-ringers were weary. The restaurants began to disgorge their occupants, and lights became less numerous. My friends and I walked westward along Market, toward the City Hall. A gay party was just emerging from the underground cafe at the intersection. They paused as they reached the corner, evidently undetermined what to do next.

"I must go home at once," said a tall girl, apparently beautiful, though as she had a veil closely drawn over her face, ending at the tip of what I felt sure was a perfect nose, only two adorable red lips could be seen.

"No, don't go yet," returned a plump little creature, garbed in green cloth trimmed with rich fur, "I intend to see the show out."

"But I really *should* go home, you know," the other insisted, "you see, dear, *you* have no one waiting for you."

"Yes, I have," laughed the small woman, "here's Tom waiting now to find what we will do next."

There were three men with them, who puffed quietly at their cigars while waiting for their companions to outline a further itinerary.

"*Vive la—vive la—vive l'amour,*" hummed one beneath his breath.

His eyes turned toward the tall girl with the veil.

"No, I must go," she was saying. "Here, hail a cab for me, some one, please."

Any number of cabs were rolling by, many of them empty. But it was not so easy to hail one, they passed so swiftly. And the crowd in the street was still large, a rougher element having succeeded the higher class of revelers.

"I'll call one myself," cried the veiled lady, stepping forward toward the curbstone, and raising her arm to draw a cabby's attention, "if I don't go at once there'll be a terrible denouement at home, I know."

But the last words were breathed into other ears than those for whom they were intended. The rough crowd had intervened, when she took that fatal step forward, to separate her from her companions. Darkness, broken only by an occasional dim incandescent light, had settled upon the streets. It was that mystic hour when deep black enshrouds everything, just before the pink-tipped gray of dawn.

I was close to the veiled lady's side. Her companions were now invisible. A rude hand seized the tall girl's arm, dusky fingers imprinting spots upon its white coat-sleeve.

"Oh, dear, oh dear!" she wailed, in fright and wild distress.

"Cabby!" she cried, and a cab answered her hail, stopping by the curb.

She looked about her for some one's aid, the rude arm still being perilously near, though I had thrust the fellow back but a moment before. My friends, too, were lost in the crowd and the darkness. I sprang to her side. She looked at me with eyes still distended, as far as the veil revealed in the light from the cab-lamp, with fright. Then something in my manner seemed to reassure her.

"Don't leave me yet," she said, one foot on the cab-step, "look about, please, and see if the others are not near. Carrie! Carrie!" she called in a sweet but penetrating voice.

But Carrie, who I surmised was the plump little woman in green cloth and furs, had been swept far away by the turbulent tide of passers.

"Jump in, quick!" cried the cabman, "I can't wait all night!"

Nervously, she stepped into the vehicle. She still held my coat-sleeve in a close grasp, and on an impulse I jumped into the cab with her.

"Where to?" called the driver.

"Oh, anywhere," I said, "I'll tell you when we get out of this crowd."

He drove off, and I found myself in a most awkward situation. I was wondering what would be the outcome, when a merry laugh interupted my thoughts.

"This *is* a lark, Mr. Smith, isn't it?" said a voice from the opposite cushions.

"Mr. Smith?" I asked, internally.

"Won't they be surprised when they find us *both* gone? And isn't it nice," the voice went on, "to think we weren't *all* lost? I was *so* afraid."

A gloved hand reached over and seized mine.

"Papa will be so glad to think it was you, and not the others, whom he rather objects to, you know, that took such good care of me. You see he did not want me to go. Poor dear! he was feeling too ill to go out himself, and only consented to let me go when Carrie told him you would be our escort."

She laughed gaily.

I resolved to take the goods the gods provided. Tomorrow, or rather today later on, I would be speeding Eastward.

My companion evidently noticed nothing unusual in my purposely monosyllabic replies, which the cab's jolts prevented being distinctly audible. However, her own voice went on in constant chatter.

"Where to, sir?"

It was cabby's voice, through his window in the roof.

"Oh, didn't you tell him?" she asked reproachfully.

Then she breathed her address to the driver. She spoke so low it was lost to all ears but cabby's.

"How could you forget?" she said to me, then. "Here we have been going haphazard when I might have been at home long ago."

"'Tis far too short," I said, reaching for her little hand and pressing it softly.

She did not take it away.

* * * * * * * * *

"*L'amour—vive l'amour,*" she whispered, "I heard you humming it, Mr. Smith, when you were lighting your cigar."

"Mr. Smith—" I said chidingly.

"Oh, well, Jack, if you like, then."

I feel sure she blushed.

* * * * * * * * *

The cab stopped with a bang. Cabby was descending from his perch. There was no time to be lost. I felt sure that if I did not snatch one kiss from that adorable mouth, that I remembered smiling so winningly at "Carrie," my dreams that night would not be painless.

"I must—forgive me," I said, and my lips sought hers in the darkness.

I was prepared for resistance, or for passive acquiescence, but not for the passionate surrender, the exquisite sensuousness of that response.

"It took you a long time to muster up courage," she said with a merry laugh. "If you weren't so slow we might have become very much better acquainted."

Just then the cabby opened the door. Out she darted and up the stairs, leaving me crestfallen in the cab.

I gave my address to the man and was driven to my hotel.

Not until my grip and I were deposited in the Pullman, and the train was speeding northward, did it occur to me that I had no knowledge of that cabman's number, and my chance of ever tracing *her* was therefore gone forever. —*The Tourist.*

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will be marvel of the new

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STAGE

The Stage Bounder

How easy it is to destroy those pleasing illusions for which we are indebted to the stage! Unconsciously we identify an actor with some role in which he has appeared, and attribute to him the virtues which we have seen exhibited by the character he has portrayed. Too often the illusion is destroyed by personal contact. Too often the actor who plays the gentleman successfully is incapable of simulating that role when out of the atmosphere of the play. He proves himself a bounder without even an incentive. He needs no provocation. Just give him the opportunity to talk about himself and he will do the rest. Of course there are exceptions, but they are rare enough to prove the rule. The breeding of envy, jealousy and conceit is not confined to the theatrical profession, but in no other are they so disgustingly manifest. Perhaps it is because the men of the stage have not had the training that is required for success in other professions. A man may be an usher today and a star tomorrow. He does not enjoy the refining influence of education, and even though he does acquire polish during his evolution into a star, the constant struggle for precedence, for supremacy, for applause, for admiration and approval, has a demoralizing effect. It promotes selfishness and atrophies the higher emotions. How often of late have our illusions been destroyed by reading Ashton Stevens's interviews with the stars of the theatrical profession. Mr. Stevens knows the weakness of the mummers, and he is never so happy as when naively eliciting from them for publication testimony of their own conceit. It is his pleasure to induce an actor of the Ernest Hastings type, for instance, to utter platitudes in stained glass attitudes. And the funny part of it is that none of his victims ever realizes that he has been dexterously held up to ridicule. Mr. Stevens's interviews remind me of an attorney's cross-examination of a physician. The average medical gentleman is a damphool when he gets on the witness stand and undertakes to tell how much he knows, and lawyers love to corner medical experts and amuse a jury by showing how little the scientific gentleman knows about his own business. That is not what Mr. Stevens does to the actor-gentleman, but the expose is equally amusing. Mr. Warfield, who was interviewed last Sunday, managed to make a very fair showing until questioned on the subject of other Jewish dialect comedians. Then he proceeded to denounce them as "my imitators." He said they walked on their heels, which no Ghetto Jew ever did, and that they pulled their hats down over their ears. Evidently Mr. Warfield is jealous of Barney Bernard, though he has no occasion to be. If Mr. Bernard walks on his heels and Mr. Warfield does not, then surely Mr. Bernard is not guilty of an imitation. The fact is that Bernard portrays a type, just as Warfield does. Frank Bush, who appeared here twenty years ago, has just as much right to accuse Warfield of being an imitator as Warfield has to make the accusation against Bernard.

Nance O'Neil's Best Offering

Nance O'Neil reserved for the fourth week of her engagement the greatest of her impersonations. It is not easy to banish the impression made by her great acting and declamation in the curse scene of "The Jewess." Here the great young tragedienne's full power shines forth. It is not too much to say that in this churchyard scene Nance O'Neil's work is worthy to stand side by side with Bernhardt's declamation in the battle-vision scene in "L'Aiglon." Nance O'Neil is indeed the American Bernhardt, and the Sardou dramas should be hers. What a Tosca, what a Theodora she would make! Hers is the temperament to interpret, also, the tragedies in which Rachel shone, the works of Racine and Corneille, and of Fechter, if those tragedies could attract an audience today. There is no reason why they should not, when revivals of "Leah the Forsaken" are so well received. The audience at the Grand on Monday night alternately wept and applauded, and after the third act the curtain had to be raised again and again. It was almost like a Grau grand opera ovation with the floral tributes omitted. The company is seen to better advantage in "The Jewess" than in any play yet presented under the McKee Rankin management. Mr. Ratcliff and Mr. Byers are especially effective. The comedy bits in the scene in the village square that prefaces the wedding of Joseph and Lena are admirably done. Charles A. Millward, the Alcazar's late leading man, has the part of Nathan, the apostate Jew, in the play.

The next symphony concert in the Zech series at Fischer's will be given on the afternoon of January fifteenth.

Some Vaudeville Stars

An exceptionally fine entertainment, even for the Orpheum, has been given by the road company. It is seldom that two such great acts as those of Wills the tramp and McIntyre and Heath are included in one bill, and when a stage is crowded with barnyard fowl one never knows when an extra stunt will be thrown in for good measure, as was done Sunday night. McIntyre and Heath are to continue in next week's bill, and Thomas Nawn, the inimitable Irish comedian, who is probably one of the greatest of Orpheum favorites, will also appear with his company in Edmund Day's comedietta, "Pat and Child." Nawn returned the other day from Australia and this will be his first appearance in two years in this country. Among others to be in the bill is Edith Helena, a sensational singer who is said to be able not only to outgo Ellen Beach Yaw in range, but for whose voice quality is claimed.

At the California

A stranger in a strange land was Harry Beresford when he made his bow in Broadhurst's farce, "The Wrong Mr. Wright." After he had been on the stage ten minutes his audience felt as well acquainted with him as if he were Ferris Hartman or H. Corson Clarke. "The Wrong Mr. Wright" is about an average farce-comedy, with the old plot of a man masquerading as somebody else. In this farce, his niece also masquerades as her maid, but this latter mix-up does not affect the play's organism to any degree. It is Seymour Sites, the San Francisco millionaire out on a little lark at Old Point Comfort, who is the show. He is Mr. Wright, and he is never wrong even when designing women and detectives buzz about him threatening his peace of mind and pocket. Beresford is a quiet farce-artist. His fun is never too large for the real article. He makes his points unobtrusively, aided by his gift of versatile facial expression. Some of his business is very amusing, for instance where he makes use of the "unappreciated angel's" curl as a telephone. Of the company Alfred Rumble, a Sol-Smith-Russell comedian, is especially good as Clingstone, Miss Bishop as Arabella reminds one of Annie Yeamans, and Arthur Jarrett is a fine, manly young lover. Miss Leonard, the female detective, has a stunning figure and wears her equally stunning gowns with *elan*. Miss Emma Dunn as the maid shows considerable talent of a soubrette order, and her laughing song is cleverly done.

The Burton Holmes Lectures

Burton Holmes, the famous traveler and lecturer whose entertainments met with such success during the Henry Miller season at the Columbia two years ago, will this year deliver a series of illustrated lectures at Steinway hall. At the Columbia theatre the lectures were delivered by his fellow traveler and business associate, Louis Francis Browne, who is here arranging the season, but this time Mr. Holmes will deliver the lectures in person. The subjects are interesting and the moving pictures will introduce some novel effects. The course will consist of six lectures and the subjects will be The Grand Canon of Arizona, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark, Norway I and Norway II.

For many years past, there has been a growing tendency on the part of educators to make the process of acquiring knowledge as agreeable and inviting as possible, but it has remained for Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall, the famous psychologist, to amuse, excite and fascinate while he expounds his theories and makes experiments in the abstruse, unfathomable problems of mental and psychic phenomena. McIvor-Tyndall has been entertaining large

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audiences at Steinway hall, since New Year's day, and will continue the demonstrations each night until and including Tuesday, January sixth. On Saturday afternoon, half after two o'clock, there will be a souvenir matinee. Dr. McIvor-Tyndall has announced his intention of devoting himself exclusively to the lecture field after these entertainments, and will give no more public demonstrations here. This will afford the last opportunity, therefore, of seeing a man whose extraordinary psychic powers have made him the talk of two continents.

Zech's Second Series

The second series of the Zech symphony concerts opened at Fischer's last Tuesday, and was attended by a large and appreciative audience. To hear the fine orchestra interpret Wagner is a rare treat for the musical soul. The numbers were given with all the brilliant shading necessary to accentuate the various emotions expressed in the master's works. Under the magic baton of Mr. Zech the orchestra plays with fire and tremendous power, but always with a magnetism sweeping the heartstrings of the listeners. The prelude to Lohengrin had to be repeated to satisfy the enthusiastic audience, and never have I heard, not even under Damrosch's baton, the overture to "Tannhauser" given so spiritedly. In the fire scenes from "Die Walkure" it does not require an active imagination to interpret abstract thought with these skillful musicians playing and feeling the superb composition.

Features of Next Week's Bills

The production of "The Christian" at the Alcazar has been postponed, and on Monday night that delightful comedy by Henry Arthur Jones, "The Case of Rebellious Susan," will be produced. This was the comedy whose problem gave such opportunity for discussion when it had its premier. Juliet Crosby will have the role of the rebellious wife.

Fischer's will have the funniest travesty it has yet produced, next week, when "Barbara Fidgetty" goes on. The piece is called a "laughing satire" on Clyde Fitch's drama, which the Neills produced at the California, "Barbara Freitchie." It is in three acts and follows the action of the drama in an extravagant and humorous fashion. The authors, Edgar and Harry B. Smith, have changed the development of the plot from the War of the Rebellion to an election at Fredericksburg. Among the musical introductions will be "A Private in the Ranks," "The Blue and the Gray," the "Moonlight Serenade," "Strolling in the Cemetery," a parody on "Dixie," by Kolb and Dill, "My Dixie Queen," and "Keep Away from Emeline." Maud Amber will sing Stromberg's "Come down, my Evening Star," and with Winfield Blake, the latest New York duet, "We Are Engaged." The dances will include everything from an old-fashioned essence to the cake-walk of today. Albert Verrick, George Best, Charles Bates and Bernard Wynn are new members of the company.

Frank Daniels is coming to the Columbia next week with "Miss Simplicity," a musical comedy in which he toured the East last season. Gracie Orr, the talented daughter of Annie Meyers, is the prima donna of the company. Daniels has always been a favorite in this city, and it is said that he is as funny as ever in this new skit. There are nearly one hundred people in the company, and the piece is sumptuously staged.

The ever popular Swedish-American comedy, "Yon Yonson," comes to the California tomorrow night, with a real Swedish comedian, Nelse Ericksen, in the title role. He is said to be by far the best "Yon" that has ever played the part. Both the company and the entire scenic production are better this season than

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The excruciatingly funny burlesque on Clyde Fitch's "Barbara Frietchie" Another great production. Cast, Scenery, Costumes. Again everything new from beginning to end. Seats now on sale. Night 25c., 50c. and 75c. Saturday and Sunday Matinees 25c. and 50c. Children at Matinees 10c. and 25c. Seats now on sale for "Barbara Fidgety"

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Henry Arthur Jones's Famous Comedy

"THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS SUSAN"

Prices—Evenings—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c & 75c Matinees—15c, 25c, 35c, & 50c

Orpheum O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

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Monday Night—Another funny one

"OUR REGIMENT"

The Great Military Farce

Next . . . . . 'MY WIFE'S HUSBAND"

ever before. "The Telephone Girl," a companion to "The Belle of New York," follows.

The great military farce, "Our Regiment," will be the Republic's next offering with the entire company in the cast. Clarke, Breese, Keane, DeLong and Miss MacGregor all have good parts and a big hit will undoubtedly be scored.

The public likes "Jack and the Beanstalk," which is turning away people nightly. A revival of "The Mikado" on a grand scale will follow.

Next Thursday afternoon the Tivoli will be given over to the classic music lovers, when Director Steindorff's first "novelty" concert is to be pulled off. The orchestra is in splendid trim for work and as MacDowell will appear and play his second concerto for piano and orchestra there will likely be a big audience present. MacDowell's Indian suite will be given by the orchestra.

Nance O'Neil has retained Nancy Sykes in her repertory and will be seen in this, which is one of her best roles, next week. When she appeared in "Oliver Twist" during her California theatre engagement, she played to standing room only. Her business as Nancy is different from that of any other actress. With McKee Rankin as Bill Sykes and L. R. Stockwell as the Artful Dodger this will be a great "Oliver Twist" indeed at the Grand.

The Chutes will have Bryan and Nadine, high class comedy acrobats, Louis A. Hanvey and Lenora Doane in a dainty sketch, the "electric" Clark sisters, Jessie Dale, the California girl baritone, just returned from her Eastern tour, Minona the danseuse, the Brittons and the animatoscope with new pictures.

—*The Playgoer*

With the Money Makers

Espee Stock in High Favor

The popularity of Southern Pacific stock to which I referred last week continues, and my New York correspondent has furnished me with some interesting facts relative to Wall street dealings in this security: The strength and activity in Southern Pacific are still the feature of the market and the situation in this stock is attracting a great deal of attention, not merely because it is one of the most active issues on the market at all times, but because it has been the center of a great many rumors of late. There is a very powerful pool in this stock, the holdings of which are variously estimated at from 100,000 to 500,000 shares. The pool was formed last spring with the object of making a market for the stock included in it. It is about this pool and its doings that the interest centers. The head of the pool is J. R. Keene and it will be remembered that upon his return from Europe last summer the stock advanced rapidly to $81, at which point a most stubborn resistance was encountered. The advance was accompanied by definite statements that a dividend would shortly be declared on the stock, and that $100,000,000 of bonds would be authorized by the company to capitalize improvements made during the past few years, and release surplus earnings for the benefit of stockholders. When the stock reached $81, the advance was stopped, it is now believed, by E. H. Harriman, president of the road. Mr. Harriman not only stated that no dividend would be declared on Southern Pacific for at least a year, but he further declared that no bonds would be authorized for that space of time, thereby making it certain that earnings would be devoted to the property, and that the stockholders would receive no disbursements of any kind. The advance was checked immediately. It is believed that a great deal of the pool stock was thrown overboard. Southern Pacific reacted 30 points. It was one of the most conspicuously weak stocks on the list during the decline. While it was down Mr. Harriman took the opportunity to add to the Union Pacific holdings of the stock sufficiently to secure absolute control. The reason Harriman stopped the advance and entailed heavy loss and much inconvenience on the pool was that he feared to leave the majority control of the stock afloat on the market. The purchase of Louisville in the open market by Mr. Gates demonstrated that there were men abroad able and willing to pick up roads as great as the Southern Pacific before he wanted heavy speculation in it. The floating supplay of Southern Pacific is now naturally much reduced. The past week brokers have been engaged in cleaning up the London market as far as this stock is concerned. The New York market is undergoing the same process, and it is believed in Wall street that the pool is again preparing the market for an advance in Southern Pacific. With the majority control safe in the vaults of the Union Pacific, Harriman is not likely to object to pool operations in the stock. It is said in quarters usually well informed that Keene and Harriman are much more thoroughly in accord than they ever were before, and that the operations of the former are not likely again to be interfered with by the latter.

Listless Trading on 'Change

As is always expected at this time of the year, the holiday season has brought about a period of quietness in the business of the Stock and Bond Exchange. There has been no material depression in values, but the investing public, in common with the people generally, has been devoting itself to the holiday and gift making, and consequently there has been a shortage in both buying and selling orders. Meanwhile, however, prices have held up remarkably well, and with the beginning of the new year it is confidently expected business will become as active as it was a few weeks ago. In consequence of the dullness there is but little in the way of news pertaining to the local industrials, and outside of the moderate sales there is but little worthy of special comment. There has been some little business in progress all the while, however, and while the transactions have nearly always been in small parcels, there has been a good, strong undertone noticeable at all times. Sugar shares, which figured so prominently in the transactions during the early part of December, have been quiet, but the steadiness of the prices at which the few sales have been made, shows the substantial character of this class of security. Considering the fact that there were numerous purchases of sugar stocks at lower prices than have prevailed during the last two weeks, the moderate offers to sell indicates that the buyers have a strong confidence in the future enhancement of values and did not secure their holdings with a view to selling out at a small advance, and thus making a profit on the purchase. Indications now are that the contemplated coalition with the Equitable Gas Company for the purpose of mutually raising rates in those sections of the city where both companies are furnishing service, will not be consummated. A few days ago sellers were firm in demanding $42 a share, and now they have dropped to $41.25 with very few buyers in sight at the reduced figure. As a matter of fact a few shares have changed hands at $42.12 1-2, and that appears to be about a maximum figure. The shares of the Equitable Gas Company have likewise dropped in values, and while $3.50 is the asking figure, $3.25 is the best bid for small parcels. Oakland Gas Light and Heat shares are in demand at $68 a share with no sellers. The same may be said of Pacific Gas Improvement and Pacific Lighting shares, for which $35.37 1-2 and $53 respectively are bid with no offers to sell. Giant Powder stock has been sparingly dealt in and is rather easy in price, the best bid being $73, while holders are seeking to obtain $75. Alaska Packers' Association, while one of the firmest stocks on the list, has eased off a trifle, with $159.50 bid and $160.25 asked. A few sales of this stock were recorded at $159.75 and $160. California Wine Association shares are closely held; while $100.50 is bid, it is doubtful if any can be had at less than $101, and probably not much at that. There has been some little trading in Spring Valley shares, but they have weakened in values during the last few days. Marin County Water is in demand at $61, with no sellers at that figure. Contra Costa Water is being offered at $69, but no one appears willing to pay more than $67.50, with $67.75 as an extreme outside price.

—*The Financier*

The New Year's number of the *Pacific States Investor* indicates a very evident determination on the part of the publishers to maintain a high standard. The *Investor* has now entered on its second year, and has gained a large addition to its subscription list without any resort to premiums or gift enterprises. One feature of the January issue is the reproduction, by a group of handsome half-tone cuts, of the suite of offices in which the various departments of its business are conducted. The editorials on the Isthmian Canal Question, the Pacific Cables, the Venezuelan imbroglio and other live international topics are broadly and intelligently written, and the financial and investment matter is presented with gratifying terseness.

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MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

The Messiah

One hundred and eleven years ago, the Cecilia Society of London, England, instituted an annual performance of Handel's "Messiah" on Christmas day. Other cities in time adopted the custom, among them New York, Boston and St. Louis. San Francisco has now fallen into line with the holiday producers of the Handel oratorio. The Trinity church choir, re-enforced by other singers, all under the direction of Professor Louis H. Eaton, sang part of the oratorio the other night, to the great pleasure of a large and cultured audience. The "Messiah" in its entirety is now only a tradition. Audiences will not listen to the whole of

MR. BURTON HOLMES
The Famous Traveler and Lecturer. Steinway Hall.

it and consequently the musical directors everywhere choose only those numbers that are able to hold interest. It is well, for are not the grand operas "edited" nowadays before production? One can get even too much of a good thing. Great care has been taken by "editors" of the old oratorios, however, to preserve the general organism of the works. It is not always professional singers who render oratorio music the best. For instance, Carrie Bridewell of the Grau grand opera company sang the contralto role in a recent production of the "Messiah" in St. Louis and she rendered the music with no spirit whatever. She was, as one critic observed, "a lamentable failure." The Trinity singers, on the contrary, none of whom has ever attained grand opera eminence, did most admirable solo and concerted work. We have some excellent singers of oratorio among us. I could pick out a dozen without swinging a quarter around the circle.

Eisteddfod in Oakland

On New Year's Day, a novel festival was held in Oakland, an "Eisteddfod" or competitive musical festival by the Welsh residents of the city of churches. Of this festival Alex T. Stewart recently wrote: "The origin and early history of this ancient and instructive institution are not very definitely known. From 1819 to the present, national Eisteddfodeau have been held annually excepting in a few instances. The interest in this institution among the Welsh is universal. Months before the event takes place, the Eisteddfod fever becomes prevalent. What Olympia is to the Greeks, the Amphitheatre to the Romans, bull-fighting to the Spaniards, and the Derby to the English, the Eisteddfod is to the Welsh; with this difference, that none of these national institutions can compare for a moment with the Eisteddfod as a means to amuse, instruct and elevate. While these gatherings, ancient and modern, pander largely to the baser instincts, the Eisteddfod aims at the intellectual and moral culture of its patrons. The Eisteddfod has no party politics to contend about, and no religious differences to deplore. The main use and object is to consider, in cordial union, how we can best serve the progress of our nation. 'When the temple of Minerva is opened, the temple of Janus must be closed.' This institution founds its claim for the sympathy of all men upon its usefulness; upon its service to art, to music, to literature, and above all, to popular education."

Made Her Debut at Philomath

Many talented San Francisco girls who have later become famed outside of their own city made their first appearances at meetings of women's clubs here. And in exploiting young talent no club has been more successful than the Philomath, which is composed of the elite of Jewish society. The other day at Philomath's open meeting, a very fine musical program was presented. Two of Mrs. Marriner-Campbell's advanced pupils, Mrs. Emanuel and Mrs. Farrell, sang duets and Mrs. Leon Lewin sang, while an orchestra under Fred Eppstein's direction rendered some charming music. But the surprise of the afternoon was little Flora Stern, who played Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso" and Liszt's "Spring Song" in a manner that would have done credit to an artist of much greater experience. The little girl, who is only twelve years of age, could easily be starred as a phenomenon, but her family does not crave such distinction for her. She is to go on with her studies, and will be permitted to appear occasionally on semi-public occasions such as the Philomath affair. When older, her people expect her to do good work and win a place in the music world on her merit. But there is no doubt that she is a genius. Her relatives, by the way, are all well known here.

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The MacDowell Concerts

Here is the complete program for Edward MacDowell's first recital at Steinway hall next Saturday afternoon: Sarabande, Les Trois Mains, Rameau; Tempo di Menuette, Grazioli; Fantasie in D, Mozart; Minuet, Impromptu, Schubert; fourth sonata (Keltic) op. 49, MacDowell; Nocturne, op. 54, No. 5, Grieg; Rustic Wedding March, op. 6, No. 5, Templeton Strong; Largo Maestro, MacDowell; Wild Rose, Water Lily, Scotch Poem, Concert Study, MacDowell. The program for the Monday night concert will be entirely different. Mrs. M. E. Blanchard will sing groups of the composer's songs, and he will play the accompaniments. It is not often that an opportunity occurs to hear a great composer interpret his own works and musical San Francisco should take advantage of it. The sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Wednesday morning at nine a. m. and the scale of prices is seventy-five cents, one dollar and one dollar and a half.

The Italian Band

Rivela is still the idol of the populace. He is making a name here for his band that will never be forgotten, even when the Italians themselves have bade farewell to us. Every night a large audience gathers in the Pavilion to hear the band and promenade between numbers. The Pavilion has been heated and is quite a cheery place now to spend an evening. Los Angeles is awaiting Colonel Ellery's players, the southern musical enthusiasts having been aroused to eager expectancy over the San Francisco reports of Rivela's men that have been wafted to the land of sun and oranges.

A Story Sousa Told

When the March King was in England he told several good stories and an English paper recently printed this one, which he called "The Wicked Flowers," and which, it is said, will appear in his contemplated volume of "Pipetown Stories." As Sousa related it, it went like this: "It was Monday morning in the library of the minister of a tiny village. The minister, who would have thought it an offence against heaven to save a drowning dog on the Sabbath, was interrupted in his spiritual compositions by the arrival of a little girl, who went up to his table and presented him with a bunch of wild flowers. The minister gravely accepted them, but asked her, suspiciously:

"'Did you gather these on the Sabbath, my child?'

"'No, minister,' replied the little girl, 'I picked them early this morning.'

"'I am glad to hear it,' said the good man.

"And the little girl went towards the door. Presently she returned to his side and admitted, blushingly, 'But please, minister, they were *growing* on the Sabbath!'"

Miss Clara Alexander, the dramatic reader who makes darky dialect her specialty, is managing a concert company which is to tour the State, taking in Bakersfield, Hanford, Visalia, Fresno and Stockton. In the company are Miss Margaret Davis, pianiste, Miss Georgie Cope, contralto, Miss Virginia White, violiniste, and Miss Alexander. The first concert will be given in Bakersfield on January twelfth. Miss Alexander is to recite at the meeting of the Colonial Dames at Mrs. Voorhies's home next Tuesday, and on January twenty-fifth for the Century Club.

Walter Damrosch, who is now at the head of the Philharmonic Society, intends to take the orchestra on a tour to this city. A large guarantee fund is soon to be placed at his disposal. Andrew Carnegie is to be one of the trustees who will look after the distribution of the fund.

—*The Music Critic.*

Memory's Momentary Lapse

He looked terribly dejected. I felt a quick impulse of sympathy for the man, as he stood lost in thought in the midst of the gay New Year's throng rushing toward the theatres.

His brow was furrowed in deep thought. His eyes, sad and sunken, seemed to be figuratively turned inward in the search for some mental object. In him I saw the theme of a poem. I imagined him, on this day of the happy New Year, lost in thoughts of the decades passed. Perhaps, I thought, memory brings to his mind a loved wife, tender little ones now laid 'neath the sod.

Moved by an irresistible feeling of compassion, man to man, I approached the gloomy-faced one.

"I feel for you," I said, putting my hand in his in a firm clasp.

An irradiating smile o'erspread his melancholic features. Thus, I thought, does the sympathy of one human for another illuminate the dark soul-places.

But listen. Still smiling, the stranger spoke:

"It's a queer world," he said, "and a brandy jag's the queerest thing in it. Last night I went to the theatre with my wife. After the second act I left her, and went into the lobby. I met a friend—and after that all is a blank to me. All I remember is having a b. & s. and then another, and then two others, to ring in the glad New Year. The problem that is worrying me, now that I have emerged from the hammam is: How did my wife get home without carfare?" —*The Josher.*

Zech Symphony Concert

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NORWAY II.....January 24 at 3:00

COURSE TICKETS, $4, $3, $2. on Sale Monday, January 5th.

SINGLE TICKETS, $1, 75c and 50c, Thursday, January 8th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

LETTERS

Some Pertinent Questions

One of the curiosities of dialect literature is the use of the apostrophe. In our early infancy, before we knew the significance of the words, it was impressed upon us that "The apostrophe indicates possession or omission." In the course of time we made painful acquaintance with its latter usage in our endeavors to supply the omitted letters, and so gain some remote idea of what word was supposed to be represented by two consonants and three apostrophes. Practice makes perfect in all arts, and we finally mastered the art of making a guess, or shutting our eyes and turning the pages quickly in order to escape from the temptation to waste time in profitless experiment. All that may be legitimate, if dialect stories, which depend on phonetic spelling and apostrophes have any legitimate excuse for existence. But here is a point which needs elucidation from the masters who concoct them. Admitting the mispronunciations of the illiterate and the accent or brogue of foreigners in speaking English, when it becomes necessary or expedient for characters to take up pen, why do they *write* dialect, and if they are so illiterate as to be barely able to make marks which pass for words, how does it come to pass that they are so painfully accurate in placing the apostrophes which mark the omission of letters? Also, where do they imbibe a knowledge of the use of quotation marks, not to mention the simpler points? In a word, if they know so much, how is it they do not know more?

Books About Children

Amongst the books listed as especially for boys and girls I find both Eleanor M. Gates's "Biography of a Prairie Girl" and George Madden Martin's "Emmy Lou." With the former I have no fault to find. On the contrary, I am glad to see it placed "where it will do the most good," for it is the only book since "Little Women" that seems likely to prove a permanent rival to that classic. But "Emmy Lou," though she is one of the dearest and most delightful little girls in bookland, is not for children, who cannot appreciate the series of stories. Emmy, it is true, is not likely to prove harmful, for neither she nor her little companions were "bratty" in the least. They were wholesome, well-brought-up little people, and their pranks and adventures were not of the defiant and law-ignoring order, but though one can cheerfully acquit Mrs. Martin of any desire or intention to pose her little heroine as a martyr, none the less, schools and school methods are on trial throughout the book, and children are entirely too much given to criticism in these days to need even so mild a stimulus. Let the mothers and aunties keep "Emmy Lou" for their own enjoyment, but by all means, give the girls the "Prairie Girl" and let them make her acquaintance as soon as they can read.

One cannot say enough in praise of the *Book Lover*. Each succeeding number is an improvement on the last, and as to special articles or particular topics in connection with books, it is literally a case of "All things come round to him who will but wait," for no matter what the special bit of information wanted, sooner or later, and usually sooner, it is sure to appear in the *Book-Lover*. One unique feature introduced recently is that of reviews of new books by their authors, and one is bound to acknowledge that besides the novelty, the books are fairly handled and without any attempt at log-rolling.

An Instructive Narrative

"Death Valley," with a sub-title, "Swamper Ike's Traditional Lore, Why, When, How?" is a sample of what D. A. Hufford of Los Angeles is doing. A "swamper," be it known, is a teamster's assistant, and this particular "swamper" under whose guidance we make a trip through Death Valley, proves competent not only to take his party through the hardships of the desert, but to relate the tradition and legends of the Indians concerning its origin, to point out its riches in mineral wealth and to give hints and advice which, though there is little likelihood that one will penetrate into that particular fastness, are none the less sure to prove valuable when traveling in arid regions. Apart from the narrative, and considered from the mechanical side, this is a neat little specimen of book-making. It is well printed, copiously il-

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His First Novel

"The Ragged Edge," the first novel of John T. McIntyre, which is making a small stir in the literary world, had a somewhat eventful career in manuscript. It represented some six years' work by the young author, who wrote it at odd times and on whatever material came to hand, while employed in a Philadelphia bookstore. The completed work was sent to a publisher, but by ill fortune it took passage on a train that was held up and the manuscript disappeared with the other contents of the express box. There were no copies of several of the chapters, and Mr. McIntyre pulled himself together, after the first disappointment, and rewrote the whole book. No sooner had he completed the task when he was notified by the express company that the original had been recovered. One may imagine the state of the author's feelings when the announcement reached him.

"An Unshared Secret" is the title of one of the late bits of fiction. It would have answered just as well to have called it "A Secret," for had it been shared the secrecy would have been at an end.

A Short Story

Dorothy Richardson contributed a short story on an entirely novel subject to the December *Lippincott*. It related the efforts of a wealthy widow to please her husband's spirit by doing for it all she was unwilling to do for the living man. She kept a well-furnished apartment, arranged according to his ideas, and even provided a high-salaried housekeeper of the style and appearance which appealed to the gentleman in the flesh. Miss Richardson says the idea was evolved from an incident of her childhood. When six or seven years old she had a playhouse in a corner of the garden, which was shared with two little companions, a boy and girl. The dove of peace did not hover over the menage, and it was a daily occurrence for the two little women to banish the little man, who invariably departed in tears to his mother, with vows never to come back any more. One day he kept his promise, for he was seized with malignant diphtheria and died within a few hours. Then remorse took possession of the miniature feminine tyrants, and without suggesting or prompting, they set about doing for the dead child what they had refused the living. They re-named their dolls, rearranged their small possessions and remodeled their little household, in reverent deference to the spirit of their dead playmate.

The "unit system" of book publishing, which has proved such a success in England, is about to be transferred to America. The plan is to publish classics, short essays, and other standard works which are wanted in handy form, in neat paper editions, uniform in type and general appearance. The cost is regulated by the number of pages in print, with a few cents additional for cover, etc. Ten pages are to constitute a "unit." This is a better idea than the suggestion of Charles Howard Shinn, that magazine editors should arrange their more important articles in "forms," beginning at the top of a right hand page, and ending, as nearly as possible, with a full page, so that those who do not care to preserve the magazine entire can remove what they want for separate binding, either with kindred subjects or as a separate pamphlet.

A Celtic Colloquialism

Munsey's literary critic queries whether "The back of beyond" is an Irish or an Indian expression, the query being the result of having found the title of Jane Barlow's book in "Kim." "Here is food for discussion. Did Miss Barlow quote Kipling? Did Kipling quote Miss Barlow? Or are they the same—and if so, which one is the one? Or are the Hindus and the Irish mere branches of one race with common expressions?" The critic has read his Kipling to small purpose if this is the first time he has noted the expression, and he has paid still less attention to the speech of his Irish acquaintances if he has never discovered how common it is for them to locate out-of-the-way sections by the description, "at the back of beyond," or "at the back of God speed." Kipling uses it in precisely the same way, but the impetuous locator of imitations might have noted that Kipling never puts it into the mouth of one of his natives. Now, isn't it just barely possible that some of Mulvaney's numerous countrymen who make up a goodly part of the army in India may have given Kipling the expression, and isn't it quite likely that it is utterly and entirely Irish, unless when taken over by some "foreigner" who is struck with its appropriateness? In both forms, "at the back of beyond" and "at the back of God speed," I can remember having heard it used by Irish acquaintances long before Kipling was born, much less before "Kim" introduced it to the notice of the *Munsey* critic.

The Bookman warns its readers that unless something happens to relieve the situation the January issue is apt to be behind time, for the office force is too deep in the discussion of what Sherlock Holmes gave Watson for a wedding present to have time for minor considerations. The question is an interesting one, and has quite as much bearing upon life and literature as a good many others which are debated in all seriousness. It is as important as the morals of Rosalie in Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way," and worth losing as much sleep over as the essential gentlemanliness of David Copperfield. Moreover, it has a better chance of solution than the Bacon-Shakespeare discussion or Stockton's problem of "The Lady or the Tiger?"

—*The Bookworm.*

AN IDEAL TYPE.

One of the handsomest calendars issued this year is that sent with the compliments of Rainier Beer. The subject of the calendar, a beautiful American girl, illustrates an ideal type taken from the life. It is said that with the utmost difficulty could the beauty's consent be obtained to pose before a New York photographer. Her face is produced in lithograph, several stones by the most famous lithographers being required to complete the calendar.

At the egg-nog parties now all the vogue in society Chapin & Gore's whiskies are the brand used.

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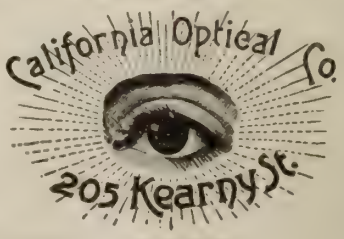

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Other Peoples' Ideaa

From "The Battle with the Slums," by Jacob I. Riis:

"'Causes that operate sociologically' are the opportunity of the political and every other kind of scamp who trades upon the depravity and helplessness of the slum, and the refuge of the pessimist who is useless in the fight against them."

"Arbitration is good, but there are times when it becomes necessary to knock a man down and arbitrate sitting on him."

"No doubt soap may be dear and salvation cheap, but on the other hand, cleanliness does, and ever must begin godliness when fighting the slum."

"Doubtless ignorance is a peril, but the selfishness that trades on ignorance is a greater."

"When last I was in Denmark, my native land, I noticed they have a way of flying the flag on Sunday—whether in honor of the day, or because they loved it, or because they felt the need of flying it in the face of their big and greedy German neighbor, I shall not say. But it was all right. Why can we not do the same? It would not hurt the flag and it would not hurt the day. They would both be better for it—we would all be."

"It seemed to me sometimes, when watching the process of cramming the school course with the sum of human knowledge and conceit, as if it all meant that we distrusted Nature's way of growing a man from a boy, and had set out to show her a shorter cut. . . . There was no moral sense to be got out of the thing, for there was little sense of any kind in it."

"There is a time in every young man's life when he knows more than his father. It is like the measles or the mumps, and he gets over it with a little judicious firmness in the hand that guides. It is the misfortune of the slum boy of today that it really is so, and that he knows it."

"You do not want to reform men by main strength, drag them into righteousness by the hair of the head, as it were."

"It is not so long since the notion yet prevailed that the schools were principally to lock children up in for the convenience of their parents."

"Teaching the boy municipal politics and a thousand other things to make a good citizen of him, instead of so filling him with the love of his country and pride in traditions that he is bound to take the right stand when the time

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comes, is as though one were to attempt to put all the law of the State into its constitution to make it more binding. The result would be hopeless congestion and general uselessness."

"When I pick up a report of one (social) settlement and another, and find them filled with little essays on the people and their ways and manners, as if the settlement were some kind of a laboratory where they prepare human specimens for inspection and classification—stick them on pins like bugs and hold them up and twirl them so as to let us have a good look—then I know that somebody has wandered away off, and that *he knows he has*, for all he is making a brave show of trying to persuade himself and us that it was worth the money."

"The old love of fair play has been whittled down by the jack-knife of all-pervading expediency to an anæmic desire to 'hold the scales even,' which is a favorite modern device of the devil for paralyzing action in men. You cannot hold the scales even in a moral issue. It inevitably results in the triumph of evil, which asks nothing better than the even chance to which it is not entitled."

"There has been a good deal of talk in our day about the saloon as a social necessity. About all there is to that is that the saloon is there, and the necessity, too. Man is a social animal, whether he lives in a tenement or a palace. But the palace has resources; the tenement has not. It is a good place to get away from at all times. The saloon is cheery and bright and never far away. The man craving human companionship finds it there. He finds, too, in the saloon-keeper one who understands his wants much better than the reformer who talks civil service in the meetings."

"There is as much work for reform at the top as at the bottom. The man in the slum votes according to his light, and the boss holds the candle."

"I have no quarrel with the man who would do things by system and in order; but the man who would reduce men and women and children to mere items in his infallible system and classify and sub-classify them until they are as dried up as his theories, that man I will fight till I die. One throb of a human heart is worth a whole book of his stuff."

"Out of the public school comes, must come if we are to last, the real democracy that has our hope in keeping. I wish it were in my power to compel every father to send his boy to the public school; I would do it, and so perchance bring the school up to the top notch where it was lacking."

"When a boy has had his head swelled by his importance as a member of a Junior Street-cleaning Board to the point of reproving his mother for throwing a banana peel in the street, the thing to be done is take him out and spank him, if it *is* reverting to 'the savagery of the street.' Better a savage than a cad. The boys have the making of both in them. Their vanity furnishes abundant material for the cad, but only when unduly pampered."

—*The Gleaner.*

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, January 10, 1903

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Bold Bribers at Work

The battle for the United States Senatorship which has engaged the attention of politicians in this State for several weeks is remarkable for the boldness of the operations of certain freebooters of the political high seas. Not the slightest effort was made to conceal the fact that it was the purpose of certain degraded politicians to purchase votes for the toga. The report was openly bruited that a large sum of money had been raised to bribe members of the legislature in the interest of a certain candidate for the Senatorship. It was not deemed necessary to reveal his identity. Votes were solicited for him not on account of any claims he might have to political preferment, but simply because he had the price, and was willing to put it up. Members of the legislature publicly announced that they had been approached and offered money, and yet the constituted authorities made not the slightest effort to secure the arrest and conviction of the offenders. Assemblymen Mott, Walsh and Bliss of Alameda county stated, at a meeting across the bay, that attempts had been made to bribe them. Their statements were published, but the Grand Jury failed to summon them to question them concerning the corrupt influences that were at work. The same indifference was shown in the case of Walker of Los Gatos. Have we become so degenerate that we deem it not worth our while to take cognizance of the demoralizing influences that are operating in our midst? A short time ago, when it was discovered that a police officer in this city had accepted a bribe from a fallen woman, the daily papers were plunged into an hysterical condition that lasted for several days. They ranted about corruption in the police department as though our old friend, "the palladium of our liberties," was in jeopardy. Yet police officers are so notoriously fond of tips that a farce-comedy cannot be a success unless it has a cop with a long reach as one of its characters. The bribing of a member of the legislature is a much more serious offense than the corrupting of a police officer, and it is indeed a significant commentary on the looseness of our morals that three Assemblymen can publicly proclaim that money was offered them for their votes, without stimulating injuiry, either on the part of the authorities or the press. Even the pulpit, which is ever ready to assert itself for advertising purposes, appears to regard the disgraceful proceedings of the past few months as legitimate. If all that has been said in connection with this Senatorial battle, about Colonel Dan Burns and Martin Kelly, is true, then those two active politicians should be wearing stripes in the penitentiary. But nobody conceives it to be his duty to lure them into the meshes of the law. What a splendid opportunity there is for a Grand Jury to make a fine record!

London's Smart Set Scored

Even the slow and sedate papers of London were impelled to criticism of the British smart set, by the revelations of the Hartopp divorce case. And they have attacked it in language almost as bitter as that used by Mr. Watterson in his strictures on the social element in this country which has the smart set of London for a prototype. According to the London *Standard,* "the thoughts and the purposes of a civilized and cultured age appear to be nonexistent for this pleasure-loving group," and "it never seems to occur to any of its members that they have any vocation but of enjoyment and excitement." The *Standard* concludes that "a society so constituted cannot be expected to exhibit a high level of refinement," and as a matter of fact, the letters, the telegrams and the conversations introduced during the Hartopp trial were "largely composed of vulgar slang," and were "flippant and foolish." The whole body of evidence suggested that English society had "dispensed with most of the restrictions of etiquette and it would seem even of ordinary politeness and good breeding." The society of fashion is the same in London as it is here. Its only purpose is amusement and excitement. It feels no responsibility to anybody outside of its circle. It has the leisure for frolic and the money to pay for its diversions. Why should it bother itself about the conventions and the rules of etiquette? It is remarkable that in its excesses it does not go to greater extremes. The vogue of adultery and the promiscuity of affections are the natural results of indifference to public opinion. There is nothing the smart set does which should cause astonishment.

The Jewish Problem

The good Dr. Silverman, of the Temple Emanu-el in Fifth avenue, New York, has undertaken a strenuous task, that of persuading the Jews of the Gotham Ghetto to become assimilated with their neighbors. He went into the very heart of the Ghetto last week to oppose the Zionite movement and to appeal to the denizens of that quarter to abandon their Yiddish jargon and pull down the bars of exclusiveness. He was hissed for his pains, and a somewhat violent demonstration was made against the learned and distinguished rabbi. It is apparent that there has arisen a new Jewish problem in New York—that there is a wide gulf of separation between the Jews who have immigrated hither during the last twenty years from Russia, Roumania and Austria, and those who represent the spirit of the old settlers. Fifty years ago the Jews of this country did not number more than fifty thousand. Cordial relations existed between them and the Christians. There were many instances of intermarriage. Jewish blood was infused into the best New England families. Jews were

prominent in the Southern aristocracy. The most distinguished intellect in the Confederate Government was Judah P. Benjamin. A Jew was one of the founders of the New York Stock Exchange. Jews have always been among the most distinguished citizens on this coast. But the Jewish population of the country has increased to the extent of over a million and a quarter, and a large element among the newcomers has refused to affiliate with the rest of the people. The Ghetto of New York is more densely populated than Chinatown in this city and it is as distinct from other sections of the metropolis as is the Mongolian quarter of San Francisco. Its denizens are intensely orthodox and are far removed in spirit from the Jews of the older settlement. They speak the Yiddish jargon, the signs on their stores are as mysterious as those of Chinatown, they read Yiddish papers and magazines sold on book stands that deal exclusively in them, and there are six Yiddish theatres which they patronize exclusively. It was to these people that Dr. Silverman appealed, and when he told them that their jargon was "not a civilized language" and advised them to become American citizens, to keep their race distinction out of politics and be Jews in religion only, they expressed their intense antipathy for his sentiments with the violence of resentful disorder. The Jews of the Ghetto may become assimilated with their neighbors in time, but no rabbi from Fifth avenue will ever be able to persuade them to give up their jargon by denouncing it as "uncivilized."

The Age of Skepticism

A prominent European writer recently remarked. "There are no heroes any more," and the editor of that brilliant weekly, the St. Louis *Mirror,* adds, "Verily, we are living in an age of knockers, iconoclasts, critics and cynics. Everybody seems to be engaged in finding fault, in criticising and 'roasting.' No wonder that the hero species is close to extinction!" All of which bespeaks a broader intelligence than the world has heretofore enjoyed. Education is a prophylactic against gullibility. Gold bricks are not disposed of so easily today as they were twenty years ago. For the same reason we are less inclined to accept men and women at their own valuation. This is an age of skepticism. We are given to inquiry. We are competent to appraise merit, and therefore we demand that we be permitted to judge of it. We have seen so many idols shattered that we hesitate to worship at a new shrine. The claims of each new idol must be well authenticated. We are told that Mr. So and So is a great orator, and when we hear him orate we find that he is merely an elocutionist who declaims ponderous platitudes with the pompous assurance of an oracle. The eminent statesman turns out to be a talented demagogue, the brilliant *litterateur* is merely a well-boomed charlatan, and the matinee hero is an actor with a limited repertoire and padded shoulders. However there is real greatness in the world, and when its possessor demonstrates his capability we are quick to applaud. When Marconi first proclaimed the practicability of wireless telegraphy he was looked upon with suspicion. We knew of several other scientists who had promised great achievements, and who had received a lot of free advertising without accomplishing anything. Consequently we were skeptical of the genius of Marconi, but he has "made good" and he is now the lion of the hour. We are even prepared to believe him sincere if he should express the opinion that communication with Mars is not impossible. But we scoff at Mr. Tesla, the electrician, who has said a great deal about what he purposed doing but who has not done anything to win our confidence. Our enthusiasm for the heroes of the Spanish war has not diminished, though some of them have made themselves ridiculous since the days when they covered themselves with glory. The fact is that we are as eager for ideals as ever, even though we are pleased to view the "Fathers" of our country in the light of "subsequent events" and conclude that they were "great old fakers." Skepticism is not to be discouraged, for it protects the world from chicanery, but let us frown upon Envy, that vicious-tongued monster that is ever quick to sneer at success and disparage merit.

Hale's Absurd Views

In opposing, the other day, a bill to add four new fighting ships to the navy, Senator Hale remarked that if we should ever go to war with a foreign country "our enemy must come to us," and that "our tremendous coast lines on the Atlantic and Pacific are our best protection." Evidently Mr. Hale has forgotten that we have acquired the Philippines. His argument would be sound enough if we had no possessions in the Orient, but since the Spanish War the situation has changed. As soon as war with Spain was declared Dewey's fleet started for Manila, and if we have trouble with a European country one of its first acts will be the launching of a fleet against our island possessions. The Venezuelan episode converted members of Congress to the wisdom of quickly adding strength to the navy. At a time when the Monroe Doctrine was being discussed in every capital in Europe, and foreign statesmen were hoping that its vitality would be impaired, it was wise to assert our unswerving devotion to the policy which it enunciates by giving evidence of our intention to defend it. And that was the purpose of the measure for an appropriation for the construction of four more fighting ships. The moral effect was achieved, but Senator Hale did not like to let such a splendid opportunity for the preaching of economy to slip. He says that he does not think it wise to have a great navy. He is of the opinion that it is a guarantee of peace. The experience of England does not bear out the views of Mr. Hale. Though England has been involved in one or two unimportant complications with European countries it has never had to test the strength of its modern navy. Respect for that navy has deterred more than one nation of Europe from becoming involved and provoking trouble. Though Senator Hale thinks we should go slow in building up our navy, there are other and wiser statesmen who are of the opinion that we should make haste in order to anticipate aggressive action on the part of Germany. Though it has become apparent that England believes it to be to her interest and to the interest of Canada to stand by the United States in all matters affecting the Monroe Doctrine, it is certain that Germany is eager for us to abandon that policy. So

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great is England's interest in the matter that the statesmen of that country are eager for an alliance with America, and mainly for the purpose of intimidating Germany. British statesmen believe that Germany has been formulating its naval program with the purpose in view of disputing the validity of the Monroe Doctrine. Emperor William affects great friendship for us, but the German press has been talking lately of blowing our foreign policy sky high, and in recent speeches the Kaiser has expressed apprehension of danger from our commercial and political expansion. Moreover he is in sympathy with a movement on the part of German manufacturers who have organized for the express purpose of driving back the American invasion of the German markets. True, the Berlin foreign office has given our Government assurances that Germany has no intention of acquiring territory in South America at the expense of Venezuela. Unquestionably there is no occasion for fear of any project for territorial aggrandizement at this time, but there should not be the slightest doubt that Emperor William fondly hopes to place the German flag on new soil in South America in the not very distant future. German influence is growing stronger every day in that country. Most of the foreign trade of the country is in the hands of Germans, who laugh at the Monroe Doctrine. Moreover German army engineers have been traveling all over the country on map-making expeditions, and within the last few months German statesmen have written articles for Berlin papers in support of a project to annex territory in South America. The time is not ripe for aggressions, but it will be in a few years, when Germany will have at her disposal in home waters about ninety modern war ships. If she had them now perhaps she would not be so willing to submit the Venezuelan dispute to arbitration.

Cruelty to Children

Isabel T. Smart says, in *Health Culture*: "In Brooklyn the games played by the children in the public schools are all graded, arranged and taught with as much system and forethought as is the subject of mathematics or German. Much time and labor have been spent in providing—as nearly as is possible under the existing circumstances—for suitable play yards, and a properly graded system of games." Of course the idea is to "teach something" by means of tag and prisoner's base, and have the children gain some "ultimate truth" out of their recreation, but can one imagine anything more dreary than to be obliged to "play" under pedagogical supervision? This idea of taking advantage of every possible occasion to turn things into a lesson is one of the educational fads of the hour, and the talkers and scribblers on the subject never lose sight of an opportunity to glorify themselves and their methods. Readers of Sir Walter Besant's novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," will remember the Palace of Delight conceived by two of the characters of the book, designed for the amusement and recreation of the people in one of the poorer sections of London. It will also be remembered that just such a Palace of Delight was brought into being and called the People's Palace. From time to time we are regaled in newspapers and magazines with accounts of the educational advantages it offers—night schools, trade schools, and what not, all of which are praised to the skies. Sir Walter says in his Autobiography that the original object was lost sight of and the end of its establishment defeated when the People's Palace was turned to utilitarian purposes and amusement and recreation crowded out. Jacob I. Riis in his "Battle with the Slum" tells of the fight made by himself and his associates for school playgrounds for the children. In one instance the playground was presided over by the janitor, who objected to extra work, so stationed an assistant at the entrance, armed with a club, to prevent the children from playing. In another case these slum children, living in tenements without yards, and with no place for disporting themselves except in the streets, found their gymnastic apparatus stored away and tables substituted, on which they were permitted to play games with educational cards. To be sure, as Mr. Riis says, the cards had geographical names on them and the boys were supposed to be absorbing knowledge by easy and undetected means, but what they were actually doing was gambling—betting on which card would turn up. In another case it was reported that the children "did not avail themselves of their privileges" of playing, and it was found on investigation that "play" consisted of "learning something" from one of the teachers in charge, and romping or running or filling their lungs was a misdemeanor. It has always been a notorious fact that institution-raised children were handicapped in their struggle for existence. They lack spontaneity and initiative and seem unable to act for themselves or to stand alone. They want the command, the signal to start and to stop, and the crowd to act with them. The public schools are fast becoming institutionalized. Some discipline there must be, and order in the coming and going, but there is such a thing as too much. When children have to play under orders, and are classified as in the "Tag class," or the "Fox and Farmer class," or the "Prisoners' Base class," it is only one step further to put them in uniform and substitute numbers for their proper names. It would be an undisguised blessing for the present generation of children, not to mention their successors, if the promulgation of an educational fad were to be made indisputable evidence of incurable insanity. What children want just now is a lot of family discipline in the places where it is neglected, and a wholesome and judicious letting alone in the directions where they are getting the most supervision.

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Pardee Offends Club Women

Governor Pardee may be a very polished gentleman, but unless he is far more tactful than he was on a recent occasion when he granted an audience to a committee of clubwomen he is likely to involve himself in endless complications before the end of his term. The Governor is a graduate of Berkeley and a professional gentleman, and therefore the presumption is that he is versed in the conventions of polite society, but there are several cultured club women of this city who, after meeting the Oakland doctor on official business concluded that, notwithstanding his college training, he is lacking in those essentials which Mrs. Astor thinks no gentleman should be without. And those clubwomen have had their hammers out with a vengeance. They think it an awful shame that this State should have such a man for Governor, and one of them remarked, somewhat saucily, that she was prepared to believe that a pickhandle was more congenial to him than a clawhammer.

Why They Were Offended

The incident that occasioned all the trouble occurred before Dr. Pardee was inducted into office. The committee, headed by that distinguished woman, Mrs. John F. Swift, called on His Excellency to advocate the appointment of a commission whose duty it should be to visit the factories of the State and see that no child of tender years was employed therein. The Governor had made an appointment to meet the ladies at eleven a. m. and they were on time, but Dr. Pardee was not. He kept them toasting their tosies for fully an hour. Think of that—the representatives of a woman's club compelled to dance, or rather sit, attendance on a mere man, a servant of the people, for a whole hour! But that was not exactly the gravamen of the offense. When the Oakland doctor appeared to receive the ladies he was attired in a faded dressing gown, and on his feet were shabby carpet slippers. Imagine the astonishment of the ladies! The shock disturbed the continuity of Mrs. Swift's thought long after she began her address. But worse than all, when she finished her remarks Dr. Pardee began to growl like an old bear. He appeared to be indignant that they had wasted his valuable time, and he spoke to them in such a manner that Mrs. Swift resented his brusque speech and lectured him briefly on the subject of official courtesy. Dr. Pardee thereupon undertook to apologize. He said he should always be glad to receive them, but he was informed that one experience with him was quite enough. The parting was very frigid.

Jimmy's Latest Plunge

So Mr. Jimmy Dunphy has been defying home prejudices again by getting married by a Justice of the Peace. Jimmy's first marriage many years ago was an elopement, and I believe it was a San Rafael justice who tied the knot. Dunphy Sr., the cattle-king, was a great stickler for the religious proprieties, and being a strict Catholic he had the ceremony performed in church. But it did not appear to be any the more binding on Jimmy, who has always been something of a free lance in love affairs. This latest escapade aroused, no doubt, the indignation of his mother, who is now advanced in years and who controls the financial policy of the family. Dunphy Sr. never had any confidence in the financial ability of his son, and he disposed of his estate in a way that barred Jimmy from any hand in the management. And though Jimmy is now in the idle forties he has to depend on his mamma for an allowance.

Is Bernie Engaged?

The latest engagement rumor connects the names of Bernie Drown and Howard Veeder. The latter's devotion to this brown-eyed beauty has been noticed by his friends for some time, and now they say the devotion has received its reward. The match would be a good one from all points of view. Miss Drown is dark, Mr. Veeder is fair. Both love music and both enjoy social life. Mr. Veeder is a U. C. graduate and was a member of the Glee Club when he attended the university. Miss Drown is one of the best-liked girls in her set, and is invited everywhere. She has had the benefit of foreign travel, to cap a thorough school education. Her brother Willard married Edith Preston, Colonel Preston's daughter.

Invented a Novel Diamond Setting

Dr. Luella Cool's marriage with Dr. C. H. Walker was very quietly celebrated on Thursday of last week in Oakland. The few guests invited included the bridegroom's two daughters, Mrs. Havens and Mrs. Engs, and the bride's daughter, Mrs. Ward. Dr. Luella Cool used to have an office on this side of the bay, where she practiced up-to-date dentistry. She it was who invented for her patients the fad of implanting diamonds in the teeth. She went to Central America with this diamond-setting idea, and the brainy little brunette made quite a success down there. But she soon felt homesick for California, and returned to her old field of work. Dr. Walker is one of Oakland's "prominent cit's" and I understand is comfortably off in this world's goods. His bride's former husband, Dr. Russell Cool, is also married again. He has a lovely country-place near Los Gatos where he entertains his Bohemian friends on occasions. Dicka, his daughter by the other

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marriage, stayed with their mother after the divorce. She married a young mining man named Ward, who went to Siberia before the honeymoon was over and died there.

Stinging Personalities

Several members of the Bohemian Club were so severely jolted at the holiday jinks that they are talking about resigning. The personalities indulged on that occasion were of a very stinging character, and the smart inflicted in several instances was more than skin deep. The Bohemian is not a club in which to encourage personalities for it has some very thin-skinned members on the surface of whose bodies there are many raw spots. To maintain perfect harmony in such a club the flame of mutual admiration must be fanned incessantly. However, at the jinks personalities ran riot, and though the victims affected a good-natured interest in the jests at their expense, in more than one instance there was perceptible squirming. The climax was reached when the rear end of a horse appeared on the stage. The gathering was informed that it was alive and that if addressed by its proper name it would make response. Several names were shouted but without effect, and finally it was addressed as Joe Campbell. Immediately the rear section became animated, lifting and swishing the tail and executing a dance. I hear that Dick Hotaling was responsible for this bit of humor, and that it aroused the indignation of Mr. Campbell.

The Nile Club

When the Nile Club's rooms went up in smoke in Oakland last week, nearly all the club's belongings were saved except the valuable fifteen thousand dollar lion picture. Dr. Crowley, Clarence Crowell and a few other members managed to reach the rooms *via* the roof of Klingeberg's store, and so saved the club's furnishings that could be most readily rescued. The Nile is an organization similar to the Athenian and Bohemian clubs, but its formation began in a most unconventional manner. A few years ago Abe Leach, Clarence Crowell, Frank Raynes and another singer belonged to an "after dark" quartet. One night they were singing a serenade beneath the lattice of Charles A. Doyle when the latter called them in. In the course of conversation, Doyle raked up a reminiscence of the old Congo Club of Alameda and suggested that they five should form the nucleus of such a club in Oakland. The idea proved pleasing, Doyle suggesting as a name of the proposed organization the Nile Club. Later, Harry Melvin, J. A. Zander and others strengthened the five, and for seven months they held a monthly jinks at Mr. Doyle's home. The meetings were of a purely social character, and the programs of entertainment were always unique and sometimes even brilliant. Dr. D. D. Crowley joined and was made president, Crowell, Leach, Melvin and Doyle forming the first board of directors.

In time the Nile Club had its own rooms, Dr. Crowley being the moving spirit in obtaining and furnishing them up to the best club standard. On the walls were hung relics of the original club. One was a sketch of Doyle in the act of reading an original paper at the initial meeting. Another, more serious, by Dr. Wilson, represented the pyramids and the Nile. Two clever bits in charcoal showed a candidate on the apex of a pyramid with an enormous crocodile climbing up after him, the other showing the same man half way down the maw of the Nile's sacred lizard. I do not know how many of these treasures were saved from the flames in last week's fire.

Among the early members of the club were Billy Foote, Ben Clark, Tom Dargie, Carl Abbott, George De Golia, Martin Egan, Frank Jordan, Elmore Leffingwell, A. D. Moore Jr., Dr. Mehrmann, Roy Macdonald, Alex Stewart, Charles Spear, Bob Knight, Frank T. Thompson, Dr. Wakeman, Dr. Pardee, Dr. Sullivan, Fred Whitney, Harry Thomas and J. W. Stetson. One of the Nile's favorite songs, written by one of the "poet" members, goes like this:

"The Congo river is a mighty big stream,
And it flows in the bosom of the Nile;
There the 'pottamus listens on a summer's day
To the snore of the crocodile!
There's jungles on the side where the tigers hide,
And the ring-tailed monkeys smile,
A-watchin' of the elephants a-twistin' of their trunks
By the waters of the flowing Nile!

Refrain.

"On the green Nile, the green Nile!
That flows from the west to the east,
There the little niggers play
Seven-up all day,
And dance at a missionary feast!

"It keeps a-flowin' and a-goin',
While the monkeys are a-laughin' all the while,
On an irrigatin' chase all over the place
Goes the jolly, jolly river Nile!

"On a summer's night when the moon shines bright,
Rhinoceros a-snorin' in the lake,
Then the Nile niggers gather for a jamboree,
Sneakin' through the jungle and the brake!
Then the tom-tom tinkles and the calabash drums
Keep time in a very fine style,
With the niggers a-dancin' of the light fantastic
On the lovely little river of the Nile!"

Hoover at the Century Club

No more attentive readers of the newspaper accounts of the Moxey trial, now dragging its long length out in Judge Coffey's court, can be found in San Francisco than the members of the Century Club. The society ladies who compose this exclusive organization, strange as it may seem, are acquainted with "Professor" Moxey, who espoused a Mrs. Phillips, richly dowered in years and shek-

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els, and they also know his side-partner, "Professor" John F. Hoover. This is the story. The Century Club, it seems, like similar active social organizations, is blest with an entertainment committee, and this committee in its desire to keep abreast of every passing fad, determined to get somebody to deliver a lecture on physical culture, and "Professor" Hoover was unanimously chosen. On the appointed day he appeared at the club accompanied by his understudy, "Professor" Moxey, and six ladies of assorted ages in very abbreviated skirts, whom he introduced as his class. The lecture was illustrated by gymnastic exercises by this corps of coryphees, while the beguiling Moxey struck Apollo Belvedere poses at the side-line.

A Chipper Septuagenarian

"Ladies, I will now present to you Mrs. Sallie Wiggles, of 9310 Mission street," chirruped the Professor, and then in a stage whisper: "She is seventy-two years of age and was a confirmed invalid for twenty years, until last summer she began to take my treatment." Thereupon an athletic little woman, somewhere in the sunny forties, bounded from the flies on to the stage and did about everything but turn hand-springs.

"Next we have Miss Sophie Spongecake of 11,014 Valencia street," chortled Hoover. "She weighed two hundred pounds and was adding adiposity at the rate of ten pounds a week when my gifted assistant, 'Professor' Moxey, took her case in hand. She is forty years of age." Miss Spongecake looked like a section of picket fence in good repair, seemed to be about twenty years of age, and was certainly able to jump higher than any woman in the room. The club members viewed this acrobatic performance with great interest, but the Professor's statements failed for some reason to impress them, for his school gained no clientele through his lecture. Miss Ethyl Hager remarked that Hoover should add archery to his curriculum, since he was such an expert with the long-bow.

An Historic House

The home in which the Philip Verrill Mighels's have settled themselves for the winter and spring is the old Silk Culture House in Piedmont. They have made themselves quite comfortable in this primitive abode, where quail and squirrels abound within shooting distance. The game can be shot from the window in this "arch-adian" place, as Mrs. Mighels wittily terms it. The author of "The Inevitable" is an ardent sportsman and did great feats in the way of fishing and hunting in Nevada during his recent occupancy of the Granite Mansion, the erstwhile home of the Washoe Seeress. Mr. Mighels came to California to rest his eyes, which he had overworked in London, and he was told to amuse himself with outdoor life for a time and let literature alone.

A Brilliant Woman Passed Away

Mrs. George Emmons White, who passed away in New York last week, was the eldest daughter of Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz, and was the most gifted of the three Foltz sisters. She married when quite a young girl Dr. Charles Gridley Toland, some time after his divorce from Anne Buckler, who not long ago took unto herself another husband in the East. After Dr. Toland's death, the young widow went upon the stage. She became a favorite member of Frohman's forces, but did not remain an actress long enough to attain stellar fame. Her tastes led her to another career and she took up newspaper work and literature with marked success. Two years ago her marriage with Rear Admiral White's son occurred. Her sisters, Bertha and Virginia, both adopted stage careers.

Stevenson's Step-Daughter

Though Robert Louis Stevenson has been a long time dead we are constantly being reminded that the family he married into is very much alive. Since his death the members of that family have been serving up his literary remains as precious tidbits, and no doubt they find it a profitable occupation. The latest evidence of the family's activity is the book issued by the popular author's stepchildren, in which Isobel Strong does some good work. How many recognize in the literary lady Isobel Strong, the harum-scarum Belle Osbourne who attended school in Oakland years ago. I recall her as a bright, swarthy-skinned, glowing-eyed child, short of stature and older in knowledge than in years. Her mother had been an actress, her grandmother was a famous theatrical costumer, and little Belle had been on the stage as a child wonder. And indeed she could pirouette and do various fancy dances with which she entertained her companions in the school-yard. Later on she fell in love with the son of a Presbyterian minister who had shown considerable talent as an artist. He went abroad with Toby Rosenthal to study art, and Belle Osbourne's heart went with him. The young man was Joe Strong and he married Belle Osbourne on his return from Europe. Some years later they separated and Strong married another. For awhile the young grass-widow worked as a reporter on the dailies, and then her mother made the fortunate marriage with Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Honolulu Betrothal

An engagement announced from Honolulu is that of Miss Ethel Kittredge and Mr. Edmund Baker. She is a daughter of the E. H. Kittredges of Honolulu and has been the reigning belle ever since her debut several years ago. Mr. Baker is of this city and wealthy. The wedding will take place in Honolulu in the spring.

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The Village Elite Get Gay

When San Rafael's Exclusive Ten tear loose in masquerade, the bickerings of the whist club are for the nonce forgotten, and uproarious hilarity fills the commuter's soul. Then, too, does the dealer in second-hand and fifteenth-hand fripperies jubilate. Mrs. Vincent Neale's Twelfth Night party came to a head on the date indicated. Mr. Neale, in a full court costume, that might have done service in a comic opera company, presented a picture of unparalleled magnificence. Dr. Howett must have gone to considerable expense for the evanescent glory of a Toreador's gold lace and scarlet plush. Harry Francis—too wary a bird to be lured to a prodigal display of rented plumage—appeared in shirt sleeves (his own) and a pastry-cook's cap. The ladies displayed corresponding taste and originality. Mrs. Hazeltine made a strenuous Topsy, Mrs. Hitchcock an adipose, but pleasing Chinatown belle, while Mrs. Cushing as an old maid and Mrs. Francis as a dowager of the seventeenth century looked their parts.

A Soubrette Mother

The Frank Daniels company is remarkable for the number of married couples to be found therein. Nearly every other man in the company has his lawfully wedded wife to flirt with on the stage. Even young Gracie Myers, the talented daughter of Annie Myers of the Tivoli, is not without her spouse, though he—Grafton Baker—has to flirt with another girl in "Miss Simplicity." Mr. Baker, by the way, is a graduate of the Ohio College of Pharmacy, and his father is a wealthy resident of that State. The young man preferred music to drugs, and went into grand opera for a season. It was while with a comic opera company, a little over a year ago, that he met and wooed Gracie Myers. The latter left this city two years ago to enter the Eastern theatrical whirl, and during her absence her mother took unto herself a husband in the person of Mr. Charles Pickler, an attorney. Gracie Myers returned home last Sunday, and there was a family reunion. It was the first time that Mrs. Pickler met her son-in-law, and also the first time that Mrs. Baker met her stepfather. There was great rejoicing on all sides. Mother and daughter look like sisters even without the aid of make-up. It is a somewhat novel experience for theatre-goers to listen to a prima donna one night, and to her soubrette mother the next night. Mother and daughter are intensely devoted to each other, and last Monday night Annie Myers availed herself of the opportunity to slip across the alley that separates the stage entrances of the Tivoli and Columbia and sit in the wings of the latter house and listen to the singing of "Miss Simplicity." Between acts at the Columbia, Gracie Myers slipped over to the Tivoli and listened to mamma in the role of Jack of Beanstalk fame.

As to "The Cross Ways"

After seeing Gracie and Annie Myers together one might be justified in surmising that when the latter was the soubrette of Lillian Russell's company on that memorable trip to England she stole from the airy, fairy one the secret of perennial youth. But perhaps both of them obtained it from the beautiful Langtry, who, the New York critics agree, is younger and more beautiful than ever. They also agree, however, that "The Cross-Ways," the play which she brought from London, is the worst ever. Acton Davis, the clever critic of the *Evening Sun,* wrote apropos of the play: "Poor King Edward! Poorer Queen Alexandra! Hereafter, in the time to come, when historians write the story of their lives, and the sacrifices which England's present King and Queen made for their country, the fact that they sat through a performance of 'The Cross-Ways' will be duly recorded to their credit under the head of Martyrdoms." One critic advises Mrs. Langtry to rest on her pasts and her pearls "instead of trying so late in the day to be still a bad actress."

Our Minister to Venezuela

Up at the University Club the other day some of the Yale men were talking of Herbert C. Bowen who has come into prominence as the American Minister to Venezuela. He is well known by several of the Yale alumni of this city. He was of the class of '78, and such well known diplomat as Andrew D. White and William Walter Phelps were his classmates. He was consul to Barcelona at the opening of the Spanish war, and in his biographical record in his classbook is his own statement of the riots in that town when the war broke out. One paragraph is as follows: "On April twentieth four thousand persons filled the square and cheered for Spain. I was dining and pushed my way from the hotel back, getting to my door and facing the mob. A big man pushed through the crowd and stood beside me, but did not speak. We faced the crowd, which continued to threaten us. The mob had no leader, and for a quarter of an hour we two and the mob faced each other. Then the soldiers and the police arrived, and the mob melted away. I asked the stranger who he was and he said, 'I am Norman Harrington of Chicago. This is my first day in Barcelona. It seemed to me there might be some trouble for the eagle up there and I thought I'd take a bit of it.' "

'Twas at the Brigham Ball

The Brigham girls were at the Loughborough-Wallace wedding, which reminds me that it was at their house the young people became acquainted. Mr. Wallace was more or less devoted to one of them, and he was invited to the big ball that they gave last year. It was there he fell in love with the charming girl who became his bride this week. The story is told of one of the Brigham girls that while in a literary mood one day she remarked that she was very fond of reading. Some one asked her what book she was devouring at that moment and she frankly replied:

"Mr. Barnes of New York."

"We hardly find any persons of good sense save those who agree with us." —*La Rochefoucauld.*

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The Ways of Writers

The disinterested spectator of the *Comedie Humaine* finds much amusement in watching the by-play between persons of the now fashionable "artistic temperament"—literary aspirants, say. This one who has tried the short-story (the limitations of which he was wont to liken to those of the sonnet), with the result of enriching the post-office department and acquiring a complete collection of return slips, now pooh-poohs the art of DeMaupassant and Poe, and while trying his hand at play-writing, assures you that here is something worth the while of genius, instancing Sophocles, Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Moliere, Goethe, etc. This other, who has "made good" with the editors of the short-story magazines, is of the opinion that any fool can write a play. A third, who has succeeded in "placing" a novel, meeting the successful short-story writer, falls to talking of "sustained fiction." "It requires brains, my boy," he declares, with divine condescension and admirable modesty, "to keep the thing up for one hundred and fifty thousand words," etc., etc. "No one but a lot of women reads fiction anyway," sneers the essayist, taking up the word.

The Sneer at Journalism

In the company of newspapermen, all the foregoing are careful to emphasize the fine distinction between literature and journalism. The poet rides his high-horse roughshod over the lot. Yesterday Jones deemed pricking to death by pen points the desert of the editor who printed such stuff as appeared in the Snip-Snap Magazine; today he informs you that he considers the Snip-Snap the standard of literary excellence; and you at once know where in the near future you may read in print a Jones masterpiece. Finally, those are popular who agree with Tolstoi that in matters artistic the voice of the people is the voice of God; while those who please the learned critics, but never see their names on the lists of the "six best selling," are of one mind with Stevenson, that praise, in so far as one may mean the countenance of other artists, is a savory dish, and one of the most enduring pleasures of the career of art.

There is considerable satisfaction in Ireland over the discovery that Marconi's mother came from the old sod.

Cupid's Conquest of a Bohemian Bachelor

The news of the engagement of Florence Josselyn and Henry McDonald Spencer occasioned no surprise among their friends. It was a case of the happening of the expected. By their marriage the Bohemian Club will lose another of its active bachelor members. Mr. Spencer is one of the "literary members in trade." He is one of the most cultured members of the club. There are few men in San Francisco better versed in the classics, and few of the dilettante litterateurs able to wield such a facile pen as Spencer's. It was through his taste for literature that Mr. Spencer made the acquaintance of Miss Josselyn, for he is a friend of her father, the author of "The True Napoleon." Miss Josselyn is one of the brightest girls in society, and consequently one of the most companionable. She made her debut four or five years ago, and she has made two trips to Europe.

Lady (graduate of North German Normal School) gives German Conversational and Literature lessons. 2130 Bush St.

Is Toland a Bigamist?

The club friends of Hugo Toland are wondering whether he is a bigamist. Two weeks ago I announced the report of his marriage with Blanche Walsh, the actress, and stated that I had not heard of his divorce from Gertrude Tidball to whom he was married two years ago. I have since learned that at the time of the report of his marriage with Blanche Walsh, in Chicago, his wife was in New York. She heard the report and ridiculed it, saying that she did not see how a man who already had a wife could take unto himself an additional one. But she was seen looking up the route of the Walsh company and consulting a time table. Gertrude Tidball was prior to her marriage a member of Nat Goodwin's company for two seasons, having served an apprenticeship at the Alcazar. Up to five weeks ago she was traveling about with her husband who was a member of Blanche Walsh's company. She is now looking for an engagement. After their marriage two years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Toland went to Europe and spent nineteen months there on a honeymoon trip.

A Honolulu Judge Married

George D. Gear, whom the despatches announce as having married Miss Mildred Durphy of this city in Honolulu this week, formerly lived in this city. He is the younger son of H. L. Gear, and was with his father counsel for the London Savages in the Blythe will contest. After he settled in Honolulu he continued to prosper. He was taken into the friendship of the royal family and when one of the princes traveled to the United States Gear, who is now a Circuit Court Judge, was his cicerone. This is not his first marriage. He was formerly the husband of Gertrude Larzalere, a sister of Leigh Larzalere the horse-owner, and of Mrs. Marvin Curtis. The Gears were divorced some time ago.

Distributors in every town on the coast

Rumbling of Discord

It has become apparent that the hard feelings engendered by the contest for honors in the last election of officers of the California Club have not been softened. Indeed it appears as though new dissensions have arisen, and that women who were friends at the time of the election are now enemies. The rumblings of discord were distinctly heard at the annual Founders' Day celebration, the occasion when the ladies throw large bouquets to themselves and little ones to one another, and incidentally tell the waiting world how glad they are they've come to enlighten the benighted. The dailies have already exploited the now famous Haywards' toast to "Our Past and Future President." They have told of Mrs. Smith's rare presence of mind and how she became mistress of an embarrassing situation by proposing "The Health of Our Past President." But no mention was made of the deadliest thrust of all.

What the Ladies Suspect

The program opened with Mrs. Smith, the president, on the platform. The first to make her bow to the ladies was a plump little school-marm, and by the way the school-marm element is becoming quite strong in the California Club. She read a paper on the genesis of the California Club. It was one fulsome, almost sycophantic laudation of the former president who was conspicuously absent on that anniversary occasion. It was praise for "our leader" and "our leader" until the address smacked of a Salvation Army exhortation, but there was not one word of recognition of Mrs. Smith, the incumbent in the presidential chair. Of course Mrs. Smith must have noticed the omission but she bore herself heroically, and then came the episode of the toast. Some of the ladies thought that it savored of a preconcerted plan to accentuate disapproval of Mrs. Smith's course, and the affair caused no end of discussion.

While the Chaplain Prayed

The Rev. C. L. Miel of Sacramento, who is a good newspaperman as well as a distinguished churchman, has been appointed chaplain at the State Senate, a place he held once before and thereby hangs a tale. In those days Senator Eli Dennison of Oakland and Senator Voorhies of Amador had front seats. During prayer those two statesmen always bowed their heads in reverent fashion on the desk. After Mr. Miel had delivered his invocations every morning for a couple of weeks he began to notice a curious thing. Immediately after prayer every day, as it seemed, Dennison would look up and smile and Voorhies would hand him a cigar. One day Jere Burke, who had been instrumental in getting the job for Mr. Miel, came and took him aside. "Doctor," he said, "you won't take it ill if I make a suggestion about your prayer?" "Not at all, not at all," said the parson, "I shall be glad to have any suggestion. "Well, doctor," went on Burke, "the fact is some of the folks in the Senate are Presbyterians and Methodists and they have been accustomed to hearing longer prayers. I think you have been making it a minute and a half or two minutes. Don't you think you could accommodate them with something longer?" "Why, certainly, certainly," said the chaplain cheerfully. "And you'll begin tomorrow, Doctor, won't you?" "Why, of course, if you wish it," said Mr. Miel.

And Voorhies Won

Next morning the prayer was three minutes. Senator Dennison looked up blankly and Voorhies grinned. That three-minute prayer had cost Dennison a basket of wine. They had been betting every day on the length of the prayer, over or under two minutes, and Dennison had been winning right along until they fixed the parson without his knowledge. The reverent attitude during prayer was assumed for more convenient holding of stop watches.

Prospective Gayety at Tevis Mansion

When Dr. Harry Tevis began making alterations in his old home, everybody concluded that Cupid was responsible for the upheaval and the son's undivided attention to his mother to the end of her days was spoken of with approval. But the renovations and preparations after all merely signified the advent of the Amsdens of Kentucky, who are going to make an extended visit. Mrs. Amsden is a sister of the late Mrs. Tevis and of Mr. J. B. Haggin's first wife. The Haggins will also occupy their house after twenty years' absence, and, so it is reported, the Countess Festetics will accompany them. Rumor has it that she is soon to re-embark on the matrimonial sea—but not on a yacht.

Sammy to the Front

There was an incident of the Christmas tree party at the De Young residence which occasioned much merriment. John J. Deane played the role of Santa Claus, and being unfamiliar with the names of some of the children present, he was not prompt in distributing the presents. A youngster whose name had not been mentioned hastened forward to where Santa Claus was standing and piped:

"Oh, Santie, don't you know me? I'm Sammy—Sammy Shortridge."

Sammy secured the speaker's eye, as it were, and also a satisfactory present, and then somebody remarked, "How like his father!"

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Abe's Latest Achievement

Mr. Abe Ruef, the Mayor's mentor, the handy man of the Primary League, the attorney who figured prominently in the Probate court at the time that Jack Chretien reached the end of his tether, has succeeded in boosting his sister into a principalship in the School Department. Miss Ruef may be competent to fill the position, but the Board of Education would probably not have become cognizant of her competency were it not for the interest which brother Abe takes in educational affairs. This is the same Abe Ruef to whom Mayor Schmitz wrote an open letter at the beginning of his Administration to tell the public how dearly he loved that active political lawyer. That letter must have won many clients for Abey, for it read like a hint to people who have business at the City Hall to call at the attorney's office before doing business elsewhere. At the meeting at which Miss Ruef was promoted Miss McFarland, the logical candidate for the principalship of the Clement Grammar, was sidetracked. It was she who threatened some time ago to upset Mr. Ruef's plans for the promotion of his sister. In justice to Miss Sullivan, who was promoted to the principalship of the Clement Grammar, it should be stated that some time ago she suffered injustice by being sidetracked, and that in promoting her the Board of Education made amends. She was entitled to a principalship and she is in every way qualified for the position. It is to be hoped that Miss McFarland will be accorded the same treatment when the opportunity arises.

They'd Have None of Schmitz

The most unkindest cut of all was suffered by Mayor Schmitz the other day when the State Federation of Labor, in convention assembled at Los Angeles, voted down a resolution commending him for his honest and upright administration of the political affairs of San Francisco. The men that are grooming Mayor Schmitz for higher honors are mere novices in the game of politics. Their work is almost ingenuous enough to be raw. The quickest way to get a man's head batted off, metaphorically, is to give his enemies a pretext for discussing him. That was done in Los Angeles. The supposition is, among people who are not in touch with industrial affairs, that Mayor Schmitz is the idol of labor union men all over the State. He is not, but that fact would not have been given publicity if his friends had not started a fight in his behalf in that Los Angeles convention. The sincere and unselfish representatives of Labor were not slow to discover that Abe Ruef's protege was a mere job-chaser with a long reach for the evanescent honors and the substantial emoluments of office. The political labor leaders of San Francisco who are popularly believed to be herding the members of the unions, are nursing the Schmitz boom. They have had a hand in the distribution of patronage, and they are for him heart and both feet, but there are hundreds of disappointed ones who are eager for the opportunity to relegate him to the back row of a theatre orchestra. Fire Commissioner J. S. Parry is one of his managers, and he was in Sacramento this week co-operating with Abe Ruef to secure a complimentary vote for Schmitz for United States Senator. Is there anything that Eugene doesn't want?

Eugene's Latest Performance

Mayor Schmitz attested his gratitude to his constituents of the labor unions last Wednesday when he announced his appointments. When the list appeared it was quite evident that he had not forgotten the organization that had elected him to office. The most conspicuous Labor Union man among his appointments is John A. Drinkhouse, a wholesale tobacco dealer. Mr. Drinkhouse belongs to the Job Chasers' union of which Mr. Abe Ruef is Grand President. From the *Examiner* it appears that Mr. Drinkhouse obtained a certificate of character from "Happy Jack" Chretien who is rusticating at San Quentin. This is what the *Examiner* says: "While John A. Drinkhouse was Public Administrator John M. Chretien and 'Young Dutchy' attempted to steal thirty-five hundred dollars from the estate of Joseph Sullivan. In his confession Chretien said that Mr. Drinkhouse was in no wise connected with the probate fraud." I believe it was Mose Gunst who discovered that a police commissionership was of great value to a cigar dealer. He has been quoted as saying that it was worth one hundred thousand dollars to him. Mr. Ruef was the attorney for Drinkhouse when the latter was Public Administrator. I presume that the relationship of attorney and client still exists. Evidently Mr. Ruef has not lost his grip on the Mayor.

Rube Lloyd, Knight of Labor

Another distinguished Knight of Labor is Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd, who in his leisure moments attends to the legal affairs of the rich. Mr. Lloyd is undoubtedly a competent and enthusiastic Park Commissioner, but that was not why Mayor Schmitz appointed him. Under the mentorship of Mr. Ruef, our Mayor has studiously avoided newspaper criticism. The appointment of Mr. Lloyd it is thought, secured him immunity from the *Chronicle*. Mr. Phelan figured the same way but he was mistaken. However Lloyd is entitled to the job. He voted to make Herbert Schmitz, a brother of the Mayor, secretary of the Park Commission. Before the Charter, that glorious instrument, went into effect one talented young woman attended to all the duties of the Secretaryship. She still does so, but the first Charter Commission made her the assistant to the man whose duty it is to see that the fragrance of the flowers is not

To banish the blues nothing is so efficacious as a drink of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve bourbon or rye.

VIENNA MODEL BAKERY.

One of the points of interest at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 was that of the "Vienna Model Bakery and Restaurant." In fact it did not require a very brainy board of judges to decide that the "Vienna Model Bakery" was a decided addition to the enterprises of this country. And when, after a discussion of the pros and cons in the case, in which the inner man's opinion was a decided factor, the Gold Medal and Highest Award were bestowed on this venture without a single dissenting vote. One year later, in 1877, the Vienna Model Cafe and Restaurant was opened in this city and from the start made a hit. It has always commanded the highest class trade, in fact never encouraged any other. During the luncheon hour one sees the smartest people in town headed for the corner of Post and Kearny streets Drop in and you will be perfectly at home with your surroundings. At one table a matinee luncheon is being given—another table is graced by the judges of the Superior Court, who always make it a point to lunch at the "Vienna." But with increased prosperity has come a trifle of inconvenience to the restaurant's patrons, for they are sadly crowded for room. The management therefore now announces a move where the restaurant facilities will be more than doubled. About January fifteenth they will occupy the premises at 222 and 224 Sutter street, next to Goldberg, Bowen & Co.'s, where they will be in position to properly welcome their patrons. After twenty-five years of continuous catering to the public, they believe they are in position to serve it better than their many imitators; for, like all business successes, they have copyists. However, somebody said "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," so remember that after January fifteenth the Vienna Model Cafe and Restaurant will be found at 222 and 224 Sutter street.

wasted on the desert air. He is also expected to grant the feathered ones in the aviary an audience occasionally just to encourage them. The salary was originally one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. When brother Herbert took the job Mr. Lloyd voted to increase the pay of the expert on floral fragrance. He now draws one hundred and seventy-five dollars a month.

A Guardian Wanted

Colonel Daniel M. Burns has scored one more defeat. He undertook to prevent George C. Perkins from being re-elected to the Senate, and though he appeared to have a plethoric sack at his back he was unable to organize a dangerous opposition. Though Burns's "dark horse" was kept in the background it is believed that he was none other than Irving M. Scott. Mr. Scott is known to be a "good thing." Indeed many of his friends think that he should have a guardian to protect him from the political banditti. Mr. Scott fancies that he is destined for high political honors. At one time he thought that the whole country would demand that he be nominated for Vice-President. That was after the *Oregon* steamed round the Horn without leaking. He spent considerable money to have himself boomed by newspapers in the East.

Hot Air or Sarcasm

Says Madame La Bavarde: "I never saw Mrs. Pond Sr., in all the lifetime I have known her, look so handsome as she did yesterday afternoon. The art of looking young lies in feeling young. No rejuvenating process ever thought of—not even the magic springs which Ponce de Leon sought—equal this secret which the woman of today has discovered. This may sound irrelevant but it is not." I wonder what Madame La Bavarde is driving at? Why all that hot air for Mrs. Pond Sr.? Or is it mere sarcasm?

Thought He Was En Masque

Pedar Bruguiere, who celebrated his second marriage last week, in Reno, is extremely feminine in appearance. This effeminacy once led to an amusing incident of the Charley's Aunt order. Pedar used to wear his hair several inches longer than its present length. One day he had been having tea in the boudoir of his latest fancy in society girls, one who by the way somewhat resembles him in features and build. One of her girl friends rang the doorbell at the same moment that Mr. Bruguiere was taking his leave. They met on the stairs, when the young woman burst into mirthful laughter.

"Oh, how fine you look in boy's clothes," she exclaimed, "I never thought you could carry it off so well."

It was some time before her friend succeeded in explaining that those long curling locks belonged on the head of Pedar Bruguiere, her newest admirer.

When Reggie Bucked the Wheel

It was no doubt a great shock to the Vanderbilt pride when Reggie of that ilk was summoned, as the despatches tell, to testify against the keeper of a New York gambling house whose establishment the young millionaire was in the habit of patronizing. I recall that, about a year ago, Reggie Vanderbilt lost seventy-one thousand dollars trying to guess the whirl of the roulette wheel. Popped-eyed chums pressed around while he plunged ahead trying to recoup. There is no telling how much more he might have lost had not his elder brother, Alfred Gwynne, heard of his undoing. He hastened to the gambling house and dragged his brother away, making him solemnly promise never to gamble again.

A Gambling Palace

Next door to the Waldorf-Astoria is one of the swellest and most magnificent gambling houses in America. A big price was paid for the location in hopes of capturing the trade of the enormously wealthy people who live in that vicinity. The grand stairway, built of marble and decorated with carved female figures, life size, cost thirty-thousand dollars. Rich paintings hang in the palatial room where the goddess of chance, surrounded by all her green cloth paraphernalia, presides. When the house threw open its doors it represented an investment of nearly three hundred thousand dollars. Gamblers don't risk such a sum right under the eyes of the police unless they know they are "safe."

Joaquin Posing Down South

Joaquin Miller is now in the Southern States, being lionized. He has discovered a new section to pose before and is enjoying himself tremendously. Next to Whistler Joaquin is the most picturesque poseur of the age. When in New York he created a sensation by saying that he had never seen an elevator, or a street car before, and had never read a book in his life. He avails himself of poetic license even in his daily conversations.

Hubert Henry Davies, the author of "Cynthia" which Elsie de Wolfe now has in rehearsal in New York, is well known in San Francisco. A few years ago he wrote dramatic criticisms for one of the papers here. He wrote a monologue for Pilar-Morin, the pantomimist, and she made her vaudeville debut in it. A sketch for Lillian Burkhart was also well received, and then Mr. Davies decided to go to a larger field. He has made his home in London for some time past.

Miss Barber, the niece of Mrs. McKinley, who was married the other day in Canton, Ohio, to a Denver lawyer, was out here with the late President and his Cabinet on their visit to the coast. She was altogether the prettiest of the ladies of the Presidential party; petite, svelte, with wavy brown hair and large, glorious dark eyes. Mr. Phelan was one of her most constant admirers while she was here, and he was seen a great deal in her company. In Washington she was always the most popular lady of the White House.

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"As by Summons" Creates Discussion

From Washington, D. C., a correspondent writes that a great stir has been created there by some recent social happenings. The vogue of the town in regard to invitations from the White House, it seems, is that they must be looked upon as commands. "The Queen desires," i. e., "Miss Roosevelt would be pleased" to see Miss So and So at such and such a time is considered as if she had said, "I command you to appear." Last week, Miss Roosevelt gave an impromptu party, and one of the invited guests was a debutante of the season. The latter was, on the same date, hostess at an affair at her own home, but the "summons" from the White House caused her to desert her own guests and go to Miss Roosevelt's party. But Miss Roosevelt, by the way, had not the slightest idea of the tempest her invitation had raised. This was not so bad, however, as the Postlethwaite affair, about which at least seventeen buds and eighteen society youths are still knocking, their relatives joining in the anvil chorus.

Mamma's Fiat Carried the Day

Miss Carolyn Postlethwaite had a dinner on for Saturday, two weeks ago, eighteen debutantes and as many youths being invited to celebrate thereat their young hostess's debut. Miss Roosevelt, not knowing of the dinner, and finding she would have a free evening, asked Miss Postlethwaite and some other girl friends to come to the White House for an old-time dormitory party. Her daughter being out, Mrs. Postlethwaite answered the 'phone and accepted for Carolyn. Later, Miss Roosevelt heard about the dinner and driving to her friend's house, told Carolyn on no account to change her dinner program. Matters seemed about to go all right when Mamma Postlethwaite again put her oar in. She insisted that her daughter should not commit such a breach of etiquette as to refuse a "command" from the White House. She sent her daughter to Miss Roosevelt's, and hostessed the dinner in her place. Her excuse to the guests was "a summons to the White House." Now as none of the debutantes knew of any function at the White House, they were indignant over their desertion. But such is Washington etiquette. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador, last year deserted the Thomas Walsh's dinner in his honor because a belated invitation from the White House had the same date. The Roosevelts try not to let "impromptu" invitations conflict with others, but they cannot be supposed to remember all that is going on in the Washington whirl.

Mrs. Reginald Brooke writes from England to her friends here that she is nearly recovered from her recent illness. Mrs. Brooke, who was Ruth Holladay, daughter of Sam Holladay of Holladay Heights, was one of the cleverest amateur opera singers in society some years ago. She was the intimate friend of Sybil Sanderson.

Is He a Millionaire?

A correspondent writes me from New York to ask if I am quite sure that Mr. Pierre Humbert Jr., whose wife was recently thinking of going on the stage but changed her mind, is really one of the millionaires of Gotham. He says he has tried in vain to find that brown-stone front alleged to be the residence of the rich Mr. Humbert, and he has concluded that there has been some mistake. I must confess that I do not know anything about Mr. Pierre Humbert. The dailies of this city stated that he was a New York millionaire, and that was their pretext for devoting much space to his wife, whose wonderful histrionic talents had been discovered by an elocution teacher who thinks he knows an actress when he sees one. I should not be surprised to learn that there has been some mistake. It is seldom that the wife of a multi-millionaire develops an ambition for histrionic honors.

"Mr. Chumpleigh is always boasting of his wife's frankness."

"That's because she never holds out anything that isn't worth keeping to herself. It's a wise wife that knows just how far candor should go."

Wanted the Royal Box

So President Roosevelt is thinking of appointing Governor Taft of Manila to succeed Justice Shiras of the United States Supreme Court! Well, Governor Taft may be a capable man but I fear that he has been spoiled in the soft, seductive climate of the Philippines, where one may still inhale the aromatic atmosphere of Spain's superscented court, and where the autocratic habits of the Dons are infectious. When Governor Taft went to Manila he was a fairly good exemplar of the simplicity of this Democratic government, but a story recently came to me from a correspondent in the Islands which has caused me to wonder whether the dignity of his position has gone to the head of His Excellency. It is the story of an incident at the Zorilla theatre in Manila. The Governor went to hear an Italian opera company in "Carmen," but when he entered the theatre he found that the large central box over the main entrance, which in the days of Spanish rule had been reserved for the chief executive of the islands, was occupied. Governor Taft had been occupying the same box, and he would have no other.

Went Off in a Huff

Unfortunately the management had not been apprised of his intention to visit the theatre, and the box had been sold. Governor and Mrs. Taft left the theatre and reentered their carriage. Thereupon the manager rushed after them and begged them to return, saying that the royal box, as it is called, had been vacated. But the great American dignitary would not alight from his carriage. He ordered his coachman to drive on. Though the Republican party pleads not guilty to imperialistic tendencies, it is quite evident that the germ of imperialism is in the atmosphere of the Philippines.

Gossip from Stockton

The wedding of Sidney Hodgkins and Miss Wilhoit, last October, writes my Stockton correspondent, seems to have been not only the realization of one dream of romance, but the beginning of another. Dr. Albert Edward Hodg-

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SAN FRANCISCO

kins came over from England last summer to visit his brothers who make their home in Stockton. He was easily persuaded to remain for the wedding, at which he officiated as best man. Few were the guests at the brilliant wedding who did not notice that the best man and the stately maid of honor looked exceedingly well together, and they proceeded to weave a bit of romance about them. Their weaving, it appears, was not badly done, for the doctor lingered long enough to have seen all his relatives married several times, and now as he speeds toward England it is certain that he does not go "heart whole and fancy free." And Society is asking earnestly: "Are they engaged?"

The stork flew over the tules to Stockton last week, bringing a baby daughter to pretty Mrs. Francis Hodgkins, who was May Budd.

The Demoralizing Mass Play

The mass play in college football, against which I have protested for several seasons, must go. The faculties are now opposed to it. Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the new president of Princeton, says, "At the present time the game is clearly to be discredited, because the rules have been slowly altered in the direction of making all success depend upon mere weight and mass and strength. . . . In proportion as sheer strength has been made the basis of the play the players have been tempted to do very brutal things. Indeed I am afraid that in some instances they were instructed to do brutal things, so as to put their opponents out of the game." Those of us who witnessed the contest last year between Berkeley and Stanford are quite sure that players are instructed to put their opponents out of the game. Under the cover of a complicated mass play a good deal of rough work can be done which escapes the notice of the umpire. The motto of some teams is to win by fair means if you can, but if you can't try foul. A game in which brute force has become the chief factor is demoralizing, and unless the mass play is eliminated skill. alertness and speed will not be essential to success.

"I see that they are booming Miss Amateur, the protegee of Mrs. Newrich, who is about to give a concert to show what she learned in Europe. They say she has a wonderful voice."

"Yes, it is one of those rare voices with a social register."

The Inhospitality of Economy

Should the social saunterer drop in of an afternoon to pay his respects to certain San Franciscan ladies of smart-set pretensions, the chances are that he would be ushered by a Jap into a drawing-room dark as was Egypt when Jehovah frowned. While the Oriental slippers after his mistress, the caller gropes for a chair, and then sits down to reflect, his geniality frozen by the inhospitality of the sunless room. He feels as though there were a death in the house, and regrets the cheerful pavement. Were the dim religious light, in which after awhile the furniture outlines itself, arranged in the interest of the god of love, a choleric word against it would be blasphemy; but, alas! it is concern for the carpet, not for Cupid, which causes this down-drawing of blinds, this desolate lack of welcome, this uncomfortable air as of a drawing-room of the new-rich used only for company. In such an atmosphere social chat is quite impossible, so the saunterer at the first pause makes his bow and seeks the sunlight and God's gracious out-of-doors.

The Unfortunate Climber

The world of fashion is much like a fake show. Those who have paid dearly for *entree* into it—toadying away their manhood or womanhood, when snubbed on one cheek turning the other, as it were, Christianwise—come out smiling as though they had their money's worth. Beholding them, the rabble goes green with envy; but the pity which the philosopher feels for them is of a truth akin to contempt. Take for instance a man whose millions charitably cover a multitude of social sins. See the poor fellow in a *salon* (one *o*, printer, if you please)! Incurably conscious of his evening dress, his hapless hands hopelessly *de trop*, he does not dare to put one patent-leather shoe in front of the other, for fear of making a false step. In golden silence he sits afraid to open his mouth lest, as the saying is, he put his foot in it. Meanwhile, those to the manner born make free of the conventions, which at best are nothing but generalizations from the spontaneous conduct of well-bred people under given circumstances, and at worst, but petty devices for distancing the crowd—*differentia* which may very readily be dispensed with by those whose position in society is well assured. The man who is six feet-six does not go about announcing, "I am taller than my neighbors." Good-breeding is after all but a rarified good-nature; and the simplicity of the simple more nearly approaches it than does the poker-stiff pretentiousness of the society "supe" whose amateurishness is plainly evident to the most distant gallery god.

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If Women Knew How

The power of reading minds, which Dr. McIvor-Tyndall is illustrating to large audiences, may be all very well on the public platform, but suppose your wife possessed it! That's the thought that makes some men shudder. They fancy what would happen if one should say to his beloved that he had to go out and see a man in the evening, and she would take hold of his hand and say, "Ah, I see—poker." Or he would assure her that he had been to the lodge and she would look into his eyes and say: "George, the lodge's first name is Mary." That would discourage a man. Or she might ask him for twenty-five dollars to buy a chatelaine purse, and he would tell her that he had just paid out his last nickel to a man. Wouldn't it jolt him to hear her say: "George Joseph, I can see in your mind that there is just thirty-seven dollars and nineteen cents in the upper corner of your lower left-hand vest pocket"?

They're Not Divorced

For several years Thurlow McMullin has imagined that he was divorced from his wife, Virginia, but he wasn't. He was granted a divorce by the Superior Court after a trial that attracted a deal of attention owing to the prominence of the litigants, but early this week the Supreme Court set the judgment aside and remanded the case for a new trial. The point involved was one of peculiar interest, and the case itself has many features that are not of the commonplace. The McMullins were married in 1871, and the husband deserted his wife five years later. He sued for divorce in April, 1898, and he charged his wife with having deserted him in 1896 though they had been separated for about eighteen years. It appears that the husband's plea was that his wife acquiesced in the separation of 1877 and that therefore it was not technical desertion on his part. He invited her to return to him in 1896 and as she failed to do so he charged her with desertion. He was asked on the trial if when he wrote her a letter offering to live with her again and provide her with a home, he expected her to accept the proposition. The court sustained an objection to the question, and thereby saved the witness from being compelled to answer it. It was on account of that ruling that the judgment was set aside.

Van Dyke Discusses the Case

Justice Van Dyke, who wrote the opinion of the court, had something to say on the law of the question and also on the general topic of divorce. This is what he said:

Cross examination is one of the most valuable means of eliciting truth, and when properly conducted should be upheld by the court and not suppressed. This was the crucial point—whether the offer was made in good faith—and the defendant's counsel had a right on cross-examination to test the conscience of the plaintiff upon the question of his motive or good faith in making the offer. The wife, as it appears, had conscientious scruples against a divorce, and would not listen to any separation in that direction. She is rather to be admired for that than punished. Divorces for slight or trivial causes, or by collusion or connivance, are becoming so common as to be a scandal. The marriage relation is the foundation of all society, and, on the contrary, divorces, unless for special reasons, are demoralizing and are not favored in the law. The Code declares: "If one party deserts the other, and before the expiration of the statutory period required to make desertion a cause of divorce, returns and offers in good faith to fulfill the marriage contract, and solicits condonation, the desertion is cured." (Civ. Code, sec. 102.) The statutory period referred to is one year, so that the plaintiff in this case could not avail himself of this provision of law, inasmuch as he had not sought condonation for nearly eighteen years."

A Bit of Heart Interest

In reviewing the evidence of the case Justice Van Dyke brought out the fact that McMullin left his wife one morning after a quarrel at the breakfast table, and that later on he sent for his trunk. It was packed by a servant and just before it was closed Mrs. McMullin put on top of the tray a little shoe, one of the first pair her little baby had worn. She also put on the tray a sheet of paper containing these words: "I married you for love, I have lived with you for love and I would have clung to you forever for love. You have broken my heart. You have wrecked my life. May those who have done this thing meet with just punishment. God help us all, and keep us from harm. Your wife."

After her separation from her husband, Mrs. McMullin obtained a place in the Mint, supporting herself and son on her earnings. Before her marriage she was Miss McNulty, a belle of the Southern set, and her friends all stood by her in her trouble. Her son, as it transpired in the divorce suit, was brought up a complete stranger to his father.

The McKennas and Martins

Mrs. McKenna, who before her departure for Washington was famous for her Madonna-like face and her wonderful red hair, is now quite another sort of beauty. She has become a grande dame with white hair. Although she looks older she is handsomer. She dresses in exquisite taste. She has been wearing a wonderful gown of mauve brocade trimmed with masses of point lace and sable. The breaking of the engagement of Isabelle McKenna and Peter Martin did not affect the friendly relations existing between the families. Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mrs. McKenna are constantly together here, and Mrs. Downey Harvey has entertained for Miss Marie McKenna, who, by the way, is infinitely more vivacious than her older sister. She is a thin, fragile girl with a mass of waving blonde hair which she wears low at the nape of her neck. Very few have as yet taken up this style but it certainly is upon us.

At the egg-nog parties now all the vogue in society Chapin & Gore's whiskies are the brand used.

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He Is a Pedagogue

Charles Johnson, who has won the heart and dot of Senator Newlands's daughter Edith, is not an idle hanger-on of society. He holds the position of instructor in a New Hampshire boys' school. His father, the late Dr. W. W. Johnson, was for years the favorite physician of the inner circle of Washington, D. C.

The Rustic's Compliment

At the Musical Club's reception at Century hall to Mr. and Mrs. Edward MacDowell, the famous composer stood up to his many inches like a man, under fire of fashionable eyes and killing speeches, and never once did he lose that lyric mien of his. Though, to be sure, there was safety in the numbers, the stand was none the less heroic. As I watched and waited, pretty women said things as pretty as themselves, and if any was at a loss for a word, if you will believe me, she was at no loss for a look; or did both lip and eye fail, it was evident that a handshake may be on occasion most expressive.

"Mr. MacDowell," one asked, getting a word in edgewise, "of all the pretty things that have ever been said to you, what was the prettiest?"

He laughed. In the laugh, too, was the characteristic lyric note.

"The prettiest thing? It is hard to say. But perhaps the prettiest, certainly the sincerest, I can now recall was this: One day an old countryman said to me 'that sure was your own thing you was a-playin' just now.'

" 'It was, but how do you know?' I asked.

" 'Because it sounds horrible, and hain't got no tune to it at all.' "

Which was the rustic's way of saying that the piece was of the nature of a classic.

The Quest of Beauty

Does any one read the "Beauty Hints," I wonder, in the Sunday supps. If any one does, and tries to follow the advice given, she is sure to find herself up against the hardest Chinese puzzle she ever tackled. Suppose she were to try to carry out the directions word for word, how much time would there be left out of the day for any other occupation beside brushing, combing, massaging and exercising? Not even enough to read up on the newest wrinkle for preserving complexions and forms. No doubt many women waste a lot of time in reading and trying to follow the directions. I know they read Ella Wheeler Wilcox and that other garrulous old lady, Max O'Rell, so why not the absurd directions for improving God's handiwork? I think it was E. S. Nadal who said the German baths and springs were crowded by two classes—beauties who had retained their attractions in spite of their tinkering and imagined it was the waters which aided them, and ugly women who lived in hope that some time or other they would strike the right medicine for their cases. So they traveled the weary round year after year, growing worn wan and wrecked in their hopeless quest.

Ovation to MacDowell

The first of the Steindorff novelty concerts last Thursday afternoon was a brilliant success. The event of the opening concert was of course the appearance of the great American composer, Dr. Edward MacDowell, who received an ovation from the large audience. He is a modest-looking young man of fine presence and entirely modern, utterly devoid of the Samson-like coiffure which often proclaims the musician these days. He was at the piano in a concerto for piano and orchestra (op. 23). His execution of his own composition was a revelation. He is less famous as a pianist than as a composer, but he played with masterly execution and delicacy of touch. He is a master in bringing out the singing tones of the most pianissimo strokes in which his music abounds. The orchestra played brilliantly the feathery, rippling passages. Dr. MacDowell responded to the cordial applause with one of his Concert Etudes, a brilliant thing brilliantly played. The orchestra alone followed with the celebrated Indian Suite, after which the composer again appeared in response to the demand of the audience. Mr. Steindorff modestly withdrew, but was compelled to step to the front to receive a laurel wreath. Beside the MacDowell numbers, the orchestra gave a splendid overture, "Die Verkaufte Braut" (by Smetana), and the superb Kaisermarsch (Wagner). Mr. Steindorff has reason to be proud of his excellent aggregation of musicians, who play so intelligently under his clever baton. The music lovers of the city have reason to be congratulated if the concerts to follow prove as delightful as the first.

Gossip of the Service

Captain Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A., is one of the old-time favorite "soldier beaux" who will be greeted with open arms on his return. He will soon be in San Francisco and will remain here on duty for a time awaiting the arrival of his regiment from the Philippines. Tate, Cloman, Faison, Dillenback, Benjamin, Carson and Noble will all be warmly welcomed when they return here.

One of the most talented young women in society is the daughter of Colonel J. B. Rawles, in command at the Presidio. Miss Rawles is not only a fine singer but recently in the festivities at a friend's house she showed unmistakable talent as an amateur actress.

VARNEY W. GASKILL, Special Agent
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News has been received of the marriage of pretty Leila Burton and Lieutenant Rush Wells, U. S. A., on December twenty-seventh at Governor's Island, New York harbor, where the bride's father, Colonel George H. Burton, is stationed as Inspector General on General Chaffee's staff. The three Burton girls are all unusually handsome, their beauty being an inheritance, for mother and grandmother were both noted belles in their day. The latter, as Minerva Norton, was a reigning toast in the West, where she married Colonel Charles Larrabee, and their daughter (Mrs. Burton) as Minnie Larrabee was on of the beauties of our swim in the later sixties. Of the Burton girls, Minnie the eldest married Captain Thomas Pearce, Seventh Infantry. Kathro, the third, is a great favorite in army circles at Gotham.

"That Is All"

Some quaint bits of humor are to be found occasionally posted on the bulletin board in the *Chronicle's* editorial rooms. The contributions are usually anonymous, and seldom will any member of the staff plead guilty. The other day there appeared on the board the following verses, the refrain of which was suggested by City Editor Simpson's customary daily announcement when he exhausts the "assignments":

Have you heard it, do you know it,
That direful, dismal call,
When the "C. E." sternly utters,
"That is all"?

How a heart, high hopes a-beating,
Will stop its jumping once for all,
When is heard that fateful murmur,—
"That is all."

Perhaps a meal is in the balance,
Leastwise no drink will surely fall
To the melancholy "quiller" who hears the—
"That is all."

Ah, well! Some day Saint Peter
Before the gate will detail all.
Will he say to *him*, I wonder,
"That is all"?

The Examiner Muse

The *Chronicle* is not the only daily that has versesmiths on its staff. They abound in the *Examiner* office. Last Sunday the Examiner published on the front page of its cover a purple picture of the Christy girl, and it inspired some one to write a "pome." The contagion spread, and nearly every man on the staff trotted out his Pegasus. The *Examiner* muse worked over time in a prize contest. Blinker Murphy refused to contribute and won. Here are the individual verses in a bunch:

Perhaps she's ripe for passion that's
Best done in highest color;
Maybe she wants a purple time;
At least none that is duller.

The purple artist knows his biz.,
Cease quarreling with each other.
One woman surely wears this phizz,
And she's the Purple Mother.

The lady's sure been drinking—
This precious Christy pet,
But nothing any stronger
Than Creme de Violette.

That purple lady's very good,
Or at least it looks that way
To me what doesn't draw a line,
But only draws my pay.

She had to pose for Christy,
Poor girl, with hat of lace,
And is it any wonder
She's purple in the face?

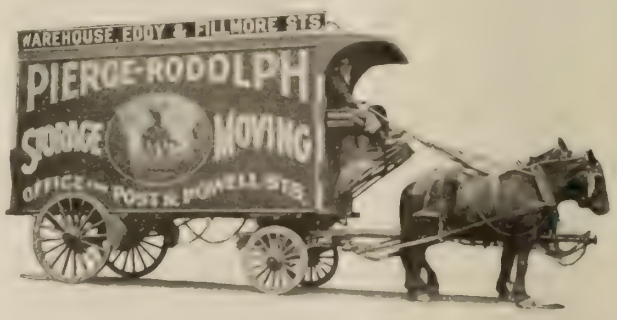
She read about the heathen bell,
The heathen bleater, too;
She read so much her face took on
The heather's purple hue.

I'd rather eat a purple cow
The skin and all—sapristi!—
Than gaze upon the purple girl
Of Howard Chandler Christy.

You never saw a purple girl,
You do not wish to see one,
But when the page you now unfurl
You'd rather die than be one.

The lady dreamed she had a flush
That turned her heart to hectic.
The pat of dough was changed to mush,
And left her apoplectic.

Let purple, green or any hue
Illumine these smart features,
What matters color, race or creed
In modern artists' creatures?



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Beyond the Footlights

At the Odeon the curtain-raiser on this particular evening was: "Depit Amoureux." The beautiful Sophie Cherubin, who played the role of Marinette, was still on the stage, when Fabrec, the well known deputy, distinguished notwithstanding his forty years, for his golden beard and youthful appearance, whom one always meets at "premieres," opened without knocking the door of Mademoiselle Cherubin's dressing-room, and playfully called: "Cuckoo!"

The gay deputy, who had been carrying on a flirtation for some time with Mademoiselle Sophie, had hoped to surprise her, as he had done on many previous occasions, in the midst of the most bewitching disorder.

The scene of the pretty comedienne's feigned indignation and bashfulness amused him immensely. "Ah, Fabrec! you indiscreet man!" Mademoiselle would always exclaim, "I forbid you to look, sir. . . Quick, turn your face to the wall . . . until I have time to throw on my dressing-gown. Oh! what monsters men are!" etc., etc. The little comedy generally ending in a kiss of reconciliation, on the bare white column of the actress's neck.

Disappointed at finding the dressing-room empty, Fabrec started to leave, when old Constance, the actress's dresser, stepped from behind the screen: "If Monsieur will kindly be seated," said she, "Mademoiselle will return in five minutes."

Fabrec dropped into the blue-flowered armchair, crossed his legs, and beating a tattoo with his cane on the tips of his patent leathers, began to reflect, while old Constance busied herself in arranging the toilet articles on the dressing-table.

Why, he asked himself seriously, did he pay court to Sophie Cherubin? He was certainly not in love with her. Indeed, he had scarcely a desire to be. Yet at times he had been rather attentive—and one evening, when he had been unusually so, the actress had said to him, with a sage little air:

"Listen, Fabrec. You are a very fine fellow—but I have debts to the amount of forty thousand francs, and for you deputies the golden times of Panama have passed. . . . Come and chat with me, whenever you wish—but we shall never be anything more than good friends."

Frankly, Mademoiselle was right. Nevertheless Fabrec persisted in paying court, drawn towards the actress by that irresistible attraction which men find in the society of pretty women, content to obtain, as our gallant ancestors would have expressed it, "an occasional favor."

Her beauty and gayety charmed him. Her sprightly witticisms, tinged with the philosophy of the cynic, amused him. Besides, it was a pleasant way of killing time—and as he sat musing in the flowered armchair, he glanced mechanically at old Constance's shriveled face, reflected in the opposite mirror.

Its ugliness fairly startled him. Dry as a stick, wrinkled as a winter apple, the small head covered with an old gray wig, the dull, lifeless eyes, the one long yellow tooth biting the purple lips, made him shudder. Yet, he reflected, "This woman in her youth may have been beautiful, perhaps loved!" Indeed, Fabrec's kind, generous heart was touched with compassion for the shriveled old creature, apparently of seventy-five, doomed to toil on until death. Yet, in spite of his sympathy, his naturally fastidious nature experienced a certain disgust for the old sorceress, in dismal black rags.

She looked so out of place before the splendid dressing-table, with its wealth of luxurious perfumed articles. The touch of her fingers seemed to soil the delicate laces, the fragile white tortoise shell combs, and the finely chased silver toilet articles, glittering upon the actress's table.

Suddenly the door flew open, and Sophie Cherubin, in her short spangled petticoat, with a scarlet rose buried in her dark hair, rushed in. She looked as fresh as a bouquet, the divine brunette, and fairly sparkled with youth, beauty, tinsel and sauciness.

"Ah! Fabrec!" she exclaimed gaily, "you have just arrived in time to have a little chat. In a few minutes we go in costume to the Gaite, to play for the benefit. While waiting Constance will prepare my small bundle, so sit down, sir, and behave yourself."

The old dresser had already passed behind the screen. They began to gossip. Mademoiselle Sophie, as usual, teased the handsome deputy about his numberless conquests in the theatrical world. "Tell me," said she, coaxingly, "is that really a true story about you and the diva of the Nouveautes?"

Fabrec was discreet. The man who truly admires women generally is. He loves them for themselves, and not through foolish vanity. To Mademoiselle's numerous questions he responded by pleasantries which revealed absolutely nothing. This conduct irritated her.

"You are a sly-boots, Fabrec," she exclaimed impatiently, "and I despair of ever getting you to acknowledge any of your conquests in the green-room."

The deputy looked amused. "Well!" said he, laughingly, "since you display such intense interest in my love affairs, I will relate the story of my first passion."

"With an actress?" interrupted Mademoiselle.

"Yes . . but I warn you that the scene is not laid in the rue de Richelieu, and that the heroine did not belong to a swell company. At the time of the affair, I was only nineteen. I had just begun to study law. I was delightfully verdant and painfully timid, for I had just emerged from the provinces, when one evening shortly after my arrival in Paris I dropped in at the little theatre of the Gobelins, and fell promptly in love with the leading lady, Blanche Lilas, the moment she appeared on the stage.

"Now that I know the secrets of the dressing-room, and am aware that an actress's youth and beauty may disappear with two towels and a layer of cold cream; that our ingenues are generally blessed with grown sons, who are either lieutenants of cavalry or under-prefects, I have wondered whether Blanche Lilas was really young, and really beautiful. However, at the time I thought her the most charming of women. I lived but to dream of her. To admire her more frequently on the stages of the Gobelins, Montparnasse and Grenelle—for the company was an ambulating one—I sold my books to the stall-keepers in the Rue Cupas. . . and thanks to Blanche Lilas, I know the entire repertoire of the ancient melodramas.

"Ah! how charmingly pretty she appeared in the 'Idiot of the Mountain,' and in the 'Executioner of Amsterdam.' She was the only woman who ever inspired me to write verses—sincere, but execrable. Through timidity, I never had the courage to present them. When the vacations came, I went home to spend the holidays. I passed the time counting the hours when I should return to Paris. The first evening of my arrival I rushed

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to the Gobelins, Montparnasse and Grenelle. Blanche Lilas's name did not appear on any of the programs. Desperate, I had the assurance to interview the concierge of the theatre, and learned from her that Blanche Lilas's engagement had not been renewed, and that no one knew whither she had gone.

"I was in despair. I experienced that night the greatest sorrow and the greatest disappointment of my life. It was months before I recovered from the shock."

"Is that all?" asked the actress disappointedly.

The deputy nodded.

"Ah, Fabrec! you are a hoaxer," exclaimed Mademoiselle incredulously, and have been poking fun at me with your souvenirs of student life."

Here the conversation was interrupted. The door flew open, and a servant announced that the actors and actresses had taken their places in the carriages and were ready to start for the Gaite.

"Hurry! hurry! Mademoiselle Cherubin, we are late," screamed the manager from the staircase.

In the twinkling of an eye, the waiting maid took the small bundle from the old dresser's hand, and Sophie Cherubin, enveloping herself in her rich fur cloak, bade Fabrec a hasty goodnight, as the two women hurried off.

The deputy arose to go, when old Constance stepped from behind the screen, and stopped him. "I have a favor to ask Monsieur," said she timidly. "Indeed, what is it?" responded Fabrec kindly.

"My strength and health are gone, sir. It is with difficulty that I attend to the light duties of dresser. I have asked to be admitted into a hospital."

"Very good," said the deputy absent-mindedly, "the next time I come here you must give me a note."

The dresser, however, had not told all.

"Perhaps," said she timidly, "there is one thing which may interest you in me. I overheard your conversation with Mademoiselle. Well! I am the Blanche Lilas whom you once admired."

Involuntarily Fabrec uttered an exclamation of surprise. It seemed hardly possible to discover in this poverty-stricken creature the once beautiful Blanche Lilas.

"But how old are you, my good woman?"

The old dresser smiled. "Possibly not as old as I look. Trouble has aged me. I am sixty-two. I was forty-one when you saw me play in the suburbs. An actress's age does not appear on the stage. Nevertheless I was dropped from the company that same year, the manager considered me a trifle too passe.

"Misfortune followed my dismissal. Three months later, I was working as a domestic, and only after long years of hardship and misery, I obtained through the kindness of a fellow actor the position as dresser with Mademoiselle Cherubin. The only place now for me is the hospital. I have asked to be admitted under my true name, Constance Poireau. I hope, sir," she added, half bashfully, "that since I once interested you, that you will use your influence to hasten my admission."

"I certainly shall," said the deputy kindly. "Meanwhile," he added, fumbling in his vest pocket, "if I can be of any service to you—"

The old woman interrupted him with a dignified gesture: "I only desire your influence, sir, to hasten my admission into a hospital. Once there, with my small annuity from the artists' society, I shall be perfectly happy."

Fabrec extended his hand to say good-night. He could hardly suppress a slight shudder, as he held within his own the dried, wrinkled hand of the old dresser. Twenty years before, he would have been overjoyed to have imprinted on this same hand the kiss of his timid adoration.

His heart beat excitedly as he passed through the deserted corridors of the theatre. Even with his great experience this strange life of Paris amazed him, where he, comparatively a young man still, found it his duty to obtain in an incurable hospital a bed for the woman who had given him his first dream of love.

—Adapted from the French by Beatrice Hastings.

Kopta, a Famous Violinist to Play Here

Wenzel Kopta, one of the brilliant violinists of the Prague Conservatory who is touring the world for pleasure, has been induced to give two public concerts here the last week of the month. He is said to be one of the best violinists of Bohemia, which means a great deal.

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

The Dance of the Dead

(Translated from the German of Goethe.)

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

The sexton peers down at the dead of the night
At the many round graves all a-row.
Lo, the moon hath thrown everything into the light
And the burial-ground is a-glow!
There a grave 'gins to rock and another one here;
Here a woman steps forth, there a man doth appear
In the whitest and longest of garments.

Now all starts to squirm with a terrible itch
And the bones join in merry-go-round,
The poor and the young and the old and the rich,
Though their shrouds hinder many a bound.
Since Modesty here is no longer of use,
They rattle themselves and the linen flies loose
And is scattered o'er many a hillock.

The femurs are lifted, the feet caper spry
And the movements are made with a dash.
There's a rattle and clatter arises on high,
As if sticks had been struck with a crash.
All this to the sexton so odd doth appear:
That the devil, the clown, whispers into his ear:
"Go, steal away one of the cerements."

It was said! It was done! and he hurries his flight
Behind the thrice sanctified door;
The moon whitens still with mysterious light
All the hideous dance as before.
At last, one by one, they slip softly away,
Enwrapped in their shrouds, and are under the clay
And under the grass in a moment.

Yet one, the last one, trips and stumbles around
And snatches and claws at the graves,
But never a fellow his shroud-cloth has found:—
For he scents it aloft where it waves.
He rattles the church-door; it hurls him a-back,
'Tis guarded and blest—or else, sexton, alack!—
It glints with its bright metal crosses.

Yet the shroud must he have, and the time is so short!
He must have it or nevermore rest.
So the knave grasps a carved Gothic cap for support
And clambers from cresting to crest.
Alas! for thee, sexton! what hope of escape?
From crocket to crocket the horrible shape
Climbs on like a long-legged spider.

The sexton is pale and stands mute and aghast
And would gladly give back what he took!
Lo, the cloth catches now—he has breathed his last!—
By its end on an old iron hook!
Then the moon 'gins to fade and her lustre is done;
Below, as the terrible bell thunders: "One!"
The skeleton shatters to pieces!

Among the motion pictures to be shown in Burton Holmes's second lecture, six fine pictures in motion of the Portugese bull-fights will prove most exciting, while numerous others will show scenes of activity in Lisbon and other cities, and in the country districts. The third lecture, on Denmark, through Hamlet's country on a motor-car, is most interesting. Hamlet's castle at Elsinore is visited; the celebrated Horse Fair at Randers is also visited, while the characteristic scenes found in the rural districts give a charming insight into the customs, the costumes and the scenery of the real Denmark. Among other motion pictures to be shown with this lecture, is one of the Paris-Berlin automobile race of 1891. This was taken at the Belgian frontier, and is a very long one, taking twelve minutes on the screen and showing Fournier, the celebrated French chauffeur and the other contestants as they are halted by the customs officers at the line between the two countries.

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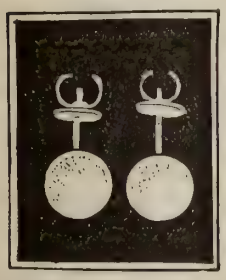

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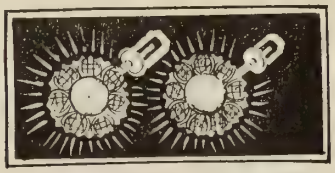

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With the Money Makers

Gathered on 'Change

While the local market for stocks and bonds has not been very active during the past week, trade conditions have not developed any material change and generally speaking a good strong tone has been maintained. The decreased transactions during the holiday season and the moderate decline in prices in some of the leading stocks following the activity of the early part of December has evidently impressed investors with the idea that another improvement in the market with advanced prices may be looked for in the near future. This probably accounts for the firmness of values and for the further fact that within the last two or three days there is a noticeable increase in the volume of sales. There has been more disposition to buy and purchases have been so general that all of the leading stocks have been well represented. In common with the quiet of the market, Sugar shares have been rather dull and there have been but few fluctuations in the prices. As the value of these shares depends upon crop conditions and as the latter are known to be very favorable there is no reason to doubt why higher prices should not prevail. Heretofore the distance of the islands from this port and the lack of means of communication have been detrimental features to the business, but now with the opening of cable communication with Honolulu it brings the plantations in close touch with the financial market of this city and it is fully expected that this improvement will have a beneficial effect on these shares. Already some of the enterprising members of the Stock and Bond Exchange have forwarded cipher codes to their representatives in Honolulu and they are now in a position to keep themselves fully informed regarding the latest trade and climatic conditions in the Hawaiian Islands. Some of the brokers of this city are in favor of an arrangement whereby the Exchange here and the Exchange in Honolulu can have daily quotations transmitted over the cable, as the dealings in sugar securities are a leading feature in both places. In Bank shares there has been a general hardening of values, with the Bank of California securities leading in point of demand. A sale of a block of 10 shares was recorded at $472.50, but the few holders willing to sell generally demanded $480, a $15 advance over the asking price during December. Bids of $2,155 for the shares of the German Savings Bank have had no effect in tempting sellers, the latter being firm in their asking price of $2,200. Spring Valley Water shares have recovered from last week's depression, values advancing to $86 asked, and $85.62 1-2 bid, against $84.50 and $84 last week. Holders are showing less anxiety to sell. Contra Costa shares were steady at $67.50 with bids of $67. Gas shares did not figure particularly in the transactions and fluctuations in prices were generally small and unimportant. In miscellaneous securities Alaska Packers' shares were in high favor and liberal sales were recorded at $160. Although buyers raised their bids for California Wine Association shares to $100.75, the advance brought out no stock, holders generally being well satisfied with the present condition of the corporation and the regular dividends they receive. Oceanic shares continued inactive, with neither bidding or asking price being reported. Bonds figured more extensively in the week's transactions than for some time past and good prices were realized for the securities of the favored corporations. The bonds of the Pacific Electric Railway Company have been listed on the Exchange. The authorized issue of these bonds amounts to $10,000,000, of which $3,555,000 have been listed. Interest is at the rate of 5 per cent per annum and the bonds are due January 1st, 1942. The issue is secured by a deed of trust to the Union Trust Company, covering all the real and personal property of the corporation. H. E. Huntington is president, Epes Randolph, vice-president, and I. W. Hellman, treasurer.

Financial Notes

Early in the week the Bay Cities Water Company executed a mortgage for $10,000,000 to the Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco. The mortgage covers the company's real estate in Santa Clara county, its personal property and everything it owns or may acquire. It is given as a security for a bond issue of 10,000 5 per cent bonds for $1,000 each, to run forty-five years from January 1, 1903. The company agrees to establish a sinking fund equal to 25 per cent of the money due in 1908. William S. Tevis, president, and E. G. Wheeler, secretary, signed the mortgage for the water company, and Fred W. Zeile, president and John D. McKee, secretary, for the trust company.

President Albert Gallatin, of the Sacramento Electric, Gas & Railway Company, is credited with saying that the Bay Counties Power Company has been given an option on a large block of the stock of his company, which amounts practically to the controlling interest; but from present indications it is not likely that any transfer of stock will be made before next June.

The shareholders of the San Francisco Brick Company, at a special meeting, voted in favor of a $250,000 bond issue in ten year six per cent bonds. —*The Financier*

STAGE

A Monopolistic Star

"Miss Simplicity" has come to town after two seasons on the road, and nowhere did she receive such a severe spanking from the critics as she did in San Francisco. Those of New York jolted her mildly, but it was reserved for the local connoisseurs of things theatrical to use the knout mercilessly on her somewhat slender and attenuated person. But they all agreed upon the cleverness of Mr. Frank Daniels, the star, who exploits himself in this new musical farce. And now let me call the attention of the gentlemen of the press to an injustice of which they have been unconsciously guilty. "Miss Simplicity" as produced at the Columbia is not the musical farce written for an amateur theatrical company in Boston, and purchased by Mr. Kirke La Shelle for production on the professional stage, with Frank Daniels as the star. It has been mutilated by this comical little chap to make a Daniels holiday. It was probably never a world-startling conglomeration of humor and melody, but it was infinitely better before the vanity of Frank Daniels dictated alterations calculated to keep the light of his presence constantly aglow. Mr. Frank Daniels, who is probably the funniest comic opera comedian on the stage, is the most selfish star that ever monopolized the stage centre. He exemplifies more eloquently than any other member of the profession the evils of the star system. He is not content merely to have the whole show revolve round him. It must permit him at times to substitute himself for the show. If a song is so charming as to delay his entrance by reason of the encores it receives then the song must be eliminated. This is no exaggeration. Several songs were cut out of "Miss Simplicity" for that very reason. All the laughs in the piece belong exclusively to Mr. Daniels. He vouchsafes other people the privilege of getting a few but they must not be too prolonged. Mr. Daniels is such a clever comedian that he can afford to be generous and permit theatre-goers to get all the enjoyment possible out of a performance, but he doesn't. He is not the star alone but the whole solar system. He will tolerate ensemble work providing he is "tout ensemble of the whole." And such are a few of the eccentricities of this genius of the comic opera stage. I mention them merely in explanation of the seeming shallowness of the piece. But there are many people who are such ardent admirers of Daniels that perhaps they approve of methods which enable them to see and hear so much of him. But what a great performance he would give if modesty were one of his virtues and he were willing to merely contribute to the success of a show! However, notwithstanding the editing of Daniels, "Miss Simplicity" is entertaining. The star, endowed by nature with a comical personality, is so funny that even though he has metamorphosed the work of Mr. Barnett into a monologue for himself, you are not permitted to suffer from ennui. His magnetism is of a high order. It is most effective in a certain speech written for him some years ago and which he cleverly works off impromptu. And the performance abounds in pretty dances and the usual kaleidoscopic effects which are concomitants of every well regulated musical comedy. The prettiest woman in the company is Grace Myers, the vivacious daughter of Annie Myers of the Tivoli. She is a talented prima donna with a sweet and well trained voice, which has the softness of velvet. Miss Mai Lowery, the soubrette of the company, has not much to do but she does it well. She is a graceful dancer and there is an abandon in her work that is quite fetching. Of the young men of the company Grafton Baker is the most spirited, and he has a single opportunity to show that

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he has a voice. But Mr. Daniels happens on every little while to vocalize, and he has been singing so much that his voice betrays signs of wear. It is becoming decidedly weak.

"Barbara Fidgety"

Opening nights at Fischer's are becoming more and more in the nature of family reunions. Each of the merry mummers at the cosy little temple of burlesque has a following, and on opening nights there is a crush of people in the auditorium with more than a bowing acquaintance with the people on the stage. The audience is prepared to laugh at everything that has the suggestion of a joke about it, and to applaud their favorites vociferously. Consequently there is more warmth in the house than the heating system is responsible for. The opening night of the new burlesque, "Barbara Fidgety," was marked by the usual enthusiasm. Edgar and Harry Smith are responsible for this travesty on Clyde Fitch's play. Those two gentlemen write pieces for the stage while you wait, and neither has ever been threatened with an attack of writers' cramp. But why kind Providence has overlooked them is one of those problems that are impossible of solution. However there is no possible question of the popular success of "Barbara Fidgety." The librettists may have violated the proprieties, the conventions and the unities, but the composer came gallantly to the rescue, and with the co-operation of the

MISS ROSE RELDA, Steinway Hall, January 16th

stage manager evolved a show that will please any audience. There is abundance of ginger in the production, and it goes with a zip that overcomes a desire to shed tears over the Smithsonian jokes. You marvel at the ingenuity of George Lask in crowding so much action on a miniature stage, and you laugh as heartily as ever at Kolb and Dill, even though you recognize their work in the first act as a familiar specialty stunt which formerly constituted their act in vaudeville. Barney Bernard, without his whiskers and shorn of his Yiddish dialect, is a bare comedian, but you forgive him for what you know he can do. Maude Amber, in the role and garb of a Southern girl, is picturesque, and contributes her share to the gayety of the piece. She is singing "Come Down My Evening Star," the last song written by John Stromberg and found after his death. Lillian Russell is singing it in New York. Winfield Blake has a congenial role in Captain Grumble, and his military song in the first act receives numerous encores. Olive Evans as the old colored woman shows that character work is her forte. More new dancers have been added to the company but Flossie Hope is still the Queen of terpsichorean artists.

"Oliver Twist" at the Grand

Old playgoers remember Rose Eytinge as Nancy Sykes. In the scene with Fagin, where she tears Oliver from his grasp, the audience would sit with bated breath, watching every move of the actress. There are not many stars of the stage who care to include Nancy Sykes in their repertory, and the minor stock actresses who have attempted it here have only made Nancy a caricature. The first Nancy I remember was Mrs. McKee Rankin, and hers was a strong creation. But Nance O'Neil is more than strong in the part. She has absorbed it, as it were, and you see the Nancy Sykes of Dickens live and breathe before you. You cannot keep your eyes from her when she is on the stage: you fear to lose a word that falls from her lips. She brings out so clearly the tenderness, necessarily repressed, in the girl in the scenes with little Oliver. Her wonderful love for the brute to whom she is yoked is shown in many ways—when she is mending his coat-sleeve and when she refuses to leave "her Bill" at the bidding of future prosperity, voiced by Oliver's young aunt. What a charming picture she presents, twirling the key on that magical, supple finger! What a womanly attribute is the wrath displayed when Charlie Bates disturbs the serenity of her newly-made bed! How terrible, how tragic is her death! It is a question, however, whether Nance O'Neil's Nancy Sykes would be of such remarkable value if it were not for the powerful "playing up" of McKee Rankin as Bill Sykes. The brutal creature of Dickens's imagination is drawn by Mr. Rankin with a sureness that has no equal. Mr. Stockwell's Artful Dodger is another clever characterization and Mr. Mayall gives an acceptable portrayal of Fagin. The company as a whole is doing better work under Rankin's management than it has done under any of the stars preceding Miss O'Neil. Her enthusiasm for her work appears to be infectious.

Miss Crosby in a Problem Play

Rebellious Susan was not so very rebellious compared with the more rebellious heroines of the latest society dramas. She objected to her husband having so much liberty, that is all. The wife of 1903, instead of going off and leaving hubby a clear field to pursue his flirtations, would start a counter-flirtation near by, and so bring him to reason. Poor Susan started hers on the other side of the water, and it did not end well. But the play does, owing to the good offices of Susan's diplomatic uncle. The drama is an interesting one, aside from its problem, and is well played by the Alcazar people. Juliet Crosby, who is always at home in society dramas, makes the wife a real person. From the first scenes, where Susan's rebellion is instituted, to her return, repentance and reconciliation, Miss Crosby's fine understanding of the character is apparent.

A Strenuous Worker

Poor Georgie Cooper finally proved a victim to the strenuosities of the tank drama when she sprained her ankle last Monday at a rehearsal of "The Tide of Life." She had to leap from a high bank to the top of a flying train of cars, and her foot slipped with the injury mentioned. I have seen Georgie Cooper perform all sorts of wonderful feats in swimming, leaping, shooting and wrestling, and it appeared as if she were immune from the evils to which a melodramatic stock actress is prone. But this leap was the climax. She had a host of sympathizers when she crutched about the stage on the opening night, for Georgie Cooper is the idol of Central audiences.

Her Final Exit

The many friends in this city of Etta Butler, the talented Californian actress, were greatly shocked last Wednesday to learn of her death in New York. It was only a season or two ago that Etta Butler established herself as a star in the Eastern theatrical firmament, and she gave promise of becoming a most distinguished member of the profession. She came to this city at the close of last season to visit her father who had only a short time ago become a widower, and she returned to the East a few months ago. She would undoubtedly have obtained a good engagement were it not for the illness that compelled her retirement to a hospital. Only a few of her intimate friends were aware of the fact that she was engaged to marry a Mr. Terrence Farley, a New York lawyer.

The Army at the Republic

The public always likes military plays—witness the perennial favor enjoyed by "Rosedale," also the newer success, "Brother Officers." The Republic has a military farce this week that is full of fun. The company fits well into the several roles, Harry Corson Clarke having the principal fun-making vehicle. Margaret Dale Owen is charming, and one hopes to see her in a more important part as the season progresses. The Republic has quite settled itself now in the affections of playgoers, who find it a very cosy place to drop into of an evening. On New Year's night there was an immense audience.

"Yon Yonson" has a new interpreter at the California this week, Nelse Erickson, and he has proved his title to be the best Yon of them all.

Tyndall Will Tell How He Does It

Society has taken up the study of mental and psychic phenomena. The problem of the subconscious mind, dreams, premonitions, visions, telepathy and the rest of it are being dissected, discussed and explained. It is no uncommon thing these days to find the most youthful debutante quite up on the latest developments of the "subliminal self," "the astral form of thought," and all the abstruse problems of psychology that the visit of Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall have made popular. Dr. McIvor-Tyndall has consented to tell how it is done, and will give a course of seven lectures on the various subjects embraced in psychic science, telling how to investigate the phenomena and how to develop the powers. The first lecture will be given on Sunday night, January the eighteenth, and will be followed by four subsequent Sunday nights until February the eighth, with three intervening Saturday nights.

The Holmes Lectures

The Burton Holmes lectures are sure to attract the most cultured class of our residents, but they will draw popular favor as well. To hear a famous traveler tell of the countries he has visited is always interesting. The illustrations to the lectures are also entertaining, the coloring having been done by Helen E. Stevenson from Mr. Holmes's own negatives, motion pictures and projections by Oscar B. Depue. The newest inventions in motion photography are shown at these lectures. The first lecture will be given next Tuesday evening in Steinway hall, the subject being "The Grand Canyon of Arizona." Portugal, Denmark, Sweden and two Norways will follow. The traveled will enjoy traversing with Mr. Holmes well-remembered scenes, while the non-traveled will learn a few things about the countries he may hope to visit some day.

"The Princess Chic" will be at the Columbia soon for its second visit. James and Warde in a revival of "The Tempest" are also a near future.

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A New Shakespearean Note

Word comes over the wires that Mrs. Fiske will play Lady Macbeth next season. Mrs. Fiske has the physique of what the Shakespeare cult calls the real Lady Macbeth. These students, who take their Shakespeare historically, anatomically and geographically, have figured out that Lady Macbeth was not the big, majestic creature she is generally believed to be. They say only a slender, high-strung, nervy woman could have conceived the deed that led poor Macbeth to destruction. I can fancy Mrs. Fiske, as I remember her Tess, striking an entirely new note in Lady Macbeth.

Clara Morris in a recent magazine article tells what a storm was raised when she purposed giving a new Lady Macbeth to the stage. Her "foolish idea of a coaxing, crafty, womanly Lady Macbeth" was condemned by that fine old actress, Mrs. Farren, who advised her to give it up.

"My dear," said Mrs. Farren, "I starred for years as Lady Macbeth, and the louder, more violent, more declamatory I was, the better the people liked me. They expect to see Macbeth bullied into action, to speak frankly."

Miss Morris objected to the old notion, but Mrs. Farren persisted that the public never *thought* out character. The public liked to see what it had become accustomed to, the traditional Siddons, Cushman, Janauschek, Lady Macbeth. Miss Morris, on the contrary, believed that Macbeth's wife was purely feminine because she collapsed after the great deed.

It is hard to figure on what we are and are not to see of the New York hits during the seasons yet unborn. From frequent press-agents' epistles I had judged that "Foxy Grandpa," for one thing, was en route. But Monday's mail brought a line to the effect that Joe Hart and Carrie De Mar will have a new piece, "Sunny Jim," next season.

The Imperial theatre at London was recently opened for a special one-night production, under royal patronage, of "The Crossways," the drama in four acts, of which Mr. J. Hartley Murray and Mrs. Langtry are joint authors. The piece turned out to be identical with "Virginia," given at the Royal theatre at Manchester. Both authors appeared in the cast. There was no courting of criticism, for representatives of the press were not invited to witness the performance.

Features of Next Week's Bills

Nance O'Neil will give us her version of Lady Macbeth at the Grand, and Charles Millward, Herschel Mayall and E. J. Ratcliffe will be in the support.

That old favorite, "Tennessee's Pardner," at the Alcazar will give us again Agnes Ranken's charming portrayal of Tennessee. Alice Treat Hunt, the new leading lady, will come the following week in "My Daughter in Law."

"Jack and the Beanstalk" will have some new specialties at the Tivoli. It is hard to say when the run will end of this popular piece.

"The Telephone Girl" has not been seen here for two years, and promises to renew its big hit then, at the California. Murray and Mack in "A Night on Broadway" come next.

"My Wife's Husband" at the Republic will give Harry Corson Clarke opportunity for some clever work. "What Happened to Jones" follows.

"Miss Simplicity" will continue to fill the Columbia.

The Miles Stavordale Quintet will present a most novel entertainment at the Orpheum. One plays a harp and the others double-headed or box banjos, and are said to give the most perfect imitation of the human voice ever attained on musical instruments. The Elinore sisters, the character comediennes, will return after a prolonged London success, presenting "Adventures of Bridget McGuire." Zazelle and Vernon, called "The Tourist and his Valet," will return after a visit to almost every part of the globe. Edith Helena will change her selections, and Cressy and Dayne will present "Bill Biffin's Baby."

The new Electric theatre, containing "A Day in the Alps," and the two-pound baby in the life-saving incubator are Chutes attractions. The latest piece of Chutes enterprise, "Down the Flume," is bound to become one of the amusement features of the city. The amateur nights, held every Thursday, are popular.

—*The Playgoer.*

MUSIC

[*Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.*]

Cowles in Concert

We used to call Eugene Cowles "the magnificent." He is still that, though on his present visit instead of gorgeous costumes he appears in the garments of every day life. But on Tuesday evening, when to gratify his audience he sang the well-remembered Armorer's song from "Robin Hood," it took little imagination to see before one Will Scarlet in his red fleshings, instead of a gentleman in black broadcloth and white waistcoat. The basso's voice is as resonant and inspiring as it ever was, but in the "Song of the Sword," and the De Koven number it was too big for the narrow confines of the auditorium. That the voice can be controlled at its owner's will was evidenced in the tender song given as Mr. Cowles's first encore, and in "When Stars are in the Quiet Night," his own composition. As another encore he sang delightfully that old Irish ditty that San Franciscans always associate with Denis O'Sullivan—"The Low Backed Car." The Toreador song from "Carmen" was Mr. Cowles's last contribution to the program. He sang it with spirit, and proved that, well as he can render tender and soft love songs, opera is his true sphere. It has often happened that when concert companies headed by stars have come this way, a success equalling that of the principal has been made by one of the supporting company. Such a hit was attained by Miss Elizabeth Blamere of the Cowles company. Miss Blamere sang several numbers on Tuesday night —Del Acqua's "Villanelle," Van der Stuecken's "O Come with Me," an Irish love song by Margaret Lang and an operatic duet with Mr. Cowles. She has a voice of great sweetness and breadth, and sings with feeling and understanding. Miss Clara Farrington, the young violiniste, and Mr. Walter Pyck, the pianist, both made individual successes in their numbers. The latter sustained the arduous role of accompanist for the entire program, but showed no signs of fatigue at its close.

The Bane of the Encore

I must enter one protest against the conduct of the audiences at the Cowles recitals. They insisted on encores, and encores again until the applause no longer meant a compliment but simply an insatiable greed. The encore at most concerts nowadays is out-of-date. That is, one applauds, the singer or player returns to bow, and that is the end. But in some quarters the pest still survives.

The critic of the New York *Town Topics* says of a recent appearance of Kocian in the metropolis that he "tuned much and fiddled badly. Glib fingers and an agile bow arm do not make a violinist, and I fear there is very little musical comprehension in Kocian's skull." Other metropolitan critics however, among them Emilie Frances Bauer, consider Kocian a great violinist. We shall have an opportunity to judge for ourselves presently, as Kocian is headed this way.

NEW DEPARTMENT OF THE HOPKINS INSTITUTE.

The scope of the San Francisco School of Design has been enlarged by the addition of a new department, that of designing for industrial porposes. The class opened on Monday, its work including drawing from casts, planning of patterns, modeling in clay, wood-carving, and furniture construction. The work is of an advanced character, requiring primarily proficiency in drawing. The department is in charge of Frederic H. Meyer, who has had extensive experience in this field, having studied in the Cincinnati Technical School, the Pennsylvania Industrial Art Institute, and the Royal Art Institute of Berlin. Mr. Meyer is at present connected with the department of drawing in the State University, prior to which he was superintendent of drawing and designing in the public schools of Stockton for four years.

There are climbers and climbers, but where are the wines that can climb to the heights of Olivina?

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The McDowell Recitals

Great interest is being manifested in the Edward MacDowell recitals, the first of which will be given this afternoon in Steinway hall, and the second next Monday night in the same hall. Mr. MacDowell appeared at the Steindorff novelty concert on Thursday, too late for more than mention here, playing his own second concerto with orchestral accompaniment. Mrs. M. E. Blanchard will sing groups of the composer's songs at the matinee recital today.

The Zech Symphony Orchestra

The symphony concerts by W. F. Zech Jr.'s orchestra have been among the most delightful features of the winter music season. The second series is now under way, the second concert of which will be given next Thursday afternoon at a quarter after three o'clock, at Fischer's. The program will be Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture, Mozart's G minor symphony, the Siegfried Idylle, Wagner, Wuerst's Russian suite (for strings) and Moszkowsky's "Miniature" overture.

Rose Relda's Recital

The sale of seats for Rose Relda's concert, to be given next Friday evening in Steinway hall, has been very large. This will be the only occasion on which Miss Relda's friends will be able to hear her sing before her return to Europe to fill her operatic engagements. Her program will be: Bell Song (Lakme), Delibes, by request; Synnoves Song, Kjerulf, Serenade, Bemberg; Standchen, Strauss, Lucia (mad scene), Donizetti, Du Rossignol, Handel, Les anges pleurent, Bemberg, Das Veilchen, Beehgaard; Pastorale, Bizet, Polonaise (Mignon), Thomas.

One of the numbers on the program of the first Eugene Cowles concert was a setting by the basso himself for Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." Our own Dr. H. J. Stewart wrote a beautiful setting for the poem some years ago, which is often sung at memorial services. The poem is one of the most tender bits of Tennyson verse.

Next Thursday evening will be given Mr. Louis H. Eaton's thirteenth organ recital at Trinity church. The program will consist of compositions by Bach, Saint-Saens, Haydn, Ernst and Bruch. Miss Dorothy Goodsell, soprano, and Hother Wismer, violinist, will assist.

Miss Millicent Levenberg writes me from Berlin that she is settled in the German capital, and is pursuing her music studies with vigor. She has given up her physical culture classes for the nonce, and intends devoting all her time to voice culture.

It is surprising how many people fall into the error of fancying "The Holy City" and the "Cantique de Noel" as being the work of the same composer. The former is by Stephen Adams, the latter by Adolph Adam.

Frank Damrosch is conducting a series of symphony concerts for young people in New York. At a recent one David Bispham read Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Louis Heine, the erstwhile San Francisco 'cellist, is a member of the Franz Kaltenborn quartet, now giving chamber music concerts in New York.

Zelie de Lussan in song recital and Dippel the Grau tenor are both possibilities of March.

—*The Music Critic.*

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SINGLE TICKETS, $1, 75c and 50c, Thursday, January 8th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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LETTERS

"Cloistral Strains"

This little volume contains a selection of sacred poems culled from the published works of Louis A. Robertson. At this day, when the rank of Mr. Robertson among the bards is so well established, any criticism of his work would be superfluous. He is dowered not only with a rare command of language and metre, but also with the true soul of the poet. The poems in the present volume have the genuine religious ring; they are not simply ground out for the occasion, but have grown like flowers out of a soul that has struggled and endured. One of the most beautiful and most rich in suggestion is that entitled "Faith-Founded Vision."

"Faith-founded vision the manger, rise
In all thy humble glory, and unfold
Time's dusty leaves, until thy page of gold
Shines through the ages on our wondering eyes.
From out the starry silence of the skies
A mighty flood of harmony is rolled;
Once more the song is sung, the story told,
And cradled on the earth a Savior lies.

"What priests and prophets did with faith foretell,
We looking backward with clear eyes can see
The thorn-crowned God forsake his throne above;
We hear the chorus, but we hear as well
The midnight moan in dark Gethsemane,
And sink o'erwhelmed beneath his boundless love."

Like the above, many of the pieces are in sonnet form, which Mr. Robertson handles like an adept. The book is tastefully gotten up in gray paper, with an old Mission cloister for cover ornament. [Published by A. M. Robertson, 126 Post street, San Francisco.]

Idaho's Poet

Clarence E. Eddy of Idaho is a strenuous young Westerner, "poet, prospector and newspaperman." He has compiled a volume of the verses which he has contributed from time to time to the various papers with which he has been connected, but he has the saving grace of humor which prevents him from taking himself seriously. "The Pinnacle of Parnassus" would seem a pretentious title for the achievements of Mr. Eddy's muse, but one enters into the spirit of the author, who disarms serious criticism by his cover design, which represents Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, Dante, Tennyson, Burns, Longfellow, Austin and Kipling laboriously striving to reach the heights upon which Eddy is seen securely throned, while the lake of oblivion swallows the innumerable other aspirants. The verses are mostly called forth by some local occurrence, such as the booming of a new mining camp, the return of the Volunteers, the death of a comrade, political happenings, and such affairs as loom large in small communities. There are a number of parodies, of which a few verses of one will serve as a sample of Mr. Eddy's muse and his optimism. It was called forth by some lugubrious stanzas of one Shelley Sutton:—

"The grave, all hail it! in its close embrace
There is an end to each accursed lot,
Life, time, eternity and space
Within its clasp are finished—and are not."

To this Mr. Eddy makes reply:

"You shouldn't be so sad,
Shelley Sutton,
And it really is too bad,
Shelley Sutton,
That you grope within the gloom
And are singing of the tomb,
While life's sweetest flowers should bloom,
Shelley Sutton.

"Life has many cares and sorrows,
Shelley Sutton,
Dark days and darker morrows,
Shelley Sutton,
But we shouldn't put in song
All the sorrows and the wrong,
While some joys to life belong,
Shelley Sutton."

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Mr. Eddy will do better work than this, but as it is, there has been infinitely worse poetry published in all seriousness. As it is, the little collection ought to find place in the literary archives of pioneer Idaho.

"The Garden of Lies"

This is an exciting tale of adventure by Justus Miles Forman. It is a story much along the lines of "The Prisoner of Zenda," but it has a heroine who had to be deceived as to her princely husband's identity, not on account of political reasons but to save her mind from becoming shattered. She, poor lady, was mentally upset by an accident to her carriage when returning from the marriage ceremony at her home in Newport, where she had espoused a prince of Novodnia, described as a kingdom down near Roumania. As in "Zenda" the royal spouse's substitute wins the lady's heart, but unlike Mr. Hope's hero, he also wins her hand, for the unloved Prince had the misfortune to be betrayed by his revolutionary constituents, and was sent to a more appreciative world by a stray bullet from the mob, leaving his lovely morganatic wife entirely free to marry the intrepid hero. The very last chapter leaves the happy couple enjoying a prolonged honeymoon on some sumptuous, mysterious island whence the author thinks "they will some day return to us, when they are quite ready." Not only the plot and the adventures are reminiscent of Hope's stories, but even the sentences are constructed like those in that popular author's tales. However, it is well for a novel to have a worthy prototype, for "The Garden of Lies" holds the interest of the reader very much as does "The Prisoner of Zenda." It is a handsomely bound volume published by the Frederick A. Stokes Co. of New York.

Beatrice Harraden has a new novel ready for publication, but the title is not given out. Evidently it is not considered of sufficient importance in the literary world to warrant special mention. Miss Harraden did a lot of complaining over the ill-usage she thought she had suffered at the hands of rapacious American publishers, in connection with her first book, "Ships that Pass in the Night," but in reality she was treated very well. Moreover, on the strength of that one success her later books, or at any rate the first of them, had a fictitious value in the publishing world. None of them justified expectations, or paid for the advertising in anything like adequate returns. A Chicago literary professor has recently given voice to the opinion that the first three books of any novelist should be regarded as apprentice work and never given out for publication. In some instances, we should be loth to lose the first works. We could ill spare "Moran of the Lady Letty," for instance, or "McTeague," or "The House with the Green Shutters," or even Miss Harraden's "Ships," but in the main, there would be no irreparable loss if three times the first three novels of the average writer had been suppressed. It is of course quite possible that Miss Harraden will outdo her first success, and that she will live to see her name placarded months in advance, like Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, whenever she has work on the stocks, but there are no present indications of anything of the kind.

A. M. Robertson has begun the publication of a series of pamphlets on the subject of religion, politics, labor, education and other interests. The object is to treat these topics with an unbiassed freedom such as it is impossible to give them in established periodicals, where editorial diplomacy must more or less govern expression of opinion. The first number is entitled "The Divine Question," and under that title Lionel Josephare discusses immortality and the probabilities of a conscious future existence on a common sense basis, unaffected by our personal likings and longings. Though his reasonings and conclusions are unorthodox, he has treated the question in a fair and open manner, reverently and without scoffing. His is the attitude of inquiry, and his reasoning is dignified and inoffensive to the most rigidly creed-bound. The manner and matter of this first number of the Flame Series speaks well for the future of the undertaking.

The Pocket Edition

When publishers first conceived the idea of making volumes of a convenient size to be held easily in hand, instead of requiring a ponderous reading desk for their accommodation, it must have been a cause of rejoicing to scholars. The possibility of taking a volume to the fireside, or slipping it into a pocket when out for a stroll or a journey, added much to the pleasure of readers and also added many readers to make demand for books. But the "pocket edition," like many other good things, has been done to death. Why should there be "pocket editions" of books no one cares to read, simply because they are old, and why "pocket edition" books that are unsuitable for pocketing?

Elder and Shepard issue another of the Baby Roland Booklets. This time it is "His Calculations," and the illustrations discover his Rolandship in the act of climbing to the top of what appears to be an overturned box. In spite of maternal warnings, baby persists and finally "gets there." To those who take this sort of thing seriously, the booklet will no doubt prove valuable and interesting. The mechanical part of the book is deserving of all praise, but one can hardly help asking if the matter is worth while.

—*The Bookworm.*

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Stories Old and New

He Knew Tourists

When the Austrian troops were occupying Florence, one of the white-coated officers had planted himself in the piazza in front of the Duomo, and was gazing at the tower, earnestly, lost in admiration of its perfect beauty.

"*Si svita, signore,*" said a little street urchin, coming up behind him—"It *unscrews*, sir!"

A Bayard Story

In Senator Bayard is vested the copyright of the story of the two Western cowboys who had been to hear a lecture on Junius. One of them, subsequently imbibing too much whisky "straight," got at last into the lachrymose state of inebriety. Sitting up in bed he passionately besought his companion to tell him "who writ them letters to Junius." Nor would he be pacified till the other cowboy assured him that he knew Junius very well, and that he had made him a present of the letters in question, which had been securely locked up in the hotel safe by the clerk in the office below.

Wanted to Die

A Washington man, who suspected a colored man in his employ of tampering with his private stock of whisky, allowed the demijohn to become empty. Instead filling it again, he put the liquor in bottles in a cupboard and labeled them "poison." One night he caught the servant in the act. Seizing a bottle in mock terror, the employer exclaimed:

"Heavens! Do you know what you are doing? Don't you see that bottle is marked poison?"

The colored man held it off and looked at it, smelled it, and, with a look of melancholy, replied:

"Tain't poison, suh. I's done been fooled again."

"How dared you tamper with it?"

"Boss, it was dis way. F'um de way yoh acted 'bout dat demijohn in de cellar I done thought yoh had yoh s'picions ob me, an' it made me melancholy, foh sho'. I's been tryin' foh mos' two weeks now ter commit suicide out'n dat bottle!"

A Lost Speech

During one of the Irving-Terry engagements in New York, one night after the last curtain both Mr. Irving and Miss Terry were called out several times. Finally the English actor advanced to the footlights. The theatre doors had by that time been thrown open and part of the audience had reached the lobby. The crowds flocked back obediently, however, and stood at

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the rear of the orchestra on tiptoe, straining their ears to catch a syllable. It was evident that Mr. Irving was talking, because those who had opera glasses assured those who had none that they could see his mouth moving, but so far as the speech itself is concerned it will probably remain forever a mystery. Mr. Irving had been speaking for about a minute when suddenly there was an explosion behind the scenes, and Mr. Cooper appeared on the stage as though shot from the mouth of a cannon. He looked fearfully frightened and embarrassed, but he had presence of mind enough to get off the stage as quickly as he could. Mr. Irving spoke for another minute, then bowed and the curtain fell. Five minutes later Manager Bram Stoker was surrounded by a crowd of morning newspaper reporters.

"I'm awfully sorry that I can't oblige you," said Mr. Stoker, "but I didn't hear the speech."

"Nobody heard the speech," cried the reporters in unison, "that's the trouble."

"Excuse me, gentlemen, I'll go and ask Mr. Irving about it," said Stoker.

Ten minutes later Mr. Stoker returned. His face had fallen about a foot.

"Really this is too bad, gentlemen. I have seen Mr. Irving and Mr. Irving seems to be as much in the dark as any one else. He says that he hasn't the least recollection of what he said."

Where to Play

At a south of the slot fire, when the flames were consuming everything in sight, a saloon-keeper, whose building was going up like the rest, rushed up to the pipeman and bawled in his ear:

"Say, Cul, play de hose on de slate behind de bar. Dat's where I keeps me books. See?" —*The Raconteur*

From "The Gold Wolf," by Max Pemberton:

"We imagine most of our pleasures, but they are not any the less pleasures because we imagine them."

"We live for the splendid hours, but they are few."

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TOWN TALK

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The Fight Against the Friars

The Catholic church is having serious trouble in the Philippines. In consequence of the hatred of the friars by the natives an independent church has been organized, and it is growing rapidly. Moreover the "independents" have seized a great deal of valuable church property, including several churches and convents. The secession was started by an excommunicated native priest and he now has thousands of followers. The Catholic priests have demanded that they be put in possession of the church property, but Governor Taft has declined to interfere. The clergymen have therefore appealed to the courts. It is believed that if the friars were withdrawn the trouble might be settled, and it is said that a representative of the Vatican in the Philippines has sent a communication to the Pope recommending that the friars be withdrawn. The problem is a serious one and will no doubt prove embarrassing to the Administration, for it is evident that many of the natives who have joined in the secession have received encouragement from clergymen representing other church interests, and who are eager to get possession of certain valuable land. They have fomented trouble, and persuaded the natives in many sections, who were formerly content with their lot, to believe that they had been robbed by the friars. The jarring sects have been actively engaged in promoting rancor and strife, and they have met with considerable success.

The Saxon Court Scandal

That Saxony court scandal is a prolific theme for the European correspondents, but it is somewhat difficult to follow them. They appear to lack the capacity for writing sustained fiction. It is evident that the members of the royal family have not taken the newspaper men into their confidence. Hence the numerous contradictions and absurdities that have been flashed over the wire. Aside from the fact that the scandal has afforded us piquant views of royal high life, it is quite a commonplace episode even in Continental court circles. True, the surrender by a woman of her right to become a Queen is not a common occurrence, but it is not unusual for a crown-princess to form a scandalous attachment for a court functionary. The crown-princess of Saxony merely forgot herself to such an extent as to expose her shame to the world. Some sympathy is felt for her because of the infidelity of her husband, who has a gay soubrette at the royal theatre for a mistress. His wife thought she was justified in seeking solace on the manly bosom of the fascinating Professor Giron. But she is entitled to no special sympathy. She may be admired for having the courage of her convictions and contempt for the splendors and luxuries of court life, but certain moral and social obligations devolved on her which could not be disregarded with impunity. She may have been ruled by emotion rather than by passion, but she showed that she was devoid of the tender maternal instinct for she deserted and disgraced her children. It is charitable to view such conduct as the freak of a disordered mind, but to attribute to such a woman a romantic temperament with a passion for high ideals, is to sound the note of a false and pernicious philosophy.

A Funny Scientist

The only genuine humorists of the day are the gentlemen of science, those profoundly wise individuals who contribute to the gayety of nations by expounding their theories. When they are not engaged in proving that religion is rot they are seeking to demonstrate that all ills and even a few idiosyncrasies proceed from germs. The latest scientific humorist to engage attention is Dr. Arthur MacDonald, a "specialist" of the United States Bureau of Education. He is the author of a communication to Congress in which he calls attention to the discovery that it is in the best educated parts of the country that there are the most cases of insanity, suicide, juvenile crime and pauperism. Yet he does not wish to be understood as promulgating the theory that our schools are responsible for crime. What he wishes to assert is that the country is suffering from neurasthenia, but what that has to do with education he fails to explain. He says that such luxuries as the automobile, the electric car and the telephone tend to make people exercise less and think more, and that lack of physical exercise, combined with excess of mental exertion, wreck the nerves. He argues that when the nerves are unstrung the will becomes weak, depression and pessimism set in and loss of self-control follows, with the consequent abnormal actions leading on to crime and other social evils. We do not know whether Dr. MacDonald has any suggestions to make, but if such disastrous effects follow the use of modern means of conveyance, then laws should be passed making it a crime to ride in an electric car or an automobile. Dr. MacDonald would make a splendid witness for the defense in murder cases.

Those Washington Clerks

One of our dailies suggests, as a remedy for the "necessit" for divorce amongst the married post-office clerks, that the government should raise the compensation of clerks who marry in order to enable them to support families without

the need of the assistance of the wife. It is a plausible argument, but what is needed is not higher salaries but less selfishness. Government clerks receive salaries out of all proportion to the rates of compensation for similar work performed for private individuals, and they are besides exempt from many of the restrictions and uncertainties which beset the ordinary employe. There is no danger of the government retiring from business, going into bankruptcy, or being absorbed by a trust. Once settled in a clerkship, with civil service rules in force, the government clerk is anchored as safely as the eternal hills and nothing short of a charge of dynamite will dislodge him. He has his summer vacation provided for, and is entitled to a certain amount of sick leave without deduction of salary. The cashier will not abscond with the funds just before pay day, nor will his employer "stand him off." The eighteen-hundred dollar male clerk in the postoffice department would be fortunate to get a thousand a year elsewhere. Yet other men marry, rear their families respectably, and do not ask their employers to share the burdens and responsibilities which they voluntarily assume. The female clerks who cannot more than make ends meet on their fat salaries would be even worse off elsewhere. What these Washington clerks need is not more money but a different standard. There is no necessity for them to dress like the wives of cabinet officials and foreign ambassadors, nor to entertain in lavish style. They are not part of the government, and their personal vanity is the only factor in the case which appeals.

The Library Vandal

One of the impertinences which readers of library books are obliged to suffer from is the self-assurance of the marking fiend. Care and caution are of no avail, since it is manifestly impossible for librarians to minutely inspect each volume that is returned to them, and the markers appear to consider the books loaned to them under specific conditions as their personal property, to do with as they will. As a consequence, the margins bristle with question marks, comments and "corrections." Words are underscored, capitals marked down, spelling changed, and any unusual word, or word used in an unusual sense, is sure to be penciled in some way. Foreign phrases are kindly translated, out of pity, no doubt, for the ignorance of later readers, who are presumed not to have become aware of that useful appendix to the dictionary. "Involved," "silly," "ungrammatical," "absurd," adorn the margins, while the fly leaves contain estimates of the moral worth of the characters. It is a species of vandalism which is no whit in advance of tearing out engravings or mutilating pages for the sake of some paragraph or poem contained therein, and is just as much an offense and as worthy of prosecution as the other. It is not difficult to size up the calibre of the mind which dictates this outlawry. High school girls who are taking their first lessons in rhetoric, and are but just making the acquaintance of sentences that "won't parse," do their share, but the newly recruited members of "culture clubs" are the worst offenders. The girls may outgrow their critical inclinations, or if nothing else comes to the rescue, they may not always read with a pencil in hand, but the culture club woman has to take notes. Indeed she reads for the sake of taking notes, writing "papers" and posing as a blue-stocking. She has visions of authorship dancing in her head. Most likely she was the star essayist in her school days and head of the grammar class, and she has never outgrown the memories of the honors that fell to her in the correcting of "false syntax." Her mental vision is bounded by her grammars and rhetorics on one side and what she learned at school on the other, while the remainder of her horizon is hemmed in by what the pedagogues and schoolmarms amongst her acquaintance have set up as immutable laws of language. It was one of these hen-minded individuals who protested, at a teachers' institute, against Robert Louis Stevenson's books in the district library, because he ended sentences with prepositions. If it is even so small a matter as the correction of a date, in these days, there is a sufficient inducement to make a book of the matter. If it were possible to detect the vandals, a proper punishment would be to compel them to furnish a new and clean copy of the work they have profanated, leaving them in possession of the original volume. To find themselves perforce the owners of a book they thought so little of might, in time, cure the book-markers' mania.

Resenting Criticism

French justices have been making some curious decisions lately, and it is to be hoped that other nations will not regard them as precedents. A French theatrical manager recently recovered heavy damages from a dramatic critic who commented adversely on the play and performance. According to the managerial idea, dramatic criticism is an impertinence. People go to the theatre for amusement, and if they do not like the divertisement offered them they may stay at home next time, but they may not voice their disappointment. The critic in question referred to the play as "sorry stuff," "nonsense of not very humorous character," "common, not to say vulgar," and the jury, under instructions from the judge, found for the plaintiff, basing their conclusions largely on the fact that for a run of six nights the receipts had been but fifty per cent of the receipts for a previous run of the same length. Apparently nothing but the figures were taken into consideration, though there may have been other attractions at the same time, or perhaps the memory of the other appearance was in itself enough to keep people out of the theatre. Following in the wake of the Parisian case comes Oliver Hall, one of the authors of "The Girl from Kay's," who had a number of dramatic critics in New York cited for adverse criticism. The critics seemed to regard the matter as a practical joke, but they were soon informed that it was stern reality and the author was in deadly earnest. It may be all the better for the drama in the long run. Audiences have been permitting the dra-

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matic critics to do all the talking, and expressing their own acquiescence in, or rejection of these views by attending performances in force or staying away. A return to the mature cabbage or over-ripe egg would be less pleasant to managers and actors than a few sharp words in a morning paper. Managers and authors of this type appear to forget that they are not independent of public patronage. The pronunciamento of a judge and the findings of a jury will not make a poor play good nor a bad actor an artist. Knowing what has been the effect of sensational methods before, one cannot but suspect that "The Girl from Kay's" is some poor, weak imitation, and that the author hopes to crowd the theatre as a result of his advertising dodge.

Our Costly University

As a matter of course, the State University has a hand out for more funds, and equally as a matter of course, the newspapers are advocating generosity and extolling the great good which results from "higher education." That man of straw, the mechanic who left the grammar school to be apprenticed to his trade, and thinks the same course good enough for his son until it is suggested to him that he might have, with more schooling, made himself a scientific investigator or an inventor, is brought to the fore, and every other argument is worked overtime to prove that special taxes should be levied and larger appropriations made. It is pointed out that the number of students is increasing beyond expectation, and the conclusion which is drawn is that a course in the university is the one great good. The additional funds are wanted principally to provide for the increased attendance, but looking the situation squarely in the face, it might come more nearly to a solution of the problem if, instead of making provision for increased attendance, some of the students, or so-called students, were met with discouragement which turned their steps in some other direction. Colleges and universities are useful, and if you will, necessary, to some members of the community, but for the majority of the students they are a waste of time. The majority of the attendants have no definite idea of what they want. There is a vague something called "general culture," which they hope to capture without special exertion, but what it is or what they expect to do with it is more than they can tell. Football and fraternities sum up the situation. A good time, and an idea of making acquaintances who will steer them into some good thing where there is a high salary and no work, is what they hope to accomplish; a chance to be taken in as a partner in some large commercial or banking business, or an election to the post of railroad president or trust manager is about the right thing. The result is that poor men, and men of moderate means, are staggering along under the burden of supporting their grown sons and daughters, long after they should be earning their own living, in the vague hope that like Micawber, "something will turn up" for them, and seeing their hopes dashed and their over-educated offspring accepting clerkships and subordinate positions which they could have filled just as successfully from four to eight years earlier, and learned the habit of work betimes. Even if all college graduates left their alma mater with an education, there are not places enough in the community for them to fill. There are today, in California, two teachers to every class, and the teacher-factories are still pouring out their products without reference to the demand. There is room for only a limited number of doctors and lawyers, and other professions in which a man can expect to "wear his best coat and keep his hands clean." Other qualities besides a familiarity with the names of the writers of the Elizabethan era are necessary for success in life, and while there are hundreds and thousands of college men glad to pick up a few dollars at any sort of precarious clerical occupation, there is a crying need for good mechanics. The women are no better than the men. It is an axiom that a girl who has graduated from a high school will turn up her nose at the thought of marrying a mechanic. If she cannot secure something more "aristocratic" she will have a "career" of her own, hence the grand army of half-starved and underpaid chorus girls and others who, in the old-fashioned phrase, have been "educated above their station." One graduate from a college who makes a mark in the world and does something worth the doing will attract more attention to his alma mater than the whole crowd of mediocrities who pass in through one door and out through the other. When but a few picked students attended college, each with a definite idea in his own mind of what he wanted, and a steady purpose of accomplishment, a college education and a college degree meant something. Now college graduates are as thick as fallen leaves in autumn, and the consequence of reckoning the importance of the institution by the crowd that it turns out, not by the quality of their attainments, is a lowering of the standard of education. In order to have large graduating classes, there must be large attendance, and the way to secure it is to send out "drummers," as the North Western University does. Education which unfits for the practical affairs of life is infinitely worse than none, and that is the effect of a college course on many students. The most that can be said for a university is that it has a refining influence upon the community, and that it elevates the average of individual tone and morals, and to achieve that end should be the main purpose of the faculty. If that were the main purpose of the Berkeley faculty we should contend for the most generous support by the State.

SURGICAL APPLIANCES STILL NECESSARY.

Until such time as Dr. Lorenz's methods of bloodless surgery are thoroughly understood, surgeons are largely dependent for their best efforts on the latest inventions in the instrument line. The newest ideas in surgical goods are to be found at G. A. W. Folkers', 809 Market street. Mr. Folkers also make a specialty of apparatus for deformities, and always has a woman in attendance for the convenience of his lady patrons.

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The Saunterer

Gage's Exit

When Henry T. Gage cast aside the reins of government the other day and proceeded to the railroad station at Sacramento to return to his home and obscurity he had an escort of two men—Guy Barham and Dan Kevane. The State's capital was thronged with politicians, men who a few short months ago were proud to receive a glance of recognition from California's Executive. Among them were many who had received favors at his hands, but amid the pomp and ceremony of the inaugural of the new King the dead one was forgotten, and he wended his weary way to the depot unaccompanied save by two personal friends. The circumstance bespeaks, more eloquently than words, the ingratitude of politicians. Yet some one remarked that Governor Gage fared not so badly, for it was recalled that when the unspeakable Markham retired into the obscurity whence he shall never emerge, there was absolutely none to cheer him on his way. He drove alone to the station, and on the trip to Los Angeles there was only a railroad porter to do him reverence.

That Fatal Banquet

Now that Governor Gage is once more a lowly Los Angeles lawyer, it may not be amiss to point the moral of the tale of his political career. The moral is that it is not wise for a public officer to defy the power of the press. Braver, purer and wiser men than Gage have done so and lived to regret. Gage undertook to make Dan Burns a United States Senator, and because certain dailies refused to co-operate with him he grew indignant and denounced them. M. H. De Young was friendly with Gage until the latter insulted him at a banquet in Los Angeles to which the *Chronicle's* proprietor had been invited. After making a boorish speech Gage did not have the courage or the decency to remain until Mr. De Young replied. If Gage had been wise he would have reflected that the *Chronicle* is published every day in the year, and that the Governor of the State has the public ear only on sporadic occasions. He defied the *Call*, too, and he has been glad enough to drop those libel suits which he was vigorously prosecuting some months ago. The evidence gathered by the *Call* in those cases was astonishing.

How He Lost Otis

At the banquet at which Governor Gage insulted Mr. De Young he also took a smash at General Otis of Los Angeles whose paper had published some uncomplimentary things about the Governor during the absence of the proprietor in the Philippines. Otis had been a warm friend of Gage, and was eager to express regret for what his paper had published. He had been telling De Young about it the day the banquet took place, and he said how sorry he was that Gage had been acting so coldly, in view of their past relations. But after that bitter speech Otis was for war. Politicians all over the State patted Gage on the back for the courageous manner in which he resented newspaper interference in politics, but when the ex-Governor walked to the railroad station at Sacramento the other day he was accompanied by only two friends. And probably the bitterest enemy he has in the State is Dan Burns, the man on whose account he antagonized the papers that four years ago demanded his nomination and worked for his election.

Phelan's Faux Pas

And by the way, how similar to the fate of Gage was that of Mr. James D. Phelan, the turning point in whose political career was also encountered at a banquet. It was the occasion, too, on which Mr. Phelan hurled defiance at the press. Phelan had gathered all his appointees at the banquet board in the Palace, and when he arose as the toastmaster of the function to make his opening address, he was in most exuberant spirits. The mellow wine was of a brand that should have softened asperities, but it appeared to have a contrary effect for the Mayor launched a tirade against the editors in their high towers. Only a few days before, Mr. Phelan had appointed Mr. Lloyd a Park Commissioner to please Mr. De Young, and he had sought to placate other editors in a similar fashion. Hence their great astonishment when they read of his abuse. Instead of attributing his indiscretion to the wine they grew indignant and they have never forgiven Mr. Phelan. Politicians should beware of banquets. The first that our musical Mayor attended was a Republican function, and he forswore allegiance to the labor unions. Luck has been against him ever since.

McNab's Death Rattle

The echo of Gavin McNab's death-rattle was heard the other day when Louis Mooser, treasurer of the boycotted Democratic State Central Committee, gave vent to a few squawks attributing the bankruptcy of that organization to the extravagance of certain members, and also to their failure to turn over all moneys collected, to him. I have heard that their reason for not giving the money to Mooser was that they never could find out how he was spending the coin that did get into his possession. They suspected him of being McNab's man on the committee and therefore they had no confidence in him. If ever Gavin McNab permits Barney Murphy to call a meeting of that committee there will be some interesting and perhaps sensational revelations. I doubt whether the disgruntled Mooser is anxious for such a meeting to be called. I even doubt that Mr. Franklin K. Lane would care to have all the financial operations of the Monticello clique shown up.

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Ruef and the Fountain

The fine Italian hand of Mr. Abe Ruef has been transferred from the Board of Education to the Board of Supervisors. At the last meeting of the city's legislative body a resolution was passed directing that the Ben Franklin drinking fountain at the junction of Kearny street and Montgomery avenue be removed to Washington square. Under the charter the Supervisors have no authority over public fountains and statuary, for they are under the jurisdiction of the Park Commissioners, but since Eugene Schmitz went into office, when such trivial matters as questions of jurisdiction interfere with the plans of Abe Ruef they are quickly disposed of. It was Mr. Ruef who engineered the measure banishing the Franklin fountain to Washington Square. If Mr. Ruef's objections to the grotesque statue were inspired by prejudices arising from his artistic soul and he caused the fountain to be dumped into the bay I would hail him as a public benefactor, but he purposes to deface a public park with the unsightly mass of metal. The Ruef temperament is not of the artistic brand. His is a materialistic soul.

Why Ruef Is Interested

Now as to why Ruef has interested himself in the matter. Through the benign influence of this municipal regime Mr. Ruef has been accumulating wealth. He is becoming a heavy taxpayer. The title to the property at the gore at the junction of Kearny street and Montgomery avenue was lately transferred to Mr. Abe Ruef's father. Therefore Mr. Ruef has something akin to a personal, if not a purely personal interest in everything affecting that piece of property. Evidently he believes that the Franklin presence depreciates its value. As that neighborhood abounds in saloons perhaps Mr. Ruef thinks he could get a higher rent if free water was not in competition with ten-cent whisky. Or, perhaps by purchasing the property he succeeds to the interests of Dr. Cogswell, the donor of the fountain, who stipulated when he made the gift that it should revert to him whenever the city ceased to maintain it. When that fountain was erected in the early eighties, a corner stone was first laid, and the records in the office of the Board of Supervisors show that it contains, among other things, many coins of all denominations of the period, and also gold coins of foreign countries. So, though the fountain has no artistic value, its intrinsic worth is not to be regarded lightly.

Senator Perkins's Business Acumen

Senator Perkins continues to maintain his grip on things temporal as securely and serenely as he did in those good old times when he kept a general merchandise store in Oroville. Old Perk, they called him then, Genial Perk. He won the sobriquet through the glad-hand way in which he gathered in trade: he uses the same methods now in gathering in votes. But those old times were filled with perilous days, if not with togas and things improper. As usual, Perkins's roving eye was the first in his locality to detect that the diggings round about his camp were not furnishing as much gold as usual. He knew this as an infallible sign that things were on the wane and that the camp, as a mining camp, would soon peter out, so he looked about for a good man on whom to unload his store. His brother, naturally, was among the first to hear that the place was for sale and insisted on buying it.

"But you're too easy-going," said the future Senator, "you never can keep these old settlers here up to the paying mark."

"I'll take my chance," was the reply, "and I'm ready to risk my money as a forfeit."

"Nope," said the embryo statesman, "I won't take a chance. You'll be down on me to help you out if you don't make the riffle. But I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll hitch your business ambition on to the business instincts of a good hustling Jew: the two of you ought to make a team that'll continue to keep the business on a paying basis."

And so it was that the Senator sold out his Oroville store to the partnership consisting of his brother and Wise. But the combination of business ambition and the business instincts of a good hustling Jew somehow or other didn't succeed. It busted as hard as anything else in and about that mining camp. One of the old miners explained it: "Anything that old Perk wanted to sell is suttinly worth sellin' and the queer thing about it is that any feller wanted to buy the place. I never believed that Wise was a real, eighteen ounce, genooine Jew, anyhow, from the way he bit into that there store bargain that Perk offered him, an' some day I bet it'll come out that Perk rang in a sucker Christian on his brother in that trade."

"What drove him crazy?"
"Trying to find the solution of a magazine sonnet."

Marconi's Evil Genius

Marconi proudly declares that he has made it possible to publish a daily newspaper on a transatlantic steamship. And yet he has been posing as a public benefactor. Farewell, the solace of freedom from care in the bosom of the mighty deep! Vanished is that sweet comfort to be attained by security from communication with the madding crowd. No longer will it be possible for the brain-weary citizen to maroon himself on an ocean liner, far from the tick of the telegraph instrument, refreshed by absolute indifference to the tongue-wagging of Dame Grundy and the importunities of his acquaintances. The marconigram is to be a menace to the peace and comfort of every ocean tourist.

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The Gerson Germ

Since Paul Gerson came to town there has been an hegira of stage-struck society women toward the footlights. If somebody doesn't get out a writ of injunction to restrain this man Gerson from inoculating our society women with the virus of the dramatic art he will spread a plague over the town. I do not happen to know an actress who is indebted to Mr. Gerson for her knowledge of the dramatic art. Indeed I am not quite sure that he is skilled in the art himself, but I do know that with the assistance of the press he has a wonderful knack for metamorphosing an ordinary pupil into a society woman of high degree. Every other day or so some daily publishes the picture of a society woman who is about to graduate from Paul Gerson's class, and who according to his statement is "the possessor of unquestioned talent and much magnetism." What becomes of them after Mr. Gerson springs them on the public I do not know. Perhaps they take to the typewriter and proceed to earn an honest living.

One of the Italian Nobility

The latest talented "society woman" of the Gerson school is Mrs. Russell Avery. This is what the *Bulletin* said of her: "Much interest is manifested in the higher society circles of Sausalito and also among her many friends in this city over the announcement that Mrs. Russell Avery is to make her debut." Evidently Mr. Gerson was not satisfied to have his pupil merely a representative of the "higher social circles of Sausalito," whatever they are, for it was stated in addition that she is a niece of Prince Corsini, and that she has long cherished the plan to follow in the footsteps of her famous countrywoman, Eleanora Duse. How strange, that the niece of an Italian Prince, who hopes to become a second Eleanora Duse, should leave Italy and come all the way to Sausalito, California, to study with Mr. Paul Gerson for the purpose of making her debut in San Francisco! One of the singularly anomalous features of journalism is that accuracy is demanded of a reporter, while a press-agent is permitted to procure the publication of what is obviously untrue.

Rudeness at Concerts

If there is one thing that proclaims our provincialism more than another it is our tolerance of the practice of seating people at a concert during the rendition of a vocal or instrumental number. There is nothing so irritating to music lovers as to have their attention distracted by footsteps or rustling skirts just as they are being soul-stirred by a musical artist, and people that give offense in that manner are usually of the uncultured class. I was therefore surprised at the Lily Lawlor concert when Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and party moved down the centre aisle when the Minetti Quartet was playing. Again was I surprised at the first Steindorff novelty concert last week when Mayor Schmitz disturbed a large audience. Dr. Edward MacDowell was at the piano and he had his audience entranced when the bearded Mayor appeared on the scene and strode into a box. If Mr. Schmitz had been a pork butcher before his elevation to the mayoralty I would not have been surprised at his untimely entrance, but he was a musician. Or rather, he was the leader of an orchestra, a bad orchestra but an orchestra nevertheless. Moreover he is reputed to have written a march. The Mayor was not the only offender at the Steindorff concert. He was accompanied by Mr. Roncovieri, the musical school director, and later on, when attention was again riveted on the pianist, came a loud *swish, swish* from the rear, and several women marched down and joined the Mayor's box party. I should like to know the impression made upon Dr. MacDowell by the unpardonable solecism of the Mayor and his friends. Probably he thought he was playing in Oshkosh.

Amusing Affectation

After attending a MacDowell concert I was amused to hear the half-hearted praise and even the superior condemnation of the American composer by some of our half-educated musicians, men and women who do not know counterpoint from a hand-saw. People are sheep in their admiration for genius as in other things. Many people fancy that because MacDowell is not an "old master," or at the least a foreign celebrity, that he therefore of necessity must be mediocre. The truth is that they have not been sufficiently prepared by active press-agents to place themselves in a passive state to receive the thrill of his magnetism. He looks and acts as a normal man should look and act, and therefore it is hard for those who have been accustomed to associate the artistic temperament with eccentricities of person and manner, to recognize the genius of the American composer.

They Preferred to Leave

Mrs. Fred McNear, in a big white picture-hat and joyful rags in harmony, was among the audience at an entertainment in Steinway hall last week. With her were two of her friends, in beplumed chapeaux. The trio retained their millinery after the curtain went up. A few others in the audience did the same. In the course of time an usher went the rounds, requesting the removal of feminine headgear. The program was then about a third over. Some of the women immediately doffed their hats, others defying the mandate until a second request was made. But the three picturesquely millinered society women rose in a body and retired from the hall. Perhaps they felt that they were contributing to the success of the show and should therefore be permitted to flaunt their finery.

DR. CHARLES W. DECKER
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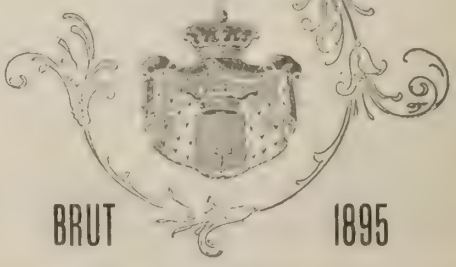
BRUT 1895
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Because He Was Rich

The youthful scion of the house of Judson, who amused himself one night last summer by drawing his pistol on a Berkeley policeman who had the temerity to object to his boisterous conduct while intoxicated, has been pardoned. Judson had two enormous advantages over the ordinary youthful inebriate. He was a university student and he had a rich father, hence, in his estimation, he owned the earth. Much to his surprise and indignation, he was actually arrested and escorted to the city prison, and still more to his astonishment, the judge before whom his case was tried sentenced him to a term in jail without the alternative of a fine. Of course it is not to be imagined for an instant that the sentence was carried out. What is the Judson money good for if it cannot secure immunity for the members of the family? One trick after another was tried to stave off the punishment, and now, six months after the offense, the young man goes scot free. Does any one imagine for a quarter of a second that a young plumber or iron molder would have been so fortunate? Would the "stain on his character," or the certainty of losing his job have a feather's weight in the balance?

Service Only for Show

Bishop Nichols of the Protestant Episcopal Church of California is not one of those thin-skinned individuals who cannot enjoy a joke when the point turns in his direction. Last week when Booker Washington spoke at the Pavilion, he told a story about an old darky mammy. She had wandered into an Episcopal church, mistaking it for a Methodist sanctuary. She rose up, knelt or sat with the congregation, groaning her responses in a very loud "Amen" as is the custom of her church. Finally she attracted the notice of an usher, who went up to her and whispered:

"Madame, you must not do that here."

"But, honey," returned mammy, "don't you know I'se gettin' religion?"

In pained surprise, the usher returned:

"Oh, but, you know, *this* isn't the place to get religion!"

Bishop Nichols, with two of his confreres, occupied a front seat when Mr. Washington told this story, and they all three laughed heartily at its finish.

Joullin Waiting for the Mood

Among the art colony Amedee Joullin is probably the most indolent and the most dependent on moods. This seems to be more the case in his pot boilers than in his chefs d'œuvre. It has been over a year now since he received his commission from the State of Nevada to paint the historic scene of the driving of the last spike, but Joullin still continues to put off the committee whose business it is to worry about when the thing shall be completed. "I cannot finish it for some months," he says persistently at each application. "I must wait for the right mood to come and heaven knows when that will be." A wag in discussing art matters said the other day, "Before Joullin's last spike has been driven Gabriel's last trumpet will have been blown—and Gabriel will probably have little use for artists."

The Critical Jorgensen

Mr. Chris. Jorgensen, whom Mr. Hill, "the artistic discoverer of the Yosemite," calls "a souvenir painter," does not seem to have any great patience with the artistic shortcomings of the layman. It is told of him that he once visited the house of a Californian woman whose pictures were not all they might have been. Their chromoesque defects might have been passed by by some less sensitive critic than Mr. Jorgensen, but not so the painter of "El Capitan." He stood before the worst of the collection, head cocked on one side, finger to eye monocle fashion, and gazing in mock serious rapture murmured tender nothings about the "original high lights," "wonderful impressionism" and like jargon of the salon, till the simple owner of the pictures prayed for an earthquake. And now there is one Californian woman who is waiting with a sandbag in a dark alley through which Mr. Jorgensen passes every night.

"I hear Mrs. Flirt is a great strategist."

"Yes, she is skilled in amatory manœuvres. When she has an engagement for lunch she 'phones the enemy—her husband—that she is thinking of making a sortie in the direction of the office. Then he stands on guard and she deploys in another direction."

Why Spreckels's Ranchers Don't Bathe

Among landholders of the State the Spreckels's have always enjoyed an exceptionally good reputation as employers, in fact it has always been more their pride than otherwise to give the best possible treatment to their men. Recently Mr. Spreckels gave orders to the foreman who runs his ranch near Gilroy that all the buildings where the farm hands sleep should be provided with bath tubs and hot and cold water. The order was straightway complied with, but the weeks passed and the foreman didn't notice any particular diminution of the rich red earth on the countenances of his followers. About this time he made some personal inquiries as to why the bath tubs were not put into general use. The first man he interviewed was an Irishman.

"Do you ever use the fine new bath tubs that Mr. Spreckels had put in for you?" he asked.

"Bath tubs, is it?" said the Irishman. "No, I don't use your bath tubs on this ranch, nor none o' the rest of us, nayther. I won't bathe afther that dirty Portugee there and the Portugee he says that he won't bathe afther the Greaser, and the Greaser says that he won't bathe afther nobody. So there ye are. Everybody contented wid his own dirt and dispisin' of his neighbor's. And that's me all over. I may be dirthy, but thank God, it's me own!"

The capitalist who would wash the California ranch hand must be like Gilbert's "Gallant Captain of the *Mantlepiece*," who provided a valet for every four of his men and a private bath tub and a barber shop with every berth.

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IS A FOOD

Therefore nourishes and tones the system without producing headache.
Invalids find it invaluable. To obtain results accept no substitute.

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Her Latest Admirer

Wouldn't society open its eyes with astonishment if Lurline Spreckels were to say *a bas* to the French nobleman, and bestow her heart and hand on a petty officer of the American navy? This piquant and popular society girl has kept the gossips guessing for a long time. She has had so many admirers who betrayed all the evidences of serious intentions that her friends have fancied her hopelessly involved half a dozen times. It has seemed incredible to them that a girl having so many opportunities should defer the fatal plunge so long. When the news came from Paris that a French nobleman was infatuated with her, and that he was anxious to make her his wife, her friends waited patiently for the report of their engagement. But it never came. Miss Lurline returned home a little later and she appeared to be heart whole and fancy free. Presently it was rumored that the titled Frenchman had come all the way to this city to be close to the object of his affections, and that he was not receiving the slightest encouragement. And now comes to me the tip that young Mr. Skipwith of the *Marblehead* is the most favored of Miss Spreckels's suitors. Mr. Skipwith is the paymaster of the *Marblehead,* and during the sojourn of that vessel in port he has been more than dancing attendance on Miss Spreckels. Indeed his attentions have been such as to warrant the information that of all the young society women he has met she is the one he admires the most.

The Beau of the Ship

The *Marblehead* has been in port quite awhile and it has several interesting officers aboard, including Captain Phelps, who is a great favorite. But he happens to be a married man. Paymaster Skipwith is recognized as the beau of the ship, and he is the naval lion of the season. One of the most popular of our debutantes has been suspected of being more than casually interested in him, but the keen observers are sure that he regards Miss Lurline Spreckels as the most magnetic of our belles.

First Chorus Girl—What did you have for supper last night?
Second Chorus Girl—A lobster.
First Chorus Girl—Oh, I know, but what did he buy?

Calve's Second Love

Calve has been depending so much on her love affairs for free advertising of late as to warrant the suspicion that her voice has deteriorated. Jules Bois, the man she has selected for her first husband and second love, is an interesting writer on occult topics. He wrote "Le Satanisme et la Magie." It was published in Paris by Leon Chailley. From its exhaustive treatment of diabolism Joris Karl Huysmans drew all his lore for his satanic novel, "La Bas." He wrote a play once to make an audience shiver. One act was played in total darkness, voices of different *timbre* speaking solemnly a dialogue that quite transcends in mystic realism anything Paris had ever heard. It was a play for the Parisian decadent. Unluckily for Bois, some one bribed the gas-man to turn on the lights in the middle of the act.

BOSTON THE HUB.

Holmes tells us that "Boston is the hub of the Universe"; then it can be paraphrased that Livermore is the hub of choicest wines and Olivina is the hub of Livermore.

SPOHN--PATRICK CO.

Calve's Uncanny Belief

The news that Calve has been captivated by a dabbler in the occult is not a matter of surprise. When she was out here she gave a young girl in the French colony who possesses a fine voice an uncanny exhibition of her belief in transmigration of souls. Through family influence it was arranged that on one of her well days Calve was to try the voice of the ambitious young amateur. Calve kept her promise and sent for the girl.

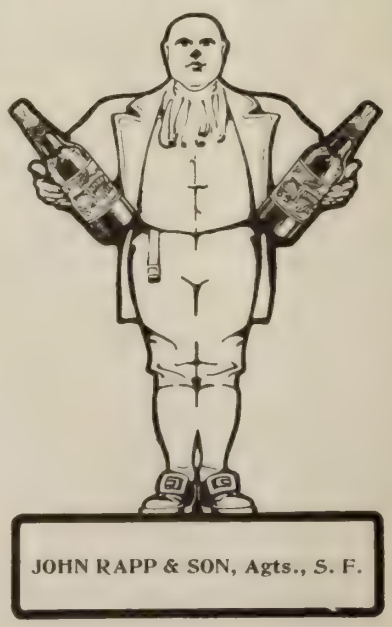
"Ah," cried the emotional prima donna, in French, after looking intensely a moment at her visitor, "I have been waiting years for you." As the young lady was a few minutes late she interpreted this as the natural exaggeration of the artistic temperament.

"Sit down here where the light shines on you," said Calve, pointing to a footstool at her feet, "and let me look at your eyes. The same golden flecks," cried the prima donna excitedly, "and the same eyelashes, half brown and half black. Now think," commanded Calve, pressing her hands on the girl's forehead. "Do you remember a little child lying in a wicker basket and a young girl rocking it?"

"No, you don't remember," said Calve sadly. "Perhaps if you hadn't died so young you would recall it."

The girl had thought herself very much alive until she heard the astonishing information that she had died young. Calve explained to the others in the room that she was sure this young girl in her former life had been the child of a family in France. "I was only a young girl myself when the baby died," said Calve, "but I loved it dearly—almost like a mother, I had played with it and watched over it so much."

She refused to try the girl's voice on the plea that she did not want the reincarnation of her one-time charge to become a professional singer. "I knew I would meet you again, my dear," was her parting to the young lady, and the French colony had something to shrug its shoulders over for nine days of wonder.



Distributors in every town on the coast

Our Prince of Hosts

There is at least one young millionaire in San Francisco who is willing and knows how to spend his money for the entertainment of his friends. I refer to Dr. Tevis. Most of our moneyed men in society spend their money as though they fear they will earn the reputation of being "good things." With the wealth they inherited came also the legacy of penuriousness. I hear, now that all the bills are in for the New Year's entertainment which Dr. Tevis provided for his friends, that the cost reached the astonishing sum of six thousand dollars. As there were only half a hundred people there the figure may sound top-heavy, but I am assured that it is not padded. The fireworks alone are said to have cost two thousand. As they were set off in Chinatown to get a long-distance effect, others could enjoy watching the small fortune go up in smoke. Then, too, the cost of turning the house into a regular theatre must have been enormous, but Dr. Tevis was determined to have all the appendages of the real thing, from the box office with Mr. Mizner in a silk hat and false nose behind the window, to a raised floor and opera seats. Instead of the water which is passed around between acts in some theatres, champagne sparkled between every rise and fall of the curtain.

Mrs. Tobin's Hit

The idea of displaying the show-windows of large stores with real people posing as lay figures was a good one but it took money to carry it out. Mrs. Joe Tobin as the bride in the White House window was the hit of the affair. The "woodeny" way in which she posed was so slightly suggestive of life that she seemed one of the haughty waxen creatures, who wear a new gown every day. The guest list is still a subject for dispute. While the idea of the vaudeville was yet in short clothes Mr. Tevis declared that he would have to cut out all the unmarried girls, for if he began inviting them it would be too hard to draw the line. As the affair was given in honor of Mrs. Gus Spreckels it was considered quite natural that the matrons should have an inning. But so many of the young married set who have been close friends of the Tevis family were left out that people began to query about it. The solution of the matter is said to lie in the host's off-hand way of doing everything. He went to a dinner not long before the affair and by the last course felt so kindly toward every one of the thirty guests there that he gave them a verbal invitation to come, en masse, to the vaudeville, although many of them were the merest acquaintances. When it came to sending out the formal invitations he found he had invited almost the entire number he could accommodate, in just this offhand way, and any number of people who had a right to expect invitations therefore did not get them.

How "Wreck" Womble Pulled Through

That the way of the college athlete is strewn with troubles as well as touchdowns is a fact well known to those familiar with the academic life. The husky exponents of the pigskin pastime are petted and prodded through college somehow even though their brain be in inverse ratio to their brawn. If they have the brawn they are pretty sure of being allowed to stay at college four years, which is the stipulated life of an unprofessional football player. They don't always get their sheepskin by the time they have been graduated from the pigskin. Many of them have to leave college without a diploma to show for their strenuous college life. Lloyd Womble, familiarly known as "Wreck," was chosen as graduate coach of the team that carried the blue and gold to victory this year. "Wreck" was a "graduate" coach all right, as far as football was concerned, for he had played for his college four years, but in the small matter of graduating from the academic departments of the university he had failed to make good.

A Dentist and a Tutor

However, "Wreck" announced that he intended to make up for the hours lost while coaching. He pulled through at Christmas time and was given his degree. A little later he handed in a bill to the Associated Students for the amount he owed a tutor for coaching him through. He rested his claim on the fact that at the solicitation of the students he had given so much of his time at college to football that there was very little left to devote to studying, and herefore the associated students ought to pay the tutor's bills it had been necessary for him to contract. The committee in charge of the associated students' affairs paid this naive bill without a protest, but tripping on its heels came another from the redoubtable "Wreck" for eighty dollars for services rendered by a dentist. His teeth, he said, had been injured while playing football. Some one reported that "Wreck" had really once chipped a tooth in a game, but as the bill was for putting his teeth in full repair with all the modern improvements, it seemed hardly necessary for the money to come out of the treasury of the Associated Students. However Mr. Womble's dentist bill was finally paid by the students. College athletes sometimes come high but the modern university must have them.

Miss Frances Stewart, Dr. H. J. Stewart's daughter, who was recently operated on for appendicitis, is now on the road to recovery. For a long time her life was despaired of, but now her condition is much improved.

Ruinart Champagne was the only wine used at the reception, January thirteenth, given by Senator George C. Perkins at Sacramento to his friends of the Legislature.

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Phelan Invited the Baron

Baron Von Schroeder's term of probation is at an end. The frisky nobleman whose redolent libel suit still scents the ambient air of Marin county has bobbed up once more in society. Mr. James D. Phelan, the wealthiest though not the gayest bachelor in California, has taken him under his wing, and the boycott is off. Prince Pomatowski once asserted that Mr. Phelan had lost the sesame to society's portals, but the Prince was angry at the time. Mr. Phelan has sufficient social influence to rehabilitate almost anybody in San Francisco in need of a coat of whitewash. And he has just returned from London where people think nothing of skipping over a conspicuously elastic moral boundary. Travel broadened his mind. He found that the smart set had exploded the ancient idea that one's companions gave some clue to one's character, or that if one touched pitch it was likely to come off on one's fingers. Mr. Phelan gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club the other night to Mrs. Joseph McKenna and Baron Von Schroeder was "among those present." He rubbed elbows with Mrs. Jimmy Robinson, Ed Greenway, the Jim Follis's and the Henry Crockers.

Off with the Boycott

Apropos of the Von Schroeder case, why should there be such a thing as a social boycott? The modern society man and woman with a large-minded charitableness and generosity are not going to desert their old friends because they are "down on their luck." Unqualified condemnation is hardly a desirable attitude when at any moment they may be in the same boat. In New York society the sponge is always passed over misdemeanors. Even the woman who has been indiscreet is not irretrievably "cut" as she would have been by a sterner or more censorious generation. There are many equivalents for virtue and respectability in these meretricious days. Civilization is not so perfect yet that one can or ought to expect too high an ideal from one's fellow creatures. So off with the boycott.

Did Not Like Our Canned Goods

Rear Admiral A. S. Kenny, Paymaster General, U. S. A., is once again the subject of newspaper notoriety through charges which he and Admiral "Bob" Evans have filed against each other, growing out of a quarrel they had regarding some changes in the uniform of the service. Admiral Kenny was for several years quite a prominent feature in San Francisco society. He came hither as the first naval paymaster, succeeding the former navy agents, who were political appointees from civil life. He was a tall, handsome man with genial manners and was popular alike at club and in society, especially the latter, as he was a bachelor. Admiral Kenny's second appearance in California was when he came for the purpose of fitting out the Arctic steamer *Rodgers,* which sailed from this port in search of the *Jeannette.* He created quite a tempest among our wholesale merchants by openly asserting his poor opinion of the canned goods put up here. He purchased supplies for that vessel in the East, which were brought here by rail. Great was therefore the rejoicing among the Californian packers when a whole carload of the goods was found to be unfit for use and ordered dumped in the bay. The transaction gave Paymaster Kenny a good deal of unpleasant newspaper notoriety and he left San Francisco in wrath, saying he never wished to see the place again. He has kept away from us ever since.

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

A Strange Coincidence

An occasional correspondent has sent me some very interesting club gossip from New York. It deals with Lily Langtry and Lord Rosslyn, the bankrupt British Earl who lost his fortune on the French turf and at Monte Carlo, "playing a system." He was on the stage for awhile in London and in New York, but now he is writing dramatic criticisms for a New York daily. His criticism of Mrs. Langtry's play was more severe than that of any other critic in New York, and in discussing it the other day, the actress told a story of a coincidence that has given rise to much speculation and comment. She related first that her play was founded on an incident that occurred a few years ago at Monte Carlo. She met at that well known gambling resort a young Lord who was hard up. He asked her to accompany him to a jeweler's to see a superb set of pearls. She consented and on the way he asked her to represent herself as his sister, the Duchess. She refused, and thereupon he explained that if she would do so he could secure the jewels on approval for a couple of weeks. Then he would pawn them, and by his infallible system beat the bank at Monte Carlo and get them out again. At this point in her story the name of Lord Rosslyn was introduced and she said that when she opened in New York, the first night, to her amazement, almost the first face she recognized in front was that of the titled Britisher. "The humor of the situation struck me quite keenly," she said. "I had a quiet little laugh all to myself about it." Later on she learned that he was there as a critic. She considered it quite a coincidence that the first play he was sent to criticise was "The Crossways." She regarded his criticism as brutal because she had befriended him in London. "It was surely a remarkable coincidence," writes my correspondent, "if Lord Rosslyn was the man who figured in that Monte Carlo incident, and in club circles it is believed that Mrs. Langtry was hinting that such was the fact." Somebody has suggested that Clyde Fitch should combine all the incidents and use them in a new play.

VIENNA MODEL BAKERY

One of the points of interest at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 was that of the "Vienna Model Bakery and Restaurant." In fact it did not require a very brainy board of judges to decide that the "Vienna Model Bakery" was a decided addition to the enterprises of this country. And when, after a discussion of the pros and cons in the case, in which the inner man's opinion was a decided factor, the Gold Medal and Highest Award were bestowed on this venture without a single dissenting vote. One year later, in 1877, the Vienna Model Cafe and Restaurant was opened in this city and from the start made a hit. It has always commanded the highest class of trade, in fact never encouraged any other. During the luncheon hour one sees the smartest people in town headed for the corner of Post and Kearny streets. Drop in and you will be perfectly at home with your surroundings. At one table a matinee luncheon is being given—another table is graced by the judges of the Superior Court, who always make it a point to lunch at the "Vienna." But with increased prosperity has come a trifle of inconvenience to the restaurant's patrons, for they are sadly crowded for room. The management therefore now announces a move where the restaurant facilities will be more than doubled. About January thirtieth they will occupy the premises at 222 and 224 Sutter street, next to Goldberg, Bowen & Co.'s, where they will be in position to properly welcome their patrons. After twenty-five years of continuous catering to the public, they believe they are in position to serve it better than their many imitators; for, like all business successes, they have copyists. However, somebody said "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," so remember that after January thirtieth the Vienna Model Cafe and Restaurant will be found at 222 and 224 Sutter street.

End of a Famous Resort

A San Francisco bon vivant, who spends several months of each year in Paris, has just returned with the dolorous news that the famous old Moulin Rouge, the scene of the greatest bacchanalian fetes and the most boisterous bal masques of modern times, has nailed up its doors. The cocottes, the boulevardiers, the artists, the errant bohemians and the polloi of the Quartier Latin will know it no more, and some other resort must be founded to shock prudery and contribute to the gayety of decadent nations. Strangely enough, Le Moulin Rouge didn't pay, though it was in "the gayest section of gay Paree." Its gorgeous revels of wantonness paled sadly during its last years, till finally it lapsed into a dive of the lowest order.

Was the Gayest Spot in Paris

I remember the incandescent old place when it was the vortex of French gayety, and that means the spot of wildest revelry on all the earth. From the street the place looked nothing more than a blaze of light from which poured the streams of music, uncontrolled laughter and feminine shrieks. In the daytime it wore a grotesque architectural make-up. The main part of the structure was one story high, mostly made of glass that the lights might the better lure the chance passers by. Rising above this low roof was the big red mill that gave the resort its name. It was copied after the mills one sees so often among the dikes and dunes of Holland. The four big revolving arms were very much like those the Commissioners are having framed on the old Dutch windmill now being constructed in Golden Gate Park, only over the sweeps of Le Moulin Rouge were numbers of incandescent lights, outlining the structure. For that matter lights, lights, lights, thousands of lights were scattered over the whole place, outside and in, as if to substantiate the boast of old Papa Gerome, the proprietor, that "no one could pass through Paris without seeing the blazing glory of Le Moulin Rouge." In those halcyon days the countless lights glowed their brightest on the nights of the famous great balls. On such splendid occasions Parisians left their dinner tables or stayed away from the opera to watch the throngs of gay revelers. One was sure to see sights never to be forgotten. Everybody, except the curious sightseers, came in costume. The models from all the famous ateliers were sure to be there and they were rarely overdressed. Everyone was merry and mischievous and all were hunting for good times, though they never transgressed into deviltry to find them.

Pictures to Tempt Bacchanals

Papa Gerome, who conceived these scenes of revelry, used to call the place his atelier of pleasure. He was a most ingenious manager and a past master in the art of knowing just how far to go for the most effective displays in rare and racy combinations for a semi-respectable entertainment. He had the eye of a genius for designing floats, gorgeous creations in which flesh-colored tights, bright eyes and bare throats were the decorative features. He knew the appetites of his patrons and he never disappointed them. He touched the buttons that made the glowing old mill throb and color. He knew the moments when the chic dancing girls from the various places would appear at the door and throw themselves with all their abandon into the merry rout. He could time to a moment when some famous high kicker, caught in the bacchanalian madness, would try to outdo the pranks of the wildest. He knew how much lingerie and how much rouge it was wisest to display and where they would be the most effective in his picture. Over this kaleidoscope of color and pleasure he sat like a master, and watched prudishness and abandon rub elbows. The dancing usually began early and lasted till late. Supper was rarely announced before three o'clock in the morning. About that hour scores of waiters would carry tables into the room and the prankish guests usually helped them to make ready for the meal. It was always a veritable banquet. And now the blaze and glitter and glare have vanished. Papa Gerome is gone, so are the mad revelers. Even the doors are nailed fast. Pleasure has swept over them with her merry throng in these swift days of our gayer Society.

"Mrs. Dick Oletay looks like a prophet tonight."
"Why, a prophet?"
"She has so little on her in her own country."

Knockers at It Again

Some of New York's prudes are much worried at what they fancy is an effort of Mrs. Florence Baldwin Deacon to edge herself into society through the stage door. Mrs. Deacon is visiting Elsie deWolfe and Miss Marbury at their recherche home in Irving Place, and the visit has caused considerable comment. Miss de Wolfe was a society woman before she became an actress and she has never been dropped from the blue book. She is invited everywhere. But because Mrs. Deacon is visiting Miss de Wolfe, there is no reason for the anvil chorus's assertion that she is trying to use her hostess's social pull to re-enter her old set. She may be there solely for the purpose of enjoying the artistic atmosphere of Washington Irving's onetime residence.

"Did you see that Old Master Mrs. Newrocks of Blingum brought back from Paris?"
"Yes, I brushed up against it and found it wasn't dry yet."

Brett's Curiosity

President Brett of the Macmillan Company made his hasty trip to California to confer with Professor Gayley, but while here he resolved to satisfy his curiosity by visiting Gwendolen Overton of Los Angeles, whose work he admires very much. He was very anxious to meet her and he did. Miss Overton is a very plain young woman. She is the daughter of an army officer, and she entertains a great deal at her home in Los Angeles.

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But Mrs. Burnett Was There

Daughters of the American Revolution, or some of those who worship ancestral patriotism and freedom in Sequoia Chapter, have been shocked and amused through the visit of Mr. Booker T. Washington. It seems that when arrangements were being perfected by the various clubs to hear Mr. Washington, Sequoia Chapter, the proud mother of all blue-blooded Daughters in California, was invited to accept one hundred and fifty tickets and contribute five dollars therefor. The matter came up for action at last week's meeting, and after being vigorously opposed by several color-blind ladies, led by the "Grenadier" of the Chapter, Mrs. Wellington C. Burnett, as that contented and estimable lady is called, was defeated. The stately and statuesque "Grenadier" with patrician nose extended high in the revolutionary air, wanted him "to go back to his own people for aid, and not come to us." She did "not want it to go on record that Sequoia Chapter had contributed five dollars for the negroes in the South." Mr. Washington came, saw and conquered—even Mrs. Wellington C. Burnett. As the vast crowd gathered in Mechanic's Pavilion to hear and see Mr. Booker T. Washington, the most conspicuous lady way up in front was Mrs. Burnett. At first she was overlooked in the crush, and she bowed her haughty pride at the feet of this negro man, or perhaps it was the name of Washington. At any rate she seated her dignified person on the steps of the platform where she became an obstruction until an usher led her to a front seat on the stage, where she enjoyed the lecture, blissfully unconscious of the smiles of other Sequoia Daughters seated among the common herd. They were amused to find that though she objected to spending the funds of Sequoia Chapter for the elevation of races, she was quite willing to contribute her presence for that purpose even though the elevating duties of the chapter are confined to noses and lorgnettes.

Her Verdict

This week the Daughters of Sequoia Chapter met again. It was noised about that Mrs. Wellington C. Burnett had really attended the Washington lecture. Her supporters in defeating the Outrageous Extravagance of giving five dollars for one hundred and fifty tickets simply could not and would not believe the story. One lady, the wife of a leading banker, was amazed at the news, and going to Mrs. Wellington C. Burnett asked her if she attended the lecture and what she thought of *Mister* Washington. "Oh, yes, I was there; he isn't much of an orator, but he has a beautiful, soft and refined hand." Shade of the immortal Washington, to whom freedom was a religion, and negroes a pleasure, look with charity down upon the Daughters of the American Revolution!

My Lady of Blingum

Whoever wears the aristocratic trousers of the Poniatowski family, there seems to be a general understanding among vulgar tradespeople in San Francisco to the effect that the Poniatowski title came to the American girl who bears it with the usual business arrangements. The Poniatowski match has, of course, been more happy than most, as the Prince is at once a good fellow and a good business man, but this fact is not taken into consideration by the Blingum kitchens. Formerly provisions went to the princely mansion addressed to Princess Poniatowski; but of late the men who address the sacks of potatoes, boxes of canned goods and the like have gained in brevity where they have lost in reverence, and the piles of merchandise upon the Blingum platform bear the simple legend, "The Princess."

Playing with the Trust Problem

Now that people are beginning to die of cold through the East on account of the fuel squeeze engineered by the omnipotent coal trust barons, the proletariat is turning anxious eyes toward the law-makers in Washington and wondering what help is coming from that direction. The prospect of early relief is black in the extreme. One of our Representatives writes me that there will positively be no definite trust legislation at this session of Congress, although there is likely to be a good deal of talk and several more propositions for their regulation. Senator Hoar's bill, which created so much talk at the time of its birth, pleases nobody but its author and is severely criticised on all sides. The Cullom bill is quite as hopeless. The Littlefield bill, which provides for practically no restraint upon industrial combinations, but requires them to publish their transactions, has more supporters but it lacks the proper administration backing. At one time an attempt was made to convey the impression throughout the country that the President was interested in the bill's welfare. But President Roosevelt has disclaimed all such interest and Littlefield admits that the instrument stands alone on its own merits. The strongest sentiment among Congressmen this week is in favor of adopting the recommendation of Attorney-General Knox to exhaust the powers of the existing anti-trust laws. If anything is done this winter it will be to appropriate money to pay the expense of such prosecutions. Whatever the Attorney-General does will show the line of effort along which the Administration hopes to solve the present trust troubles.

Under the Monster's Paw

Most of us Californian householders hardly appreciate the painful and pitiful condition of those living under the iron paw of the coal monsters. I have just received a letter from a friend who lives near Boston. He is a salesman, in good circumstances, the head of a family of four. For two months past his coal has been costing him one dollar and a half a day. "I use it as sparingly as possible," he writes, "just enough to keep the chill out of the house, for I had been warned by the dealer that he didn't know how long he could supply me even at that price. Now he has sent word that he can't sell any more coal at any price for the trust supply is short and they can't fill his order. I don't know what I'm going to do when my own scant supply gives out: it won't last a week longer. The weather is bitterly cold and people will be fighting for coal if this condition continues another month."

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Before that letter reached here the press despatches announced that the citizens of one town had raided a stalled coal train and seized all the coal in sight. They left receipts with the railroad employes for every pound they took and promised to pay for it all at the regular market rates. The city fathers of Toledo have published notices that the police must not hold any man arrested for taking coal from railroad yards and trains. What must the very poor people be suffering when affluent citizens resort to such radical measures to gain relief! Meanwhile the lawmakers in Washington are talking the matter over and the trust magnates are putting up the price of coal. The magnates say it will continue to advance till May. Something is likely to drop before then—and it won't be coal alone.

Kipling Americanized

Even Mr. Rudyard Kipling does not disdain to improve his English by borrowing modes of expression from us. When he wrote his "American Notes" he ridiculed us for using such expressions as "to help carry." His latest poem shows that he did not live in Vermont in vain. In it occurs this verse:

> "The dead they mocked are scarcely cold,
> Our wounds are bleeding yet—
> And ye tell us now that our strength is sold
> To help them press for a debt!"

Mr. Kipling has learned that the "to" isn't so necessary as he thought it was.

He Must Go

The *entente cordiale* of local newspaperdom is now firmly established. Heretofore when any crooked politician or blackmailing lawyer saw an opportunity to vent his spite against a newspaper that had at some time or another exposed his corrupt practices, he availed himself of it, and all the other newspapers gave him encouragement. "Never lose an opportunity to smash your contemporaries" was the editorial slogan. But that cut-throat policy has been abandoned. The newspaper proprietors have decided that it is high time to band themselves against the common enemy. Some nights ago a burly employe of a Coursing Park brutally and cowardly maltreated a reporter for having warned the public against his methods. This week the Publishers' Association met and decided not to mention the Coursing Park in the news columns until the reporter's assailant had been discharged.

The marriage of Miss Stella A. Hermann and E. C. Heller was one of this week's events. The wedding was celebrated at the bride's home, 2003 California street, on Wednesday afternoon.

It Was a Frost

The old-time politicians at Sacramento were much disappointed over the Inaugural ball. It was as tame as a Presbyterian meeting. The only champagne used was of Californian manufacture and it was used to spoil the punch. Veteran statesmen who think that an Inaugural ball should be an orgie to be a success pronounced this latest one a rank failure. They recalled the "good old times" when gay women walked among the dishes, and brave men dropped frapped oysters down the backs of fair but flushed femininity. The Pardee ball was thoroughly respectable. Governor Pardee imparted to it the air of old-fashioned respectability by appearing in a claw-hammer of the vintage of '76. It is said that he wore it at his graduation banquet. His whiskers were untrimmed, and he might have been taken for an anarchist. General George Stone enhanced the picturesqueness of the occasion by appearing on the floor in full regalia. He wore a wide white chamois-skin round his waist. It looked like one of the abdominal bandages worn by our soldiers in the Philippines for prophylactic purposes. The bandage appeared to serve as a corset, for the General couldn't bend. He was evidently suffering under the weight of tinsel. I hear that Mrs. Charles Belshaw was the best gowned woman at the ball. Many of the guests brought pistols but left them in the cloak room.

The stork has visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Selfridge and has left a wee lassie for his gift of gifts.

Some of the Gowns

At the Loughborough wedding one of the handsomest women as well as one of the best dressed was Miss Grace Spreckels, who wore a wonderful white mousseline frock, spangled daintily, while around her neck was a necklace of pearls. Miss Lillie Lawler looked her very best in a pale blue satin frock. Mrs. Eleanor Martin has given up the light colors that she used to wear and she appears almost invariably in black. Miss Ethyl Hager wore a cream colored satin gown while Miss Joliffe was in white tulle with a pink neck piece of pink roses. Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, who is always vivacious and pretty, wore a pale green silk covered with white point d'esprit. Miss Elizabeth Ames was in a pale blue frock and the Misses Brigham in white. Miss Carrie Taylor wore a simple but effective gown of pale yellow satin.

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New Gowns at the Fortnightly

The San Francisco debutantes are making this the record season for gayety and extravagance. Ambitious mammas are pushing their goods regardless of expense, and the teas, luncheons and dinners at which the little debutante-lambs are exposed to the great-wolf, the public, have filled the bavardes of the dailies with glee and their columns with copy. New and many frocks are the rule, too, which is good for the drygoods merchants. At last week's Fortnightly Miss Leontine Blakeman looked regal in blue satin draped with yards and yards of real lace, and Miss Genevieve King, in a soft clinging gown of some Oriental fabric, was another who won her full mead of attention. Miss Susanne Blanding—her first appearance since her grandmother's death—wore a dainty gown of closely shirred white chiffon.

Deal-Winterburn

At the Church of the Advent last week, Miss Mari. Deal was quietly married to Lieutenant George Winterburn of the Ninth Cavalry. Miss Deal is the daughter of Mrs. Marcellus Summerfield Deal. Mr. and Mrs. Winterburn will live at Hotel El Carmelo, Pacific Grove, as the lieutenant is stationed at Monterey.

Mrs. Jack Parrott, who is to introduce her daughter and her niece, Miss de Guigne, has only been waiting for the year of mourning to expire for Mrs. de Guigne, before announcing her intended function in their honor.

When Schmitz Balked

There is no love lost between Mayor Schmitz and ex-Mayor Phelan. They met at the Waldorf in New York a few months ago, and this colloquy ensued:

Phelan: "I heard you were here."

Schmitz: "And I heard you were here."

Phelan: "Who told you so?"

Schmitz: "A policeman."

Mayor Schmitz gave a banquet the other night to the members of the Board of Education. James Denman, the veteran and perennial taxeater, took occasion to propose a toast.

"To Mayor Schmitz and ex-Mayor Phelan," said Denman, who has a lively sense of past as well as favors to come. With unbecoming immodesty Mayor Schmitz raised his glass at the mention of his own name but lowered it at Phelan's as though he were afraid it would choke him. He declined to drink. Denman then agreed to omit the name of Phelan and the Mayor swallowed his wine.

The Mayor's Quaint Objection

While on the subject of official courtesy to the feminine politician, it may be stated that Mayor Schmitz was protagonist in an encounter not altogether dissimilar to that which Governor Pardee had with Mrs. John F. Swift. A committee of ladies, members of the California Club but on this occasion representing the Political Equality Club or some such suffrage organization, waited on the Mayor to ask him to appoint a woman on the Board of Education. The Mayor hemmed and hawed, backed and filled. No, he would not appoint a woman on the board. His reasons? "Well, ma'am," he finally explained with evident embarrassment, "a woman on the board makes it uneasy."

Etta Butler's Return

The body of Etta Butler, the actress who died in New York last week, arrived here last Thursday. It was accompanied across the continent by her friend, Nevada Hefron, the Californian girl who succeeded her in the leading role in "The Liberty Belles." Miss Hefron obtained a leave of absence to make the trip. Etta Butler was an ornament and a credit to the stage. Though she was a girl of undoubted talent her friends remember her best for her splendid traits of character. The merriest of companions, she was never frivolous but always frank and generous. The funeral took place Friday from St. Paul's Episcopal church, the Sunday-school of which she attended in her childhood.

The Diabetes Foot

The latest fashionable complaint is the diabetes foot. It will never become common, like appendicitis, because you cannot have it unless you've lived on *pate de fois gras*, frogs' legs, underdone ducks and other delicacies, washed down by the rarest vintages of France. The diabetes foot is the hallmark of the epicure. It comes high. It bespeaks years of devotion to the luxuries of the table. There are not more than half a dozen diabetes feet in San Francisco. And I understand they are all confined to the Pacific-Union Club.

"Miss Olmade appears to be exceedingly anxious to get married."

"Perhaps she fears that if she doesn't people will think it's because she's old enough to know better."

One of the McAllisters

It is not often that a McAllister gets into the divorce court, but Mrs. Louise McAllister Young, who is the goddaughter of Mrs. Ward McAllister of New York, and the daughter of the Rev. Marion McAllister, formerly of this city, for the past few months has been focusing attention upon herself by her troubles over her child. She accused her husband of stealing their daughter. The lady's engagement has been announced to the celebrated portrait painter, Alphonse Yonger. The wedding will take place in the spring, and the couple will later go abroad. Mr. Yonger came to America several years ago to paint the portrait of the Governor-General of Canada and his family.

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Wouldn't Take His Presents Back

A Stockton belle conceived a novel way of disposing of the gifts she had accepted from a devoted swain, and which were embarrassing when an estrangement came and the young man refused to have them returned to him. She counted the presents, then invited as many girls as there were trinkets to what might be termed a "broken hearts" party, and bestowed on them the pledges of an affection in the past tense. One wonders how the erstwhile admirer feels when he sees one girl wearing his ring, another a "frat" pin, a third a brooch and so on through the long list. But as the rupture was "his fault" no remarks are expected from him.

McCoy Did It

It is surprising to learn that the ten thousand white people who crowded Mechanic's Pavilion to hear Booker Washington contributed less money than the handful of negroes who attended his lecture at Zion church. He received five hundred dollars at the Pavilion and eleven hundred at the church. It is said that more money might have been forthcoming at the Pavilion if Mr. McCoy of the Young Men's Christian Association had not taken it upon himself to start the audience by telling funny stories. The collection should have preceded Mr. McCoy. He was an anti-climax and fell absolutely flat after the wit of Mr. Washington.

Why She Fought It

The decision of the Supreme Court setting aside the divorce of the Thurlow McMullins will no doubt be followed by a new trial. Mrs. McMullin is said to have fought the suit with such persistency because she understood that her husband wanted to marry another woman. She not only brought up her son a stranger to his father, but when his engagement with Mollie Thomas was announced she was very indignant that the newspapers referred to him as a son of Thurlow McMullin.

Madge—Whom did you meet at Mrs. Climber's party?
Ethyl—A lot of impossible people that nobody knows. I had to talk to myself to keep from being lonesome.

A Rare Artist

The first of the New Year series of Henry Holmes's concerts, held in Heine hall, was evidence of the happy fact that not only does Music visit us on occasion and then steam East again, but she also deigns to dwell with us. Mr. Holmes is a concert in himself. He is more. To look at him is a liberal education: the years have etched upon his face, deeply but with exquisite delicacy, the great word, Artist. To hear him is happiness; he is a master. Rich in self-knowledge, self-reverence, and self-control, he can afford to be modest. Never, therefore, does he play to prove his mastery, but always to delight his audience. Nowadays it is a treat to listen to a virtuoso large enough to dispense with those cheap inartistic tricks and petty displays of technical ability wherewith so many musicians solicit the applause of the inartistic. All that one man may do to maintain the dignity of the noble art he honors—that does Henry Holmes. A place among the rare company of pure joy-makers is his.

The most delightfully blended whisky known to the human palate—"Jesse Moore"—the standard for over fifty years.

Gossip of the Service

Captain and Mrs. Augustus F. Rodgers will return from their trip to New York before Lent. They may be accompanied by their niece, Mrs. Harry Allen, who waited in New York to see her daughter Harriet, who will make a tour of Europe with the John Kittles. Lieutenant-Colonel George F. Pond, the newly appointed Chief Quartermaster of this Department, who will take the place recently filled by Colonel D. D. Wheeler, will arrive from the East about the end of the month. Colonel Pond will be accompanied by his wife.

The *Wisconsin* will be here in time for the officers to be guests at La Jeunesse's next dance. Admiral Silas Casey has returned here to haul down his flag and transfer his command of the Pacific Squadron to Admiral Henry Glass, which will be done on the twenty-eighth of January.

At the last Friday Fortnightly when, with Lieutenant Kelley, Lieutenant Bettison made his appearance, some of the girls were inclined to withhold the glad hand from the latter. You see, Mr. Bettison had the bad taste to become engaged to a Philadelphia girl instead of choosing one of Ours. But the lieutenant smiled so benignly, and appeared so glad to be at the ball, that he soon thawed the ice.

There will be another "soldier's bride" before Lent, when Edith McBean marries Dr. Kierstedt. He will take his bride to the snug quarters assigned the post surgeon at Fort Miley, the new army post near the Cliff House. Apropos of Fort Miley, it seems almost incredible, in the short space of time which has elapsed since work was begun upon it, to see the pretty cottages already facing the parade ground there. Thus far they are occupied by the commanding officer, Captain Hancock, and Lieutenant William Patterson, quartermaster. Both these officers have charming wives.

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In Bleak Arizona

Burton Holmes's first lecture in San Francisco was greeted by a packed house. The subject was the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and it is safe to say that the magnificent colored views, moving pictures and verbal descriptions of the lecturer went far to correct many false ideas and vague impressions of this wonderful corner of our country. The views thrown upon the screen disclosed the fact that Arizona is possessed of some forest country, a fact not generally known, and the slides showed the six horse stage traversing the wooded stretches of table land that lie between Flagstaff and the Grand Canyon. The term canyon is a misnomer; the chasm in the plateau is from five to thirteen miles wide. The strata have been denuded by water to the depth of a mile, the chasm narrowing gradually to its base, where, at the bottom of a dark gorge, runs the turbid Colorado. The intervening stretch is full of fantastic rocks and cliffs whose shapes and coloring defy description, but whose colored representations on the screen convey the impression of something incredibly fascinating yet half infernal. From the brink of this gulf it is possible to descend to the bottom by a trail to which those of the Yosemite are high-roads in comparison, and the moving pictures gave a vivid idea of what one's sensations must be in descending. Mr. Holmes paid a tribute to Mayor Powell who, in 1869, first braved the dangers of the canyon in a small boat, he and his companions taking three months for the journey. Two of the men, overcome by the terrors of the trip, endeavored to climb out of the gorge, but were killed by Indians on the way up. The redskins did not believe the story of their trip and killed them for impostors, while Major Powell and the rest of his party who trusted to the mercies of the river came through in safety. During the intermission some moving pictures of the Moqui Snake Dances were displayed. It gave one a creepy feeling to see the braves picking up serpents as though they were bits of string and dancing with the writhing creatures in their hands.

"I think it's atrociously bad taste for a man to make love to his wife in public."

"His *own* wife?'

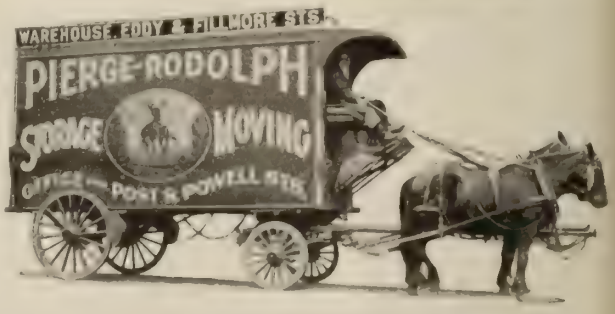
"It's worse than bad taste. It's rank hypocrisy."

That Mammoth Library Scheme

Another effort, and it is to be hoped it will be the last, is being made to bring about the consolidation of the Mechanics' and the Mercantile libraries. What purpose is to be served by the amalgamation it is difficult to perceive. When San Francisco was less than half its present size, it supported both these institutions and in addition, the Odd Fellows, the Pioneers and a number of other fraternal and benevolent organizations maintained libraries for the benefit of their own members. The Municipal Free Library has supplanted most of these smaller concerns, but that is not a precedent to follow in the case of these larger institutions. There is no more reason why the Mechanics' library should absorb the Mercantile than there is for reversing the plan and letting the Mercantile take in the Mechanics'. Now that the Mercantile library has removed to Sutter street, there is not even the vague excuse of "central location," and as to building accommodation, if the Mechanics' Institute building is, as it is so frequently asserted, too small for its own accumulations and patronage, what would it do with the increase which would naturally come about with the consolidation? There is today the same difference to be noted in the membership of the two libraries that there was at their foundation. The Mechanics' is all bustle and movement. There is a continuous stream of matinee girls, shoppers, candy-munching school girls and idlers passing in and out. It has always been an ideal place for making appointments and a most distracting one in which to read. This is the age of the colossus and the crowd, and it may seem a great thing to the inconsiderate and the heedless to be able to brag that the combined libraries constitute the biggest library west of Chicago, but a library must be something more than a collection of books. Any well-conducted bookstore can exhibit shelves, tables and packing cases full of volumes, yet it is far from being in any sense a library. The Mercantile Association has disposed of its Van Ness avenue property and is freed from the burden of debt under which it struggled for several years. Periodicals are on file and new books added as fast as they appear, while the quiet atmosphere is in itself an inducement to patrons. If the short-sighted policy of consolidation is carried out the result will be not an improved library, but none at all. Sooner or later some other corporation will be chartered to begin at the bottom and work up by slow degrees, to the position now held by the Mercantile library.

The Joe Tobins have left St. Dunstan's and are located at 1818 Broadway for the remainder of the winter.

To banish the blues nothing is so efficacious as a drink of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve bourbon or rye.



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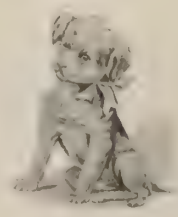

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The Skippers

How the darkening days flow by!
  Daily we grow old and older,
  Daily our warm blood runs colder,
Daily, breath by breath, we die.

Thus the gray-beard spoke—four score
  Years his ancient poll had whitened,—
  And his faded orbs once brightened,
Then grew dimmer than before.

Soon must come the anchor's fall,—
  The all-hailed and blest conclusion;—
  Let not terror nor confusion
Seize thy soul at Azrael's call.

All to me the Sage addressed
  Wisest words—his eye dim-seeing,
  Scarce beheld the radiant being
That against my side had pressed.

Skipper in Life's fever-ship,
  When the World-sea winds shall smite thee,
  When men's serpent teeth shall bite thee,
Curses vast shall crowd thy lip

Many the seas I voyaged o'er,
  Youngling, ere I brought to harbor—
  Now from out this green-grown arbor
In yon skies behold my shore!

Fire and fast and storm my part;
  Deep and dread the Past's dark ocean
  Rolls o'er wrecks of mad emotion
Bound by cordage of the heart.

On the reefs of Passion lie
  Faiths I held ere Woman faltered,
  All thy fair world shall be altered
When thy Love's illusions die.

Through and through the sea-paths lone
  Shone no Northwest Passage later,
  Ere I sailed from Youth's Equator
Unto Age's Arctic Zone.

Bound in ice my joy-dreams wild,
  Even as thine shall be, young brother,—
  Soon our kind and earthen Mother
Claims her Life—a-weary child!

Close beneath thy manly bloom,
  I behold a spectre grinning,
  Culling from thy brows the thinning
Locks that Sorrow must consume.

Close beneath that visage fresh
  Of the maid thy presence gracing,
  I behold a worm defacing
All her beauty of the flesh.

Speak no more! I cried, too much
  Hast thou spoken in thy madness,—
  Would thou mar her May-time gladness,
Whom no chilling breath must touch?

Tell him, treasured one, the Truth!
  Tell of Love the seas outlasting;
  Tell of hearts no woe is blasting;
Tell of flowers blown from youth.

On his beard a kiss she pressed,—
  Then the young time blessed the olden,
  Then his silvern paled her golden
Hair that showered o'er his breast.

In his ear she breathed a word,
  Magic word of might beguiling,
  Soon his iron face to smiling
Melted and his heart was stirred.

All his creed of Woe and Fear,
  At the voice of Beauty's daughter,
  Vanished like the snow to water
And was cancelled with a tear.

Thus we left him, she and I,
  Still and lonely like a mountain
  Crowned with peace, from which a fountain
Calls the Spring-time flowering by.

January, 1903 *Herman Scheffauer.*

On Friendship

Few people have the faculty for friendship.

All they feel is on the surface, and all they can comprehend is surface.

They wish to tell all they see and all they do, and demand the same from those they know. But any one will answer their turn.

You today, and I tomorrow, and some one else next week, that they may empty themselves upon.

Friends are usually intimate, or they can grow into intimacy. But intimates are not always friends.

If one starts an intimacy, it is apt to go to smash before it reaches friendship. —*The Thinker.*

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THE BEER THAT WINS.

In nine orders out of ten nowadays at cafe or grill Rainier is the beer called for. When Rainier was first put on the market, it was expected to find favor in the course of time, but its instant popularity was unexpected. That Rainier was not a momentary fad has been proved by its continued vogue.

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"There goes the most virtuous woman in her set—the exclusive set," said Hensill, "she is absolutely above reproach. No fault of omission or commission, no minor folly, no breath even of gossip has ever been whispered about that woman."

"Do you really believe the woman lives who has never yielded, in all her life, to an impulse of folly?"

"I don't doubt it, with Mrs. Earl Thomson its living proof."

I followed his look, and saw a medium-sized, slender woman with pale brown hair, a clear, colorless skin and wide-open brown eyes. She was faultlessly gowned and carried herself as such a paragon should, fearlessly and with military erectness.

But what was it in Mrs. Thomson's face that seemed familiar to me? Had I ever seen her before? I caught my eyes wandering in her direction several times, trying to place in my memory those brown eyes, that white skin, that graceful carriage.

Probably I met her at some reception," I thought, "when I was in San Francisco before."

I had been in California on two former occasions with my string of race-horses, and had been treated to the usual round of social functions of the elite and the non-elect. Mrs. Thomson, I assured myself, must have been among those I had met in swelldom.

Hensill requested me to come with him, and I left the stand without having placed the occasion when Mrs. Earl Thomson and I had met.

"When Love is kind,
Generous and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me.

"But when Love brings
Heartache and pang,
Tears and such things,—
Love may go hang.'

Over our wine, Hensill had grown confidential. He related several of his episodes d'amour. The other men, likewise, capped story by story, experience by experience, and then it came my turn. Paxton, who was of a sentimental cast, quoted Tom Moore, and the verses above reminded me of a little experience I had on my first visit to San Francisco.

"Hensill here," I began, "and I were dining at a 'show' restaurant in the Latin Quarter. Hensill wanted to show his Texas friend all the sights, and that was one of them. We were about half way through dinner when two women entered. One was a brunette dressed in deep mourning, evidently a widow. The other was a younger woman, exceedingly sedate in appearance and in this respect unlike her companion whose black eyes flashed with merriment over the conversation with which they punctuated the courses of their dinner.

"'I'm going to start a flirtation with that woman,' said Hensill, who was a dare-devil chap and never feared a rebuff in Cupid's court.

"'Oh, not with *her*,' I, more timid, answered, 'why, those are *ladies*.'

"'Oh, I know that,' was his reply. 'I wouldn't care for any other kind. That's the sort that makes the game worth while.'

"As he spoke, he raised his glass to his lips and looked across the room at the brunette. She, also, had her glass raised at the same time, and it happened that as she drank she looked across at us. Hensill bowed, much to my horror. The brunette apparently paid no heed to his action, but I saw a ghost of a smile flicker about her lips. That was all, then, and I hoped Hensill would desist. The other woman had observed nothing. All at once the latter looked up. She saw Hensill looking toward her—and she bowed. I was thunderstruck, but Hensill immediately jumped to the situation. He literally flew across to her table, and they exchanged greetings. Then came an unexpected denouement.

"'Oh, I beg pardon,' said she, 'I thought you were Mr. Eveson. I'm short-sighted—horribly. What an absurd error!'

"'Oh, I'm often mistaken for Eveson—I knew him years ago when we were boys.'

"Hensill told me afterward all that passed, for I had lingered with my dinner at our own table. And he did not know Eveson from Adam. But he stayed and chatted awhile, to the brunette chiefly, for the other woman shrank back into her dignity after she found out her mistake.

"'I'm sorry I'm *not* Mr. Eveson,' said Hensill, as he rose to join me, 'possibly, however, we may see you later on, and become better acquainted.'

"He looked toward the brunette. From my distant seat I could see the ravishing smile she gave him. 'Perhaps,' Hensill said was her answer. You remember, don't you, Hensill?"

Remember? Well, yes, I do, my boy, though until you recalled that restaurant affair I had forgotten all about it. I remember well, now, how you hung back when I suggested waiting outside for them. And I remember how reluctantly you let yourself be drawn into what followed."

"When they came out," I took up the thread of the story, "Hensill was there to meet them. It took little to persuade the brunette to enjoy a little lark in our company. Possibly this was not her first adventure of the kind.

"'It'll be loads of fun,' she said to her companion, 'and nobody'll ever know.'

"'But—'

"'Oh, nonsense. You came out with me to seek an adventure. Here you have it.'

"Hensill, by the way, had introduced himself quite properly, giving them his card and showing them his business letters to back up his statements. I stayed in the background.

"'Well, you must let me go home early,' said the younger woman, 'for you know, Bertha, I never go anywhere like this. You only persuaded me to try that bohemian dinner by assuring me it was quite correct.'

"'Lily is an awful stickler for propriety,' laughed Bertha, 'but we'll just follow our fate this once.'

"Hensill called a carriage and we drove to the Cliff House. It was a lovely night, and its beauty seemed to affect us all. It raised the spirits of even timid me, and Lily was the liveliest of us all. She sang, in a charming voice, and one of her songs was that one, Paxton, you just quoted—old Moore's 'Love may go hang.'"

"Well,—the end?" asked Paxton, "we must hear your conclusion and then go to the Pavilion for the band concert."

"The end was like Cinderella's first ball. They excused themselves from us somewhere around midnight on some pretext—and before we knew it they were gone. Hensill and I had to call up a cab for ourselves. The ladies took the carriage."

"And we never saw them again. Memory, over-heated by much champagne, was dull the next day. Their faces, even, became hazy. I am sure," said Hensill, "I'd never have known the brunette had I seen her in the street again—fascinating as she was."

As the band regaled us with Tom Moore's Irish melodies, Hensill, who was scanning the audience, exclaimed:

"There she is again—the paragon of virtue, Mrs. Earl Thomson. You remember, the woman I showed you in the grand stand this afternoon?"

I looked again at the woman who had never been guilty of a single folly.

"Come over, I'll introduce you," said Paxton, "she's my cousin by marriage, you know."

As he performed the introduction, I thought a gleam of amusement danced for an instant in Mrs. Thomson's eyes. It was as quickly gone, and replaced by the cold, proud expression the most virtuous woman in her set habitually wore. But that instant had revealed to me where we had met before.

She chatted idly with us.

"Do you ever act on impulse, Cousin Lil?" asked Paxton, "you are certainly the most self-contained woman I ever met. Even this music doesn't enthuse you."

"There are occasions," she replied, smiling as if something amusing had occurred to her, "when I might act on impulse. But I doubt if I would repeat the error—deliberately."

She glanced carelessly at me, and then turned to the gentleman at her side.

"My husband," she said, "let me make you acquainted with Mr. ——" —*The Tuefman.*

"Did you go to Mrs. Newrich's ball?"

"Indeed I didn't. I was afraid I'd have to speak to her."

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STAGE

The Imaginative Press Agent

It appears as though the theatrical press agent has *carte blanche* to deceive the public through the press in any way that his fancy dictates. Editors that demand accuracy from reporters are willing to publish any old yarn that the boomer of theatrical stars sends in. I took occasion, some time ago, to expose the fake that was sprung on the public when a second-rate vaudeville actress was introduced to us by an Eastern manager as a foreign dramatic star in "Captain Jinks," and I have determined to nail every press-agent lie that comes within my ken, believing that in doing so I will render a public service and at the same time discourage prevarication on the part of purveyors of theatrical amusement. The theatrical profession should not have to deliberately misrepresent in order to attract attention to plays and players. The competent press-agent who has the news instinct, as all press-agents should have, is never short of good material for a story. There is an abundance of material in every company that comes this way, but the trouble with most press-agents is that they don't keep in touch with the members of the company they represent. They prefer to "fake." A sample press-agent fake appeared in an evening paper this week. It was published as a telegram from Portland, and purported to be the story of how Vera Michelena, the prima donna of the "Princess Chic" company, was found by Manager Slocum. It was stated that on the last night of the year 1902 he was in despair because he was without a prima donna, in the city of Tacoma. He was told by a friend, of a girl in a not distant convent, who possessed a wonderful voice. He went to the convent, heard her sing and engaged her. The girl was Vera Michelena. It's a pretty story, but not true. Moreover it is unnecessary, for Vera Michelena is interesting enough without that sort of a story being told about her. She is the daughter of Fernando Michelena of this city, who was once a famous tenor in grand opera and who has developed in her a very sweet voice, though she is only seventeen years of age. Manager Slocum heard her sing in this city early last year, her parents having arranged the meeting. Subsequently she went East and sang in the chorus of Slocum's company. She deserves great credit for having "made good" in such a very short time. One does not often hear of a seventeen year old girl who graduates from the chorus in a few months to become the prima donna of a good company.

From Saddle to Stage

Joe Kane, of "The Telephone Girl" company, which has been crowding the California during the week, is a budding genius of musical comedy who is of sufficient interest to figure in a press-agent story, but he has been overlooked. Kane is a youngster who has just passed his majority, yet he has exhibited all the elements of a seasoned star. A few years ago he was a jockey, but somebody discovered that he had talent, and secured an engagement for him on the stage. He made a hit last season in "The Belle of New York," and he was such an enthusiastic youngster that occasionally when he met a group of boys on a street corner, he would stop and go through his whole act for their amusement. There is considerable talent, by the way, in "The Telephone Girl," and the performance at the California contains many interesting features, but the musical comedy is one of those plays that elevate the stage to the level of the gallery. Its plot is decidedly vulgar.

"Lady Inger of Ostrat"

Before Nance O'Neil goes away she is going to give an Ibsen matinee. We know little about Ibsen out here, except for the one performance of "The Doll's House" which Blanche Bates gave. But Blanche Bates in Ibsen and Nance O'Neil in Ibsen are two very different things. Miss Bates gave us her idea of Nora, but Nora was only an episode by "Lady Inger of Ostrat," which Nance O'Neil will play at her matinee. Lady Inger is a great, tragic figure who appears in the history of Norway when it was under the dominion of the Danes, in 1528. The chief characters are Lady Inger, widow of High Steward Nils Gyldenlove; her daughter, Elina; Nils Stensson, a waif who has been brought up in ignorance of his real station, he being a love-child of Lady Inger and Sten Sture the banished king of Norway; and Nils Lykke, a Danish knight and councillor, a rake who has ruined among many others Lucia, one of Lady Inger's daughters, who died of a broken heart. An outlawed Norwegian noble, Olaf Skaktafl, is also a strong character. The play is very sombre, so gloomy in fact that Nance O'Neil said when she studied it for a London presentation it drove her near to brain-fever. Lady Inger is a noble, proud woman who, in her hopes to raise the Danish hand from the Norwegian throat, has tried many ways and made many mistakes. She married one of her daughters to a Dane high in power but the match was unhappy. Lucia, the second daughter, was betrayed by the Danish knight. As the play opens the latter, Nils Lykke, has come to Lady Inger's castle, it being known to the Council that a conspiracy against the Danes is under way, its focus being at Ostrat Manor on the Trondheim Fiord. He pretends that he is seeking the hand of Elina, and Lady Inger pretends to smile on his suit with the idea of later spurning him with disdain and making the proud roue a byword. To Nils, as he sits alone in the hall, there enters young Stensson, bearing letters from Peter Kanzler, his foster-father, to Olaf Staktavl. Stensson is unlettered and does not know what is in the packet. All he knows is that Count Sture, the son of the outlawed king, and who was expected to lead the uprising, is dead, and that he, who resembled Sture closely, had been made to impersonate him in his journey to Ostrat. Lykke, however, reads in the packet that Stensson is the son of the late King and Lady Inger. He was taken from his mother while he was an infant and brought up by a rough soldier and peasant woman. Lykke tells the youth the secret of his birth but binds him by an awful oath to disclose to nobody what he knows, until he (Lykke) shall give him leave. The councillor concocts a plot. He tells Lady Inger that her son is living and she, in a burst of joy, tells the story of her liaison with Kens Sture. Lykke promises to return her child to her arms if she will sign a paper promising her support to Count Sture. She, not knowing her former lover's lawful son is already dead, signs the contract though in her heart she sees her own son on the throne instead of his step-brother. She causes, to be sure of his good faith, the councillor to be detained a prisoner in the manor. He uses Elina's newly awakened love for him to effect his escape. Then, as her beauty and tenderness overpower him, he forgets that he had intended to deceive and betray her, and really falls in love with her. He gives her a betrothal ring and then hastens away that he may save young Stensson from the sure death that will befall him if the insurgent peasants discover him, after finding out the death of the real Count Sture. As he goes, in comes young Stensson, hotly pursued by his enemies. He longs to tell Lady Inger who he is, for he loves her at once, but his oath holds him. Lady Inger hides him in her room, but—with the idea of having her own son gain the throne—she lets Olaf go in and stab the youth. The murderers give out that the lad has killed himself. Then Elina tells of her betrothal to Lykke. Lady Inger, believing her daughter has merely feigned love for the councillor with view of humiliating him, tells her that Lykke was Lucia's betrayer. Close upon the knowledge that she has wrecked her daughter's heart comes the news that it was her own son whom she had caused to be murdered. The curtain goes down with Lady Inger, crazed with grief, sinking senseless on her son's coffin, saying, "I lack but another coffin, and a grave beside my child." The sombre situations of this tragedy have few light moments, but some of the dialogue, which has by the way been cut considerably to make a matinee presentation possible, is beautiful. When Lykke is seeking Elina's heart he says:

"For *this* I believe: a woman is the mightiest power in the world, and in her hand it lies to guide a man whither God Almighty would have him go."

Olaf Staktafl gives vent to this bit of philosophy in a scene with Inger:

"A woman's mind is shifting ground to build on."

At the Grand

For the first time during her present engagement Nance O'Neil has succeeded in pleasing all the critics. The public, which has been pleased all along, in this instance has agreed with the professional carpers. Nance O'Neil's Lady Macbeth is the most artistic thing she has done. She plays the part on traditional lines but there is much individuality in it for all that. It

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

is hard to fancy any other kind of Lady Macbeth than this, the woman whose heart is buried beneath her boundless ambition but whose conscience is still alive. Nance O'Neil brings out the feminine side of Lady Macebth's character very strongly, but it is not the femininity of an ordinary woman. Her acting and declamation in the sleep-walking scene are things to remember. Never has Nance O'Neil's beauty been so apparent as in her Lady Macbeth. In her red wig and beautiful costumes she is always a picture. The play is staged with lavishness and fidelity to detail, and the "Macbeth" music by Edgar Kelley is an effective part of the production. E. J. Ratcliffe surprises by the excellence of his Macbeth and Mayall as the noble Macduff is admirable. The company as a whole reads its Shakespeare well.

Stars of Vaudeville

The Elinore sisters are queenpins of eccentric comedy. Their stunt at the Orpheum is productive of laughter of the genuine and hearty kind. They are the cleverest and most original women in vaudeville. The Miles Stavordale Quintet contains some fine musicians of extreme versatility and evident talent. The bill as a whole this week is a strong one from start to finish, with plenty of variety.

Agnes Ranken has repeated her former success in the tender little part of Tennessee in "Tennessee's Pardner" at the Alcazar. It is practically the same cast that gave the play before, and it is as strong a cast as one could ask. A quartet of singers under Dr. Stewart's direction adds effectively to the piece's interest.

To Star or Not to Star

There is a probability that Juliet Crosby, who has been temporarily filling the post of leading lady at the Alcazar pending the arrival of Miss Hunt, will star next season. Miss Crosby made a delightful success in the heroine's role of "The Case of Rebellious Susan," a success worthy to rank with her "Madame Butterfly" of two years ago. She is an actress of real ability. But Miss Crosby, who is in private life Mrs. Fred Belasco, is not quite sure that she cares to star. She is ambitious in her profession and takes a warm interest in any part entrusted to her, but she is also fond of domestic life. Starring would mean giving up many things in which she now takes delight. Mrs. Belasco is a capable housekeeper, and her home is one of the cosiest and prettiest in the city.

Leading Ladies

Alice Treat Hunt, the Alcazar's new leading lady, who will make her first appearance here next Monday night, is a beauty. Of that I can speak surely, for I have seen her. She is a brunette, with large, expressive black eyes. She is of medium height with a slender, graceful figure and she gowns herself in perfect taste. Messrs. Belasco and Meyer have now two most attractive leading women for their stock companies. Engenie Thais Lawton, at the Central, is a charming woman. She came here with the Frawleys but remained with the local stock when Frawley took his company across the seas.

The Milk Bath Beauty

With Anna Held in "The Little Duchess" which shortly comes to the Columbia, is Saharet, the highest salaried dancer on the stage, also Franz Ebert, the cute little liliputian. Anna Held was a frost during her last visit here, because she was a wee bit too suggestive to suit the Baldwin audience. Since then she has developed comedy talent to a marked degree and no longer depends on her undulating hips alone to attract audiences. In "Papa's Wife" she pleased New Yorkers who had frowned upon her "Play wiz me" antics when she first came from Paree. In Paris, by the way, Anna Held was only a cafe chanteuse, and it was the bourgeoisie who delighted in her songs and posings. When she came to the United States, she found that audiences over here in the high-priced theatres where she appeared required something more than beauty and diablerie, and she made of herself a comedienne to please them. The milk bath fiction that her agent, Bowles, evolved to boom his star long since passed into oblivion. Anna is now a Broadway favorite, and her chorus, by the way, holds the laurel for beauty. It includes more Johnnie-fetchers than any other chorus in New York.

The Neill-Frawley company, writes a correspondent from Manila, met with a frost in the Philippines. It is attributed to an inadequate English-speaking population. Upon one occasion Frawley played Svengali to Mary Van Buren's Trilby. "It was expected," writes my correspondent, "that he would fall down in attempting the role, but he didn't. He came right up to the notch, in the realistic death and everything." Ye shades of Wilton Lackaye! Fancy chubby Tim Frawley hypnotizing anybody, even on the stage. But now, when one comes to think of it, perhaps that was the secret of Frawley's luring so many society girls to his company, not to speak of well-known professionals. They followed him to the frozen North, and now they are starting on a tour of the world with him.

Jap Objections to Belasco's Jap Play

In the current *Critic* Belasco's "Darling of the Gods" is criticised by a Japanese who takes it to pieces bit by bit. He says it is not a drama of Old Japan, as it is sub-titled, but of the period of twenty-six years ago. Further, he says it is not a Japanese drama at all, but "a sort of Du Barry-La Tosca-Faust Japanized or supposedly Japanized." He says Mr. Belasco has twisted up Japanese history into a "bungle." The great torture scene, according to this writer, is impossible because the Minister of War in 1876, when the play is dated, was Sanjo, one of the ablest, greatest and most humane men of his time, his Cabinet being composed of men opposed to cruelty and torture. He explains the significance of the term "geisha," which is misused in the drama, and he forcibly objects to "a Japanese Du Barry," saying that no Japanese woman ever shrieks or hysterics; no matter how her feelings may be disturbed, outwardly she is always calm. Her forte is silence, always silence. Apropos of the scenic accessories he calls them all "un-Japanese"—"Such a frightful display of ornaments and curios, jumbled about"—and he accuses Mr. Belas-

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Fischer's "Fiddle Dee Dee" road company went to smash in Seattle, leaving Carrie Roma out of an engagement. She returned to San Francisco just in time to secure an engagement at the Tivoli as Katisha in "The Mikado." This is a contralto role, and is therefore unsuited to Carrie Roma's voice, but being a good character actress she will no doubt play the part satisfactorily.

Tyndall Lectures Drew Large Audiences

Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall, the authority on psychic phenomena, last Sunday lectured before another very large audience at Elk's hall on "The Truth about Spiritualism." The interest in the lectures has been so general that a larger hall has been engaged, and the lectures will henceforth be given in Steinway hall. The subject tomorrow night will be "The Genesis of Psychic Science: Its Study and Its Meaning." The lecture will begin at eight o'clock and will be open to the general public. A great number of business and professional men have taken the time and opportunity to learn something of the new psychology as taught by McIvor-Tyndall. These say that the lectures are free from mysticism and are practical and helpful. On Sunday night, January the twenty-fourth, Dr. McIvor-Tyndall will talk about "The Power of Thought: How to Gain and How to Use It."

Burton Holmes Next Week

Mr. Holmes gave his "Portugal" lecture for the Camera Club last night, and with "Denmark" this afternoon will close his successful "first appearances." On Monday evening, Mr. Holmes will give an extra lecture, the subject being "Peking," a city visited by him about a year ago, shortly after the suppression of the Boxer outrages. This lecture was the favorite of his last winter's series. On Tuesday evening, he will resume his regular

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Warde and James will follow "Princess Chic" at the Columbia and Mary Mannering is a near future.

Features of Next Week's Bills

Vera Michelena, the beautiful daughter of Signor Michelena, the tenor and voice teacher of this city, will sing the title role in "The Princess Chic" at the Columbia. Maude Berri had this part when the opera was presented here last year. "The Princess Chic" is full of life and dash, and made a memorable success on its former presentation; in the company are Joseph Miron, Walter Lawrence, Forrest Huff, Edna Floyd, and another Californian girl, Adele Stoneman.

Nance O'Neil's portrayal of Lady Macbeth has proved such a success, and the demand for "Macbeth" seats has been so great that the management has found it impossible to take it from the boards as yet. Therefore the production of the scriptural drama "Judith" has been postponed until next Saturday night, "Macbeth" to be given until that date. "Judith" will be magnificently staged. It is the play in which Ristori was famed and Nance O'Neil is expected to achieve one of her greatest successes in the role of the Deliverer.

"My Daughter in Law," at the Alcazar, is one of Caree and Bilhaud's most amusing French farces and will serve to introduce Alice Treat Hunt, the new leading lady, in a light part. Later she will have a chance to show what she can do in emotional roles. Hastings, Osborne, Morrison, Dempsey, Bacon and Walter Belasco, Miss Belgarde, Miss Howe and Miss Waldrop will be in the cast. It will be the initial production of the piece here.

Murray and Mack are great favorites here and their new farce, "A Night on Broadway," promises to pack the California. Murray and Mack are two of the funniest funny-men on the American stage today.

Harry Corson Clarke will give his greatest success, Broadhurst's first farce-comedy and by many considered his best, "What Happened to Jones," at the Republic. This will be Clarke's last week here before beginning his road tour. Ralph Stuart, a popular matinee idol from the East, follows with a carefully selected company straight from New York. The Republic has come to stay and the management is bound to get attractions that the public wants.

"Barbara Fidgetty" suits Fischer's patrons to a T. It is a burlesque of a much higher order than any yet given at the popular theatre. Maude Amber's song has made an immense hit.

The production of a real comic opera at the Tivoli is a decided step in the right direction, and if "The Mikado" is given in its Gilbert and Sullivan shape, without more than the inevitable handful of gags it is sure to be a pleasure. Ferris Hartman, who played the Emperor of Japan in the opera's original production on American soil, will have that role again. Arthur Cunningham will be Pooh Bah, Bertha Davis Yum Yum and Annie Meyers the fetching Pitti Sing. Caro Roma has been engaged for Katisha, the music having been transposed to fit her soprano. Edward Webb will be Koko and Oscar Lee Nanki Poo. This opera is to be the first of a series of revivals of the old favorites.

Two American burlesque stars fresh from London triumphs, Jules and Ella Garrison, head the Orpheum bill, their reappearance here after five years of absence. Fields and Ward, "hot tamales, fresh from Mexico," are clever conversationalists and parodists; Les Frasettis, violin, harp and xylophone solists; the Scott brothers, equilibrists and acrobats. But the big welcome will be given to Dick—or rather Richard J.—Jose, whose contratenor will be heard for one week only in the newest songs, including "The Brotherhood of Man."

Since the big theatre at the Chutes has been comfortably heated with radiators, the high class specialty performances given every afternoon and evening are rendered doubly enjoyable. The Quartoscope Pavilion and Marconi's marvelous rifle, the latest novelties at the popular pleasure resort, attract a great deal of attention and "A Day in the Alps" and the babies in the life-saving incubators are as big drawing cards as ever. A baby monkey, just born in the Zoo, is the latest addition to the happy family. "Down the Flume," the latest piece of Chutes enterprise, is destined to become most popular. —*The Playgoer.*

With the Money Makers

An Hawaiian Merger

From my Hawaiian correspondent I learn that the directors of the Rapid Transit Company and Colonel Davidson, representing the Hawaiian Tramways Company, have arrived at a tentative understanding, by which the Rapid Transit Company will acquire all of the franchises of the Tramways company. As Colonel Davidson is the president of the Tramways Company and is the personal financial representative of the owner of the controlling interest; there is but little question but that the understanding arrived at will be ratified in London. It was the desire of the English company to buy out the Rapid Transit Company and part of President Davidson's mission at Honolulu was to attempt to achieve this object. The owners of the Rapid Transit line absolutely refused to consider such a proposition, however, and the counter-proposition to buy out the Tramways Company was thereupon taken up and practically agreed upon. Until the controlling stockholders in England can be communicated with and it is ascertained that it is a certainty that the arrangement negotiated on their behalf by Colonel Davidson will be ratified, the details of the transaction are to be withheld from publication. So certain is Colonel Davidson that the deal negotiated by him will be ratified, that all hostile local action on the part of the Tramways Company against the Rapid Transit Company have ceased and the two interests are co-operating in harmony.

With its application to list its securities, the United States Shipbuilding Company has filed with the New York Stock Exchange a statement of its earnings for the quarter ended November 30, 1902, being the first three months of its business. The statement of net earnings of the corporation and its constituent companies, including the Bethlehem Steel Company, is as follows: Earnings, $1,163,022.22; deduct, reserve on estimate profits on contract work in shipbuilding construction, $74,138.04, and accrued interest and sinking fund payment on all United States Shipbuilding Company's bonds for quarter, $391,666.67, a total of $465,804.71, leaving the surplus net earnings $697,217.51. The surplus net earnings for the first quarter are equivalent to a basis of 6 per cent on the preferred and over 7 per cent on the common stock, after payment and provision for all interest charges of every kind, including sinking fund clauses and interest charges on account of the underlying mortgage obligations of the Bethlehem Steel Company. It is exceeding strange that with such a statement, the securities of the corporation should be offered at such low figures on the New York curb. On December 30th the common stock was offered at $20 and the preferred at $58, with no bids in evidence, and for the bonds $90 was asked but no bids were reported. The company has increased its contracts since its organization and now has unfinished work under contract aggregating over $51,000,000. A belief has been expressed in some quarters since the giving out of the quarterly statement that publicity in further detail on the affairs of certain of the subsidiary concerns not engaged strictly in hull-building would be something of a revelation to the public and not by any means calculated to depress the value of the shares when they shall have come into more active trading.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale, by Executrix

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made on the sixth day of January 1903, in the matter of the Estate of Jane McDougall, deceased, the undersigned, Executrix of the last will of Jane McDougall, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder in cash, in Gold Coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after the third day of February 1903, all the right title, interest and estate of the said Jane McDougall, deceased, at the time of her death, and all the right, title and interest that the said Estate has acquired by operation of law or otherwise, other than, or in addition to that of the said deceased at the time of her death, of, in and to the following described real estate.

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Oak Street with the Easterly line of Masonic Avenue; running thence Southerly along said line of Masonic Avenue 100 feet; thence at right angles Easterly 105 feet; thence at right angles Northerly 100 feet to the Southerly line of Oak Street, and thence Westerly and along said Southerly line of Oak Street 100 feet to the point of commencement.

Terms and conditions of Sale—Cash in Gold Coin of the United States.

Bids or Offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice, and before the making of the sale.

All bids or offers must be made in writing, and may be left at, or sent to the office of Edward B. Young, Attorney at Law, 14 Sansome Street, San Francisco, or may be delivered to the said Executrix personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated San Francisco, January 15, 1903.

MARY E. BRUNOTTE, Executrix of the Last Will of Jane McDougall, Doceased.

EDWARD B. YOUNG, Attorney for Executrix.

Interesting Bits from 'Change

While there has not been much of an interest in business in local stocks and bonds during the past week the fluctuations in in prices have been more numerous and in some instances covered a wider range than for a number of weeks past. Generally speaking the wants of buyers have mostly been supplies by purchases in small parcels, but the readiness with which buyers have paid asking figures gives evidence of the strength of the market and shows that investors have a firmly based confidence in future enhancement of values. The sugar stocks have attracted the usual amount of attention and while in several instances there have been moderate declines in prices the general situation is considered satisfactory, with every indication of a continuance of a good trade movement in this class of security. Alaska Packers' Association shares have fluctuated slightly from $158 to $160. There has been some inquiry on the part of investors for this stock, but holders have been loath to sell as it pays $1 a share per month regularly; it is considered a very substantial holding. Some operators consider this stock too high-priced, but when the excellent financial condition of the company is taken into consideration the careful investor will readily see that present figures are warranted by actual facts. At the annual meeting of the company lately held it was shown that the output was 1,306,947 cases of canned salmon and 5,893 barrels of the salted fish. Large and extensive additions were made to the cannery plants and their equipment and three new canneries, two in Alaska and one on Puget Sound, were built during the year. At the close of 1902 the total assets of the corporation were $7,025,307, while the current indebtedness was $1,567,268. The total surplus in the reserve fund at the close of the year was $1,762,038. During the year the company paid $576,000 in dividends and in the financial statement the same amount has been appropriated for dividends during the coming year. Giant Powder shares have gradually declined during the week from $73.75 to $69.50. Some of the operators on the street say they know of no particular reason for this depreciation and express the belief that some manipulation was in progress. Whether or not this is so cannot be stated, although numerous rumors of various descriptions have been current. None of these statements, however, could be verified. Some very wide fluctuations have been noticed in the price of shares of the Union Trust Company. Early in the week the price was about $2,150, a day or two later it was $2,450, after this there was an advance to $3,000, at which one share was sold, and lastly the price dropped back again to $2,150. This seems rather a remarkable fluctuation to take place within one week and why it occurred no one appears able to give a tangible explanation. Quite a number of shares of Contra Costa Water stock were sold at $67, but the price gradually weakened and now $65.50 is the best bid. Considering that this stock is paying 5 per cent per annum on its par value, which is equal to 7 1-3 per cent on the present price, it would seem to be a very profitable investment. The 5 per cent bonds of the corporation are selling at $106. Spring Valley Water shares fluctuated but little, the price ranging from $84 to $85, with moderate sales at the latter figure. Trading in bonds during the week was comparatively light. Some North Shore 5 per cents brought $101.50, and $121.25 was paid for Northern Railway of California 5s. Pacific Electric Railway 5 per cents changed hands at $109.25. Hawaiian Commercial bonds brought $98.50.

The directors of the First National Bank of San Francisco have declared the regular semi-annual dividend for the six months ended December 31st, at the rate of ten per cent per annum. With the extra Christmas dividend of $6 per share paid last month, this makes a return to the stockholders of the institution of 16 per cent on the par value of their stock for last year.

A special meeting of the shareholders of the Charles Nelson Company has been called for March 10th, to consider and vote upon the proposition to increase the capital stock from $750,000 to $1,000,000.

At the special meeting of the stockholders of the Bank of California held on Tuesday the action of the directors, to establish one or more banks in different sections of the city, was ratified and they also voted to increase the number of directors from eleven to twelve. At a subsequent meeting of the directors Frank Bartow Anderson was elected director to fill the newly created place, and was also made vice-president. Anderson is assistant cashier of the American Exchange National Bank of New York. He is to make San Francisco his future home and will take an active part in the management of the Bank of California.

—*The Financier*

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MUSIC

The MacDowell Concerts

There was a crush at the MacDowell concert last Saturday afternoon. Our foremost American composer demonstrated upon this occasion that his temperament and conceptions are poetic. His music comes, as he says, "from within, out," and he marshals the abstract thoughts of his listeners as he will. His playing of the pastel illustrating the Scotch poem (after Goethe) was delightful and is an argument to refute the theory that music cannot express the concrete without a diagram. This also was true of "The Eagle," an illustration of a Tennyson verse. He graciously repeated "The Shadow Dance" which is so familiar to many pianists. He played the Concert Etude which he gave at the Steindorff concert as an encore number, in brilliant style, and after numerous recalls repeated it. He also gave in his first part, numbers by Mozart, Rameau and Schubert. The *piece de resistance* to the MacDowell disciples was his "Keltic Sonata," a composition noble in structure and worthy to take its place among the classic gems of modern times.

Another large audience greeted Dr. MacDowell on Monday evening. Nearly all the local musicians of note and a great number of smart society folks were there. Numbers by Bach and Loeilby were the first, and then came the Moonlight Sonata. MacDowell's interpretation was exquisite. In the Adagio movement grief was expressed as wofully as it is possible for that emotion to be conveyed by a piano. In the second movement, the pianist soothed and enthused his audience, but in the last, the Presto, his hearers were left tumultuous and sorrowful, as Beethoven could have wished them to be. Let us bow to the master who can play upon our emotions thus. It was after the Allegretto movement the ushers seated some late comers, and during the ill-timed process the artist remained idle and looked calm rebuke at the offenders. Besides a Grieg "Notturno" and "Rustic Wedding March" by Strong, the composer played several of his own compositions, closing with a brilliant "Polonaise" (Op. 46). As an accompanist he was a revelation and a delight. Mrs. M. E. Blanchard sang sweetly six of his charming songs. The greatest compliment that could be paid her she received—the composer's approving smile. MacDowell's extremely modest manner is most refreshing.

Explanatory Lectures

J. Hamilton Howe, Mus. B., gave his first lecture before the students of the Von Meyerinck School of Music on last Monday afternoon at three o'clock. The subject was an explanatory talk upon the works to be given at the second concert of the Zech Symphony Orchestra. The illustrations were given from the pianoforte, Mr. Howe being assisted in the four-hand arrangements by Miss Mabel Gordon. Some very pertinent remarks were made in reference to methods of carrying on symphony concerts for the past twenty years, and an earnest plea for the support of the present series of symphony concerts, that they may have permanency. In addition to the regular students of the Von Meyerinck school there were several others present who are interested in symphonic work. These lectures are for the public and will be given at the Von Meyerinck school each Monday afternoon preceding the Zech concerts.

Wenzel Kopta, a famous Bohemian violinist who has been concertizing with Richard Strauss, Anton Dvorak, Felix Weingartner and others, will give two recitals in this city at Steinway hall, Tuesday night, January twenty-seventh and Friday afternoon, January thirtieth, under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. The programs will include Tartini's "Trill of the Devil," Paganini's second concerto with the famous "Campanella," the "Witch's Dance," Ernst's Hungarian Airs, Laub's Polonaise and other standard classics of violin literature. Mr. Gyula Ormay will play the accompaniments. The sale of seats will open at Sherman Clay & Co.'s next Thursday morning at nine o'clock, and prices will be seventy-five cents and one dollar.

Madame Fabbri-Mueller will be given a testimonial on her seventy-first birthday next Friday evening, at Steinway hall, when a most interesting program will be presented. Madame Fabbri has lived in San Francisco thirty years, coming here after she had attained note as prima donna of the Imperial opera houses of Vienna and Berlin, at Covent Garden and in oratorio in London.

DR. ALEX J. McIVOR-TYNDALL
Who lectures Sunday Eve., January 18th, at Steinway Hall, 223 Sutter St.

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Testimonial to a Boy Soprano

If little Angelo Fabbri were in New York he would be drawing a fat salary as soprano in a boy choir at a smart church. Perhaps it is better for the child and his voice, if not for his fame and pocket-book, that he lives in San Francisco. His people are musicians and artists and they do not lightly prize the divine gift that is Angelo's. His voice has been carefully trained and his control of it is really wonderful. At his benefit concert last week he sang Gounod's "Ave Maria," the Patti arrangement of "Home Sweet Home," "A fors e lui" from "La Traviata," and "Then You'll Remember Me" from "The Bohemian Girl," the last two in costume. His singing was perfect. Unlike most boy sopranos, Angelo Fabbri's voice is not a shrill treble. It is as sweet and sympathetic as a woman's, just an occasional sharp tone reminding one that it is a boy's voice. He sings with marvelous ease and trills and staccatos like a bird. In the Gounod number, two of Angelo's boy friends, N. Feuerstein and Irving Bibo, furnished the accompaniment, the former at the violin, the latter at the piano. Master Feuerstein also played a Godard Berceuse and Moszkowsky's Serenata, with Master Bibo at the piano, both showing an excellent knowledge of their instruments. There were other numbers, the best being a recitation by Miss Martha Stuart Miller. She gave the beautiful "Soul of the Violin," which calls for so many degrees of expression.

Thirteenth Eaton Organ Recital

On Thursday evening at Trinity church a large audience enjoyed Mr. Louis H. Eaton's thirteenth organ recital. Though these recitals are free to the public, a collection on this occasion was taken up for the benefit of the choir fund. The program was a fine one, including organ numbers by Bach, Saint-Saens, Bush and Guilmant; violin numbers, rendered by Hother Wismer, by Sinding and Ernst; soprano solos by Miss Dorothy Goodsell—"With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's oratorio, and Gounod's "Oh, Divine Redeemer."

At the usual monthly musical service at St. Dominic's tomorrow evening, the following program will be rendered: Organ prelude, Fantasie in F minor, Callaerts; "Praise ye the Lord," Randegger; solo, "O ye that love the Lord," Miss L. C. Stone; quartet, "Sub Tuam," Dubois; solo, "Come unto Me," Coenen, Mrs. Lily Roeder Apple; organ solos, Moderato (Gothic Symphony), Widor, Andante Grazioso in A (first time of performance), H. J. Stewart; Allegro, from Sixth Symphony, Widor, Mr. William B. King, organist of the First Congregational church, Oakland; selection from "The Last Judgment," Spohr; solo, "Abide with Me," Liddle, Miss Ella V. McCloskey; solo, "Remember, Lord," (Fall of Babylon), Spohr, Mr. T. G. Elliott; "Av Verum," Gounod; at benediction, "O Salutaris," Stewart; "Tantum Ergo," Dettner; organ postlude, March in C, Spohr. Dr. H. J. Stewart is organist and director of the choir.

A concert of unusual interest will be given by Dr. H. J. Stewart at Steinway hall on Tuesday evening, February third, when will be presented a program consisting entirely of his own compositions. Dr. Stewart's friends in the musical profession have united in tendering their services on this occasion, and with their assistance the composer will be enabled to present to the musical public of San Francisco a number of works hitherto unheard in this city.

In the description of the new San Francisco Conservatory of Music, in a December issue of *Town Talk*, occurred two typographical errors. It was represented that Professor Bonelli has eighteen pianos in his school whereas he has only ten. The lesser number is quite sufficient for the purposes of the school, though the intelligent compositor appeared to think that eighteen are essential to a well regulated musical academy. He also limited the number of concerts given by Professor Bonelli to one a year, whereas two are always given.

I hear that Carrie Brown Dexter, one of Oakland's best sopranos, is going East to try her luck in vaudeville or musical comedy. She will live with Mrs. Olive Reed Cushman while in New York. —*The Music Critic*

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LETTERS

The Last Book of Norris

More than ever must we realize, after reading "The Pit," the great loss that has been sustained in the death of Frank Norris. As each successive book issued from the press it was remarked the enormous stride upward and forward which he had made. The question which was raised when "The Octopus" appeared, whether that was not the climax from which there would thereafter be a steady decline is answered in the negative. "The Pit" is even a better book than the "Octopus." It is free from the repetitions and reiterations which many readers found monotonous, and it has fewer mannerisms. There is too, more of human interest. The characters stand out more clearly from the background. There are fewer of them, and the scene is more compact. Though one divines from the first that Jadwin will speculate in wheat, that he will fail and lose his whole fortune and that in his fall he will drag others with him, nevertheless it will not lessen the interest in the drama for any but those readers who care only for the clearing up of a mystery in the last chapter. The character drawing is masterly. There is Jadwin, a type of American self-made millionaire, beginning life on a farm, and making his way upward. All he knows is work and he does not know how to stop it or do anything else. And Cressler, "once bitten, twice shy," who succumbs to the sure thing. There is Landry Court, the young employee of the commission house, who buys and sells millions of bushels a day without feeling any temptation to speculate on his own account, and Corthell, the dilletante artist and elegant. One could shake hands with the women. We know them all. Laura, the product of Massachusetts culture, looking down from the heights of her "grand manner," on poor Chicago, though she did have to come West to hear her first opera; and Page, the raw schoolgirl, with her journal habit and her finicky neatnesses and great aspirations, and Aunt Wess —a photograph could define her no more accurately than her sole interest in the opera, gone over and over for days afterward "I can't think why he didn't marry her and be done with it." Even the gray cat which comes out at the close of the operations in the pit, the sun itself, and the pigeons which Cressler feeds with handfuls of wheat from the sample table are individuals and characters. No book which has yet been written has made so clear the technical complications of speculation. There are chapters and incidents throughout which would make short stories in themselves, and the conversations are true to life. Mr. Norris's style is not epigrammatic and does not lend itself readily to the gleaner of detached sentences, but there are whole scenes which could be detached and lose nothing by separation. There are vivid bits of description such as only Norris could conceive, and between and behind and around everything is the air of speculation. The wheat creeps into every episode. It comes between every promise and fulfillment; it is everywhere; it is a visible, tangible Force, which crushes everything and ingulfs Jadwin in the end as certainly as it did S. Berman in the "Octopus." While "The Pit" has more of the elements which go towards the making of a popular book than had "The Octopus," it is hardly likely to figure in the lists of "best selling." There is too much depth of thought to appeal to the rapid skimmers of light fiction. It will appeal more to men than to women and to the elderly rather than to the young. Like the others of Mr. Norris's books, its interest is not ephemeral. It will be as good ten or twenty years from now as in the year of its publication. Even should grain speculation and the cornering of markets become no longer possible, "The Pit" will still remain a valuable addition to literature as a picture of the life of its time. [Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.]

The Hysterical Marie

Marie Corelli has been adding to the gayety of nations for lo, these many years, but never in greater degree than when she is most serious. She has managed to pick a quarrel with everything on the earth and a good many things elsewhere, for Marie is a sort of Carrie Nation in her warfare. She goes in for smashing, and she smashes right heartily, amid the cheers of her supporters and the jeers of the rabble whom she disdains. The French judiciary, who have been making such curious rulings concerning dramatic criticism, are following the footpath marked out by the British authoress, since she long ago denounced critics and reviewers and all their works, and declared that they displayed only ignorance and impudence in commenting on books—her books. And yet, Marie has taken it upon herself to act as general censor, and to protest and object and criticise, and run the kingdom generally. The wonder is that newspapers will continue to take her seriously, and enter into explanations and debates with her. Though she professes to despise puffery, and to be above advertising herself, everything she does is an advertisement. Authors generally are supposed to be of the modest and shrinking violet order, and Marie has represented herself as the most modest of all, but her recent calling to account of the *Gentlewoman* was enough to set all doubts at rest. Now she is at it, hammer and tongs, declaring that she is misquoted in making certain remarks about American millionaires. It is not going to change the species, one way or the other, unless Marie has her eye on some specific one, or is expecting a legacy which a repetition of her strictures might head off. It is waste of space to pay any attention to her, for like all hysterical ranters, what she really cares about is not the promulgation of her convictions, but notoriety.

Memoirs of a Countess

Another interesting contribution to Napoleonic literature is a volume entitled "Memoirs of Countess Potocka," a translation by Lionel Strachey. The countess was a member of the Polish royal family, and she was an enthusiastic patriot. She saw much of Napoleon and of many other famous historical characters with whom she enjoyed social intercourse, and she presents many of them from an entirely new viewpoint. Hers is a plain, frank tale and it is related without any affectation, or any attempt at style. The book contains a vast amount of valuable and captivating information regarding personages that figured in the history of Poland, Russia and France from 1798 until 1819. The pages are devoid of rhetorical flourish, but it is evident that the countess was a woman of keen perception. She has told her story in a simple, straightforward way that convinces the reader that the writer was imbued solely with a desire to relate occurrences as she had witnessed them. [Doubleday & McClure Co. are the publishers.[

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The Revival of Old Books

Complaint is being raised by some reviewers because they have discovered, too late, that Mrs. Atherton's latest book, "The Splendid Idle Forties," is only a revised edition of "Before the Gringoes Came." There has been considerable republishment of old books with new names, with no intimation that they were reissues, but in this particular instance, the Macmillans stated plainly enough for any one to understand, that Mrs. Atherton's book was just what it proved to be, so exception is taken without good ground. But what great matter does it make if reviewers are not perpetual publishers' catalogues? Who is hurt if they do treat a new edition as a new book? It is not likely that any of the world's masterpieces will be so unknown that mistakes will be made in regard to them, and for the others, a book must have had something in it when it calls for a reprint long after it has ceased to be current literature. Some books are written before their time. They fail to attract the attention that they should when they first appear. ..o one can remember even the names of all the books, much less their contents. Why feel aggrieved at not accomplishing the impossible? Why not treat a new edition of an old book, unless it be a classic which every one is supposed to know all about, precisely as one would a new book? Even in the case of some of the classics, they would be the better if some of the glamour were removed and a plain, up-to-date treatment accorded them. Some books enjoy a sort of fetich worship, a veneration passed on from generation to generation. No one reads them, but they have been praised and admired on the strength of their early reputation. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "Sanford and Merton" are examples. It is a brave spirit who will dare to look at them by the modern electric light instead of the old-time candle. Each new edition is spoken of with bated breath, and the attitude of the reviewers is that of mourners at a funeral. They walk on tiptoes and murmur the virtues of the deceased. If some one would throw open the shutters and let in the daylight, it might be discovered that there is only the empty coffin after all. The only reason for a book to be kept alive is that it has something to say to us here and now, not because it had or was presumed to have had a message to a past generation. Publishers issue reprints and new editions on the supposition that live readers want them. It is the business of the reviewer to make known what he finds, not to tell his clientele that their grandparents read this book with pleasure, profit or understanding fifty years ago. No honest publisher will stoop to the deception of pretending that his products are other than they are. If reviewers are too careless or indifferent to note the information furnished them, they should not constitute that a grievance against publishers.

There is not a library in the world big enough to accommodate all the books published in any ten years, and there is, likewise, not a library in the world which has any inclination to house them all. Not one in twenty of the volumes which issue from the press is of any real value, and there is no occasion for regret that the others cannot find permanent sanctuary. Our modern books are, for the most part, hastily put together, printed on cheap paper, intended "for the trade." It results in making books cheap enough for every one to own a library at small cost, but the books as well as their contents, are not liable to last long. The paper, ink and other accessories contain within themselves the elements which lead to their disintegration, and the prediction has been made that in fifty years from now there will be nothing to show for our accumulations but heaps of dust. At all events, there is so little probability of permanence that it is seriously being discussed, more particularly with reference to the volumes required to be deposited with the librarian of Congress for copyright purposes, and there is some likelihood that a special requirement will be enforced before long, obliging authors to have at least two necessary copies printed in enduring form, to withstand the ravages of time.

A Fruit Problem

There is an amusing little story in the December *National Magazine*, though the theme is somewhat hackneyed—the woman with a mania for hearing burglars at night. But this woman was a phenomenal young housewife, for she made currant, crab apple and grape jelly, besides other varieties unnamed, all in the space of a single week. What section of the country she lived in where she found summer and autumn fruit ripe at the same time, the author, James Raymond Perry, does not see fit to tell us, but we can do pretty well in California in the fruit line, and that is beyond us. It is like the description I once read of a "Washington's Birthday dinner," in which cherry blossoms and ripe fruit formed the basis of decorations and dessert, though the immortal George was born in February, when even under the most favorable of conditions, ripe cherries are three or four months in the future, not to refer to the difficulty of finding fruit and blossoms both available at the same time. However, it read nicely, and the designer probably pocketed her earnings from her idea without a thought of its impracticability.

Mrs. Fremont Older's socialistic novel will be out next month. —*The Bookworm.*

About Seeds

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The Cox Seed Company of 411-413-415 Sansome street has issued its annual illustrated catalogue of seeds and plants. It contains a complete price list of all the seeds and plants grown on the Pacific Coast. The Cox Seed Company is among the largest growers and dealers of the best seeds and plants and trees in the West, and their business is rapidly increasing, owing to the fact that growers are giving the preference to native grown seeds over the Eastern product.

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STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION AND VALUE OF THE ASSETS AND LIABILITIES OF

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(A CORPORATION)

And where said Assets are situated. Dated December 31, 1902

1—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... $24,542,952.93

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State ($23,987,952.93), and the States of Oregon ($280,000.00) and Washington ($275,000.00). Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

2—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 873,100.00

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Gold Bonds," "Northern Railway Company of California First Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds," "Northern California Railway Company First Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds," "Spring Valley Water Works First Mortgage 6 per cent Bonds," "Spring Valley Water Works Second Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds," "Spring Valley Water Works Third Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds," "Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California, Series 'A,' 6 per cent Bonds," "Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California, Series 'F' and 'G' 6 per cent Bonds," "Pacific Gas Improvement Company First Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds," "Park and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds," "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds," "United States 3 per cent Bonds," "Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California First Consolidated Mortgage, Series 'A' and 'B,' 5 per cent Bonds, "Southern Pacific Company 4 1-2 per cent Gold Bonds," "Southern Pacific Railroad Company of Arizona First Mortgage 6 per cent Bonds," "Oakland Water Company 5 per cent Gold Bonds," "Contra Costa Water Company 5 per cent Gold Bonds," "Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company 5 per cent Gold Bonds," "United Railroads of San Francisco 4 per cent Bonds," "Bay Counties Power Company of California 5 per cent Bonds," "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds," "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company 5 per cent Bonds," "Pacific Light and Power Company of Los Angeles, California, 5 per cent Bonds," "Pacific Electric Railway Company of California 4 per cent Bonds," and other Collateral Securities, the market value of all said Bonds and Securities being ($1,054,706.00). Said Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, and said Notes, Bonds and Securities are there situated.

3—Bonds of the United States, the actual value of which is..... 22,642,513.32

The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own vaults and are there situated. They are "Registered 4 per cent of 1907 ($18,500,000.00) and 4 per cent of 1925 ($2,000,000.00) and 3 per cent of 1908 ($500,000.00) United States Bonds, and are payable only to said Corporation.

4—Miscellaneous Bonds the actual value of which is 6,866,716.76

The condition of said bonds is as follows: They belong to said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own vaults and are there situated. They are "Market Street Cable Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds ($1,121,000.00)," "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds ($339,000.00)," "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds ($150,000.00)," "Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds ($158,000.00)," "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds ($82,000.00)," "Presidio and Ferries Railroad Company 6 per cent Bonds ($29,000.00)," "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds ($6,000.00)," "Northern Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds ($584,000.00)," "San Francisco and and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds ($387,000.00)," "Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California 6 per cent Bonds ($1,257,000.00)," "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds ($56,000.00)," "West Shore Railroad Company of New York 4 per cent Bonds ($500,000.00)," "Spring Valley Water Works First Mortgage 6 per cent Bonds ($111,000.00)," "Spring Valley Water Works Second Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds ($462,000.00)," "Spring Valley Water Works Third Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds ($1,020,000.00)," and "City of San Luis Obispo 5 per cent Bonds ($20,257.27)."

5—Interest on Miscellaneous Bonds accrued to January 1, 1903..... 312,359.48

6 (a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($481,637.22), and in the counties of Santa Clara ($245,693.10), Alameda ($182,945.75), and San Mateo ($24,345.43), in this State, the actual value of which is 934,621.50

(b) The land and building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is 572,507.54

The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—Proportion of taxes for the Fiscal Year 1902-3 chargeable to the next half year..... 47,801.46

8—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin, belonging to said Corporation, and in its possession, and situated at its said office; Actual Value 1,125,600.51

Total Assets $57,917,170.49

LIABILITIES.

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is..... $54,680,871.39

The condition of said Deposits is that they are payable only out of said assets and are fully secured thereby.

2—Reserve Fund: Actual Value..... 3,236,299.10

Total Liabilities $57,917,170.49

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.
By ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.:

JAMES R. KELLY and ROBERT J. TOBIN, being each separately duly sworn, each for himself says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President, and that said ROBERT J. TOBIN is Secretary of the HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President..
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of January, 1903. GEORGE T. KNOX, Notary Public.
In and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California,

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In a late number of *Social News:* Mr. S. C. Hall, the venerable apostle of total abstinence says:—"I have looked about for something to drink, and I think I have found it—pleasant, palatable, healthful. I refer to the Ginger Ale manufactured by **Cantrell & Cochrane** (of Dublin and Belfast.) I know of no drink so delicious, and I believe it to be as healthful as it is agreeable." This is praise from the Sir Hubert Stanley of temperance, and where he leads the public may safely follow.—*Court Circular.*

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Other People's Ideas

From "Casa Braccio," by F. Marion Crawford:

"The perfection of love, while it lasts, is in that double certainty from within and from without, which, if once disturbed, can never be restored again. Singly, the one part or the other may remain as of old, but the wholeness of the two has but one chance of life."

"She had that rarest quality in women which commands men without inspiring love. It is very hard to explain what that quality is, but most men who have lived much and seen much have met with it at least once in their lives. There is a sort of manifested goodness for which the average man of the world has a profound and unreasonable contempt. And there is another sort which most wholly commands the respect of that man who has lived hardest. The cynic, the worn-out man of the world, the man whose heart is broken, all look upon the one as a weakness, and the other as a strength. Perhaps there is more humanity in the one than in the other. A hundred women may rebuke a man for something he has done, and he will smile at the reproach, though he may smile sadly. Another will say to him the same words, and he will be gravely silent, and will feel that she is right, and will be the better for it ever afterward. And she is not, as a rule, the woman whom such men would love."

Stefanie: "Study, study! What does it all conclude, this great study? Headache. For a flask of wine you have the same thing, and the pleasure besides."

Lord Redin: "A man who has not even a vice is a very lonely man."

Annetta: "Words are not pennies. The more one wastes, the more one has."

"A kiss in which all other kisses seemed to meet and live and die a lingering, sweet death."

"The passion of a strong man is loving and taking, and the passion of a good woman is loving and giving."

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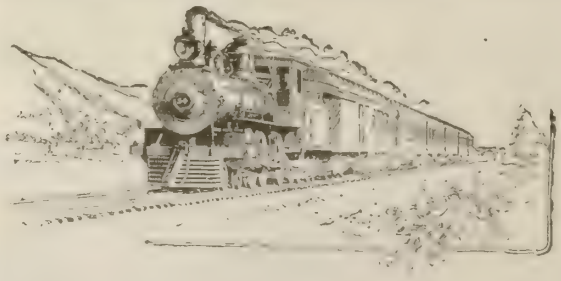

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Dalrymple: "Do you know what hell is? A life without love when one knows what love can mean."

"It is a great mistake to think that the people who think and talk of suicide will not take their own lives. On the contrary, statistics show that it is more those who speak of it the most frequently who ultimately make way with themselves. The mere fact of contemplating and discussing death familiarizes man with it till he does not even attribute to it its true value, which is little enough, as most of us know."

"A man whose existence is penetrated by the existence of a rarely refined woman seldom cares much for the daily society of men. He prefers to be alone when he cannot be with her."

"The widowhood of the unsatisfied is hell, compared with the bereavement of complete possession."

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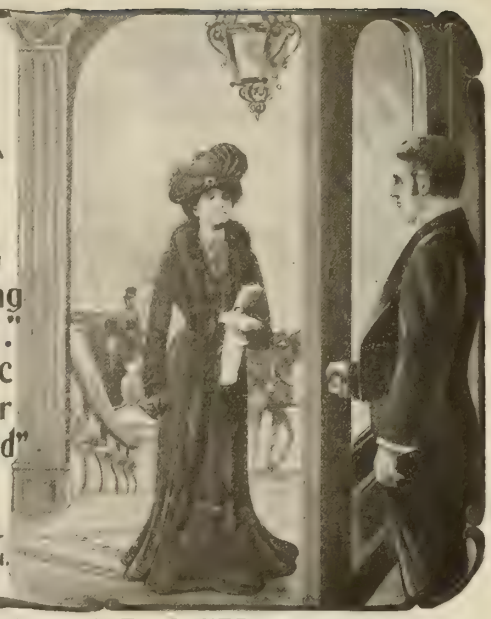

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From "Only a Girl," by Von Hillern:

The Countess: "Only intense feeling can beget intense feeling, and whoever has known none such has never lived."

The Countess: "A woman who for the first time truly loves is in the first bloom of youth, whether she be sixteen or thirty."

Taun: "One who pays court to 'the ladies' may very possibly be no advocate for women, since, according to my brother Schopenhauer, what constitutes the modern lady is not the strength, but the weakness, of her sex."

—*The Gleaner.*

Stories Old and New

A Retaliative Punishment

Bernal Osborne was noted, when a young man, for his saucy tongue and his propensity for ridiculing his friends. One of them, a Mr. Stanley, was a massive but slow-speaking man, who at last

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lost his temper, and said to Osborne's banter:

"I'll tell you what it is, Osborne, the Almighty has been very equal in the distribution of His gifts. He has given you a tongue, and He has given me a leg. Now, the next time you use the tongue, I'll use the leg."

Wit Not Always Kind

Osborne was an officer of the Twenty-first Regiment. One day, when his colonel, his wife, and the officers were lunching, it fell to Osborne's lot to carve a pigeon-pie. He had a grudge against the colonel, whose name was Pigeon. Turning to Mrs. Pigeon, and offering to help her, he impudently said:

"Do you like Pigeon? I don't."

The audacious subaltern soon found it convenient to exchange into another regiment.

Later in life, he entered the House of Commons, became its "free lance"—the terror of all and the trusted of none. He failed, because Englishmen thought that a man of so much humor, and with such a saucy tongue, could not be a good legislator.

"Oh, S——," said he one day, to an intimate friend, "if you only knew how much my jokes cost me!"

They cost him his re-election to Parliament, and illustrated the compensating nature of the world.

Country Lad (showing among other farm sights a big cow with crooked horns): "That's the best cow we have!"

City Cousin: "Well, if he were mine I'd have his handle bars straightened."

Where Portraits are Valued

In India it is regarded as a necessity to impress the reality of the English *raj* upon the native mind by keeping the features of the Monarch well before them. Even the poorest of ryots possesses some sort of portrait of the Kaiser-i-Hind, and these portraits are hung out of the windows and lattices on all occasions of public rejoicing, just as if they were flags. In an Indian city on the day after the death of the late Queen, a crowd of people bent in attitude of reverence before a portrait of Her Majesty which was hanging on the lintel of the door of a native bazaar. It was a picture in many colors cut from a handkerchief, and it had been hastily stitched upon a background of black Italian lining. —*The Raconteur*

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, January 24, 1903

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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THEODORE F. BONNET - - Editor
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A Game of Bluff

When President Roosevelt said in his last message that it was not necessary to reach the trusts through the tariff; that they could be regulated and held in restraint by legislation, we predicted that the Administration would fail to "make good." We believed at the time that the Republican party was preparing to engage in that great game of bluff in which it has had great experience, and having observed the tactics of the statesmen at Washington, who are pretending to be eager to pass an effective anti-trust bill, we are quite convinced that the game is on. To a casual observer it appears that every other man in the Senate and House is anxious to be the father of the bill that ultimately passes, and each is disparaging the work of the other and charging bad faith. It is hard to believe that any of them is in good faith. In the seeming confusion of ideas and clash of interests it appears as though nobody hopes to accomplish anything, and that all are most concerned about the political capital to be got out of the controversy. Even the line of attack on corporations recommended by the President through Attorney-General Knox is believed to be without merit. His main purpose appears to be to promote and nurture, against corporations, competition by individuals. He does not ask that any restrictions be imposed on consolidation. Neither does he suggest how individuals are to be induced to compete against the trusts. It is evident that the Administration has some very vague notions on the subject. Meanwhile we are nursing so-called infant industries by means of a protective tariff, and only the other day the Administration confessed that it believed the Coal Trust would deal fairly with the public if the tariff were taken off coal. Isn't it fair to assume that a similar result would be achieved if other trusts were forced by the same method to meet competition? There is surely a suggestion of inconsistency in the attitude of the Administration. Perhaps the President is sincere but we are inclined to believe that he has been converted to the views of the capitalistic classes that have shaped legislation and that are responsible for the high tariff laws which give them protection and bounties. Perhaps he has come to the conclusion that he owes allegiance to his party rather than to the people who are demanding the smashing of trusts. That party is dominated by the capitalistic classes that enjoy privileges which should be regulated for the public benefit. Hence it is quite natural for the representatives of those classes to protest against tariff tinkering, and to invite legislation of a character calculated to hoodwink the public. Amendments to the Sherman law do not bother them. Laws to be effective must be enforced, and the courts are reluctant to enforce laws that might reduce the income of the Morgans and the Rockefellers. We are told that the economic system of this country is based upon the principle of free and equal opportunity to all, but we know that the capitalistic classes have a voice in the shaping of legislation, and we decline to admit that all are blessed with the same opportunities.

That Kipling Calendar

If Kipling does as he has a just right to do, he will sue the Ladies' Relief Society of Oakland for a sum sufficient to teach them a much-needed lesson on the subject of international copyright and the sanctity of a business agreement. Briefly, the Ladies had one of their periodical fits of philanthropy, and according to precedent, they looked about them for some scheme by which they could raise money without digging down into their own pockets. They hit upon the scheme of a Kipling Calendar, and without consulting the author they set to work to make excerpts from his writings. When they had completed their task they "thought it would be but courtesy to Mr. Kipling to ask his permission to publish these cuttings from his works." The courtesy amounted to a simple notification that they intended to do so, and they evidently had an idea that he would not dream of objecting, since for a mere writer to be recognized in any shape by a "society lady of Oakland" is an honor not to be lightly regarded. Unfortunately for the ladies, Kipling had a deep-rooted impression that he had some rights of proprietorship in his own writings, and besides, he had already granted the privilege of issuing a calendar to a publisher, under conditions which prevented his authorizing another. Whatever might be his private views with regard to the society ladies and their scheme, it is a hard and fast fact that business is not conducted on a basis of chivalry. "After you, my dear Alphonse," is not the rule, though the dear ladies seem to think it is. If it is true that Professor Charles Mills Gayley, Professor George C. Edwards and Professor Morse Stephens of the University of California encouraged Mrs. F. N. Wilson, who is doing the talking for her side, to persist in the publication of the Oakland calendar, it is ample cause for an investigation of their morals. If George C. Perkins and Isaac Requa gave them any such advice they, too, are in need of fumigation. Because this scheme had its inception in a so-called charity gives these women no more right to appropriate Kipling's writings than it would to levy on the salaries of the University professors or put their hands into the vaults of Requa's bank. Kipling lives by the proceeds of his pen. He has no interests or connection with Oakland or its inhabitants. It is not improbable that as an outcome of this encounter with the brains of the university and the wits of society, he may conclude that they are a community of lunatics at large,

Our Predatory Statesmen

The Legislature is now perpetrating its biennial raid on the State treasury, and the tax-payers are looking on with complacency. The small-fry statesmen from the cowpaths of the interior and the byways of the metropolis are a thrifty band of predatory tax-eaters. They conceive it to be their duty, upon taking their seats in the halls of legislation, to stimulate the circulation of public funds, and to that end they proceed to invoke the assistance of numerous co-plunderers whom they appoint to various positions created for the sole purpose of consuming public funds. Just before the Legislature opens its biennial session Sacramento becomes the Mecca of all the indigent politicians in the State, and as soon as the statesmen take their seats they stuff the government payroll with the names of the needy. Insignificant indeed is the political parasite who hasn't pull enough to get a job at Sacramento when the Legislature is in session. But there are other ways of frittering away the funds of the dear people. And our predatory statesmen are skilled in all of them. It is customary for the Legislature at each session to add to the cost of maintaining public institutions, and very often that is done by increasing the number of such institutions. California is now supporting five insane asylums and another is demanded. All the insane people in the State could be accommodated in two asylums, but five such institutions are desirable from the politician's standpoint, because they afford a large field for the political job-chasers. Many of the inmates of our insane asylums are people of sound mind who were committed to enable them to live at the expense of the taxpayers of the State. Many of them who are being supported by the State have relatives who are able to take care of them but who have been spared that task by kind lunacy commissioners in the several counties. These are facts well known to officials of the State government. Yet nobody considers it his duty to expose the mismanagement of State affairs. New, unnecessary and expensive institutions have been accumulating in this State for years, and though feeble protests have been heard from time to time, at each session of the Legislature measures for the promotion of extravagance are unblushingly presented. Governor Pardee has expressed himself in favor of an economical administration. He should not be content to conduct existing institutions economically. His purpose should be to abolish unnecessary institutions. There is a splendid field in California for a reform Governor, and if Pardee is really free from entangling alliances he should proceed to exploit it.

The Spectacular Philanthropist

From Texas comes the news that the Standard Oil Company has absorbed the oil fields of that State. Perhaps in a few weeks we will learn that Mr. John D. Rockefeller has presented another million to the Chicago University, and two or three millions more to the Methodist church. Standard Oil Stock is on the jump, and there is every reason to believe that Mr. Rockefeller will soon feel that he has enough spare cash on hand to persuade some reverend sycophant to intone a few hymns to his charitable instincts. The Standard Oil Company is the finest type of that incorporated combine of capitalistic interests known as the trust, which this country has yet produced. It is controlled by unscrupulous men whose business it is to destroy competition and to compel all competitors to submit to their dictation. It has succeeded by unconscionable business methods. It controls State and Federal legislative machinery, and it has debauched the highest courts in the land. Yet John D. Rockefeller, the head and front of this gigantic exponent of greed and corruption, is held up by college presidents and ministers of the gospel as a great philanthropist and a model Christian. This most puissant of our predatory plutocrats has so long conducted his rapacious enterprises under the guise of charity and silenced criticism by spectacular philanthropy, that people have ceased to regard him with the repugnance that his name inspired some twenty years ago. But occasionally one does hear him discussed in the proper light. Professor Bascom, of Williams College, recently said of him: "John D. Rockefeller's dollars have sealed the lips of every instructor at the Chicago University and that institution will never become a truly great place of learning. I know that he has done more to foster commercial immorality than any man that now lives. First Rockefeller gained much of his money by discriminating in freight rates. Then he squeezed the smaller fellows out of business. He deliberately ruined them when necessary. Now what are we to think of money that is gained in that manner? Rockefeller daily causes untold misery and trouble. A discriminating beggar would not accept a penny from Rockefeller if he could get one anywhere else." There are not many college professors in these days of plutocrat patronage who have the courage to denounce smug hypocrites of the Rockefeller type. It would be a matter of congratulation if there were. College professors have been spending a deal of their time of late in fawning upon wealth. The country and its institutions need a little more of the sort of courage that Professor Bascom possesses. Philanthropic endowments are good things, but not when they buy commendation of chicanery, dishonesty and oppression.

The Unreliability of Statistics

There is a story going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that in questioning the children of the Chicago public schools it has transpired that there are a hundred thousand of the coming generation who do not know a rose from a violet and cannot name a buttercup or dandelion when they see one. If this is the case, it is in order to ask what good has resulted in side-tracking the essentials in order to give the right of way to nature study. It is only what was to be expected, however, and it is not even new. Dickens pointed the moral long ago in "Hard Times," when Sissy Jupe, child of circus performers, and living all her little life with the "show," was unable to define a horse according to Gradgrindian rules, while the glib Bitzer, star pupil of the school of facts, could reel off

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

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"Quadruped, grammivorous," and a half-score more of ponderous polysyllables. No doubt the young Chicagoese can, in like manner, recite, "endogenous, polypetalous, reticulate," and much more, beside the purpose. But the Chicago schools seem to have been pinched and nipped to demonstrate their susceptibility to pain; their eyes, ears and throats have furnished statistics, and every other kind of foolishness has been practiced upon them, not with any idea of ultimate benefit to the children, but simply and solely in order to furnish statistics. Any one but an educator by profession would begin to suspect the soul-weariness of the pupils. Those who deal with children in wholesale lots are well aware that children, and especially young children, are extremely obliging. They love to please their elders, and in their desire to do what is expected of them they are apt to lose sight of all else. And, too, when the same question is put consecutively to each child in the class, it is not at all surprising if they note the answer which gains the approval of the inquirer, and repeat it when their own turn comes. It is preposterous to assert that there are a hundred thousand children in the United States, much less in the single city of Chicago, who have never seen a rose. It is not in the least unlikely that the collector of statistics indicated in some way that he was desirous of a negative answer to his query, or at least, interested in negatives, and the children simply did their best to come up to expectations. Had he asked how many had never seen a hog or a horse, the results would have been just as surprising. A child asserts that he never saw a rose, but what proof is there that he is telling the truth? He pretends that he cannot distinguish a rose from a violet, but who goes back of the assertion and tests his knowledge? Instead of revealing a "heartrending condition" in Chicago, amongst the little people, it is much more likely a revelation of the credulity and gullibility of the statistic monger.

The Kaiser and the Poem

As this is a close season in literary affairs, anything at all is made to answer for a peg on which to hang a paragraph, so it is not surprising to find discussions of what modification Emperor William's opinion of Kipling has undergone, since the sympathetic telegram he sent to English author a few years ago on the occasion of his serious illness, and the "return" made by Kipling in his latest poem. Fortunately the Emperor is much more sensible and level-headed than the editors and sensational writers. He has more serious matters to occupy his attention than they have, and while they are exercising their wits to conjure up "situations" he goes calmly about his business. After the Coghlan incident, the newspapers would have had us believe that ultimatums were being prepared to be launched, hurled or presented to our government in some way, and we were to be ready for indemnity, apology or war. And what Emperor William did do, when he finally heard the story, was to enjoy a hearty laugh. Most of the news which reaches America concerning the peculiarities of the German Emperor comes by way of England, and it is just as well to make allowance for national jealousy. It is really a family matter, and perhaps it was quite natural for John Bull to resent the position of William, Emperor of a great nation, while Uncle Edward was kept in the background. William has been severely condemned and criticised for a vague and indefinite "unkindness" to his mother, but a little common sense would make it evident that he had no choice. Queen Victoria was an imperious old lady who never relaxed her governing hand. She never abated jot or tittle of her authority, and her children were expected to govern themselves and their affairs according to her wishes. When William acceded to the throne he was a dutiful son, but he soon discovered that in listening to the counsels of his mother, the Empress Frederick, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, he was indirectly taking the advice of his grandmother, and that in conceding to her he would be giving to Great Britain the long end of every wishbone. It was his solemn duty to be Emperor of Germany and to do his best for his own people, not to make his kingdom a dependency of the British throne and govern it as a viceroy of his grandmother. One example is as good as a score, and will serve to show the "long arm." It is one of the laws of the German Empire that no one afflicted with incurable disease or mentally unsound can succeed to the throne. It will be remembered that during the last illness of William I his eldest son and natural heir, Frederick, was also sick unto death. It was a serious question whether he would survive the Emperor. The German physicians pronounced his ailment a cancer of the throat, incurable, and shortly to prove fatal. This would have been sufficient reason to have passed him over in the succession, and to prevent his wife from enjoying the privileges and emoluments of a dowager empress, but Queen Victoria despatched Sir Morrill Mackenzie to Berlin, and he disagreed with the savants, holding that the disease was but an ordinary throat affection and amenable to treatment. Queen Victoria had her way, Frederick became Emperor of Germany, and ninety days after he succeeded to the throne he died—of cancer of the throat. Had he been a madman or an imbecile it is easy to see what endless troubles would have ensued and to understand why it became necessary for William to intimate to his mother that she should refrain from meddling with the policy and diplomatic relations of the empire. As to what he will do about Kipling's poem, the probabilities are that as soon as he has time he will read and enjoy it.

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That Sensational Elopement

There was one feature of the Parrott-Whitney elopement the other day which escaped the attention of the dailies. I refer to the pursuit of the lovers by the girl's mother. It was a most dramatic incident. Now that the young people are happily married all parties concerned are inclined to discuss the affair in a way to create the impression that it was unconventional merely by reason of the circumstance of the mother of the bride refusing to give her consent. There were other elements, however, that made the elopement truly sensational. When the young people accompanied by the groom's friends emerged from the hotel at Geary and Van Ness, where the Parrotts reside, Mrs. Parrott followed them bareheaded. She was in tears, pleading with her unruly daughter to renounce her fiance and return to the parental apartments. But Daisy Parrott, the eighteen-year old debutante, was steadfast in her resolve to wed the man of her choice. Up Van Ness avenue toward Sutter they went, Mrs. Parrott accompanying them, trying to persuade them to postpone the marriage. She did not leave them until they boarded a Sutter street car, and the parting scene was pathetic. Such an occurrence was indeed a shock to the family pride of the Parrotts. There is nothing that approximates the unbending aloofness of the Parrotts, and yet here was an occasion when motherly love precipitated a street scene that must have been most embarrassing to all concerned.

As to the Match

Ordinarily one should think that a marriage between Daisy Parrott and young Parker Whitney was a consummation devoutly to be wished by relatives on both sides. At any rate I am quite sure that there is not another debutante's mother in California who would not rejoice if her daughter made the match that has warmed the heart of Daisy Parrott. Young millionaires are not to be snared every day, and even though they have nothing but their millions to commend them match-making mammas are quite willing to overlook their shortcomings, whatever they may be. But the misgivings of a true mother were aroused in Mrs. Parrott at the prospect of her impulsive young daughter's marriage to the harum-scarum scion of the house of Whitney. There is nothing wrong with Parker Whitney, however, except that he occasionally gives rein to the spirit of bonhomie and up to date has declined to take a serious view of the responsibilities of life. But he is young yet and marriage may have a corrective influence. It is the wild, untamed youth that is often metamorphosed into a model husband.

The Parrott Clan

As Mrs. Parrott became reconciled to the match after the knot had been tied by an Episcopalian minister, I should not be surprised to learn that a second ceremony is to be performed in the near future, for the Parrotts are closely identified with the Catholic church. No woman has been more generous to the Catholic church here than Mrs. Abby Parrott, and the Catholic church edifice in San Mateo, the stronghold of the Parrott clan, was erected through her bounty. Mrs. Parrott, the head of the family, comes of Irish stock. She was a Maher of Maine, a farmer's daughter, and it was when a teacher in a Catholic ladies' seminary in Maryland that she met the banker whose second wife she later became. Her family proper consists of six children—John Parrott, Mrs. Robert Y. Hayne, Mrs. A. F. Payson, Mrs. Joseph A. Donahoe, Mrs. A. Douglas Dick of Scotland and Madame Auguste La Lande of France, with their respective families. Then there are the three children of Christian de Guigne, whose beautiful and gracious wife was Mrs. Parrott's daughter and for whom the family is in mourning. There is also Mrs. Tiburcio Parrott, whose husband was the offspring of John Parrott and a South American lady. She (Mrs. Parrott) was Therese Tably of Carson and she does not exactly figure in the Parrott clan though she is a most estimable and clever woman. Both John Parrott Sr. and Tiburcio Parrott made romantic matches, and Daisy evidently inherited her spirit from the founder of the clan. Though Mrs. Louis Parrott is now the most popular of the Parrott family her marriage with Louis, the nephew of John Parrott, did not evoke the enthusiastic approval of his relatives. Louis Parrott made his money in coffee in Central America, and it was on a trip to Pennsylvania that he met and wooed the mother of Daisy Parrott. She was a village belle.

The Whitney-Graydon Romance

The announcement of Miss Beryl Whitney's (daughter of Mr. Parker Whitney of California, now of Boston) engagement with Mr. Thomas H. Graydon, the Harvard athlete, comes as no great surprise to those "on the inside," for young Graydon's attachment to Miss Whitney after their unconventional little romance last November is well known in the smart set. The escapade which brought the lovers together reads like a Pinero comedy. Miss Whitney, accompanied by two girl chums, both the daughters of millionaires, had gone out without a chaperon from Miss Ely's school in New York. This aroused the wrath of the stern preceptress, and the "three little girls from school" were rusticated in a country village under the guard of a chaperon. While in this plight Miss Whitney telephoned to

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Mr. Graydon that she was a polite prisoner and urged him to come to her relief. He came, foisted himself off on the unsuspecting chaperon as Miss Whitney's brother, and in the guise of a relative enjoyed the girl's company during her rustication.

All Made Love to Parker

This reminds me, there is a streak of dare-deviltry in the Whitney blood. This came out last year at the Spreckels bal masque when young Parker Whitney, who is a small man, went disguised as a girl. The mysterious creature in feminine skirts caused quite a flurry among the men, and Whitney's skirts were in the lead of a procession of men all the evening. Even Mr. Frank Goad, Mr. Whitney's bosom friend, did not recognize the hoax, and he was the warmest in his demonstrations of affection toward the presumptive soubrette. The men imagined that the mysterious little stranger was a woman from the half world who had drifted in unawares, and Whitney took no pains to disillusionise them. She (or he) followed the men into the refreshment room and drank all to a standstill until Mrs. Spreckels was horrified at the scene and exclaimed, "It is easy to see that you are no lady, but I wish that you would remember that there are ladies here and conduct yourself accordingly." Mrs. Spreckels little knew how true she spoke when she accused the unknown of being "no lady," but when, a few minutes later, she found the same person on the stairs in the warm embrace of Mr. Jack Spreckels explanations were in order. It was then that it came out that the bad little interloper with the warm-hearted way with the men was Parker Whitney.

When Gladys Marries

No elopement or "secluded" home wedding is to be that of Gladys Merrill and Harry Bates. All their friends will be bidden to the marriage ceremony, in the First Congregational church, and a large reception will follow at the Merrill home in Washington street. Pretty Ruth Merrill will be her sister's maid-of-honor, and the four bridesmaids will be Marie Bull, Norma Castle, Ethel Dean and Zelda Tiffany. Charlotte Evans Thomas was to have been in the wedding party but her own sudden marriage with young Ben Thomas interfered. Alfred Bates will be his brother's best man and Tom Van Ness, Charlie Pringle, Ralph Merrill and Paul Jones will be the ushers.

Revolution in New York Society

What dictator shall henceforth presume to rigidly mark the bounds of irreproachable society, now that the golden ramparts erected by that grand old patriarch, Ward McAllister, have been ruthlessly broken down by that daring new leader, Harry Lehr. With his usual sang froid Mr. Lehr kicked down the society fences at Mrs. Astor's ball the other night in New York and admitted one hundred and fifty additional guests among the original four hundred exclusives in that holy of holies. Mrs. Astor gave him carte blanche to make out the invitation list for that annual swell affair. Very promptly he announced that it was "time this four hundred tyranny should cease and more of the right kind of people be recognized." Mrs. Astor has signified her intention of supporting Mr. Lehr in his startling annunciamento. The spirit of the indignant Patriarch McAllister may appeal for consolation to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but certainly he will get none from either Mrs. Astor or Mr. Lehr. Mrs. Astor's wish in New York society is like the nod of Imperial Jove on Olympus. In Newport she is Society's sole and undisputed head. Ambitious women have tried, from time to time, to supplant her, but so far without success. Whom the gods destroy, etc., is a trite saying, but what may not yet happen in that wing of New York society where a pert and sprightly champagne drummer rises to be the grand vizier of the high priestess and signs its gilded manifesto with the sacred fountain pen with which only yesterday he ticketed orders for wine!

Miss Frivol—When I get married it will be an elopement. If I don't run away to be married I will never be married at all.

Miss Seeryus—What is there to run away from?

Miss Frivol—From all the hollow mockery of a fashionable wedding; from the patronizing curiosity of the women and the significant smiles of the men. The man I love must have a soul above mere empty show.

Is Mistaken for Her Sister

The identity of the woman for whom Archduke Ferdinand Leopold of Austria renounced his rank and prerogatives, at the time he fled with his sister, the Crown Princess of Saxony and the French teacher, has been sadly muddled, according to a member of the consulate of that country. Wilhelmina Adamowicz has never been an actress as published. She was a saleswoman in a glove store in Brunn, and it was while selling gloves to the Archduke there that she made his acquaintance. She was educated to become a governess, but did not find a congenial place and in consequence took a position as saleswoman. She has a younger sister, "Gusti," who is a variety actress and it is this girl who has been mistaken for her and whose picture is appearing in all the papers. At present she is appearing in one of the minor music halls in Berlin. The two girls are the daughters of the present postmaster of Brunn. They have an elder sister, Leontine; she is married to a tobacconist of the name of Chedan at Graz. Wilhelmina, who ran away with the Archduke, is a remarkably handsome girl and well educated. She is entirely different both in intelligence and manners from Marguerite Stubel, for whose sake Archduke John in the same way renounced all his imperial honors and prerogatives and sailed away to South America.

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Zelie Is Steadfast

Once more have the despatches informed us that Zelie de Lussan was about to take unto herself a husband. And once more do we learn that it is a millionaire planter of Brazil who is to lure the charming Zelie from the footlights' soft glare. It was some ten years ago that Miss de Lussan first took us into her confidence in relation to her matrimonial plans, and she has ever since been reawakening our interest in those plans at intervals of two years. But she is the most consistent prima donna that I know of, for she is always going to marry that same man of millions in remote Brazil. She is not so fickle as other women of the stage in the matter of engagements. She is faithful to that Brazilian millionaire, whoever he is. Lillian Russell has had half a dozen husbands since Zelie de Lussan first announced her engagement, and Calve has been engaged to three men in the same period. Perhaps Zelie is waiting for her Brazilian lover to get a divorce.

Called MacDowell a Foreigner

The Music Teachers' Association of California, once a flourishing organization, is about to perish from inanition. It has been petering out for quite awhile and after one more concert it will collapse. In the years agone it was customary for the members to exploit their pupils in public, but in the course of time enthusiasm died out, dues became delinquent and teachers ceased to take any interest in the affairs of the society. Some days ago there was a meeting of the half-dozen members in good standing and they decided to disband, but as there was seventy-five dollars in the treasury a question arose as to how it should be dispersed. This was a serious problem. One teacher suggested that it be used to hire Mr. Edward MacDowell to deliver a lecture to the teachers. One lady promptly demurred, saying that she objected to "giving our funds to a foreigner."

"He isn't a foreigner," exclaimed the mother of the suggestion, "he was born in New York."

"Well, he's foreign to us," was the retort.

A third lady moved that the money be donated to a charitable institution. The motion failed to receive a second. Indeed it was pooh-poohed! Then the lady who had pronounced the great American composer a foreigner moved that the money be spent in giving a concert. This motion was carried but not unanimously. The society will go out of existence at a concert at which the pupils of two of the teachers will have the opportunity to display their talents.

Dining on Poison Foods

The government's experiments in feeding poisoned foods to twenty-four volunteers is attracting widespread attention both here and abroad. The daily prints are beginning to comment on the work. They will certainly give pages to the matter when the results are made known. The men who have subjected themselves to the task of digesting the poisoned food are nearly all employed in various Federal bureaus. They are all hale, hearty young fellows and their fears of any deadly outcome have been allayed by the promise of Dr. Wiley that under no circumstances shall they have to endure any sufferings. All they get in return is good board for six months, puffs in the papers and the glory of having helped science. But incidentally they may be doing an immense amount of wholesale good for the experiments are going to furnish data showing up the effects of the various food adulterations on the human system. For instance, these poison eaters are now dining on borax and salicylic acid, both of which are largely used as preservatives. In due course of time the volunteers will be fed formaline and the sulphites, both extensively employed in canned and other foods. Bi-sulphite of potash, which is put up in tablets for brewers to mix in their beer, will also be tried on these cheerful eaters. So will salts of copper and zinc, which the food jugglers use to "green" certain vegetables. Aniline dyes are put into preserved meats as well as into butter and jellies to give them the proper colors and these twenty-four martyrs to science will try these adulterants in capsules and Science will watch the effects.

After the Food Adulterators

The government experimenters have introduced several novel effects to safeguard accurate results. For instance the poison eaters don't dine on poison at every meal. The twenty-four are divided into four squads of six men each. Twelve men are resting their systems while the other twelve tackle the poisons at the "observation" table. Of this latter group only six eat poison at meals. To put it exactly, only five eat the poison. When the six take their seats each finds a capsule beside his plate. The government has arranged it so that one of these capsules contains some harmless substance like starch or sugar. By this arrangement each man of the six hopes that he is swallowing the harmless capsules and thereby his imagination is not haunted with the dread that he has gulped something injurious to his system. So his lugubrious fancies do not affect his bodily health. The experimenters are feeding the same poisons in larger quantities to various animals and the pathological results are being carefully noted. At the end of six months, when all the data is drafted, there is bound to be a bill sent into Congress that will create consternation among adulterated food manufacturers and joy in plebeian home circles deluged with impure foods.

A Rustic's Objection

I heard a pretty good one on an up-country groceryman's views on Del Monte which I think ought to be printed for the benefit of a few of Colonel Watterson's "too

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smart set." It seems that the swain was married to a little Spanish girl of his own home town, and when they went off on their bridal tour they told their friends that they were going to Del Monte to have a "real swell time." About ten days passed and the up-country grocer and his blushing bride returned to their home town.

"Did you have a good time at Del Monte?" asked a lounger when the bridegroom took his old place behind the counter.

"Del Monte's all right, I guess," said the grocer, "but there are lots of things in which it's a good bit out of date. They set a right smart table and I ain't got no kick coming about the way the rooms is kept. Everything was lots sweller than anything we ever had in this town—swell clothes, swell rigs and automobiles, swell horses and swell talk. Why, even the waiters was swell. I liked the air, too, and the view was grand. But there was one thing about the hotel that was strictly on the punk, and that was the proprietor. I don't know what was the matter with him. What do you think he did? Why, me and Minnie was in that hotel a whole week, walking up and down the halls and parlors and doing our best to make ourselves at home with the rest of the swells, and here stood that blamed gump of a proprietor looking right at us and never so much as offered to introduce us to nobody!"

The Savages of Boston

Dr. Minot J. Savage, the Unitarian clergyman who, on a Boston lecture platform, declared that "there are not four hundred religious men in New York," is well known in California, having visited here many times as the guest of the four hundred more or less churchly people in San Francisco. Dr. Savage is a brilliant talker, and as such was called some years ago to New York to take the richest and most fashionable pulpit there. It was in this capacity that he got a good chance to study the ungodly of Gotham and to prepare his scoring which he took back to Boston with him. Dr. Savage is one of the founders of the Society for Psychical Research and was at the head of the organization for years, and during the last years of his tenure of office he was somewhat criticised by the opposition because of his leaning toward spiritualism and its spooky tenets. But it was as the father of the poet, the late Philip Savage, that Dr. Savage was in every Boston mouth a few years ago. About that time Philip Savage, who was as well known in Bohemia as in church circles, met and loved Ethel Reed, the artist. She was then famous as the originator of the poster craze in America. Her work was not only new, but it was very beautiful, more so because she drew herself into many of her pictures, and she could have found no more beautiful model in New England. These poster portraits are now out of print and are highly prized by collectors. Well, she didn't marry Phil Savage. His enemies say that it was because his person was as unkempt as his genius. At any rate she broke their engagement and went abroad in the same steamer with a former lover whom she married in France. She has suffered the fate of talented wives and dropped completely from public life.

The Theatre Bounder

The rudeness of concert-goers, on which I commented last week, is not more distressing than that of the theatre-bounder whose boorish obtrusiveness is always in evidence in local playhouses. The late-comers are not more offensive than the commuters who rush for a boat and the hungry men and women who are intent upon getting a table in some local cafe. One night last week two women seated in the front row of the Grand donned their hats and wraps and noisily footed it out of the theatre during the soliloquy of Macbeth in the last act.

The Rector of St. Stephen's

The death of the Reverend Edgar J. Lion means a great loss to St. Stephen's parish, in which he had so long labored. His death was sudden, and came at the close of a week-day service at the church. He burst a blood-vessel in the head, and his death ensued quickly. Mr. Lion was a clergyman of the sort that is rare nowadays. He never cared for notoriety and did not preach sensational sermons or pose for the newspapers. His was a striking personality. His father, who I have heard was a Jew, had another career in view for his son, who took his religious ideas from his mother. Mr. Lion was a cultured man and very fond of music, in which art he had his three children thoroughly educated. He married some years ago Miss Carrie Holmes, a beauty of the Spanish type, and their union was one of perfect harmony.

Ben Wheeler's Plaint

President Wheeler of Berkeley says that the California newspapers garbled his biennial report; that they used a single paragraph as a basis for accusing him of leaning toward tuition fee charges whereas he has always been opposed to such charges. "However," adds President Wheeler, "I consider it not worth my while trying to vindicate my actions in the California newspapers. I feel that I have been unfairly treated through the press ever since I have been in California." Perhaps President Wheeler is in bad odor in newspaper offices, and perhaps it would be useless for President Wheeler to try to vindicate his actions in the newspapers. Occasionally a man is unfairly treated by one or two newspapers in a community, but when you hear a man complain of being unfairly treated by the press of the State in which he lives, if you investigate you will find that there are two sides to the story.

One of Mrs. Hearst's New Year gifts that she prizes highly is the book of patches, containing specimens of needlework by the co-eds in the sewing class at the university, established by her bounty. The little samplers are beautifully done, and Mrs. Hearst was much pleased to think the young needlewomen had accomplished such fine work.

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Monticello Club Losing Members

There have been many resignations from the Monticello Club of late, and somebody has started the report that it is a case of the rodents deserting a sinking ship. The Monticello Club is an organization which came into existence in the heyday of the political career of Gavin McNab when that now defunct boss was running in double harness with James D. Phelan. Together they undertook to make the Democracy of the State an exclusive organization. The Monticello club-rooms in Kearny street became the headquarters of the Democratic elite. The membership was drawn principally from interior towns, for McNab proceeded upon the theory that to properly reform San Francisco it was necessary to secure the co-operation of job-chasers from Modesto, Santa Rosa and other points. The club thrived for a time, but since the defeat of Lane the rooms have been deserted. Save for the occasional whispering of Gavin McNab and the *sotto voce* responses of Barney Murphy the echoes are never awakened. When Mayor Snyder, the pink whiskered Executive of Los Angeles, comes to town he is lured to the Monticello rooms, for McNab looks upon him as "available timber" in a gubernatorial race. But lately the bar-keeper has to mix drinks for himself to keep his hand from losing its cunning.

The New Movement

The Monticello membership began to fall off shortly after Mayor Schmitz made his new appointments. The Monticelloites promptly sat up and took notice that there was "something doing." The news was soon bruited that McNab had no hand in the distribution of the Democratic patronage. Gradually it dawned upon them that a new Democratic organization was coming into existence. Presently it leaked out that James H. O'Brien, a representative of the old school of Democracy, was leading a movement to take the control of the machinery out of the hands of the plush-chair warmers. And then the resignations began to pour in.

Schmitz's Patronage Deal

Anent the appointments of Mayor Schmitz, I am reminded of the sensational revelations made some days ago regarding the patronage deal negotiated for him by his astute mentor, Abe Ruef. It appears that the Mayor has given the labor organizations that elected him to office what is known in vulgar parlance as the "double-cross." But I am not surprised; neither are the readers of this paper who are familiar with all that I have written about the present municipal Administration, and the lightning-change poses of the flexible fiddler. When Mr. Schmitz was elected to office it was understood by his constituents that he would do all in his power to remove Chief of Police Wittman from office. The labor leaders who objected to going into politics were induced to do so when it was represented to them that a Mayor of their choice could take the police department out of the hands of the people who controlled it during the teamsters' strike. Eugene Schmitz promised to do that for them. The question of the reasonableness of their demands is not to be considered at this time. The fact is that instead of carrying out his promise Mayor Schmitz entered into a compact with representatives of the Employers' Association whereby he removed the one representative of the labor unions from the Police Commission and appointed thereon an ex-member of the Employers' Association. This was done in pursuance of an agreement with the Chief of Police, the man he was expected to remove, and with the two commissioners who are the friends and supporters of the Chief.

It Points a Moral

In other words, Eugene Schmitz is found playing into the hands of Commissioners Howell and Newhall of the Employers' Association, his sole purpose being to obtain control of the patronage of the Health Department. No doubt there are many people who are well satisfied with the management of the police department by Commissioners Newhall and Howell, and unquestionably there are many who think that Wittman is a satisfactory executive. I have no criticism to make of them at this time, my only desire being to call attention to the shiftiness of the man who was elected Mayor of this city by the labor organizations. I believe that his conduct points a moral regarding the danger of trying to carry water on more than one shoulder. The Mayor explains that he is simply interested in getting the bubonic plague Board of Health out of office, but the whole affairs savors very much of a patronage-grabbing scheme. The Mayor will have a hard time trying to convince his constituents that he made the deal by which he increases Wittman's tenure of office solely in the interest of the dear people.

Casey Greeted by Nierney

Admiral Casey ended his last voyage as an executive officer of the navy last Sunday afternoon, when the *New York* steamed into the bay and dropped anchor off Broad-

"Man delights not me; no, nor woman either."—*Hamlet.*

Could the Prince of Denmark have said that of the Olivina wines?

SPOHN--PATRICK CO.

way wharf. Admiral Casey goes on the retired list on February first and then Rear Admiral Glass takes command of the squadron. Though the *Marblehead* and *Albatross* were in port when the *New York* anchored, the first officer to pay his respects to Admiral Casey on his arrival was Captain Nierney of the *Marion*, the training ship of the naval militia which lies alongside Folsom street wharf. It is about time, by the way, for our representatives at Washington to exert themselves in behalf of the naval militia, who are badly in need of a ship in which they can put to sea without the aid of a tug. An old tub like the *Marion* is a disgrace to the service. Though there has been a great deal of talk in Washington recently of the advisability of fostering the naval militia, and bringing it into closer touch with the navy, it continues to be somewhat of an opera bouffe organization. Men cannot be expected to become enthusiastic members of a naval institution that provides them with a ship that is unfit for sea service.

First Debutante—Are you thinking of getting married in your first season out?

Second Debutante—Indeed I'm not. I'm going to achieve a past, and then I'll have my pick of all the best bachelors. It's hardly worth while to rush into matrimony for the purpose of commencing divorce proceedings.

Irwin's Coming Libretto

The Philippines are to be the scene of the opera the libretto of which is being written by Wallace Irwin, and I predict that it will have more of the Gilbertian flavor than anything that has been written in recent years. Clever librettists are exceedingly rare in these days, and though Irwin has not hitherto essayed anything in the libretto line, his work shows that he is possessed of the creative genius that weaves quaint plots and amusing situations, and I doubt whether there is a man in the country capable of writing better lyrics for comic opera. I hear that he is being assisted by Lieutenant Harry Howland of the Thirteenth Infantry, who spent three years in the Philippines, and who is now stationed at Fort Mason. He will supply the local color and atmosphere, and Mr. Irwin's nimble wit will do the rest. Lieutenant Howland, by the way, is handsome as well as literary, and he is quite a popular beau.

Hoffman's Marine Gun Play

Ogden Hoffman, who returned from Honolulu on the *Korea*, is said to have had quite a thrilling experience on the high seas while en route to the islands. He made the trip on a sailing vessel, and his friends are circulating the story that he proved himself quite a hero. When the ship was a week out, so the story goes, the captain informed all hands that he purposed stealing the schooner, and with that object he proceeded to steer for a foreign port. Mr. Hoffman, after the manner of a melodramatic hero, resolved to upset the plans of the bold, bad captain. He drew a revolver, a weapon that is always essential to the success of a man with heroic intentions, and pointing it at the captain's head, commanded him to sail for Honolulu. Under such circumstances it is usual for the villain's factotum to rush on the scene with a belaying pin or a marlin spike or some other familiar marine weapon, but in this instance Mr. Hoffman held the centre of the stage without interference. And with the pistol at the captain's head the schooner sailed into Honolulu. Whether Mr. Hoffman had an understudy to hold the pistol when he grew tired I do not know, but it was surely a thrilling adventure.

Men May Mask

The edict having gone forth that men may mask at the Art Association's next Mardi Gras ball, the affair will no doubt be less stiff and freezingly proper than the last one. Our Mardi Gras balls of the last few years have been just a wee bit merrier than a church social, the reason being that men were not permitted to masquerade. The directors of the Hopkins are great sticklers for the proprieties, and they feared that some bold and festive club man might take undue advantage of his disguise. They therefore held the carnival spirit in check, but this year they hope to see the ball go with a swing and *elan*.

"Miss Electricity" May be There

There is a possibility, by the way, of Ethyl Hager's appearance at the Mardi Gras ball in her wonderful electrical costume with which she startled people at the Greenway function. At the solicitation of some of the Sisters of Charity, Miss Hager has consented to wear the dress at a festival given by the children of the school. She will not sit in state like the peeress of England who posed in her coronation robes for the benefit of sweet charity, but will lead the children's singing. One of the electricians who carried out Miss Hager's idea of a "Miss Electricity" costume tells me that he and a capable assistant worked an entire week on the electrical end of the gown. The difficult problem was the distribution of wires and batteries so that they would not show and spoil the effect. As the electrical appliances used weighed eighteen pounds it was no small achievement to arrange them literally under the rose—the artificial ones that decorated the gown. The cost of the electrical work on the costume was two hundred dollars, a sum which few society girls would have cared to spend for the pleasure of "shining" just for one night. There was a great flurry among the ladies' maids in the dressing-room at the Greenway ball when Miss Hager appeared with a young man instead of the ubiquitous maid. At first they thought she had adopted the mode of a ladies' valet but Miss Hager explained to them that he was not a valet but an electrical engineer skilled in the art of "pressing the button." They were much mystified until he turned on the lights in her costume.

A Military and Naval Ball

They are having lively times this winter at Del Monte. There was a military and naval ball at the hotel Friday night of last week, when the officers of the flagship *New York* and the cruiser *Boston*, together with the officers of the Fifteenth Infantry and Ninth Cavalry, joined with the guests in a most enjoyable dance.

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & CO. are most effective.

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He Saved Stockton's Credit

There has been a [illegible] in the city of Stockton [illegible] I called attention to the urgent necessity of a few first-class funerals in that erstwhile silurian burg. I told of the penuriousness of the leading citizens and especially of the bankers who were too mean to stimulate commercial activity, and who wouldn't erect decent buildings for their own institutions. Now I am informed that both the San Joaquin Valley Bank and the Stockton Savings Bank have purchased property for the purpose of erecting suitable buildings. And Stockton has had at least one first class funeral, for H. H. Hewlett, President of the First National Bank of Stockton, died the other day. Hewlett was a close-fisted chap who always had an eye on the main chance, and he was regarded in Stockton as a niggard for he was exceedingly frugal and penurious, but he had many good traits and was even charitable in a quiet way. It is a fact not generally known that Hewlett saved the credit of Stockton during the period of commercial depression some ten years ago. A panic threatened and he supplied sufficient money to all the banks in Stockton to enable them to meet their obligations. He left an estate valued at over a million dollars, and there is some likelihood of a contest over it.

Great Expectations

The banker's death has stirred up a deal of curiosity concerning his will. It is not too much to say that every man and woman who knew Hewlett is on the very tiptoe of expectation about that. Mr. Hewlett had an assortment of relatives to inherit his million. His widow who is a niece, through her mother, of J. B. Haggin, was about thirty years the junior of the aged financier and is still a young and handsome woman and devoted to her relatives. But there was no love lost between the banker and those relatives. There are close relatives of the banker through a former wife who may expect to inherit a slice of the million, but there is no love lost between the widow and those relatives. Then there is a good-looking and rather sporty young nephew who is a Hewlett and who cherishes expectations.

Romance of the Cogswell Estate

A marriage of somewhat romantic interest will take place at Grace church next Thursday. On that day Miss Elizabeth Robley, a maiden lady of mature years, will be united with Mr. W. W. Richards, secretary and treasurer of the Semper Virens Club and Fish and Game Warden. The lady is a niece of the late Mrs. Cogswell, widow of Dr. Cogswell of freak fountain fame, and Richards, who is the junior of his fiancee though in the forties, is the latter's cousin. He has been regarded as an irretrievable bachelor. His aunt bequeathed ten thousand dollars to him and she left a much larger sum to her niece, Miss Robley, who lived in a Massachusetts village and who was believed to be quite poor. When the estate was about ready for distribution Richards went East in search of his cousin, for he was intent on putting her in possession of her legacy. Much to his surprise he found that she was a very wealthy woman. She returned with him to this city, and evidently while talking over the affairs of the estate they fell in love, for now they are to be married.

BORJES & BENSON, [illegible] Market Street corner of Sixth, carry more than the Finest Imported and Domestic Wines and Liquors. Polite treatment, quick service, fine goods and popular prices have made this house one of the favorite resorts of the city.

McDonald was His Mentor

Immediately after Mr. Hermann Oelrichs departed for the East, Mr. S. G. Murphy boarded a train and followed him. Mr. Murphy is the banker of the Fair estate, and his friends are betting that no nickel of that estate will escape if he can prevent it. Mr. Murphy, by the way, was educated in the banking business by that oily old hypocrite, "Vinegar Bitters" McDonald, who ran away from San Francisco at the time of the disgraceful collapse of the Pacific Bank. It is said that he learned all the tricks of the trade from McDonald.

Scrutinized His Bumps

Mrs. B. F. Fowler, widow of the man who acquired national fame for his skill as a bump reader, is once more in town. When she was here some time ago she had among her paraphernalia a map of the brain, and she said the soul was located in a certain little blue spot. She prided herself on having made that discovery. At that time she was reported to be in the sixties. She is now accompanied by a black-haired, black-bearded little man of forty and he is her husband. They are perfectly congenial for she examined his bumps before marrying him.

The Latest Journalistic Wrinkle

With such frequency do the members of New York's smart set shift the matrimonial cut these days that women are no longer designated in the social items in the newspapers in the old-fashioned way. For instance, in referring to the birth of a child to Mrs. Henry Clews Jr. recently, one paper mentioned the young mother as Mrs. Henry Clews Jr., *nee* Morris *divorcee de* Frederick Gebhard.

Another Engagement Broken

A marriage that was recently scheduled for solemnization at Trinity church has been indefinitely postponed. All arrangements for the function had been made, the groom had the license, the bride her trousseau and the friends of

VIENNA MODEL BAKERY.

One of the points of interest at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 was that of the "Vienna Model Bakery and Restaurant." In fact it did not require a very brainy board of judges to decide that the "Vienna Model Bakery" was a decided addition to the enterprises of this country. And when, after a discussion of the pros and cons in the case, in which the inner man's opinion was a decided factor, the Gold Medal and Highest Award were bestowed on this venture without a single dissenting vote. One year later, in 1877, the Vienna Model Cafe and Restaurant was opened in this city and from the start made a hit. It has always commanded the highest class of trade, in fact never encouraged any other. During the luncheon hour one sees the smartest people in town headed for the corner of Post and Kearny streets. Drop in and you will be perfectly at home with your surroundings. At one table a matinee luncheon is being given—another table is graced by the judges of the Superior Court, who always make it a point to lunch at the "Vienna." But with increased prosperity has come a trifle of inconvenience to the restaurant's patrons, for they are sadly crowded for room. The management therefore now announces a move where the restaurant facilities will be more than doubled. About January thirtieth they will occupy the premises at 222 and 224 Sutter street, next to Goldberg, Bowen & Co.'s, where they will be in position to properly welcome their patrons. After twenty-five years of continuous catering to the public, they believe they are in position to serve it better than their many imitators; for, like all business successes, they have copyists. However, somebody said "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," so remember that after January thirtieth the Vienna Model Cafe and Restaurant will be found at 222 and 224 Sutter street.

both their invitations to attend, but there will be no marriage. The supposition is that it was declared off on account of the illness of the man, but whatever the cause it has occasioned considerable comment, especially in the British colony, many members of which had expected to attend the ceremony. The man who caused the disappointment is Allen Stewart, a wealthy tea merchant who recently came hither from China to visit his brother, Charles A. Stewart, a California street commission merchant. He met and wooed a handsome young woman from a northern city. Immediately after it became known that they were engaged, the discovery was made that the groom-to-be was a very sick man. Dr. D'Evelyn pronounced him a victim of nervous prostration, and he was promptly hustled off to a Sutter street sanitarium and placed under guard. The wedding was to have taken place last Monday, and a few days before Stewart was visited by his fiancee. He begged her to send for a Justice of the Peace and have the ceremony performed then and there, but she preferred the church function. Stewart appeared to be in sound condition at the time, and she was quite confident that he would be on hand on the following Monday. But he wasn't, though he had left the hospital. It is said that he has gone away, and that his brother is well pleased that the marriage did not take place.

She Scribbled Herself

Miss Bertha Runkle, the author of "The Helmet of Navarre," who is now in the city, had an amusing experience with a local "authoress" shortly after her arrival here. It seems that Miss Runkle had occasion to go to the Public Library to look up some references. While she was among the books chatting with one of the librarians about some point a busy female of middle age and strange apparel trotted up and spoke sharply to the librarian.

"I am a very busy woman," she said, "I am looking for data on California missions for my next book, and if you are too deeply engaged in conversation I should like you at least to show me the shelves where I can find the books."

The bookman betrayed a becoming humility, showed the lady the shelves, and after he had found the books for her attempted to "put her wise."

"Do you know who that young lady is whom I was talking to?" he asked.

"Do you know who I am?" she inquired in return.

The librarian betrayed his ignorance.

"I am the author of 'Little Mamie's Picnic Party and Other Stories.'"

"Oh, if that's the case," said the librarian, "you won't be at all interested in small fry like the author of 'The Helmet of Navarre.'"

She Impressed the Prince

Prince Maha Vajiravudh, the future King of Siam, has determined to make another trip to this country. He has written to a friend in this city stating that he will return on official business as soon as his father returns from England. He wrote that he was especially desirous of spending some time in San Francisco for the people were the most unconventional that he had ever met. The news will no doubt interest some of the people who met the Crown Prince at the De Young and King homes, and who probably have never boasted of their unconventionality. And by the way, I have heard that his royal highness was very much impressed by one fair Californian. I refer to Miss Kate Robinson whom he met at the Homer King reception. When he subsequently accepted an invitation to dine at the De Young home, he requested that Miss Robinson be invited. No doubt when the Prince learns of the publication of his love letters written to Mabel Gilman, he will deem it advisable to eschew the Caucasian female in the future. After Miss Gilman got all the notoriety possible out of the publication, her friends induced her to testify in an interview for the press that she was not guilty. She blamed it on her press agent, accusing him of having stolen the letters out of her dressing-room. How plausible! But dear Mabel forgot to tell us the name of the infamous wretch. Didn't she think it worth while exposing a scoundrel who would not only commit such a theft but also hold her up to obloquy and expose the private affairs of the unfortunate Oriental?

A Sensational "Call Down"

If all musical artists had the courage of Rose Relda the bad manners of people who strut up the aisle in the middle of a number or engage in conversation during a song would not so frequently occasion complaint. Miss Relda was singing the other day, at a luncheon in the Palace hotel, given by Mrs. Joe Loewe, when one of the guests began to chatter in a lively way. Miss Relda stopped in the middle of her song and announced that she would resume when the lady (mentioning her name) finished what she had to say. It was a sensational "call down" and is causing almost as much discussion in Jewish social circles as the faux pas of Mrs. I. W. Hellman Jr. on the occasion of a recent luncheon when she seated the prospective mother-in-law of two young people whose engagement was broken off a few months ago.

The Martin Family

The golden spoon of the Walter Martins' girl baby has proved to be too heavy for that fortunate little damsel and her father has had to apply for guardianship over her valuable birthday gifts. Peter Martin will doubtless have the opportunity to do likewise, for the stork is winging his way. Mrs. Eleanor Martin can be counted upon to do something equally handsome for the expected addition to her family and the Oelrichs connections ought to prove as generous as the Scott family.

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

Clearance Sale Closes

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Richest Man in the World

Very few Californians know, perhaps, that Alfred Beit, "the only billionaire in the world," who is reported to be dying in South Africa, has part of his universal grip on our mother lode up in Mariposa county. Such is the fact, however, and Herman Bonn, his representative, told me a lot about this unique personage the other day. Beit may not be a billionaire, he explained, because fortunes in such bulk are almost impossible to calculate with exactness, but he is certainly the richest man in the world and that means the richest man in history. His Mariposa holdings, although they are rich, are among the smallest pennies in his pocket. He owns a very large share of the biggest gold mines in South Africa, besides gold and silver mines in Siberia, Korea and South America, a big interest in the Anaconda mine and controlling interests in electric railway systems in South Africa, Mexico, Chile and Portugal, big copper interests also in Rhodesia. He is the biggest owner of diamonds and diamond mines in the world. Since the death of Cecil Rhodes he is practically the whole De Beers company. In 1895 he had only a part of these vast holdings, yet even then he was accounted one of the richest men in the world. At that time the Boer war came along and sent his fortune jumping by the millions. He studied that situation from a speculator's standpoint, and of all the men in the world he was in the best position to take advantage of it.

Known as "The Silent Man"

To look at Beit with his soft blonde hair, mild gray eyes and gentle appearance, one would never suspect that he had the brain capacity, the resourcefulness and the physical force to win even an entrance to the great contests where he shines so conspicuously. His small frame of medium stature makes him appear almost insignificant. This impression is increased by his shy and diffident manner. Among his associates he is known as a silent man, for he won't talk unless it is absolutely necessary. He carries his fifty years well. His great fad is art. His picture gallery in his London residence is ranked as one of the very best private collections in the world and the collection of Louis Seize furniture with which the house is appointed is conceded to be unequaled.

His Aladdin-Like Career

As in the case of his remarkable partners, Rhodes and Barnato, the fate that led Beit to Africa reads like a paragraph from the Arabian Nights. He was about twenty-two years old at the time and was holding down an office stool in the small store of his father, who was struggling to build up a trade in mining machinery with South Africa. One day the toe of a naked Hottentot kicked up a shining pebble on a desolate field in Griqualand. It was the first diamond found on what afterwards proved to be the richest and biggest diamond fields in the world. A little while after this event young Beit was pulled off his stool by his father and despatched to Griqualand to poke up such mines as were delinquent in paying their bills for machinery. Like the rest of the procession going that way in 1875 he trekked behind an ox team into Kimberly. But he was an astute lad and he quickly realized that out of the chaotic conditions in mining then existing great returns were to be had. Diamonds were thrown on the market hap-hazard by the reckless miners and prices quickly tumbled. Beit saw that the glutted market must be properly handled. Rhodes came along about the same time and worked on the same scheme. Both men were business rivals for years but in the day of the great combination they went in together on the big De Beers company, with its forty million dollars capital, paying six million dollars in annual dividends, besides princely salaries. That great consolidation was in fact the beginning of the vast fortunes of Beit, Rhodes and Barnato. Once those fortunes were assured they began to drift apart, each one following his singular career. Barnato's led to suicide from the deck of an ocean steamer; Rhodes began to crystallize his dreams of empire-building and started the Boer war, and Beit, being a business man purely, went determinedly on piling up his colossal fortune. Of all the astonishing things that fecund South Africa has furnished this world, not the least is the trio of remarkable characters, Barney Barnato the speculator, Cecil Rhodes, the empire-builder, and Alfred Beit, the fortune-builder.

This cold weather, grip is warded off by taking Chapin & Gore's whiskies.

He—I hope you are not thinking of getting married.

She—No. I think a woman can have a much better run for her money when absolutely free.

The Bishop's Step-Son

A young officer, well-known at the Presidio where he was stationed, and who is now cutting a wide swath in Washington society, is Robert Stirling Clark, the step-son of Bishop Potter. Lieutenant Clark has millions in his own right and was a great pet with the McKittricks and General Shafter, who always gave him soft berths. When Mrs. McKittrick and General Shafter were in the East last spring they were guests at the Clark-Potter wedding. Young Mr. Clark gave a small entertainment in Washington recently that cost thirty thousand dollars.

"How do you account for the recent unprecedented rush of gay bachelors to the altar?"

"Modern man has a longing for creature comforts, and he knows no better way to achieve them than by offering himself as a willing victim at the altar."

Oelrichs Escaped Him

Captain Ward Jackson, of the Imperial Yeomanry in Great Britain, is rumored in New York as being engaged to one of the Ogden Mills twins. He has been entertained a great deal by the Mills family and encourages the report. Captain Jackson was out here about three months ago and brought letters to many prominent people. Downey Harvey entertained him and introduced him to his friends, but Hermann Oelrichs fled from him day and night. He knew that Captain Jackson had letters to him and no one could induce him to walk on the same side of the street with the Britisher for fear the latter would present the letters. The British officer remained but a few weeks and was not overwhelmed with attention.

The Cheyneys are Happy

The Samuel Cheyneys have a baby and they are very happy. Mrs. Cheyney was Bessie Wall, the pianist, and when she married Mr. Cheyney, the mining man, everybody said it was a brave thing for her to do, because of the breach-of-promise case in which the bridegroom had recently figured. But Miss Wall married him in spite of it, and has not regretted the step.

The Woes of Kipling

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is having a lot of trouble lately. He aroused the indignation of the members of the Ladies' Relief Society of Oakland because he would not grant them permission to use his verse in compiling a Kipling calendar. True, he explained why it was impossible for him to grant such permission, but as there is no such word as "impossible" in Oakland dictionaries, Mr. Kipling was misunderstood and denounced. But the indignation of the Oakland ladies concerned the poet much less than did a decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, which decided against him the other day, in a suit against a publishing firm for "infringement of copyright and trademark and unfair competition." The firm had purchased his works from his authorized agents and published them in a special edition, the volumes bearing on the cover an elephant's head enclosed in a circle. The author contended that this badge was his trademark. The court found that as he had not registered the trademark it could not protect his works, and then their Honors in *obiter dictum* rebuked Mr. Kipling for describing his works as mere merchandise. They said: "The proposition that an author can protect his writings by a trademark is unique and, at first blush, seems somewhat startling. It is certainly offensive to the esthetic and poetic taste to place such poems as the 'Recessional' and 'The Last Chantey' in the same category with pills and soap, to be dealt in as so much merchandise."

"Who is that richly dressed girl with the sunken eyes, the high cheek bones and the conspicuous mouth?"

"That's Miss Debutante, whose classic features are the subject of constant comment in the gush columns of the daily *Hot Air*."

Miss Morton's Luck

Many people in this city will be glad to hear that Levi P. Morton has at last decided to do something for his talented young Californian cousin, Charlotte Morton. Miss Morton's father was Joseph Morton, a cousin, and at one time business partner of Levi P. Morton. When the Eastern firm dissolved Joseph Morton came to San Francisco and engaged in the brokerage business. But Dame Fortune preferred to stay behind with cousin Levi P., and though Joseph Morton made charming social connections out here he could not handle his business affairs successfully and failed. He had married a Southern California girl and they had two children when the business crash came. Mr. Morton died shortly afterwards and his little family went to the grandparent's ranch in Southern California. Little Charlotte early developed a bird-like voice and was given all the musical advantages the South could afford. Later she came to San Francisco to study and sang in one of the churches here. People took her up socially, but she wanted a wider field than society affords, and like dozens of other ambitious girls went on to New York where she joined the Castle Square Opera Company. But her ambition is grand opera, and so she informed her rich cousin. Mr. Morton told her that his favorite singer was Madame Nordica and that she was his personal friend beside. He said Nordica's was the only opinion he valued and if the prima donna pronounced his young cousin's voice worth cultivating for grand opera he would send her to Europe and bear the expense. Madame Nordica was enthusiastic about Charlotte Morton's voice, so she leaves shortly for Paris with a snug check signed by Cousin Levi P. Morton to smooth out the wrinkles in her venture.

Another "Perhaps"

Therese Morgan had scarcely set foot on San Francisco soil when the gossips had her engaged to Norris Davis. Before she left for Paris, it was Jack Wilson, the freshly made grass-widower, with whom her name was coupled. Before that, when Miss Morgan was taking painting lessons of Theodore Wores, They said she was engaged to the artist. It takes only a smile and a bow from a girl to a man nowadays to make them "epris" if not "engaged." Norris Davis is a nice boy and about Miss Morgan's age. He is a son of Horace Davis and his grandfather was Thomas Starr King, the famous Unitarian divine. Miss Morgan is a wholesome looking girl, tall and blonde and well built. She is rich, too, her father, the late W. P. Morgan, having amassed a fortune in trade.

Too Much Meddling

By his interference in Utah's Senatorial election President Roosevelt established a bad precedent. There is a tradition which inhibits the President from interfering with the prerogative of a State to elect its representatives in the Senate. Yet it appears that he was not only opposed to he election of Reed Smoot by the Legislature of Utah, but sent a message to that gentleman to the effect that there was no objection to him personally or to his religious faith, but that the election of an apostle of the Mormon church would arouse opposition and inject an unfortunate question into national politics. The President also sent word to the Republican caucus advising against the election of an apostle to the United States Senatorship. Mr. Roosevelt is doing too much meddling. Perhaps Smoot should not have been elected, for though not a practicing polygamist he is a high officer in the Mormon church whose influence encourages polygamy. Nevertheless the Senate is the judge of his qualifications, and the principle of non-interference by the President in a Senatorial contest is one that should not be violated.

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Hillis's Latest Sermon

Rev. Dwight Hillis is having his fling at the outpouring of books. He has to do something sensational to hold his job, for the kind of congregation that patronizes Plymouth church needs plenty of pepper and spice in its pulpit discourses. Rev. Hillis predicts that in the near future books can be bought for fifteen cents. "Then God help us! I sometimes think that the only hope for society is to get all the authors in a corner and shoot them for a generation, till we could assimilate what we already have." As Hillis has published a number of books himself, there may be a flavor of sour grapes in his utterance. On the supposition that people must buy printed sheets, independent of a preference for what they contain, if other authors were out of the way his own productions might, in his estimation, stand a better chance; or perhaps he is thinking that when books in general fall to fifteen cents, his own particular contributions will need the gift of a diamond ring or an automobile to make them go at all. So far as all this sentimental regret of lack of time to "assimilate what we already have" is concerned, it is a simple question of inclination. If people want to read history, biography, science, exploration, poetry, or even select fiction, there is no reason why they should not do so. No one is under the least obligation or necessity to attempt to read all the fiction that appears in the course of any day, week, month or year. No one is so foolish as to make the attempt. There is more need today to offer up fervent supplications to God to save us from irreverent, sensational and egotistical pulpit-pounders than from books, even the worst of them.

He Collected Rare Jades

Heber Bishop, who died in New York last week, had the finest collection of jades in the world. He was one of New York's best known art patrons and an active trustee of the Metropolitan Museum. A few years ago at Tiffany's was shown the fine green cylindrical vase that Mr. Bishop bought from the Heard collection. Mr. Heard, a Boston tea merchant, secured it on a visit to China. It is one of the largest pieces of jade ever seen in this country and was designed as a lantern. With a taper within the jade it varies in hue between green and white, showing deep carvings of Oriental garden scenes. Mr. Bishop's specimens of the rare "cabbage green" jade are beautiful and cannot be duplicated. He had a craze for jade and visited auction rooms and private sales with view of adding to his collection. In the Metropolitan Museum, in a Louis Quinze room copied faithfully in detail after the drawing-room in Mr. Bishop's house, are kept his jades.

Thought the Ring Significant

Mabel Cluff departed for Europe just as the gossips were beginning to speculate as to when her engagement with Mr. Avery McCarthy would be announced. Somebody discovered that she was wearing a seal ring which had formerly ornamented one of Mr. McCarthy's digits, and thereupon it was remarked that their devotion to each other warranted the suspicion that an engagement was on the tapis.

The Combination Nuisance

It was a great shock to the ladies of the California Club to be told the other day that they beg patronage for musical and elocutionary trivialities instead of doing things that people want done; also, that begging is a career with many of them, who practice philanthropy in the hope of achieving social position. Yet there was a great deal of truth in what was said to them. We could tolerate the philanthropic beggars who crave social prestige if they refrained from doubling up with the perpetrators of the musical and elocutionary trivialities. The trouble is that frequently when the social climbers undertake to raise money for sweet charity they invoke the co-operation of the ambitious amateurs who otherwise would find it difficult to exploit their mediocrity.

Mrs. Atherton's Prediction

Gertrude Atherton is not satisfied with being merely a clever novelist. Ever since she sat in the gallery of the Senate at Washington to see the legislative wheels go round and incidentally to gather a few pointers for a story of life at the capital, she has longed to discuss political questions and familiarize herself with topics of interest to statesmen. In a recent issue of *Harper's Weekly* there appeared a letter from her in which she says: "That our eighty millions of population—who will not be long in reaching a more formidable figure still—with their millions of foreigners and negroes, their increasingly complex national character, their genius for unexpected developments, will in the course of a few years compel an overhauled Constitution, is as sure as that the old order of Presidents came to an end with McKinley." Evidently Mrs. Atherton thinks that it is an easy matter to mutilate the Constitution. There are other people who appear to entertain the same opinion. They have lost sight of the fact that the United States Supreme Court is doing business at the old stand.

Her Anomalous Costume

When little Mrs. Jack Spreckels went to the dinner dance given for her Monday evening last she wore one of the most beautiful chiffon frocks ever seen in this city. It was a symphony of white lace, chiffon and shirring, and in her hair waved a white beplumed aigrette fully six inches long. It reminded one of the feathers that women wear when they are presented at the British court. In view of the sumptuousness of the frock the wrap was somewhat of a sartorial solecism, especially as she is the bride of a millionaire-to-be. It was a short full gray cloth coat extending scarcely below her waist, and she carried in her hannds the pretty squirrel muff of which she is so fond.

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One More Obstruction

The proposed Safety Station to be erected by the Merchants' Association in front of Lotta's Fountain will certainly be an ornament to society, as the old lady said of Niagara Falls. It is of course the plain duty of the United Railroads to run their cars on flexible tracks so that the gripmen could turn into the curb whenever a citizen waved a green cotton umbrella. But since the haughty octopus scorns the flexible rail, the Merchants' Association, wherein is the concentrated wisdom of our commercial community, deems it advisable to increase the number of obstructions at Kearny and Market streets. It has been the popular impression that the fountain and the turn-table were quite enough, but the Merchants' Association insists on having another.

A Young Widow

Colonel George Macfarlane's flying trip from Honolulu was made, I understand, with view to talk business with Edward Macfarlane's young widow, who lives at the California hotel. Their romantic marriage, with the sad sequel of the bridegroom's death in Chicago when the honeymoon had scarcely begun, will be remembered. The Honolulu courts made the widow a good allowance pending the settlement of her husband's estate. In a few years, when the estate is entirely settled, Mrs. Macfarlane will be a rich woman.

Her Inevitable Luck

A rather odd accident happened to Mrs. John Stroufe Merrill and her baby the other day, and it was only a kind fate that averted more serious injury. Mrs. Merrill had been to call on her mamma-in-law with her little one, and was waving good-bye from the carriage window. Without warning the door, carelessly fastened, blew open and mother and child were precipitated to the sidewalk. Olive Snider always had the gift of doing everything quickly and gracefully, and she picked herself and baby up before Mrs. Merrill Sr. could fly to the rescue. It was found that save a trifle of damage to the young mother's gown and baby's coat nothing serious had happened.

A Typical Bohemian

Though every one predicted that Orrin Peck would stay in Mexico indefinitely, the *dolce far niente* being his ideal of an existence, he is back in town again. Peck is almost as indolent in his art as Joullin and paints only when stern necessity beckons. I have heard that three years ago he started to paint the portrait of a society woman, and that the work is still in embryo.

After the Ball

Though few of the legislators' wives, daughters, sisters, cousins and aunts extracted any enjoyment from the inaugural ball, toward morning another set of dancers had a much more jovial time. As gray dawn peeped in at the doors, and the crowd thinned out, the colored waiters invited their dark-hued friends. All the darktown belles and beaux rollicked and danced and consumed the remains of the supper. They enjoyed themselves hilariously and the inaugural ball, which opened in the usual dull way, certainly had a lively ending.

Miss Church's Engagement

Miss Gertrude Church, whose engagement with Charles Francis Jackson was formally announced this week, is a young woman of rare mental culture. When she made her debut, eight odd years ago, she did not care for the social whirl and soon dropped out of it. It was shortly after her return from Europe that her engagement was announced with a Boston man of lineage and wealth, but this affair was later broken off. Miss Church is a half-sister of Miss Edith Buckingham, who is one of the active workers in the First Unitarian church. Aurelius and George Buckingham, both of whom married heiresses of the city, are their brothers.

At the Knickerbocker last Wednesday, a tea was given by the Misses Mary and Louise Harrington, complimentary to Miss Keith, sister of Mrs. Daniel H. Kane. There were about fifty guests.

Well Fitted by Experience to Write

Miss Fanny Reed, who has written a book about Americans abroad, is not the "American girl in Paris" that Madame La Bavarde fancies her. At least, she may only be called a "girl" by a wide stretch of courtesy. Miss Reed is a maiden of discreet years and is a sister of the late Charles Reed of California and Mrs. Paran Stevens, who up to the time of her death was a social arbitre of New York. There are few women so competent to write about Americans abroad as is Miss Reed, who in her capacity of chaperon and coach in London, Paris and Vienna has met with all sorts and conditions of her countrymen and women. Her social influence brings her in a good income. At first, I am told by a San Franciscan lately returned from Paris, Miss Reed accepted only jewels and bric-a-brac for her services in introducing moneyed Americans to the elite of European capitals. Later on, however, she agreed to accept cheques instead.

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Mackay's English Fortune

I am told that the English court officials were sadly disappointed over the estate left by J. W. Mackay in "the right little, tight little island." Over there, you know, the government gains a revenue by imposing a death duty on all estates. It seems the Exchequer employes figured that the wealthy Californian would leave within their reach an estate worth at least twelve million five hundred thousand dollars. Instead of that all that was sworn in for probate was seven thousand six hundred and eighty-five dollars, gross in the United Kingdom, and three hundred and fifty dollars real and personal in the United States. The remainder of his estate was stated in his will to be the community property of Mrs. Mackay and himself. All of which has led this "Exchequer man" to remark, crabbedly, that the claims of wealth made by the rich men in America are very much overestimated. "In fact, common report about other people's money is curiously untrustworthy. The credulity of people generally about stories of wealth is unbounded. So far as a careful student of wealth statistics can form an opinion, the number of people in the United States worth five hundred thousand dollars each is not likely to be greater than the number of those in the United Kingdom worth the same sum each. Figures in American fortunes greatly inflate in crossing the water to this side." Shades of Morgan, have our trust magnates stopped working long enough to give the people on the other side of the pond time enough to catch up?

"She appears to be at ease in society."

"Yes, her manners certainly have the repose that marks the newly rich of San Francisco."

The Haunted Blythe Building

The artists and musicians who have occupied studios for many years in the Blythe building, at the corner of Grant avenue and Geary, have had to move. The big building having been leased by a Market street firm, all the tenants were given notice to quit, and they were not long in vacating the premises. Some years ago many representatives of San Francisco's bohemian element made their headquarters in the building, and they imparted to it a little of the atmosphere of the Parisian Latin Quarter. One of the last studios to be deserted was that of Miss Eleanor Connell, the well-known vocal teacher, who when she was not engaged with her pupils frequently entertained with chafing-dish parties. Some of the old tenants recall that a ghost once infested the old building. It was the ghost of an artist who was somewhat of a recluse and who disappeared in one of the dark corridors and startled a young woman. After that frequent were the reports of the reappearance and the vanishing of the alleged spirit.

Our Historic Homes

What an interesting article could be written on the vicissitudes of some of the older and, in their time, the handsomest homes of San Francisco's early day elite. Take for instance the one known as the Barnes house in Sutter street. When it was built by James Otis, a former mayor of this city, it was regarded as one of the most imposing in San Francisco. The entertainments given therein ran the gamut from "small and early" dances to brilliant balls and gorgeous banquets given to visiting dignitaries. It was at one of the Otis dances that the engagement of Major Jared L. Rathbone and Miss Alejandra Atherton was announced. A dinner was given to celebrate the betrothal of Mr. Otis's niece, Helen, and Mr. S. G. Bigelow. After the Otis regime the house was the home for many years of General W. H. L. Barnes and family, but now it is being utilized for offices of doctors, lawyers and other business men. Another old home replete with interest to the old set is the one in Harrison street where the family of Thomas H. Selby resided, as far back as 1854. It boasted the first ballroom attached to a private house and was the scene of many gay functions. Iwakura, the Japanese Ambassador, was entertained there with his party, and there took place the wedding of Mr. Selby's daughters—Clara with Jackson Ralston, and Cornelia with Captain (now Admiral) Louis Kempff, U. S. N. Perhaps the saddest change is in the old home of California's first Senator, William M. Gwin, in Jackson street near Stockton. It was one of the finest homes in the city while the Gwins held high revel therein, and even later when Dr. H. H. Toland and his family resided there. It is now a Chinese wash house.

At every smart function, a Manila correspondent writes, are present Lieutenant and Mrs. Roosevelt. They have hosts of friends in the Island capital. Mrs. Roosevelt was Eleanor Morrow. She is the daughter of Judge Morrow and her marriage with President Roosevelt's cousin was an event of about two years ago.

Merely a Reminder

Now that the dailies are having conniption fits over the efforts of Mr. Hill to divert the transport business from San Francisco to Seattle, I should like to remind them that when they rejoiced some weeks ago over Mr. Harriman's alleged victory in the contest with the northern railroad man, I endeavored to demonstrate that it was Mr. Hill and not Harriman that scored the victory. Recent developments have borne out the view expressed in these columns regarding the strategy of the Northern magnate.

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The Poet

Oh, the night was so perfect, the music, the flowers,
The nooks that we found and the nymph laden bowers,
With Cupid to smile, and Bacchus to grin
And we kissed and we kissed and we reveled in sin.
When the morn came I reeled in debaucher's despair
To the door left unbarred, just one whiff of the air
And the hay scented fields I was off and away.
(Yet) afar down the road I paused by the way
(The sun had peeped up streaking gold through the skies,
The owl out all night in great shame closed his eyes.)
God must have smiled at my poet's assurety
As my soul sang an ode to the goddess of purity.

M. C. Bourke.

A Curtain Raiser

Eugene I—What means this treason on the part of Caitiff Casey?

Prime Minister Abe—My lord, I know not why he kicked over the traces. Perhaps he thought we should have consulted him before making that deal with the Chief of Police.

Eugene I—Ignoble ingrate! Zounds, why did I appoint such a man to office?

P. M. Abe—To please the Labor Unions, my liege.

Eugene I—And who are they?

P. M. Abe—Dost thou not remember them? They were thy constituents once.

Eugene I—A plague upon them! A plague upon Casey! Ah, woe is me, that I should ever have sought to win their wretched favor. But I must have the patronage of that Health Department, and to that end I'll mow down thorns that would annoy my feet.

P. M. Abe—My lord, we must go slow or else the people will discover our purpose. We have conspired with the enemies of Labor in a deal whereby we hope to achieve much political profit and other things. We must pretend that we are actuated by a high civic duty. Therefore we should not goad the Casey to anger.

Eugene I—True, Abraham, I did forget. The deed should appear meritorious. Thou art a cautious knave, my brave counselor. By the way, didst get permission from the Supervisors to move the Franklin fountain?

P. M. Abe—Thanks to thy knightly offices, yes, my lord.

Eugene I—Fie on thanks from such a noble subject who didst skill me in the arts of the crafty politician. If thou shouldst want the copper dome of this City Hall, good Abraham, thou shalt have it.

P. M. Abe—Perhaps I shall yet remind my liege of that promise. Meanwhile I am content, for my gracious sovereign has invested me with unlimited power wherewith I have much fattened my purse.

Eugene I—Ours has indeed proved a valuable partnership. But dost think we are fooling all the people?

P. M. Abe—All of them?

Eugene I—Yes, all of them.

P. M. Abe—Nay, my lord. not all of them.

—The Dramatist.

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Why She Hesitated

It was a great shock to Ernest who had always regarded Miss Recluse as an unsophisticated maiden. If he were not a confirmed bachelor he would have thought of her for a wife. She was somewhat unconventional and always merry with a dash of dare-deviltry in her nature, but he had always regarded her as a mere child, and she had known him so long that she looked upon him as a guardian. It was therefore quite natural for her to discuss with him the subject of her engagement to Romper. He listened with much interest, and he really regretted that such a pure, innocent creature should bestow herself upon a hardened man of the world. He knew that Romper was a man of many love affairs; that he was the gayest blade in the Bohemian Club, but he didn't like to appear as a knocker. He suggested that a man often turned over a new leaf when he married.

Miss Recluse sighed. "Oh, I know he loves me," she said, "but some men have habits that inspire one with antipathy."

"If he loves you," said Ernest, "you could persuade him to stop drinking and smoking. And if you love him you can tolerate misdemeanors."

"Some things are intolerable," she said with a sigh.

"Of course a moral blot cannot be overlooked," Ernest admitted.

"It isn't a moral blot that I object to," she hastened to remark. And she blushed so deeply that Ernest enthused over the chaste picture.

"I should like to advise you," he said. "But you must confide in me."

"I want to, but—" and she blushed again.

"Surely you are not afraid to confide in me," he urged, placing his hand tenderly on her shoulder.

"I dislike to tell you," she faltered, and her big blue eyes had a shy expression. "But perhaps you know whether it is possible to cure such a habit."

"What habit?" he asked.

"He snores in his sleep."

Ernest collapsed. *—The Rounder.*

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To the Rescue

[illegible] ing places of the art students of San Francisco, but morally the quarter is much cleaner than any college town—which is contrary to public belief. Certainly the average art student lives in the hallucination that he is a very wicked person indeed, but fortunately it is merely hallucination. Those moral man-traps of the fables, the models, are very ordinary females in this Quartier. But this is a tale of exceptions.

Ford and I occupied one of the most picturesque, that is to say, dingy, studios in the district. He could draw but I could not, which fact I realized later.

The Pup moved into the studio opposite. I called him the Pup because he was an extremely self-satisfied youngster and I dubbed him from the first. Du Maurier was his bible and he was not contented with the make-up alone, as most of our art students are; he wanted some genuine iniquity. This is easily found anywhere.

In a few weeks' time the studio had another occupant whom I cordially disliked. She was the most attractive of the models who posed in the Quartier. When Ford heard of this scandalous proceding he said that something must be done.

I agreed that it was unpleasant to dwell beside a crying indecency (I grinned over that expression), but said also that I declined to take up rescue work for worthless little puppies who made fun of my drawing.

Ford became serious. "I know his people," he said, "and this thing must be stopped."

"Have them arrested as public nuisances," I suggested.

"I wish that you wouldn't be an imbecile." Ford was becoming annoyed.

"I tell you that I must stop this thing, for his people's sake."

"For the sake of which member of his family?" I inquired, watching his face narrowly.

Ford blushed, and that blush was eloquent. I whistled and he called me names.

"Well, if you insist," I began, "in spite of the most indelibly true axiom that 'a fool must follow his natural bent'—"

"Yes, I do insist," Ford said decisively.

"This is the best plan I can devise, then," I said. "The Pup is a vain little beast and he don't care a rap for 'Rox' (that was her name, an abbreviation of peroxide). She must be decoyed over here for a few days. Then the incident will be closed."

"Will you do the decoying?" he asked, to my amazement.

I drew myself up in virtuous indignation, but he only laughed. "I can't. There is a feud between Rox and me," I replied.

He knitted his brows for awhile. "Well, I suppose I will have to be the victim," he said with a sigh. "You can find a place to stay for a few days, I suppose."

"Of course. But remember that it is unwise to interfere with a fool. 'He must follow his natural bent.'"

"Oh, go away," he said, and I went to Pete's. Pete painted fish until they became odorous, then he cooked them, consequently I was very much pleased when Ford came for me three days later.

"Is the rescue effected?" I asked.

"Yes. Confound the whole business. Come home."

I said good bye to Pete and we went back to our studio together. Rox had not yet been requested to depart—that pleasant task Ford reserved for me—but she was temporarily absent. There was a letter for Ford under the door and he tore it open. I went to the other end of the place so that he might read it in peace. When I returned his face was a very rich shade of gray and he was staring at the bit of paper with wild eyes.

"What is it?" I gasped in alarm.

He laughed, a grating laugh that frightened me. "A letter of thanks," he replied, and passed it over to me.

I read, "I have been mistaken in you. I never want to see or hear of you again." This was signed "E. H.," and written on tinted paper from which I could evolve some clew to the author. It was extremely concise for a girl's letter.

"The miserable pup! The contemptible little cur!" was all that I could say at the time.

Ford shrugged his shoulders. "You were right in the first instance," he said, "'A fool must follow his natural bent,' and it is unwise to interfere."

"Can't anything be done, or explained?" I asked, hopelessly.

Ford's laugh was terrible to hear and I saw the horribly grotesque impossibility of the thing.

"At any rate," I thought, "there will be an atom of satisfaction in giving Rox her walking papers and I would kick the Pup when I met him."

"You'd better go back to Pete's," said Ford, abruptly.

"I am not going to leave you alone, now," I said resolutely.

"I want to be alone," he said quietly.

"What do you mean?"

"Rox," he said, shortly.

I gave vent to my feelings in words that cannot be written.

"When a man is in the quicksands, he feels a desire to rush beneath the surface as rapidly as possible," observed Ford, unmoved.

"Quicksands!" I cried with all the scorn I could put into my voice.

"Well—muck, then," he admitted. "'A fool must follow his natural bent,' you know."

"I won't let you," I said firmly.

"I don't see how you can prevent it," he said, in an aggressive tone, and I knew that it was final.

As I walked toward the door there was a patter of feet in the hallway and Rox brushed past me as I strode indignantly through the doorway. I hurried down stairs into the clean, open air.

W. O. McGeehan.

Love Resurgent

Forth from the ashes of Hope,
  Girded with strength like the hair
Of the Samson, arisen to cope
  With chimeras of Death and Despair,—

Mount, Love—like a militant star
  Burn with pale glare through thy night!
The clouds that bemantled thee are
  As shadows dissolved by thy light.

Winged by the Soul and the Mind,
  Spurred by the stroke of the Heart,
Where shalt thou seek or where find
  Thy mate—thy counterpart?

Thou art a fragment from Heaven;
  Thou art a spark from its flame;
Thou art all Life and its leaven—
  And God is thy holiest name!

January, 1903 *Herman Scheffauer.*

"Credit Where Credit is Due"

The story of the serpent has a moral rarely preached,
Though we know he did much evil (which was really very sad)
Yet he taught Eve to be modest, for she made a gown of leaves,
Which goes to prove that none of us is ever wholly bad.

—The Modiste.

He Had Enough

"What's your hurry; don't you know there's another act?" he asked, just as his friend started to leave the theatre.

"Yes, that's why I'm going," was the reply.

—The Usher

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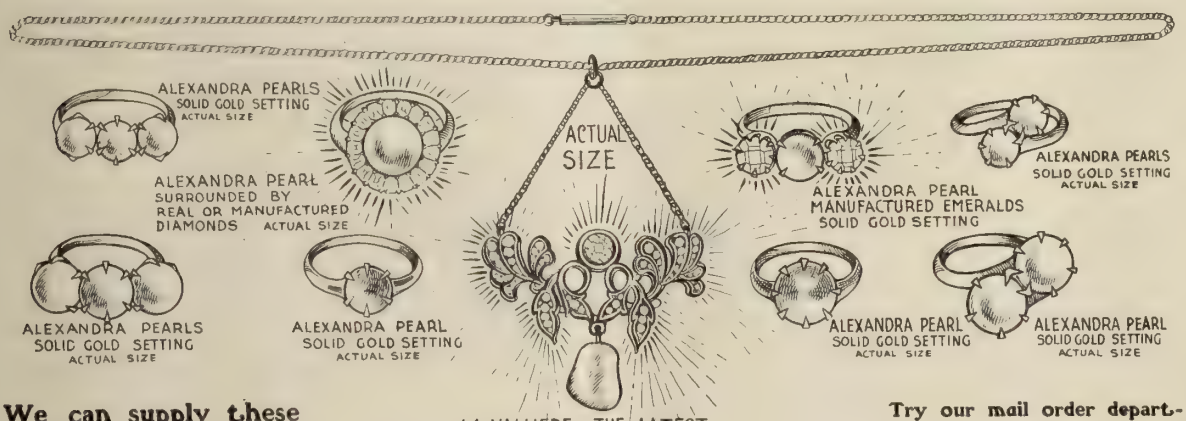

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STAGE

Comic Opera Once More

The Tivoli has returned to comic opera and the music lovers of San Francisco should be grateful for that. It is refreshing after a protracted diet of musical imbecilities to be regaled with *caviare* of the genuine blown-in-the-bottle Gilbert and Sullivan brand. Tivoli patrons have been gorged with musical comedy of the style that the harrysmiths of New York reel off on industrious typewriters for the delectation of the effete Johnnies of Broadway. They are nothing more than a conglomeration of horse-play gags and jingle tunes. They are satisfactory to the unregenerate of Gotham who go to the Metropolitan when they want to hear music and voices and to the Casino and kindred playhouses when they want to see the heroines of the latest scandals and the sweethearts of the Wall street brokers. As San Francisco has not a sufficient number of frisky brokers to constitute a paying clientele for a well regulated playhouse the Tivoli should stick to legitimate opera. That its patrons rejoiced in the return to old favorites was evident Monday night, when the audience remained to applaud after the fall of the final curtain. And yet the Tivoli has given much better performances of "The Mikado." The management having permitted the company to fall to the level of "The Idol's Eye," could not be expected, immediately upon the revival of comic opera, to be equipped for a production equal to some of the historical achievements that have made the Tivoli famous all over the country. Yet the audience Monday night was so enthusiastic over the revival that it wotted not of tradition. They were once more in the Gilbertian atmosphere, and they listened to the Sullivan music which so artistically blends with the Oriental theme, and they thought not of other Ko-Kos or of other little maids. The production is an elaborate one, and the stage pictures are as charming as ever. The Ko-Ko of Edward Webb was too much of the farce comedy type to please Gilbertian enthusiasts who are quite sure that Gilbert's ideas cannot be improved upon. Oscar Lee, the Nanki-Poo, has such a charming speaking voice that it is to be regretted that he did not content himself with giving the minstrel song as a recitation. He tried to sing it and failed. Carrie Roma's Katisha from the vocal standpoint was an artistic feature as was also the Pooh-Bah of Arthur Cunningham. Ferris Hartman confined his efforts to the role of the Mikado, presenting himself in a remarkable make-up that gave him the appearance of an affluent shopkeeper from the New York Ghetto. Annie Meyers was the most vivacious of the little maids.

French Farce at the Alcazar

The work of translating Carre and Bilhaud's farce "My Daughter-in-Law" has been so well done that all the Gallic lightness and crispness have been retained. A large audience laughed itself into the best of humors over the amusing dialogue on Monday night and applauded the not less amusing situations. While I still hold "Never Again" the banner French farce of Alcazar history, "My Daughter-in-Law" is quite as clever in its less rollicking way. It is more on the society order, the scenes being laid in French flats, and the plot hinging on the entrance of a new daughter-in-law into a family circle dominated by a tyrannical mamma-in-law. Marie Howe plays the mother-in-law with amusing emphasis, and George Osbourne is the timid husband. Ernest Hastings as the husband is strikingly French and thoroughly enters into the farcical spirit. Albert Morrison, Clifford Dempsey, Walter Bacon, Frank Bacon and Adele Belgarde all have character parts which they carry out excellently to the detail. Oza Waldrop is the vivacious little maid and is charming, except as to her skirts; this pretty little soubrette looks better in long petticoats. Alice Treat Hunt, the new leading lady, quickly succeeded in pleasing the audience. She grasps the spirit of the role, the daughter-in-law, as a born comedienne. She was fully at home in her new surroundings, and her easy, natural manner, beauty and grace at once impressed. So seldom does a new addition to a company succeed in pleasing on her first appearance that Miss Hunt's success is the more noteworthy. Her part, of course, is a light one, but old actors say that it takes more experience and intelligence for a French farce part than for a heavy emotional one. The spirit of French farce is vivacity and rapidity of speech, combined with distinctness so that the wit will not be lost. One of the cleverest scenes in this farce is where the young wife is enjoying a supper *solo* when her husband enters, followed at intervals by all the mother-in-law's guests. It is in this act that the possession of the true farce spirit in the actors asserts itself.

A Juvenile Prima Donna

Though Columbia patrons are familiar with "Princess Chic" they were interested in the new prima donna, Vera Michelena, daughter of Fernando Michelena, the once popular tenor. It is unusual for a sixteen-year old girl to assume the leading role in a company of experienced adults. But Vera Michelena has beauty of face and form and budding talent. Youth, radiant and peach-blowy, is hers and it is refreshing to see so young a girl as prima donna, for a change. As youth and experience do not go together we cannot expect to see a finished actress at seventeen, but with the splendid opportunity Miss Michelena enjoys, as leading woman, we can expect to see her talents develop wonderfully in a few years, for she has plenty of life and sparkle. She sings intelligently, her voice is sweet and it should gather strength with added years. Her sister Beatrice played the soubrette role Estelle on Tuesday night, for the first time, and without a single rehearsal very successfully. She, too, is very pretty and graceful and is only nineteen. Her voice is stronger than her younger sister's and she gave as much promise of success. Walter Lawrence as the duke was interesting. His voice is a fine baritone which he used artistically. Joseph Miron and Fred Bailey were amusing in comedy roles.

At the California

J. C. Crawford as the telescope man is one of the best features of "A Night on Broadway" at the California. He has absolute control over his muscles, and keeps the automaton idea up for fully fifteen minutes without moving an eyelash. This automaton idea has had many imitations since "La Poupee" introduced it to Broadway. It will probably go on for a year or so more until worked out. Some of the songs and dances in the Murray-Mack musical farce are good. The animatoscope idea in one of the ballets is finely carried out, the flickering lights making the spectator as giddy as if looking at the real moving pictures.

Barrymore's Last Scenes

A letter from a friend, who has just visited poor Maurice Barrymore at Amityville, is full of the pathos of his last lines. He is close to the last curtain, and at times, when semi-lucid, he appears to realize his condition. The last days of the brilliant actor are indeed pitiable. He constantly pleads to be taken to Broadway "just for a stroll," and to the Lambs' Club "for one more good time." "Give me another chance," he says, "to see dear old Broadway once again and the women and the good fellows—just once more, before I die."

Injudicious Booming

That Prince of Prevaricators, the merry theatrical press agent, has once more been goldbricking the dear, gullible public. This time he introduces to our notice Miss Theresa Maxwell of the Louis James and Frederick Warde company who, he says, was one of artist Gibson's models for a series of *Life* pictures. After telling how the artists of New York raved over her beauty he springs an alleged autobiography of the lady in which she expresses the hope that she may live down her studio past and achieve fame as an actress. The easiest way to live it down, I should imagine, would be to prohibit her press agent from writing about it. Nobody in San Francisco knew that she posed for Gibson, so if she preferred to impress us with her talents rather than her shape, why were we told about her experience as a model? Incidentally we were told that she is Mary Anderson's successor. No doubt the press agent flatters himself that he has been earning his salary, but I submit that he should be fired for writing such a palpable fake. Instead of booming Miss Maxwell, who may be a very beautiful and capable actress, he starts her before the San Francisco public with the presumption against her that she has to depend on that sort of coarse work. If she is a talented woman her press agent has done her an injustice.

The Disgruntled Daniels

Little Frank Daniels left town in a very disgruntled mood, vowing that he would never return, and all because of the indifference of Columbia theatre patrons to the charms of "Miss Simplicity." It is a dire and disturbing threat, that of Mr. Daniels for he is really a good comedian notwithstanding his monopolistic tendencies as a star, and his disinclination to share the laughs and applause. But I think we shall see Mr. Daniels again, for it becomes exceedingly monotonous touring the Middle West, and the fact is that he is not a success in New York. "Miss Simplicity" struck a greater frost on Broadway than it encountered in this city, and I have distinct recollection of his making the same complaint in an interview about New Yorkers as he did to Mr. Stevens about San Francisco theatre-goers. For instance, he said that the people of New York came to the theatre when they were filled with a cheap table d'hote dinner, and then refused to be pleased. As Mr. Daniels insists upon being the whole show I should advise him to take to vaudeville and become a monologuist.

McIvor-Tyndall Lectures Attracting Much Attention

There seems to be a sort of "psychological wave" sweeping over the world at the present time. It has struck San Francisco with full force. Every one you meet is talking about "the subconscious mind"; the "dual personality of man"; "thought-waves" and that sort of thing. The peculiar part of the matter is, that these discussions really are carried on with some degree of understanding of their import. Time was—not so long ago—when such expressions as "thought-waves" meant about as much to the average person as does a Chinese puzzle. Since Dr. McIvor-Tyndall arrived in San Francisco, however, there has been engendered in the hearts of the uninitiated a desire to know something of the theories of the "New Thought." Dr. Tyndall's lectures are attracting large audiences and he succeeds in expounding his théories in a manner graspable by the average intellect. Next Sunday night he will give one of the most interesting of the series of his lectures on these subjects. He will talk on "The Power of Thought"; and in accordance with a universal demand, he will supplement the talk with demonstrations of his remarkable power of receiving thought-waves. The following Sunday night he will give an illustrated lecture on "Palmistry as a Science." Tyndall has collected the palmographs of many of the world's best known men and women and these, with the hands of various abnormal types, will be thrown on the screen with a stereopticon. Among some well-known local hands shown will be those of Governor Pardee and Mayor Schmitz.

A Bit of Portuguese History

One of the pictures shown at Burton Holmes's lecture on "Portugal" was that of a female skeleton dressed in royal robes; by its side a living King, and all about them courtiers bowing to the corpse. The story connected with this picture, as Mr. Holmes told it, is an interesting bit of Portugese historical romance: Don Pedro of Portugal, heir to the throne and afterward called "the Severe," loved a beautiful maiden, Inez de Castro. She was not of royal birth and the King had other plans for his son's future. Dom Pedro, however, loved Inez so passionately that he refused to be parted from her. He bought a luxurious home where they two could live for each other, far from the intrigues and troubles of his father's court. In the garden, o'ershadowed by wepping willows, was a tiny lake whose banks were a favorite resting-place of the lovers. One day when Pedro was absent three men, sent by the King, fell upon Inez as she waited for her lover by the lake and cruelly murdered her. When Dom Pedro learned of the murder his rage knew no restraint and he determined to collect an army and march against his father. Finally, dissuaded against this step, he did nothing to avenge his beautiful Inez's murder until coming to the throne, six years later. As soon as his father died Pedro had the murderers of Inez de Castro tortured in the most fiendish manner. The day he ascended the throne he had Inez's body brought from the tomb, dressed in the robes of state, and seated in the Queen's chair beside him. All the nobles were forced to kneel before the skeleton and kiss the bony hand as though they were paying homage to King Pedro's consort. And this after Inez had laid in the tomb for six years. Their tombs at Aberfaca are facing each other, so that when the trumpet sounds on the judgment day, Pedro and Inez will see each other first of all.

The most delightfully blended whisky known to the human palate—"Jesse Moore"—the standard for over fifty years.

Is Culture a Fad or a Permanency?

It is somewhat of a riddle, by the way, to understand the reason why these Holmes lectures have drawn such packed houses this season. The lectures given in connection with the Henry Miller performances at the Columbia, in 1900, drew but sparse attendance. And I remember the time when lectures by the lights of the Eastern and European platform were delivered to such scant houses that after awhile they ceased to include San Francisco in their itinerary. When Garritt Serviss, the distinguished Bostonian, gave his illustrated lectures the house was only sparsely filled on each occasion. The motion pictures could not be the only drawing card to Mr. Holmes's lectures, for we have the animatoscope at the Orpheum, Chutes and lesser theatres. Nor can the speaker's personality be the magnet for, admirable lecturer as Mr. Holmes is, some of his predecessors had more magnetism, not to speak of wider fame. Yet society people as well as the church and college element, have been present at all the Holmes lectures, with other auditors who as a rule only patronize the lighter theatrical and musical attractions. Perhaps with our added population has come a wider intelligence, a deeper desire for knowledge.

John T. Sullivan, who will shortly greet us at the Orpheum, is well known here, having last visited us with Rose Coghlan, I believe. He has been leading man with Rhea, Booth, Barrett, Mrs. Fiske and other stars. In 1892 Mr. Sullivan organized a company consisting of Charles Coghlan, Rose Coghlan, Robert Tabor, Aubrey Boucicault, Robert Fischer, Thomas Whiffen, Frederick de Belleville, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Effie Shannon, Sadie Martinot, Maxine Elliott, Louise Thorndyke Boucicault and others of equal reputation. The play was Sardou's famous "Diplomacy" and the revival was very successful.

Amateur "Would-Be's"

Opportunity is everything in stage life, experience one thing and nerve another. It is reported that McKee Rankin is simply deluged with petitions from stage-struck girls, and that he has permitted one, a voluptuous brunette, to essay a role in "Judith." Nance O'Neil's success seems to have inspired more than the average number of "would-be's" to assail the managers. Only occasionally does one succeed in getting her desires gratified.

San Francisco's Rialto was supplied with an interesting bit of news this week by E. D. Stair of the theatrical firm of Stair & Havelin, when he announced that he had perfected arrangements with the Grand Opera House company whereby his firm will do the booking for that theatre seven months each year beginning season after next. Stair & Havelin have established a circuit from New York to this city.

Fay Templeton "takes off" Mary Mannering in the latest Weber and Fields burlesque, "The Stickiness of Gelatine." She has a new song, "I Never Loved a Man So Much as That."

Ned Harrigan, who has been playing in his own plays all his life, made his appearance in New York last week in "The Bird in a Cage," a new play by Clyde Fitch.

Albert Morrison of the Alcazar company gained his experience with Joe Murphy and other Eastern stars. He is a son of Charles Morrison, a local newspaper man.

Edwin Milton Royle and his wife, Selina Fetter Royle, have revived "Friends" this season, and in Salt Lake City the play and players were awarded an ovation.

A full brass band of female musicians will take part in "Hoity Toity" at Fischer's when that burlesque goes on after "Barbara Fidgety."

Aubrey Boucicault is playing in "Heidelberg" a play he adapted from the German. Minnie Dupree and Augustus Cook are in the cast.

Dr. Skidmore is said to be one of the heaviest financial sufferers by the Frawley-Neill company's Manila failure.

George de Long will be at Fischer's in "Hoity Toity." He will have the role Fritz Williams played at Weber & Field's.

Features of Next Week's Bills

A notable production, and one that will attract the critics as well as the public, will be the first production on any stage in English of the great Biblical drama, "Judith," by Nance O'Neil at the Grand tomorrow night. The part of the Israelite maiden who delivered her people from the tyrant, Holofernes, was a favorite of Ristori, and Nance O'Neil is expected to give a powerful portrayal of the part. The costuming and scenery will all be faithful to historical details.

There will be a large house at the Republic tomorrow night to greet Ralph Stuart in the Don-Caesar-de-Basan romantic drama "The Master at Arms." Mr. Stuart is said to be a handsome and clever actor who played two years at the Murray Hill theatre in New York, one year at the American and one at the Republic (now the Belasco). He has brought his own company with him—Frank Camp, who was out here two years ago as leading man with the James Neill company; Edward Poland and Priestly Morrison, late of the Frohman forces, Joseph Eggington, Charles E. Inslee, Mary Horne, Eleanor LaSalle, Celeste Jadwin and Elizabeth Woodward.

The reappearance of Warde and James as twin-stars will mean crowded houses at the Columbia during their engagement. "The Tempest," too, has all the virtue of a novelty. It is one of the Wagenhals-Kemper productions and that means lavish mountings, magnificence in scenery and costumes. Norman Hackett is with the company and the cast as a whole is said to be more than adequate. "Francesca da Rimini" will be the second week's bill.

For the second week of Alice Treat Hunt's engagement at the Alcazar she will appear as Glory Quayle in "The Christian," Ernest Hastings appearing as John Storm and Agnes Ranken and the other members of the company in support. "The Christian" has been given in San Francisco more than once, but it will be interesting to see in what manner Mr. Hastings takes the character of the fanatical lover. "Peaceful Valley," an old favorite, will follow.

"The Mikado" will go another week at the Tivoli, to be followed by "Patience."

They cannot take "Barbara Fidgety" off yet at Fischer's. The piece has too many laughs in it yet. But when the public does tire of it, "Hoity Toity" is ready to go on.

Richard J. Jose has been engaged for another week at the Orpheum, and will sing "Belle Brandon," "With All Her Faults I Love Her Still," and "Sally in Our Alley," in addition to "A Little Boy in Blue," a late song success. The new people will be headed by Filson and Errol in "A Tip on the Derby," a sketch full of action and smiles. Hill and Silvainy will come with a new bicycle act even more thrilling than their former stunts. Sim Collins and Lew Hart, eccentric comedians, will make their San Francisco debut in "Two Strong Men." Morrissey and Rich in "A Breach of Promise," the Garrisons in "A Bit of Nonsense," Fields and Ward, rapid fire talkers, Les Frasettis and the Scotts will be on the bill.

"Down the Flume" is proving a great attraction at the Chutes and every day the boats carrying passengers are taxed to their utmost capacity. —*The Playgoer.*

He Knew

"I hope I won't die from this!" exclaimed the man who was leaning over the ship's rail, looking at the sea with a glassy eye.

"You won't," his companion reassured. "If you had a serious attack you wouldn't care if you died or not."

—*The Tourist.*

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Date of Third Concert to be announced later

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Truly Shattuck Queen of Song

When Truly Shattuck concluded her first song at Teddy Marks's Sunday night concert at the New York theatre there was a perfect wave of applause, for her voice had burst upon the big audience as something of a revelation. Two or three years ago Miss Shattuck was widely known as an exceedingly pretty girl with a sweet voice. Sunday night those who had not seen her in a year were surprised. They realized that the pretty girl had developed into a woman of queenly beauty and that her voice had taken on volume, sweetness and expression. It rang in a perfect flood of melody to the farthest part of the theatre, and the roar of applause which swept over the house at the conclusion of the first number nearly swept the singer off her feet. She was trembling like a leaf when she reached the wings. "Hurry back, Truly," said Teddy Marks. "Good heavens, I didn't know it was in you. Why, you've developed into a great lyric prima donna. Give 'em 'Eileen Alana.'" At the conclusion of Miss Shattuck's last number Marks hurried to her to congratulate her and to ask her to sing again at the same theatre on the night of February ninth. On Monday Miss Shattuck will begin a week's engagement at Cleveland. The Eagles, who take a benefit next Sunday night at the New York, are trying to evolve some plan whereby Miss Shattuck may appear prior to her departure for the Western city.—*New York American.*

The program of the Forum Club Wednesday afternoon was enjoyed by a large audience. Mrs. S. B. Cheek gave a talk on Siam which was very interesting. Mrs. Helene Stone Bishop, a dramatic reader of prominence, was warmly applauded for her masterful rendition of Browning's "Herve Rial." Mrs. Bishop has the necessary qualifications for a successful reader; looks, temperament and magnetism.

Too Heavy to be Chic

First Club Man: Some of those heavyweights they had in "Princess Chic" last year have dropped out of the chorus.

Second Club Man: Yes—a case of fatty degeneration of the legs. —*The Call Boy.*

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The best investment which while conservative has enormous possibilities, that has made its appearance here in a long time is being offered by the "Gold Producers Trust Company of San Francisco," whose offices are in the Mutual Savings Building, 708 Market street. This new Trust Company was incorporated by well known moneyed men for the purpose of financiering profitable mining propositions, as well as conducting a general banking business, and the opportunity is now offered to secure a limited number of the preferred shares at par, one hundred dollars. What makes this chance worthy of the close investigation of investors is the guarantee in the shape of a ten year bond of one of the oldest, most conservative and best managed Life Insurance companies in America that goes with each share of preferred stock. Contrary to the usual custom, the Gold Producers Trust Company guarantees the *principal* of subscribers. We should suggest interested parties calling at their office or dropping a postal to the company, when they will receive full and detailed information.

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MUSIC

Kopta the Bohemian

Wenzel Kopta, the Bohemian violinist, will give his concerts at Steinway hall next Tuesday night and Friday afternoon, the latter date having been especially selected in order to give the musicians occupied at the theatres an opportunity of hearing this great player in works rarely played and only by the greatest virtuosi on account of the extreme difficulty of the compositions. At his Tuesday night concert Mr. Kopta will play Tartini's sonata, "The Trill of the Devil," Ernst's Hungarian Airs, Paganini's "Witches' Dance" and other interesting numbers, and Miss Gertrude Wheeler, contralto, will sing songs by Secchi, Nevin, Blumenthal, Fisher and Chadwick besides a composition of a young local writer, Mr. Lyle C. True, called "Love me if I live" and composed especially for Miss Wheeler. At the Friday matinee Mr. Kopta's program will include Paganini's Second Concerto with its wonderful "La Campanella," Laub's Concert Polonaise, a group of Sarasate's Spanish Dances and a group of shorter but important works. The vocalist will be Mrs. Belle Haralsan, a dramatic soprano who will make her San Francisco debut on this occasion, and whose numbers will be the aria from the fifth act of Verdi's "Don Carlos" and songs by Chadwick and Lamar. The sale of seats is now open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, prices seventy-five cents and one dollar, the concerts being given under the Greenbaum direction.

Gabrilowitsch the Russian

When a manager of the standing of Daniel Frohman takes hold of a musical attraction it is safe to consider it a very important one, as the manager of so many large companies and theatres would scarcely bother with it otherwise. Mr. Frohman has thus far handled only two such attractions, the violinist Kubelik, whose tour was the most successful of any ever made in this country, and the young and talented Russian pianist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch. At the concert with the Thomas orchestra in Chicago, the young artist was encored no less than ten times. Mr. Greenbaum has arranged for three concerts in this city, to be given at the Alhambra theatre on Tuesday and Thursday nights, February third and fifth, and Saturday afternoon, February seventh. The theatre will be well heated and made perfectly comfortable. The programs will include many novelties by the new school of Russian composers such as Arensky, Glinka-Balakireff and numbers by the artist himself. The complete programs may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats opens Wednesday morning, January twenty-eighth, at prices from one dollar and a half and one dollar to seventy-five cents. Following Gabrilowitsch comes Zelie de Lussan in song recital.

The Heavyweight Contra Tenor

Richard J. Jose, who is the greatest contra-tenor in this country, came to the Orpheum for a week. His song "The Brotherhood of Man" caught on with such vim that the management has induced him to stay another week. We have heard Jose very often in San Francisco. He has been here in "The Old Homestead," with minstrel companies, in a quartet and by himself in vaudeville, but his voice which is as sweet as ever is always welcome.

After the closing of the Blythe building, Miss Eleanor Connell was compelled to look for a new studio. She is now pleasantly located at the Roosevelt, 546 Sutter street.

Kocian will be here soon under Rudolph Aronson's direction. The Chicagoans gave him an enthusiastic reception.

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Rose Relda's Concert

A very large audience greeted Miss Rose Relda on the evening of January sixteenth. There was a great deal of friendly expectancy, as so much has been said of the singer's artistic ability. Her first song (from Lakme) was ill-chosen. It is one of the familiar tests nowadays for a *coloratura* soprano and Miss Relda's voice has evidently not been trained for florid execution. Moreover, her high notes are very strained and thin. Hence her selections from "Lucia" and "Mignon" were also ill-chosen. Her voice was pleasing in a number by Kjerulf and in two by Bemberg. It is a voice of good quality and Miss Relda produces her tones, except the high ones, intelligently. She has much to learn yet before she will be able to please an audience of musicians in a long recital. Her voice does not exhibit that degree of cultivation one should expect in an organ that has been developed by foreign tutors.

Dr. H. J. Stewart has been fortunate in securing some of the best local talent for his concert at Steinway hall on Tuesday, February third. The following will participate: Sopranos, Miss Alma Berglund, Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, Mrs. Lily Roeder Apple, Miss Bowen; contraltos, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Miss Ella V. McCloskey, Mrs. C. L. Parent, Mrs. M. Fitzgibbon; tenors, Messrs. J. F. Veaco, C. Henley, T. G. Elliott and H. M. Fortescue; basses, Messrs. S. Homer Henley, C. L. Parent, C. B. Stone and Walter Kneiss; violinist, Mr. Nathan Landsberger. With such talent Dr. Stewart's compositions should be heard to advantage.

The fifth musical service at Trinity church will be given tomorrow evening, at eight o'clock. Gaul's oratorio "The Ten Virgins" will be rendered. The soloists will be Miss Millie Flynn and Mrs. Max Warshauer, sopranos, Miss Gertrude Wheeler and Mrs. Nelson Lawrence, contraltos, Mr. Frank Onslow, tenor, and Mr. Otto Wedemeyer, baritone; Louis H. Eaton, organist and director of the choir.

Notwithstanding all the misfortunes that Mascagni encountered since coming to this country he may yet be seen in this city. He signed in New York last week for twenty-five concerts, from New York to this coast.

The next Zech symphony concert will take place at Fischer's on next Thursday afternoon. The program will be: Overture, Coriolanus, Beethoven; Mozart's symphony in G minor; Siegfried Idylle, Wagner; Russian suite (for strings), Wuerst; Miniature overture, Tschaikowsky. —*The Music Critic*

Quarterly Report from Jos. Greven's Operatic School

In preparation is a complete performance of "Lucia" in historical costumes, scenery, make-up, etc., to be accompanied by well trained amateurs, young ladies and gentlemen of Mr. T. D. Herzog's school orchestra. The stage is under the direction of Mr. J. de Witt, for three seasons stage manager of the Tivoli grand opera company. The operatic performances will take place in the Alhambra or any other available theatre. Every solo part will be studied by two or three pupils of Mr. J. Greven for alternating or substituting purposes: Lucia, Mrs. Lenore Greven and Miss Florence Walbey; Alice, Miss Edna Riecker and Miss Lillian Beanston; Edgar, Mr. John Beatty and Mr. Herman Vockel; Arthur, Mr. J. E. Ericson and Mr. A. J. McAllister; Henri, Mr. Fred Huber and Mr. Joseph Tucker; Raimondo, Mr. E. V. McGinty and Mr. Aug. Meier. These performances will be prepared carefully and directed personally by Mr. Joseph Greven. Miss Zita Fahey and Mr. E. V. McGinty, two advanced students of Mr. Greven, will have an invitational song recital of varied high class concert, sacred and operatic music with Mr. Greven at the piano, in Heine hall on Wednesday, February eleventh. At Steinway hall on Tuesday, February seventeenth will be given an invitational concert by eight young ladies (double quartet): first soprano, Mrs. Lenore Greven and Miss Florence Walbey; second soprano, Miss Edna Riecker and Miss Mabel Jackson Christes; first alto, Miss Zita Fahey and Miss Annetta Godfrey; second alto, Miss Maude Crabtree and Miss Grace Burmeister. These ladies are pupils of Mr. Greven, who will preside at the piano. The Presentation Convent has begun preparations for the performance of the favorite comic opera "The Chimes of Normandy," the solo parts, with one exception, being in the hands of present and former pupils of Mr. Greven. The young ladies of Plymouth Congregational church are planning and preparing for the last two months the melodious cantata, "Esther, the Beautiful Queen," the title part to be sung by Miss Lillian Beanston, a pupil of Mr. Greven.

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LETTERS

Another Edition of "The True Napoleon"

Guy Carleton Lee, the well-known critic and literary editor of the Baltimore *Sun*, mentions in his yearly review that " 'The True Napoleon,' by Charles Josselyn, continues to find favor both with the critics and the reading public." This must be very gratifying to the author, especially when it is remembered that the subject so ably handled by him was one to which much of the greatest literary talent of the nineteenth century had been attracted. In fact, it was deemed well nigh impossible for any one to present the Great Emperor to the world in a new light. Josselyn has gleaned with the keen instinct of the born historian, and bound together in a most attractive volume, in fact an edition de luxe, all that possessed historical value in the life of "the little Corporal." The demand for this notable and popular book has been so great that the first edition is well nigh exhausted.

The "Most Popular"

With a view to satisfying curiosity as to what kind of books are most popular, so far as the holiday trade could be made to act as an index, a canvass was made amongst the large dealers of one of the Atlantic cities. Nothing unexpected was disclosed. In fact, the same conclusions could have been arrived at by scanning the returns of a circulating library, or keeping tab on the books seen in the street cars mornings and evenings. Historical works, as distinguished from historical novels, seem to be in demand, but that may be attributed to other causes than an improvement in popular taste, the impending reopening of schools, for example, or the replacing of worn-out volumes in public libraries. The latest novel was found to be in good demand, and also books about children, which has been rather hastily assumed to indicate an awakening of interest in the young generation, "especially by fathers." Much more likely it is due entirely to the excellence of the stories themselves. Josephine Dodge Daskam, Mrs. Martin, Eleanor Gates and some others of the newer short story writers, have been writing of real, flesh and blood children, such as exist in our world, not the morbid little prigs and pharisees of the older period, and the natural result of so much wholesomeness is to find a market. Editions de luxe are a matter of course in Christmas sales. It is the time for the expensive and showy editions de luxe of books which are anything but de luxe in other respects than sumptuous bindings and expensive paper, and are brought out especially for the holiday sales. Reprints were also in good demand this year, which may indicate either that older folk were made glad by sets of the favorites of their earlier years, or that the younger generation "ought to read" the standard authors and might do so, were they the possessors of the books. Poetry was not in demand, neither the old nor the new, though time was when a volume of poems, any one's, and of any quality, was supposed to be as fitting a gift for Christmas as holly and mistletoe are for decorations. A decided preference was indicated for short books, and that, too, is in line with modern ideas. One may see in the public libraries, any day in the week, patrons who have no preference in the matter of author or subject, but want only "something to read," examining book after book, apparently becoming interested, turning to the last leaf, and on noting the number of pages, returning the volume to its place and searching out something shorter. The inquiry into the book selling trade has not revealed any material difference between holiday sales and sales of the rest of the year, and like most such questions, has ended about where it began.

The "Previousness of Periodicals"

Annie Nathan Meyer has a timely paper in the current *Critic* on the subject of the "Previousness of Periodicals," in which she calls attention to the haste of publishers in rushing their special editions on the market weeks in advance of their date, so that in the race to be first they are as untimely as if they were eleven months behindhand instead of one month early. Some twenty-five or thirty years ago the same mad race was gone through with every month, and it was a conservative, not to say slow publication which was not to be found on sale at least two weeks before the nominal date of its issue. The inconvenience and absurdity of the course of procedure finally struck publishers and there was a halt and readjustment, and an agreement that magazines for any specified month would appear on the first day of that month unless the first should chance to be a Sunday or holiday, when they should be on sale the day previous. For a good many years this plan was adhered to, approximately at least, but of late the day of issuance has been traveling backward until one expects, as a matter of course, to find the book stalls supplied any time after the middle of the month.

A Literary Dude

An Italian paper inventories D'Annunzio's wardrobe as follows: "Shirts, 72; socks of all kinds, 12 dozen; socks of quiet-tinted silk, 2 dozen; hats, evening suits, smoking coats, shooting jackets, innumerable; gloves for walking, 48 pairs; gloves for evening, 24 pairs; mufflers of beautiful silk, 3; walking sticks, 12; umbrellas of violet hue, 8; parasols, green, 10; handkerchiefs, 20 dozen; cravats, resplendent and varied, 150; waistcoats, 10; shoes for walking, 14 pairs; slippers, 'soft, silent and tremulous,' 2 pairs. Also a very fine carbine, three revolvers, a dagger, a Venetian box of perfumes and a lap-dog." The list may prove useful to those who imagine that success in literature is attained by using the same fountain pen or typewriter as some successful writer, or it may act as a stimulus. All these and more, too, are to be yours if you write successful books.

Ellen Glasgow is at work on a new novel of Virginia life, which, it is given out, is to be in no sense historical. In one way of looking at the historical novel, Miss Glasgow's two best known volumes, "The Battleground" and "The Voice of the People," are not "historical," since they do not bring in the names of well-known politicians or soldiers, nor wrap themselves around some event in history. In another sense they are the best kind

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of historical novels, since they deal with the manners and customs, and the lives of people, and preserve a picture of their times. It takes more than a phantom glimpse of Washington or Lee or Grant, prancing on horseback in the dim background of a love story, to make an historical novel worthy of the name. Ellen Glasgow, by the way, has recently published a volume of poems which is receiving high praise from reviewers.

The Book Beggar

An English author of some repute, who wisely does not disclose his name, is telling, without pride, of a request recently made of him by the librarian at Paddington for a donation of his books, to be placed on the library shelves. The request was not, of course, couched in terms of "stand and deliver," but the complimentary phrases which hedged about the demand were not sufficient to bring about the desired result. This is not the first time that the thing has been done. It is the ordinary method of procedure whenever there is the ghost of a shadow of a benevolent scheme back of a library foundation. People who work up a reputation for charity and generosity on the strength of what they can make others contribute seem to have an idea that authors are the sole owners of their books and that they can hand out single volumes or whole sets as easily as a carpenter can donate the odd bits of board and scantling that he saws off to even his work. The Paddington librarian seemed to think he was offering more than an equivalent in giving the author such an opportunity to get his works into the hands of readers, but the author in question, like most writers, took the opposite view. As it seemed to him, if people wanted to read his books and could not borrow them they would be compelled to buy, to the material increase of his income. The late Frank Norris is the only writer of any importance who thought libraries were a good thing for writers. Mr. Norris took the profession of literature seriously. He had no patience with pot-boiling, scamped work, or rush to take advantage of a market or imitate a fad. The pecuniary profit is the smallest part, in his estimation, but for every man to do the best that is in him and stand by his work when he knows it to be good, whether it pays in dollars or not. Instead of counting every library borrower a purchaser lost, Mr. Norris thought the fact that libraries were themselves large purchasers counted for considerable, in addition to which people were learning the habit of books through them, and eventually they would not be satisfied with public conveniences, but would want to own their own books as they do their own toilet articles. There are few who look so far into the future, however, or see the whole design, in their intense scrutiny of the little thread which they themselves are weaving into the fabric. And after all, when we see how communities beg whole libraries, perhaps we should commend the Paddingtonians for their moderation in asking for a few books only.

Mrs. Catherwood, who died during the last week of the old year, was engaged on a book which she expected to place in the hands of a publisher in March. She was one of the first to make history a groundwork for romance, and though her novels are not usually classed as historical, they contain quite as much, if not more history than those which have appropriated the title. It is a wonder that, between her popularity as a writer, and the rage for dramatizations of books, no manager took note of her earliest novel, "The Romance of Dollard."

They are utilizing "sandwich men" to advertise the "Confessions of a Wife" in London. If the sandwich men themselves have wives, one wonders what they would think of the imaginary woes of the well-fed, well-clothed and comfortably housed Marna. Most likely, in the picturesque vernacular of the cockney, they would agree that had Dana "give her what for" in the first place, she would have had something else to think of besides morbid imaginings, tears and journals.

We have had a good many jokes about the "unknown husbands of well-known wives," but the *Critic* goes one better in libeling Prince Henry of Pless, now on a visit to the United States, as "the husband of the lady who was first accused of being the author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden.'"

Horace Howard Furness, Jr., the son of the well-known Shakespearean scholar and editor of the Variorum Edition of the plays, will shortly publish his first volume and contribution. While the elder Furness is still giving his attention to the Comedies, the son is devoting himself to the historical plays. "Macbeth" is the first to be completed and he is now at work on "Richard III." —*The Bookworm*

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Evolution of the Ideal

A philosopher once wrote:
"At seventeen, woman asks: 'Which is he?'
"At twenty she questions, 'Who is he?'
"At twenty-five, she queries: 'What is he?'
"And now: 'Where is he?'

LETTERS FROM MISS TRILBY MILLIONS TO HER BOSOM FRIEND

January 10, 1870.

Dear Toodles,

I'm the happiest girl that ever lived. The papers all say I'm a beauty and as my mirror reflects the same sweet flattery, I am willing to let it go on its merits. At my debut-tea, I had twenty bouquets, twelve more than the most popular bud received. I have met a real live Lord, and he seemed taken with me—or my dot?—so mamma is all swelled up, fancying herself related to a pedigree and a castle in Scotland. Can't tell you what he looks like, for I never observed him closely. I am just going in for enjoyment, dancing chiefly. If a man knows how to dance, I don't give a rap whether he's an eligible or a non. Let anybody mention a new dancing man, and I say "Which is he?" and have him hustled to an introduction P. D. Q. No, dear, I'm not unnecessarily and forcibly slangy. I can sling the cultured gab with anybody in my set, but with you, my dear, I'm always comfortably negligee. No, no, Toodles, I shan't marry this season, nor get engaged, either. I've plenty of solitaires of my own, and an engaged girl is simply out of all the fun.

Your devoted, —*Trilby.*

June 16, 1873.

Sweetest Toodles,

I'm man-mad, though I'm not anxious to yoke myself after three seasons out. But I've cultivated a fad for conquering the other sex. A new "Who?" means to me just another victim. It's the zest of society life, to make men mad over one, and then—drop them. I'm getting a great reputation as a coquette. They call me "The Heartbreaking Heiress." Mamma can't be consoled because I let a German baron, a mining magnate and a Prince from God-knows-where go away with the willow well displayed. She says it's shocking that after three seasons your devoted chum is not willing to settle down to domesticity. But, *you* know, Toodles, that your Trilby cherishes a high ideal. I know what I want, and when I see him I'm willing to help Cupid along a bit. He must be as handsome as Apollo, as wise as seven serpents, as tender as a Richard Harding Davis hero, and absolutely faultless in character. Until He comes, I shall always be

Your single-hearted chum, *Trilby.*

August 30, 1878.

Dear Toodles,

What an age it seems since I wrote you my first Woman letter. Fancy—eight years ago I came out, and eight years have passed by and I'm Trilby Millions still. With age I have grown ambitious. I don't care for masculine beauty any more, not *as* beauty, but I crave a husband of social prominence. I simply envy Lady Curzon, the Countess of Craven, the Duchess of Marlborough, Countess Castellane and other Americans who have wedded great titles. Penniless German barons, French marquises with empty titles, and that sort of thing won't do. Why didn't Hobson the hero drop along when my passion was for heroes? Why didn't Admiral Dewey wait awhile? I want to marry somebody who *is;* somebody who wouldn't be suspected of seeking a dot, but who would be absolutely sure of loving me—Trilby Millions. I'm better looking than when I debuted. I have gained flesh and style. I no longer belong to the frivolous set. But I'm bored to death—dancing, flirting, even eating is a bore. Can't you look me up a hero or a *rich* title? I'll have no common man.

Lovingly, *Trilby.*

January fourteenth, 1903.

Dear Toodles,

You and I are growing old. I feel it more every day. Why, my aunt had the temerity to ask me to *chaperon* her second daughter at a box-party the other night! I am, as the thoughtful writers say, at woman's most fascinating stage. But—well, I heard a woman say to another the other day: "There's that *passe* Miss Millions. With all her money, she's single still." Yet, were I less well dowered financially, I'm sure men would seek me still and woo as warmly as before. The men of *our* set, however, the unmarried, are worshiping newer goddesses. Heiresses are as thick as peas in a pod this season. It's only a question of look and take your choice. I, who feel that now is the time when I would be willing to live a quiet married life, am no longer sought after. Those I could care for are looking elsewhere. The good, the great, that I amused myself with ten years ago, now pass me by for my younger sisters in the swim. Why is it, Toodles, that what we once lightly valued now seems priceless? Is it because it is out of our reach? Mamma says we must go abroad. I may agree—yet as I think of that weary round of European capitals that I once enjoyed so much, I feel that rather would I stay here all my life—and chaperon my aunt's second daughter.

Always affectionately, *Trilby Millions.*

—The Matchmaker

Jenkins—I hope you are not broken-hearted over being jilted by Miss Flirte.

Hopkins—On the contrary, I'm congratulating myself over having escaped a union with a woman who is so lacking in taste as to fall in love with such a cad as Jones.

A Question

Why is it, when the morn has come,
My joy has flown away?
Why can't I feel as merry now
As I did yesterday?

Why is it, when the night has fled,
My light heart's vanished, too?
Last night I had a high old time—
Today, I'm sad and blue.

Why is it that when wine is out,
My spirits, too, have sped?
All that remains of last night's joy
Is this sore and aching head. —*The Soak.*

AINSLEE'S FOR FEBRUARY

The leading novel in *Ainslee's Magazine* for February is entitled, "Money and Matrimony," by Josephine Dixon, and presents a vivid and witty picture of life in Washington. A most original contribution and one that is bound to excite discussion is, "Confessions of a Playwright," which, naturally, appears without any signature. Undeniably this is a *bona-fide* statement, because the interviews and letters it contains are from such people as Charles Frohman, Daniel Frohman, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and many others equally celebrated. Morgan Robertson, most famous of American sea writers, has a humorous story of life on a battleship, "A Hero of the Cloth." Dorothy Dix has a short essay about "The Man Flirt." Gelett Burgess offers a short, sentimental dialogue on "A Game of Chess." "Romance in the Thirties," by Caroline Duer, is an interesting little play of modern society. The translation in *Ainslee's* for February is from a story by Paul Hervieu. These are only some of the features, the contents page containing about thirty-five items of prose and poetry from the foremost authors of the day.

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With the Money Makers

United Railroads' Bonds

Although slightly foreshadowed by rumors that Brown Brothers, of New York, would not take up their option on the bonds of the United Railroads of San Francisco, and by some of the "wise" subscribers of the issue endeavoring to unload before they were called to take up their pro rata on delivery day, and before the listing of the bonds, the sudden slump of some ten points in the value of these securities came as a marked surprise in local financial circles. The depreciation in New York is reported as bad as here, and the reason given out by some for the sudden decline is attributed to the stringency of the money market in the Atlantic metropolis. While that may have had some effect upon the securities there, local financiers are strong in their opinions that the slump was caused by Brown Brothers, who it will be remembered consummated the deal and who hold an option on the remainder of the unsold bonds, which holds good until February, having refused to take up their option, and that this action has naturally scared subscribers, who are making a wild scramble to unload, accepting almost any figure they can get. Along the street rumors have been numerous, and while some of the statements have doubtless been exaggerated many have been accepted by the conservative element. The statement generally believed is that the syndicate made an over issue of bonds, or issued more than the property in hand justified, and in excess of what either the sinking fund or the natural earnings of the road warranted. It soon became evident that enough money would not accumulate in the sinking fund to meet the liabilities of the separate roads taken over by the syndicate. Some $4,000,000 of outstanding bonds of the Market street system will mature in 1904 and must be met. Other liabilities falling due at different times will absorb the possible earnings and accumulations before enough can be placed in the sinking fund and the road would either have to borrow money to meet those obligations or liquidate such debts by an exchange of old for new bonds. The refusal of Brown Brothers to take up their option quickly lent color to these statements, especially when it was known in whose possession these bonds were, and what capitalists and estates would demand their money on maturity. That not more than $5,000,000 of the entire issue was subscribed for by local investors did not strengthen these securities, especially when money is most abundant in San Francisco, and seeking investment. It will be remembered that a year ago the bonds brought 92 1-2 and interest while early this week any quantity could have been obtained at 83 flat.

Pencilings on 'Change

The week's transactions in stocks and bonds has been of very fair volume and the steadiness with which prices have been maintained evidences the confidence with which investors generally regard the market. There has been rather more attention devoted to sugar stocks than during the preceding two weeks, but whether this is caused by the slightly lower prices which have been ruling or merely for the reason that after the holidays, purchasers became more liberal in their orders to buy, cannot be determined, but from whichever point the situation may be viewed the fact remains that the conditions are indicative of a substantial and well sustained market. The effect of last week's flurry in the

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price of shares of the German Savings Bank has entirely passed away and the price, $2,150, is the same figure which ruled prior to the advanced rate. In reference to the bid of $3,000 per share for the stock of this bank there are several rumors current on the street, one of which is that a well-known capitalist sought to get control of a certain number of shares, and to accomplish his object commenced offering liberal advances on prevailing rates until the bidding price was up to $3,000. Whether he secured the stock he sought cannot now be stated, but some of those who pretend to know assert that he did not. This stock is held in few hands and scarcely any of the holders would care to part with a portion of his holdings. In the matter of sugar stocks there is a general increase of interest. The reports from the Islands in almost all instances show the plantations to be in a more satisfactory condition than ever before in the history of the industry. The fact that the Islands are now American territory also imparts a good measure of strength to values and makes investors feel that this class of security is on a much safer basis than ever before. Alaska Packers has again advanced to its normal figure. The decline of a few days ago was caused by rumors that the company's sales of the last season failed to produce the substantial results expected and the stock weakened accordingly. The issuance of the company's annual statement, however, showed upon careful study that all such rumors were without foundation, for the statement showed an increased reserve fund with an appropriation set aside insuring a continuance of the present monthly dividend of $1 per share for the next twelve months. Giant Powder Stock weakened considerably and the offering of a number of shares by small holders only tended to further depress the market. This weakness was of short duration, however, for the price has again advanced, as there are ready buyers for all offerings at $67.50. The annual meeting of the company will be held on the 28th instant and it is reported on the street that shareholders are being approached and asked for proxies for the purpose of electing Henry J. Crocker a member of the board of directors. Whether this indicates the formation of new controlling interests cannot at this time be stated.

The statements of the nine savings banks of the city showing the condition of affairs of the institutions on December 31st have recently been filed with the Bank Commissioners. A study of the leading features of these statements combined makes a showing of which San Francisco may well be proud. The total resources of these banks is $154,762,790.48, a gain of $11,237,794.09 during the year. The total amount due depositors is $144,295,034.57, which is a gain of $10,864,551.80 during the year. Estimating the population of San Francisco at 400,000 people, the savings deposits in these banks show an average of over $360 per capita for every man, woman and child. San Francisco has nineteen commercial banks, with an aggregate in resources of $109,294,865.96, which is an increase of $19,109,099.23 for the year, or more than an average of $1,500,000 per month. The funds in these commercial banks to the credit of depositors on the last day of the year were $67,853,182.53, a gain of $12,307,634.81 on the corresponding date of the preceding year. This shows an average gain in deposits of more than $1,000,000 per month.

—*The Financier*

By the Way

The weakest of women, if she has a "way" with her can drive strong men to distraction.

The strongest of men will succumb to the wiles of a woman, if she throws herself at his head, and feeds his vanity.

The weakest of men becomes strong in the presence of a woman who has revealed her passion for him.

The strongest of women will unbend to a man who seizes the right moment to press his advantage.

—*The Psychologist.*

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Other People's Ideas

Lines from Alfred de Musset on a woman who died without having loved:

"Elle est morte sans, avoir vecu,
De sa main est tombe le livre
Dans lequel elle n'a rien lu'."

("Without having lived she is dead,
From her hand the book has fallen
From which she has nothing read.")

"No man can stand long on nothing—he must think out a religion or accept a theology."—*Theodore Winthrop.*

"The good old minister had said.... Love is the great motive power, that it is always easy to do things for those whom we love and wish to please, and for this reason we are taught to pray for love to God, and to conquer the difficulty of holiness."—"A Country Doctor," *S. O. Jewett.*

"Tomorrow I will live, the fool says; today itself's too late. The wise lived yesterday."—*Martial.*

"The regret which a temptation yielded to would leave behind is not always counterbalanced by a corresponding elation when the trial is overcome."—"John Inglesant," *Shorthouse.*

"To have what we want is riches; but to be able to do without, is power."—*Macdonald.*

"Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know."—*Charles Kingsley.*

"A self-glorious man is the biggest fool in the world."—"Handy Andy," *Samuel Lover.*

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"A man is a cynic if he will do no good to anyone because he believes every one past improvement. Most men who do good actions are also cynics, because they well know that they are doing more harm than good by their charity."—Griggs in "Mr. Isaacs." *F. Marion Crawford.* —*The Gleaner.*

The Apology Grande

A prominent official at Tabreeze, Persia, had an altercation with an English gentleman, and repeatedly called him a liar to his face. The Englishman, who seemed not to be acquainted with Oriental character, sent him a note, demanding either an apology or that he should accept a challenge to fight. The Persian was not a coward—few Persians are poltroons—but the idea of risking his life because he had called another man a liar seemed to him preposterous.

"I fight!" said he, "what shall I fight for? I only called him a liar, and now he wants me to fight him. Never was anything more absurd!"

"Well," said the gentleman who took the note to him, "he says you will have to fight him. There is no way of getting out of it."

"But I say I won't fight," replied the other.

"Then you must apologize."

"Apologize! What does he mean by apologize?"

"Why, take it all back, and say that you are sorry you called him a liar. That is what it means."

"Is that all?" replied the Persian. "Of course I'll apologize. I'll say whatever he wishes me to say. I lied when I called him a liar. I am a liar, the son of a liar and the grandson of a liar. What more does he want me to say?"

Tall Stories from Home

Some of the early settlers of New England sent home curious accounts of the strange land to their friends, whom they evidently enjoyed hoaxing. "Hereabouts," says one of them, "if you sow barley it comes up oats." Another tells of the "lions that prowl about Cape Ann." A third, in 1663, says that the frogs of Massachusetts "sit up on their breeches a foot high, and some are as big as a child that is a year old." The present frogs of that State are degenerate, but the babies of Massachusetts are now certainly bigger than frogs.

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San Francisco, January 31, 1903

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The Venezuela Incident

There will be serious disappointment in more than one newspaper office if the United States and Germany do not go to war over the Venezuela incident. Some of our aggressive editors, fired with patriotic devotion to the Monroe Doctrine, are intent upon provoking trouble, and they appear to have the sympathy of several of our belligerent statesmen in Washington. But really there was no occasion for the display of hot temper over the action of a German warship in destroying a Venezuelan fort. The Germans were maintaining a blockade pending negotiations leading to the submission of the main question at issue to arbitration. A Venezuelan fort fired on one of the warships engaged in the blockade, and naturally the fire was returned. Why shouldn't it have been? It was a case of the Venezuelans getting gay, believing no doubt that the Germans had been intimidated by the interference of this country. If the warship had not returned the fire it would probably have been blown out of the water. However, the jingo editors stormed at the insolence of Germany, and called upon the authorities at Washington to take some decisive action before any further aggression could give the Kaiser the impression that we were not prepared to defend the Monroe Doctrine. Evidently the jingo editors would like the President to declare that the theory of the Monroe Doctrine is that the South American republics can do no wrong serious enough to provoke the resentment of a European nation. Instead of seeking to enlarge the scope of the Monroe Doctrine we should be very glad to accept the interpretation which merely enjoins European nations from seeking to acquire territory on this continent. As a profession of chivalrous devotion to our feebler brethren it is superficial and insincere. It is a selfish policy promulgated without a precedent of any sort for a pretext, and when we acquired the Philippines it became an impertinence. Nevertheless, as we believe it essential to the peace and quiet of this country we should enforce it strictly, but it is unjust, arbitrary and unreasonable to set it forth as an excuse for attempting to browbeat a foreign power. Assuming that Germany is desirous of forcing an opening for herself in South American affairs, yet we are not justified in charging her with violating the Monroe Doctrine merely because she retaliated when attacked. The jingo editors assure us that it is an open secret that Germany is after a new area, full of untouched resources, capable of great development, etc. Perhaps she is, but she has done nothing as yet to indicate a purpose to grab Venezuela in the face of the Monroe Doctrine. On the contrary, she appears very anxious to cultivate the friendship of the United States. Baron Speck von Sternberg, who is about to come here as German Ambassador, says that Emperor William desires him to do all in his power to promote friendly relations between the two countries. And there are wise statesmen in Europe who believe it is to Germany's advantage to be on good terms with this country for the very reason that her interests in South America are vital to her commercial expansion. They say that in order not to retrograde she must have great commerce, but that it is not necessary for her to colonize. She is not successful with the colonies she already has, and she can expand her commerce by encouraging her people to build up interests in South America. It would be absurd for her to menace those interests by picking a quarrel with the United States.

The State Library

The question of the advisability of moving the State Library from the Capitol at Sacramento to the University of California at Berkeley is now being agitated. If the library were across the bay, in a suitable building, it would be easy of access to many thousands of people. It is now in a comparatively isolated part of the State, and consequently only a small number of people avail themselves of the privilege of research among its volumes. Most of those that do visit it are prompted merely by curiosity, yet it is a library rich in works of reference, historical and scientific. It contains many Spanish documents relating to the early history of the State, and legal documents bearing upon land titles. These are too far removed from the people who have occasion to consult them most frequently. Moreover they are in cramped quarters, unsuited to the purpose and unsafe by reason of the character of the building. However there is likely to be powerful opposition to the proposition to remove the library, for the politicians of Sacramento are influential chaps, and they would never sit idly by while a measure for the withdrawal of one of the city's attractions was under discussion.

Judges and Their Salaries

The bill to raise the salaries of judges should be passed. The compensation of the judiciary should be large enough to tempt the ablest lawyers to desert private practice. The bench should be occupied by the brightest and most learned men in the legal profession. The honor is sufficient to tempt some, while others seek judicial position because though they are learned in the law they have not the temperament essential to success at the bar. But they make competent judges, and there are many men on the bench eminently equipped, morally and mentally, for the duties of the jurist. However, if the compensation were adequate fewer of the incompetents would achieve elevation to the bench, for then many of the more desirable element

of the profession would seek judicial office, and the shysters who are occasionally permitted to become jurists for experimental purposes would be crowded to the wall. The so-called "dignity of the bench" is now merely a fiction in this city because we have been in the habit of making judges out of men who are incapable of appreciating the solemnity of a judicial officer's duties. The fact is that we are frequently denied the opportunity for proper discrimination in the selection of judges because of the limited number of competent men among the candidates.

The South Shocked

President Roosevelt appears to have set the South by the ears by appointing a negro named Crum to the position of Collector of Port in South Carolina. Moreover he has incurred the displeasure of many of his friends in the North by stirring up the negro question. The New York *Herald*, which has for months carried Roosevelt's name at the head of its columns as "the people's anti-trust candidate for 1904," has dropped it and taken sides with the indignant whites of the South. The appointment of Crum is said to have been made because there are more negroes than whites in South Carolina, but whatever his reason was the President blundered in experimenting with miscegenaation in a typical Southern city, in which there is not only the old race prejudice, but the constant dread of attempted negro domination. He could have shown his friendship for the negro by selecting a more favorable locality in which to bestow office on representatives of the colored race. Such is the indignation of the whites in South Carolina, and also in Mississippi where the Postmaster-General suspended a postoffice because the citizens forced the colored postmistress to resign, that there is actually talk of secession once more. There is also wild talk of negro persecution, and boycotting Northern products. It is absurd but unfortunate, for it was not long ago that the spirit of brotherly love between the North and South was being fostered with the prospect of all the old sores being healed forever. However, it was the duty of the President to take some action to show his disapproval of the Southern movement to shut out negroes from all political influence and from all offices. He should have exhibited more tact in giving official recognition to the negro element, but Roosevelt is an impulsive individual and he has always advocated drastic measures.

Personal Journalism

Flaneur, the well known paragraphist of the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, the most dignified, conservative and widely read of the Canadian dailies, had this to say in a recent issue:

> *Town Talk*, of San Francisco, is one of the best papers of its kind on this continent. When I say "of its kind" nothing detrimental is meant. *Town Talk* is a paper largely given to personal journalism; there is a not at all unreasonable prejudice in some quarters against this kind of journalism, but that it is generally popular no one can deny; it is here and will last, and the most sure way to kill off the worst kinds of such papers is to encourage the better. *Town Talk* is in the front rank and well worth reading.

From a conservative Canadian cousin this is high praise indeed. Canadian journalism is ponderous in its dignity and impressive in its solemnity. It takes life in all its phases seriously. Affairs of state supply the only lively topics for discussion in the columns of the sedate and severely proper journals of our colonial neighbor. It is surprising that Flaneur would even apologetically approve of personal journalism as conducted across the border. However we sincerely appreciate the compliment of his generous verdict. And we quite agree with him that the prejudice "in certain quarters" against personal journalism is reasonable. The people prejudiced against honest personal journalism are either knaves or fools, and neither care to have the white light of truth beat upon them. Their prejudice is constitutional and it is justified. The political crook, the mercantile fraud and the social bandit are the most vociferous shouters in the chorus that bawls against personal journalism. Of course there are two kinds of personal journalism, and it is a notable fact that those who are the most deeply prejudiced against both are the most generous supporters of the dishonest variety. They advertise to buy immunity from criticism in the journals that thrive by that sort of business. When they are properly exposed in the honest journal they rush off to the office of the dishonest one and purchase a little fulsome flattery by way of a salve to their wounds. Personal journalism, when conducted through honest motives, is a powerful influence for good in any community. Recognition of that fact is becoming more general every day. Perhaps in the near future it will reach Canada, and who knows but that Flaneur will become the Labouchere of Great Britain's territory on the American continent?

Why Marriage Becomes a Failure

A compassionate daily comes to the aid of the married women workers with the assertion that it is because they need money that they become job-chasers, and it is not only unchivalrous and ungenerous, but brutal to set obstacles in their way. There will always be a certain proportion of wives and mothers who are obliged to become the supporters of their households through the incompetence of their husbands. Putting aside the comparatively few cases where men desert their homes or are too indolent to exert themselves, there are illnesses and unavoidable accidents which may disable the head of the household, either permanently or temporarily, and the wife must do double duty, in maintaining the house and looking after the home. But for the vast majority of the women who seek outside work there is no such compelling need. The necessity for a larger income is an artificial one, and results from a false standard. Gradually, but rapidly, the old idea of a home is passing away. Men still cling to it, more than do women, but amongst those who like to regard themselves as the "better class," home, as understood in the middle of the nineteenth century, is not a thing to be ardently desired. In those benighted times a girl looked forward to a home of which she was to be the mistress quite as ardently as she did to the possession of an ideal and perpetual lover. She took a pride in housewifery, and her linen, her china and her jams and jellies filled her mind until her first baby ousted

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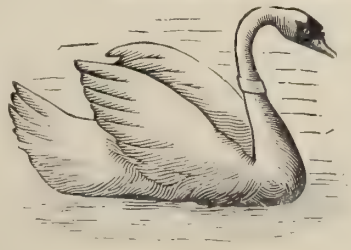
them. But the modern miss is wiser than her grandmother. Her idea is a mansion with a retinue of servants to whom she is to issue orders. Common sense tells her that millionaires are rather less plentiful than blackberries, and as she is properly aware that "some things are ill to wait," she accepts her clerk, salesman, or small business man without the fortune. Has she a vision of herself in a print gown and check apron, spoiling her well manicured hands? Ask her! Since the mansion is not forthcoming, a suite in an apartment house, or at most, a high priced flat is the least that will content her. All the available funds go towards making a show at the wedding, the rest of which is managed on the installment plan with a future of canned housekeeping. Quite often to keep up appearances it is necessary for the wife to obtain employment and then a Japanese boy is installed to run the flat. It soons becomes evident to a man, under these conditions, that he is paying more and getting less for it than he did in his bachelor days, while the wife is likely to feel independent in other respects as she is financially. The next stage is a suit for divorce and a showing that wifie has had to support herself ever since her marriage. If she had begun, as her grandmother did, with a humble home of her own, made her share of the earning come in the management of the income and the saving of odd dollars and stray pennies, and taken a live interest in matters which concerned her welfare, and left the other vacant place for some girl who needed it, not one time in fifty would there be need of a separation. Encouraging married women to find interests apart from their husbands, and flattering fools with the idea that they are too intellectual to waste themselves on the duties of motherhood, are at the base of most of the unhappy homes of America. Instead of a maudlin sentiment which caters to female vanity in encouraging married women to forsake their homes in order to earn salaries, college professors, editors, preachers and others who set themselves up to lead thought, should turn their attention to how they can keep women at home. The work of the outside world can be done without them. That of the home cannot.

As to American Literature

M. Albert Schintz, a French professor in one of the Eastern minor colleges, is complaining of American literature, which, in his opinion, is without merit. He does not see any hope for us as a nation, since, according to his views, we have had too easy a time. We have had no Crusades, no great revolution, no great hardships of any kind, for we began our national life where the rest of the world left off. Women, according to this gentleman, do all the reading, and they will read nothing but fiction. The American man works too hard. He is too tired to read. We have "no literary public, but only the public." Magazines and periodicals will not accept serious articles of more than five thousand words, and they would rather have them cut to three thousand. They would't publish St. Paul's epistle to the Corinthians because it is too long. Perhaps it is all true enough, but we can claim our share in any of the great world movements with as good a grace as the French, Germans, or any other European nation. The Crusades were not copyrighted; neither was the Reformation, nor the circumnavigation of the globe. As to a lack of a "literary public," we have no coterie universally acknowledged to be the only judges of what's what, without whose approval nothing can claim to be "literature." We have, in every community, those who regard themselves as arbitres, but no one outside of their own circle takes them seriously. Neither have we an illiterate peasantry who never read anything at all, either through lack of knowledge of the art, or lack of interest in life. If we could run our whole population through a series of literary sieves of varying fineness, we should have as a final product a class of sublimated intelligence, just as large numerically as any nation on the globe, and our "seconds" and "thirds" would probably outnumber those found elsewhere, while the residuum would be much smaller and of better quality. Women have more leisure than men, and they spend a portion of it in reading, but any one who frequents a public library can testify to the fact that a large proportion of the patrons are men. As to a preference for short articles, the reason for that ought to be plain. If a scientific fact or social question is not of universal interest, all that can be expected to interest the reader not immediately concerned with it can be said within the prescribed space. If it cannot, then there are magazines or papers devoted to that or kindred topics in which it will not only find place, but the class of readers to whom it is addressed. "One grows tired of the parable of St. Paul and his Epistle." Were he living now the obviously proper course for him to pursue would be to have his epistle typewritten or printed, and sent through the mail. Times and methods change. We hear the same sort of argument about Luther and his brave defiance in nailing his protest to the church door, as if it were something unheard of before. In the days when there were no newspapers, all documents to be promulgated were nailed to the church door. As to St. Paul in search of a publisher, he would not be the only one, if he offered his writings to the *Century*, the *Atlantic* or the New York *Sun*. Milton, Dryden, Pope, and others of the literary gods would find their wares refused if they offered them at the wrong place. Does any one think the Harpers would attempt to publish "Clarissa Harlowe" as a serial with a view to pleasing subscribers? When foreigners come to this country and remain long enough to learn the language and find a good paying berth in some governmental office or educational institution, they invariably take it upon themselves to castigate us for our audacity in daring to differ from their beloved native land. Their attitude recalls the remark of a high and haughty English dame traveling in Italy for the first time. Having overheard a reference to her party as foreigners, she speedily set the ignorant natives right. "I beg your pardon; you are the foreigners. *We* are English."



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The Gentleman and the Parvenu

When the news came from Washington some nights ago that a German warship had fired on a Venezuelan fort and that relations between this country and Germany were becoming somewhat strained, the *Call* sent out reporters to get interviews. One reporter went to the Palace hotel and interrogated Mr. Lewis Nixon, president of the shipbuilders' combine, relative to the progress that was being made on government war vessels in course of construction, and also as to the capacity of the shipyards of the country. Another reporter called on Mr. Henry T. Scott to get information relative to the progress that was being made on government vessels at the Union Iron Works. An hour later the two reporters met in the *Call* editorial rooms.

"What success?" asked the one who had been sent to interview the great exponent of Scott hospitality.

"I've got a good story," was the reply. "Nixon is an affable fellow. He not only told me all I wanted to know, but he sat down and wrote a comprehensive statement of the facts for publication. How did you fare?"

"Didn't get a line," was the reply. "That fellow Scott is the worst old boor I ever met."

"Wouldn't he talk?"

"Yes, like an ill-mannered parvenu. After meeting him I can readily understand why those Eastern people fired him out of the chairmanship of the Shipbuilders' executive committee. All that I could get out of him was that the newspapers knew more than he did about the Union Iron Works. Though I was in his own home I could have closed my eyes and imagined I was talking to a hostler in the stable."

The Two Types

This story of the experience of the two reporters is told merely to contrast the methods of representative men of affairs from both edges of the continent. Mr. Nixon is a college bred young man who has become one of the great captains of industry in this country. He recognizes the right of the people concerning the dealings of big corporations with the Government, and he vouchsafes them through the press the knowledge to which he believes them to be entitled. Moreover he knows that he can best subserve the interests entrusted to him by treating representatives of the country's press courteously. Mr. Scott typifies the pomposity of the far Western industrial magnate who belongs to a past generation and whose methods are now tabu. Men of the ill-mannered Scott type formerly abounded in the offices of our quasi-public corporations, and they have been crowded out by courteous young men from the East who have successfully demonstrated that politeness pays even in commerce.

A Question of Ethics

It is popularly supposed that lawyers do not concern themselves very much about the ethics of their profession. But they do. Nearly every lawyer worries about the ethical shortcomings of the other fellow. It appears that each lawyer has his own code of ethics with which he adroitly reconciles his acts, and another code with which he vainly seeks to reconcile the acts of other members of the profession. Ralph C. Harrison was retained the other day by Dave Jacks, the wealthy land-owner, to argue a case in the Supreme Court. The same case was argued just before the personnel of the court was changed by the recent election and while Harrison was one of the justices. Now it is being argued in the profession that it is a violation of professional ethics for ex-Justice Harrison to accept a fee in the case, because when on the bench he probably heard the views of his associates, and therefore will have an advantage over his adversary in the argument. A *rara avis* indeed would be the lawyer, in these degenerate days, who would shy at a fee under the same circumstances.

The Jury Farce

If to take an undue advantage over one's adversary in a court of justice be a violation of legal ethics, then objection should be raised to the methods of counsel in railroad damage suits. The jury system in our courts is such that there are many men in San Francisco who live by doing jury duty. They are on every panel. Counsel for the railroad has a list of them, and he knows how nearly every man summoned is inclined to vote on a verdict. He surely has a tremendous advantage over his adversaries. So well is this understood in the legal profession, that the attorney is hired by other lawyers to assist them in jury cases. He is not to blame for taking advantage of conditions for which the judges are responsible. It is the duty of the bench to banish professional jurors, for even though a juror be honest he is unfit for jury duty if the attorney on one side of a case knows that he is predisposed to view the facts in a certain light, and that his judgment may be swayed by certain methods unknown to the other side. The trial jury system of San Francisco has become as much of a farce as the Grand Jury which is usually drawn by a clerk noted for his dexterity in the manipulation of marked slips. It would be a very easy matter for the Presiding Judge to examine every slip and make comparison with the list of grand jurors before the drawing, and then lock the box and keep the key, but no jurist appears to think it wise to take the precaution. Yet the drawing of Grand Jurors has been a juggling game under more than one administration of the county clerk's office.

Polite Larceny in Clubdom

Tom McCaleb was on the point of raising quite a row in the Pacific-Union Club a short time ago. McCaleb is one of the bachelors who live at the club, and when the

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Examiner was banished from the library of that gilded home of the millionaire he subscribed for the paper, and it was left at his door every morning. Being a gentleman of leisure he does not arise early, but one morning he awoke earlier than usual and sought his paper. It was missing. He supposed that the carrier had forgotten him that day, but about an hour later when he opened the door his paper was there. In the following week he again arose early one morning and once more the paper was missing. McCaleb concluded that somebody was committing a species of petty larceny. He summoned a servant, and asked him if he knew what had become of his paper. "Oh, yes," said the man, "Mr. Platt whose room is across the hall borrows it every morning before you get up!" When the patriots of clubdom were inveighing against the *Examiner* for having pulled the fatal trigger at Buffalo, Mr. Horace Platt was the most enthusiastic advocate of the proposition to banish the paper from the Pacific-Union. Therefore, though McCaleb was at first very indignant that anybody in a gentleman's club should borrow his property surreptitiously, he thought it such a good joke when he discovered Platt was the culprit that he decided not to protest.

Newton on Dangerous Ground

Rev. Heber Newton, late of New York and now of Stanford, hasn't been with us very long, but he has been here long enough to start a religious controversy. Indeed, he has sown the seed of one, and it remains to be seen whether he combines the temerity and the self-confidence to essay the role of reaper. A week ago the Rev. Heber Newton appeared in the pulpit at Stanford University to discuss faith, hope and charity. Among other things he said: "It has been the hand of faith which has created the most tyrannous of tyrants, an *Index Expurgatorius*—a censorship of the press under which freedom of thought has been destroyed within the greatest church of Christendom." A remarkable utterance with which to start the echoes within the confines of the university whence Professor Ross was banished for having contended for liberty of speech! We should advise the Rev. Heber Newton to go slow. He may find it to his advantage to have a friend vise his sermons and blue-pencil them before delivery. He is no longer a free-lance pulpiteer, and if he wishes to avoid the fate of Ross he should refrain from smashing religious institutions with which he has only a bowing acquaintance. Father Yorke was quick to call attention to the blow-holes in the Newton sermon, and if the Stanford divine cares to reply he will no doubt be accommodated with a religious discussion, for the Catholic controversialist who is now a regent of Berkeley university likes that sort of thing.

By Way of Contrast

In this connection it is interesting to note that while the Rev. Heber Newton was bemoaning the tendency of faith to narrow the human intellect and stay the way to mental progress, Rev. Father Bell, a Jesuit priest of Santa Clara College, was busily engaged in the laboratory of that institution in experimenting with new apparatus by means of which he has made great strides in wireless telegraphy. Though there are many clergymen in the world today who devote all their time to the discussion of "higher thought" when they are not sneering at faith and those religious tenets that have safeguarded society and made civilization possible, there are others who are content with the old theology, and who in the cloistered seclusion of monasteries are making valuable contributions to literature, and achieving things scientific that are of incalculable benefit to the human race.

They Don't Take Tips

In Burton Holmes's lecture on Norway he took occasion to refer to the national aversion to tips and gratuities. Money greed has not yet invaded the Norse country and the peasants refuse extra compensation for services rendered, with an air of surprise. They can not imagine why anybody should pay them more than the stipulated price. The lecturer related that on one occasion he had to travel several miles to a station in order to catch a train at half-past seven in the morning. The landlord called him at four o'clock, cooked and served breakfast, harnessed up, and drove the traveler and his baggage over the mountain roads in time to make his train, and when offered fifty cents over and above his two dollar charge remonstrated, "Oh, no, sir, I can not possibly take all that money."

The End of Egry

Poor Paul Egry! Bohemian by birth and bohemian by nature, he cut out for himself a checkered career and followed it to the usual tragic climax that appeals to the artistic temperament. Euterpe presided over his birth but Egry soon drifted to the shrine of Bacchus, and paid homage to that god of the roystering crew, neglecting his art and giving reign to his rude passions until they drew him into the mire. Egry was a genius without a balance wheel. His command of his instrument was wonderful. He could make his violin sing, wail or rage. San Francisco has heard few better artists than the eccentric Egry. For two years Egry was absent from his old haunts here and those two years were big with adventure for the little Hungarian. In Honolulu, after living a bohemian existence among the natives, he was discovered by the smart set who made much of him as an artist. Pupils, engagements and shekels fell to Paul, and it was said that he longed for a Princess Chimay to give him Rigo-like prestige. From Honolulu, the gypsy wanderer went to New Zealand with the Josephine Stanton theatrical company. In time, and

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in rags, he returned to Honolulu as a stowaway from Auckland. He pawned a Cremona loaned him by a friend and got himself into trouble, and later he was found peeling potatoes for the ship's "Doctor" on the voyage to this city.

He Sneered at Ysaye

Egry was really a violinist of more than normal brilliancy, and had he spent more hours in the pursuit of art and fewer in the pursuit of pleasure he would probably have lived a life of honor. He was the son of a violinist of some distinction and he "bowed" a violin almost before he could walk. When he came to America some years ago he was engaged by the best managers in the country, but his fondness for the bottle kept him from any very long engagements. He first came West as a leader—or was it first violin?—for the Tavary Opera Company, but at Denver he was taken seriously drunk and was left behind when the company turned Eastward. Denver is an unusually musical city, and Egry, for a time, had small difficulty in making a good living as an instructor. Shortly after Egry's involuntary stop-over Ysaye, the world-famous Belgian violinist, came to Denver for a week's stand. The *piece de resistance* of the Belgian's program was a composition, the name of which I do not recall, but whose chief merit lay in its test of the performer's skill at difficult phrasing and brilliant fingering. Egry of course went to hear Ysaye, but when he heard the show number he scoffed audibly and boasted that Ysaye played the number like a beginner. The remark got around to Ysaye and caused so much discussion that the Hungarian was invited to give a concert on his own hook and show how the composition should be played.

The Sequel to the Concert

He bit at the chance, borrowed a Stradivarius from the collection of Mr. Josselyn, a local collector, and gave his concert a week after Ysaye departed. The hall was crowded, but those who came to scoff remained to praise, and even his enemies confessed that, in point of brilliancy, Egry had bested Ysaye in his pet piece. The concert, however, had a sequel, as most of Egry's achievements were bound to have. The priceless Stradivarius which the local collector had loaned failed to show up, and after some nervous weeks of waiting had passed he went to see Egry and demanded back his violin. Egry, after some threats and persuasion, at last confessed that it was at that moment resting on a pawn-shop shelf as a security for a small loan. The collector paid the premium, got back his instrument and very good-naturedly consented to keep the matter out of the courts and the papers. Soon after this Egry lost his grip in Denver, became a cafe performer, drifted West to California and was next seen in a beer hall orchestra in Los Angeles.

Touching the Toga Topic

Up from the South comes the news that Henry T. Oxnard has decided to become a candidate for United States Senator to succeed Thomas R. Bard. There will be a very lively scrimmage for the toga when Bard's term draws to a close. That unique statesman having had a taste of life at the Capital has become enamored of the social whirl, and has announced that he will be a candidate himself. As U. S. Grant Jr., the son of his father, who made one feeble though costly attempt to reach the Senatorial goal, is going to make another, there will be three opulent citizens from south of Tehachapi in the fight. As the toga, like other commodities, is affected by the laws of supply and demand, votes should come high in the next Senatorial battle. And though it is somewhat early to discuss the matter it is by no means irrelevant to call attention to the fact that there is a "dark horse" in Pardee's burg over the bay who is already proselyting for converts to the view that it is nonsense to concede to Southern California the right to name the next United States Senator. His friends contend that there is no reason why the whole region north of San Francisco should be ignored. That section, which is fully as important as the home of the carget-bagger, has not had a Senator since it was represented by Newton Booth. Senators Stanford, Casserly, Hager, Hearst, Miller and Williams all hailed from San Francisco. When Stanford and Hearst were the California Senators, San Francisco was the residence of both. Since their passing, the little bunch of villages south of the Tehachapi has had two Senators—Bard and White, while the remainder of the State has had Perkins only.

Pardee and His Policy

The Republicans of Alameda county declare that Senatorships are not matters of geographical distribution, and Governor Pardee who is now engaged in building up a new Republican machine is firmly of that opinion. But in other matters political the Governor is severely reticent. Nobody appears to know just what his policy is going to be. It is evident that he prides himself on his independence and his freedom from entangling alliances. Up to date he has not shown his hand and the politicians are at sea as to what he intends doing. However, it is quite apparent that he is intent upon administering some hard knocks to the Administration of his predecessor. He began his gubernatorial career by exposing the sham of Gage's record for economy. He has pointed out that the last tax levy was not large enough to produce the required revenue, and though he is preaching economy he will no doubt see that sufficient funds are raised to run the government while he is in office.

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A Notable Engagement

The marriage of Mrs. Genevieve Green Hamilton and Mr. Garret W. McEnerney is to be an event of the post-Lenten season. The announcement of their engagement aroused more interest than is occasioned by the betrothal of representatives of the merely fashionable herd, for both have accomplished something by the exercise of their conspicuous talents. The achievements of Mr. McEnerney in the legal profession are not more praiseworthy than those of Mrs. Hamilton in the field of journalism. Mrs. Hamilton is the daughter of Will S. Green, the veteran editor of the Colusa *Sun,* who has held several important State offices and who is known as the father of irrigation in the Sacramento valley. She is a cultured woman and has for years been a regular contributor to the magazines of this country and England. Mr. McEnerney's connection with important litigation has been in the nature of a continuous performance for several years, and there is probably no man in the State with whom the public is more familiar. His success at the bar has been due to his reputation for integrity as much as to his exceptional ability.

A Familiar Type Classified

The "hen-minded" man is a new type discovered by Kate Masterson. She says: "You will meet the hen-minded man at the afternoon receptions of women's clubs, where he drinks tea and talks poetry and art. Frequently he has attainments in these directions, but his mental anæmia expresses itself in all his views. He lacks red blood." No doubt the hen-minded man is a useful individual. Women like to feel that their club functions are not stupid and inane, and the presence of a man or two lends verisimilitude to the fiction that they possess a virile interest. Men of the hen-minded species are especially adapted for the service. They look the part without playing it.

The Pedigree of a Beauty

Much is being written these days about the beauty of Miss Gladys Deacon who is said to have captivated more than one representative of royalty within a year. The progenitors of Miss Deacon made social history here in the old days, and many of her relatives are still here. Her grandmother Miss Tolfree was a beauty of the wax doll type with a profusion of golden hair worn in short fluffy curls all over her head. Her marriage to Captain Charles Baldwin of the United States Navy was one of the social events of the time, and during their residence here, and later when Captain Baldwin was in command at the Mare Island Navy Yard, their home was a delightful one to visit. Captain Baldwin was a handsome man, tall, dark and distinguished looking, courtly in manner and a charming conversationalist. Their only daughter Florence, mother of Miss Gladys Deacon, inherited the good looks of both parents. She grew up in San Francisco where her mother had a large family connection, and finished her education abroad. Among Miss Deacon's relatives in California are her uncle, Charley Baldwin, the Van Winkles, and her great aunt the widow of General Michler, U. S. A., who, as Miss Sallie Hollingsworth, was almost as great a belle in her day as her niece, Miss Tolfree. Mrs. Michler was a half-sister of the late Dr. Beverly Cole, and in that way his granddaughters, pretty Alma and Gladys McClung, are distantly related to the famed beauty, Miss Gladys Deacon.

An Incident of the Boom Days

The Rev. D. Charles Gardner was not quite correct, historically, when he said at the Stanford Memorial Dedication exercises last Sunday, "We begin today a unique experiment, to test whether a non-sectarian church can minister to the spiritual needs of a great university." The "beginning," to test non-sectarian reformations in educational development, "here by the western shore of the New World," began many years ago: before Dr. Heber Newton slipped his moorings from Eastern orthodoxy, or Mr. Gardner saw All Saints church at Palo Alto. But that is another story. The "non-sectarian" feature of the unique and interesting occasion, when the late Senator Stanford was so tenderly laid among the Saints, reminds me of an incident in the boom-days of Southern California. Back in 1887 a band of land speculators in San Diego conceived the idea of establishing a non-sectarian university and church A tract of cactus and sage brush land on the mesa above the new city of "Bay and Climate" was bought for a few thousand dollars, staked off in twenty-five foot lots surrounding the site of the proposed great university. The financial, religious and educational features of the scheme were engineered by a coterie of one-lunged boomers from Kansas and Nebraska. The president, faculty and minister were all but chosen. The plans were drawn and the corner-stone laid, while bright visions were conjured of non-sectarian glory and enormous land profits.

A Memorable Sign

A store in one of the streets of the town was rented for offices, and the entire side of the store was covered with a great plat of "University Heights," showing the buildings completed, and vast acres of corner lots for sale. Above it was painted this legend: "Site of the Home of the Only Non-*Sectional* College in America." Everybody admired the sign. Nobody appeared to notice the error until a joking lawyer came along and told the boss painter that the word was not "non-sectional." He said that as no women were to be admitted it should read "non-*sexual.*" The painter changed the word, and it remained until the following day, a source of great amusement to every fun-loving boomer. The managers finally caught on after being guyed for some time. The word was painted out and "Non-Sectarian" at last painted in. The institution never rose above the foundation walls and a few years ago the land was donated to the State for a Normal school. The sign was long since painted out but the joke remains as one of the memories of the Southern California boom.

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The Carey Friedlanders are to join the Russian Hill colony which has been growing rapidly of late. Though the site is somewhat inaccessible, the rare views it affords are luring home-builders who appreciate scenery. The Pauls and the Polks were the first to seek this aerie retreat on account of its picturesque features, and then followed Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson, the artist, and other kindred spirits. Mrs. Richardson built and moved into one of the three peaked-roofed houses on the pinnacle of the hill. One day a philistine friend of the artist called. She was shown over the house. After admiring the view from front and back windows, and inspecting the fittings and furnishings, she was asked her opinion of the place.

"It's very nice," she said, "but I'm wondering how you get your coal in. I don't see any back door."

Why the Rector Married

There is a haughty Southern dame in reduced circumstances, I hear, who was not among those to send congratulations when Miss Susanne Hayes announced her approaching marriage with Reverend Burr Weedon. The haughty Southern dame was housekeeper for St. Luke's idolized rector some time since and after three weeks' experience he decided that he could dispense with her services. Over such matters as whether she was or was not to sit at his table when he ate his meals, and the like, they failed to agree. Then the haughty Southern dame sent in an itemized bill for services rendered. It included breakfasts at twenty-five cents each.

"What's this item?" questioned the rector, pointing his ministerial forefinger at a line in the account.

"Those, sir, are your breakfasts. I did not agree to supply your matutinal meals."

"Ah, but," returned the clergyman, "surely you did not think of charging me for breakfasts cooked with my own coal."

And now the Guild ladies say that it was his horror of salaried housekeepers that led the good rector to take a second wife. He was a widower in good standing when he came to his present fold, and the picture of his first wife adorned his desk. Sighing spinsters averred that nothing could shake his devotion to that memory, but they found out their mistake.

The Baroness Coming Home

The Baroness von Schroeder is expected soon to rejoin her husband and she will bring the three children with her. It was for the sake of giving her children the benefit of a foreign education that the Baroness expatriated herself so long. Notwithstanding her long separation from her husband she is as much in love with him as ever. She never took any stock in those stories that were a feature of the racy libel suit. The Baron, meanwhile, is quite in the swim again as far as he cares to be. He is the guest of the Walter Martins when in town. They are his connections by marriage, as Walter's Aunt Annie was the step-mother of the Baroness.

A Californian Knickerbocker

The dailies had little to say about William Knickerbocker Van Alen, who died last week, yet he was the only member of the clan Knickerbocker in this State. He came hither via the Isthmus in '49, and his arrival and the way he laid the foundation of his fortune were matters he was fond of talking about. When he touched land here, he had but a dollar in his pocket. He was hungry and he determined to eat his fill even if it took his entire fund, which it did. After enjoying his square meal, Mr. Van Alen looked about for work. He saw some pepper sacks stacked up on the sidewalk and made a bargain with their owner to try and sell them. At the end of the day he had forty dollars and with this capital he laid the foundation of the modest fortune which he subsequently accumulated. It was believed at one time that he was quite rich but he did not leave more than fifty thousand dollars. A brother in New York, living on the family estates, is his heir, I believe. The old Knickerbocker was a cousin of J. J. Van Alen, the Newport plutocrat. He was chairman of the finance committee here when James Lick erected the first Pioneer hall, in Montgomery street between Jackson and Pacific. For fifty-four years he lived here and in all that time was absent only eight months from California.

They Made Him Dance

Mr. Samuel Adams of *McClure's* magazine came to town some days ago, and fell in with several of the local literary lights. They decided to give him a dinner at the Bohemian Club last Saturday night, and he had a sensational experience that he will not soon forget. Instead of the conventional glad-hand function by which so many visiting lions have been honored, Mr. Adams was given what will probably be chronicled in the Annals of Bohemia as a Wild West ovation. He appeared at the club in the gladdest of glad rags, believing of course that expansive immaculate shirt fronts were *en regle,* but on this occasion they were barred. Gelett Burgess, the Irwins—Wallace and Will—Lieutenant Howland and the other chaps that write, burst in upon Mr. Adams with a cowboy whoop-la, and he beheld them with amazement, for they wore red

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

Distributors in every town on the coast

shirts, sombreros and the other features of a plainsman's attire. They viewed the tenderfoot from the East with frowns of disapproval, and just as Mr. Adams began to feel that a clawhammer was the hallmark of our effete civilization, the swaggering Bohemians drew big revolvers and commanding him to dance began firing blank cartridges at his feet. Mr. Adams danced. The Bohemians knew the guns weren't loaded, but Mr. Adams didn't. The fusilade created a big sensation in the club, and several of the members started for home. The police were notified that murder had been committed and they tried to break in. They have had some very queer functions at the Bohemian Club, but the Wild West ovation marked an epoch.

Ethyl as Zaza

Once more did Ethyl Hager astonish the smart set. Fancy the stately Ethyl in the role of "Zaza"! Even Orrin Peck in rich Japanese drapery was a mild sensation in comparison at the Spreckels ball. Society "did itself proud" at that ball. It will be talked of for many a day.

Southern Blood Boils Over

It is generally believed that it is dangerous to make Southern blood boil, but President Roosevelt appears to be calmly indifferent to the heating of that rich fluid. It simmered ominously when he invited Booker Washington to break bread with him and it began to sing when he appointed negro Crum to a Federal job in South Carolina. But it boiled over in Washington the other day when several negro men and women attended a reception in the White House. My correspondent informs me that indignation meetings were held all day at the capital. The presence of the negroes caused several Southern gentlemen, nearly all of whom are members of Congress, to leave the mansion in a huff, and indignant interviews with Southern Senators and Congressmen were wired to the Southern papers. The negroes who attended the reception were office holders in Washington and members of their families. Though negro officials are always invited to State receptions they never attended before. The indignant Southerners say that President Roosevelt had sought to force the equality of the races by inviting the negroes, and that they responded on account of his attitude on the negro question. Senator Tillman gave a studiously insulting interview to a Southern newspaper. Among other things he said: "I never expect to go to the White House while the present occupant resides there." In view of the character of Tillman, as revealed by his public utterances, the President was no doubt pleased when he learned of the Senator's announcement.

Norry and Therese

The matchmakers who are watching Therese Morgan and Norris Davis may find that in the case of those young people the usual signs are not infallible. Therese and Norris have a way of keeping Cupid himself guessing. When "Norry" Davis was at college he was devoted to Alice Rooney, the cousin of "Virgie" Vanderbilt and "Tessie" Oelrichs. She was the prettiest and best dressed girl of her class, and it was rumored at college that she was engaged to young Davis, but after he graduated she was the object of another college man's attentions. Then Dame Grundy insisted that "Norry" Davis was engaged to one of the Cole girls, and indeed there happened to be a pretty substantial peg to hang that rumor on. But the Spanish-American war came along and young Davis enlisted in the navy, and romance went a-glimmering to all appearances, though the officers did find him turning a little seal ring pretty often that he acknowledged "She" had sent him as a charm. But who *She* was they didn't find out. And now the gossips have it that "She" is short for Miss Therese Morgan. But having missed their guess so often in both Miss Morgan's and Mr. Davis's case it isn't a prophecy to bank on.

Mrs. Older's Novel

Funk & Wagnalls, the New York publishers, have announced that "The Socialist and The Prince," Mrs. Fremont Older's novel of Californian life during the days of the anti-Chinese labor agitation, will make its appearance in February. The frontispiece is by Harrison Fisher and will be used for poster purposes. The book will no doubt be eagerly read by people who recall the exciting days of Denis Kearney, days of dramatic and tragic episodes. As Mrs. Older obtained her material from Kearney himself her story should have historical value. One of Funk & Wagnalls' professional readers informed me that each of the three men who passed upon Mrs. Older's manuscript pronounced the story "a good romance with strong situations."

A Late Bud

One of the interesting buds who has bloomed rather late this season is Miss Helen Pettigrew, niece of the Misses Callaghan. Miss Pettigrew has returned from Europe too late to take part in the first turns of the winter whirl. Her aunt, Miss Florence Callaghan, gave a luncheon the other day and the family will undoubtedly entertain extensively for her as they have unlimited wealth. At one time all the Callaghan sisters were teachers in the public school here, but a brother who is an engineer has made a fortune over the million mark in Australia and the sisters have all resigned their teacherships. Mr. Callaghan was connected with the Rothschilds in the Australian deals so the venture was gold-lined from the beginning. The Downey-Harveys and the rest of the Catholic wing of society have taken Miss Pettigrew under their feathers so she is bound to go everywhere, making her bow under such patronage.

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In the War Swim Again

Jimmie Alphabet Archibald has bobbed up again. He is in Venezuela, doing special correspondence for *Collier's*. Jimmie has done all sorts of war correspondence stunts since he followed the paper chase in San Rafael and was reported the fiance of Miss Clara Huntington. He was in Cuba and South Africa, and now Venezuela will give him a new chance for fame. When Jimmy went to Cuba, fresh from the paper chase, it was his first appearance in the role of a war correspondent, but he exhibited wonderful familiarity with the tricks of the trade, for in his first letters he posed himself as a hero with just as much skill as that displayed by Richard Harding Davis and other fanciful writers at the front. Among other achievements that he wrote about was the capture of a whole regiment of armed Spaniards that had sought refuge from the Paper Chaser in a church. He commanded them to lay down their arms and they did. No doubt they also fell on their knees and begged for mercy but Jimmy didn't humiliate them by telling about it.

(At the concert) "What would you call that voice?"

"I believe she belongs to the church choir class of contraltos."

"What do you mean:

"Mezzo-sopranos who balk when they come to a high note."

Hubby was Her Manager

Poor Clara Morris, sick and financially embarrassed, is to have a benefit! Who that remembers the once famous actress in the heyday of her starring career does not feel his emotions stirred in reflecting upon her sad plight! But she is to have a benefit and as Bishop Potter, H. L. Havemeyer, William C. Whitney and other rich men are to assist in raising funds for her, no doubt her spirits as well as her fortune will soon be revived. Incidentally one F. C. Harriott will also be cheered up. I believe it was Ellen Terry who once remarked that the husband of an actress is invariably a parasite. Mr. Harriott is the husband of Clara Morris. He said in an interview the other day that the actress suffered reverses because she knew nothing of business. "She was devoted to her art," he said; "I always managed her." It would be interesting to know whether it was under his management that she played into the hands of the process servers, and whether having landed her there he now expects to share in the charitable donations. I am inclined to think that though the actress's sympathizers are working solely in her interests, the benefit will be most appreciated by her managerial husband.

"There's a woman in this town that knows 'something' on a man, and so far she has kept it a secret," says the Fort Scott *Monitor*.

"Wonderful!" says the New York *Evening Sun*.

Perhaps not. Perhaps the "something" involves the woman, too.

He Wasn't Mentioned

There is great indignation among the millionaires of the Pacific-Union Club, as well as among those members that worship wealth but have it not. Some time ago when Horace Platt decided to go East to make Chauncey Depew look like thirty cents at the New England Society's annual banquet at the Waldorf, he tried his speech on his admirers at the club. They agreed that it was the greatest ever.

"It's full of uppygrams," said one old chap.

"It's a regular bonmott," said another.

If Mr. Platt had been summoned from the plough to direct an Empire the club could not have been prouder of him. He went East, and made his speech, but the New York papers failed to mention it. Mr. Platt was not even mentioned as "among those present." Hence the indignation.

Oratorical Fireworks

A fine brand of oratory was uncorked at the Pacific-Union Club the other night on the occasion of the banquet given by the Scotts to their employer, Mr. Nixon, of the Shipbuilders' trust. The rules of syntax floated away on the hot-air zephyrs with which Mr. Nixon was fatuously fanned, and even the waiters blushed at the indecent spectacle of singular nouns holding illegitimate intercourse with plural verbs in a feverish struggle to beget bastard sentences. Mr. Henry T. Scott was the presiding genius of the banquet, and he undertook to recite the history of the Union Iron Works from the days of the Donahues down to the builders of the *Oregon*. If Mr. Nixon should take it into his head that Mr. Scott was as raw a hand at shipbuilding as he is at postprandial speaking he would discharge him before the end of the week. The event of the evening was contributed by Mr. T. C. Van Ness, a lawyer who hailed Mr. Nixon as a trust magnate. The Van Ness gem warranted the suspicion that the speaker had been retained by the defense to prove that trusts constitute the greatest blessing of modern civilization. Strange to say, his argument failed to arouse enthusiasm even in the Pacific-Union Club, though somebody suggested that Mr. Van Ness should have filed a brief. The jester of the evening was that inimitable wit, Mr. Claus Spreckels, who jocularly flouted the railroad, evoking a felicitous response from that versatile gentleman, Mr. E. O. McCormick, who is always interesting and who is gradually succeeding in making the Southern Pacific popular.

VIENNA MODEL BAKERY.

One of the points of interest at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 was that of the "Vienna Model Bakery and Restaurant." In fact it did not require a very brainy board of judges to decide that the "Vienna Model Bakery" was a decided addition to the enterprises of this country. And when, after a discussion of the pros and cons in the case, in which the inner man's opinion was a decided factor, the Gold Medal and Highest Award were bestowed on this venture without a single dissenting vote. One year later, in 1877, the Vienna Model Cafe and Restaurant was opened in this city and from the start made a hit. It has always commanded the highest class of trade, in fact never encouraged any other. During the luncheon hour one sees the smartest people in town headed for the corner of Post and Kearny streets. Drop in and you will be perfectly at home with your surroundings. At one table a matinee luncheon is being given—another table is graced by the judges of the Superior Court, who always make it a point to lunch at the "Vienna." But with increased prosperity has come a trifle of inconvenience to the restaurant's patrons, for they are sadly crowded for room. The management therefore now announces a move where the restaurant facilities will be more than doubled. About January thirtieth they will occupy the premises at 222 and 224 Sutter street, next to Goldberg, Bowen & Co.'s, where they will be in position to properly welcome their patrons. After twenty-five years of continuous catering to the public, they believe they are in position to serve it better than their many imitators; for, like all business successes, they have copyists. However, somebody said "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," so remember that after January thirtieth the Vienna Model Cafe and Restaurant will be found at 222 and 224 Sutter street.

BORJES & BENSON, 1001 Market Street, corner of Sixth, carry none but the Finest Imported and Domestic Wines and Liquors. Polite treatment, quick service, fine goods and popular prices have made this house one of the favorite resorts of the city.

When He was Baptized

Captain and Mrs. Percy Kessler left on the sixteenth for Fort Flagler, after a short visit with Mrs. Kessler's mother, Mrs. Cunningham. While here the Kesslers had their eleven months old baby christened. When the clergyman put the water on the little fellow's head, the infant looked up into his face, laughed and cooed "Good."

A Great Sire's Progeny

Although the Jesse Grants with their daughter, Miss Nell Grant, have come from San Diego to San Francisco to live permanently, they are not much spoken of in society on account of their being in mourning for Mr. Grant's mother, Mrs. U. S. Grant. They go absolutely nowhere, and on account of the sad event will probably not be seen in the gay world this season. The sons of the immortal General Grant, Ulysses S. Jr. and Jesse, inherit their father's profile and ambitions, but not a sprinkling of his genius. Jesse first came to public notice during General Grant's tour of the world. At that time "little Jesse Grant" was about nine years old, but despite his tender years was taken everywhere with his distinguished papa. Among other things he was introduced to the motherly Queen Victoria. Several times since his settlement in San Diego county he has entered politics in a small way and during the Bryan campaign he was subject to considerable ragging by reason of his having changed his political coat three times in as many months. Political success, indeed, does not seem to be with the Grants, as witness the consistent inability of U. S. Grant to get himself elected for anything. A few years ago he ran for Senator and was billed as a big gun, mostly on account of his wealth and his surprising facial resemblance to the Hero of Appomattox; but when it came to public appearances he failed to make good, as his voice was scarcely audible and his carefully prepared speeches fell flat. It is said that he intends to make another try for Senatorial honors next term, but the auspices are not favorable for his victory. He failed to nominate his man for Congress at the Republican convention at Sacramento last year and some of his best wires were snapped on that disastrous occasion.

Tit for Tat

It is a curious tendency of the times to place religious dramas on the stage just when the pulpit is resorting to all sorts of theatrical stunts in order to induce congregations to attend services. Within a very short period there have been presented the "Eternal City," "The Christian," "The Cardinal," "Ben Hur," "Quo Vadis" and "Mary of Magdala," in addition to the revival of the old miracle plays, "Everyman," "Bethlehem" and "Paradise Lost." The sensational preachers laid aside religious teachings on the supposition that if they treated topics of the times they would rival the playhouses and political meetings in the size of the audiences they would draw. The result was that the people went for their secular amusement to the places where by an inherited instinct they felt it should be furnished. Sunday night theatrical performances flourished and Sunday evening services were neglected. Anathema and denunciation did not affect results. Between paying a fixed price for admission to a good show at a theatre, and witnessing a poor one free, the preponderance of opinion was in favor of the legitimate performance. Now the theatres have turned the tables neatly, and it remains to see how the pulpit will like the innovation. A religious drama produced in a theatre by competent actors is decidedly more dignified and impressive than a political speech by a pulpit demagogue in church, set off by whistling solos and recitations "in costume."

Greenway's Latest Rival

Baron von Horst is treading on "Ned" Greenway preserves. Others have tried that before and have lived to regret. The baron is laboring under the delusion that he ranks any mere commercial man of the Greenway variety, and he is getting up the Bachelors' ball. And he has utterly ignored Mr. Greenway. But "our Ned" has no intention of being sidetracked by an interloper. Indeed I am told that he has decided to boycott the Bachelors' ball. However it is the women rather than the men who make the ball go, and the patronesses being of the front rank assure its success. In getting up his list of patronesses, the projector of the ball stole a march on Greenway, but it remains to be seen what sort of a crowd will attend, it being known that the support of society's leader has been withdrawn.

Why Masks Were Barred

Speaking of balls, I am reminded that it is to Dan Cupid we are indebted indirectly for the rescinding of the edict of the Mardi Gras ball directors against masks for men's faces. To go back to ancient history, after one of the Mardi Gras balls of the yester seasons, it was discovered that oil and water had mixed somehow. The vise committee were severely censured for allowing any loopholes, and there was a merry din about their ears. At the next Mardi Gras there were conspicuously few young society girls and among those guarded at home were the Hopkins girls, Mary Scott and Caro Crockett. As their fathers were on the committees it was considered an earnest of bad faith to have denied the ball the social prestige of these exclusive young women. When a certain papa whose daughters were not present was questioned he said, "Oh, well, it's all right enough to bring our wives but we can't really let our daughters come." Called upon to explain he said that what he meant was that it wouldn't be right to let their daughters dance with maskers who might not belong to their set. So the next season the masks were barred so that the society girls could attend without fear of contamination. Since then the girls whose social fortune was so carefully conserved have married, and hereafter masks are to be permitted.

The next bottle of whisky you buy resolve to try the "Jesse Moore." You've heard it was the best; prove it by practical test.

A Daily Question

How often a woman asks herself, What can I do to retain my youthful appearance without fear of criticism and injury to myself? For while all ladies wish to look beautiful, no woman can afford to use artificial means that would in any way detract from her refinement, as is the case by the use of powders and lotions which can not be put upon the face without being noticed.

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The Official Announcement

It has officially announced that the Mardi Gras ball will be held on February twenty-fourth and preparations for this important event in the social year have already begun at the Art Institute. The various Committees have been appointed. The Executive Committee which has general authority in the management of affairs consists of the members of the Board of Directors, Mr. Willis E. Davis, president of the Association, being chairman. Sir Henry Heyman has charge of the music, Mr. Edward M. Greenway is chairman of the Floor Committee and Mr. Newton J. Tharp and Mr. Ernest C. Peixotto will superintend the decorations. It is officially decreed that men and women will be allowed to mask. The grand march begins at ten and supper will be served at half-past eleven for the accommodation of those who wish to keep early hours. Several of the boxes have already been sold although the invitations will not be sent out until the coming week.

That Dresden Tragedy

An official of the American consular service writes me from Vienna some interesting news, comment and gossip apropos of the latest *chronique scandaleuse* that is agitating the courts, consciences and tongues of half the royal families of Europe. "The flight of the Crown Princess of Saxony," he writes, "caused consternation in nearly every court. The fact is that signs are pretty plain that within the last few years a spirit of revolt has entered within royal and imperial circles, and made itself specially manifest in families where the children are numerous and discipline is severe. In the older days wars could be relied upon to dispose early of superfluous Princes; and unnecessary Princesses could always be placed in convents or shelved by some other convenient method. Disgraceful love affairs could be hushed by the removal of the inferior party. In these days sovereigns are reluctant to run the gauntlet of public opinion in dealing with frisky relatives. Moreover democracy sympathizes with Highnesses who have wearied of etiquette and the trammels of rank, and who prefer to cast their lot with the crowd. Universal sympathy is being expressed for the Crown Princess, it being rumored that if she had not eloped she would have been sent to a *maison de sante*. It appears that she was extremely disliked at the strait-laced Dresden court, because of her unconventional ways. She would never conform to the etiquette required of her. One of her characteristic misdemeanors that shocked people was the waving of her hand to friends in the audience when she occupied her box at the opera.

Her Own Frank Statement

"Picture to yourself a bright, healthy, active, essentially modern, high spirited and handsome young Princess, plunged into the gloom and austerity, the dull monotony and severity of a court conducted on the lines of an abbey. With such an environment and in such an uncongenial atmosphere, with, it is alleged, a husband who was not only notoriously unfaithful but also positively brutal to her, and at a time when her state of health called for the greatest care, the poor Princess was offered the alternative of a convent or a madhouse. No wonder there is consternation in European courts in view of the sidelights that have been thrown on this startling romance, few of the facts of which will ever reach the American press. The Princess has been frank in revealing the secrets of her unhappiness. Her statement to a British journalist contained these significant words: 'The opening hour of marriage, so blessed for so many, to me was an hour accursed; it was the first minute of indescribable shame. What there was behind the thick curtains of blue velvet, I knew too well: it was sorrow, it was brutality, it was insult. Later—quite lately—it was even worse * * * it was depravity. I can see my husband now, looking at me with an abstracted air as might a drunken man look at the glass with which he has made himself drunk and which fills him with disgust.' Anybody who knows life can read between those lines and understand that this is one of those tragedies the details of which may be whispered in the consulting room of the physician but can never be publicly discussed. No wonder the question is asked, What is to come of it all?"

Her Aunt's Niece

Mrs. Will Crocker has a niece after her own heart in the person of Miss Elsie Sperry. Mrs. Crocker is one of the few women in society who have sense enough not to take our social push seriously. Naturally a woman of her independence makes enemies, and I have heard that she is rather proud of her capacity in that respect. Elsie Sperry has the temperament of her aunt. Though she is not a poseur her latest fad is to be late at dinner. She enjoys hearing some one say, "The dinner or luncheon was a half or three-quarters of an hour late because Miss Sperry did not come." All this winter the debutante hostesses have been frantic because Miss Sperry would not put in an appearance until a little later than the last moment. They lately organized a union to attack the grub without her.

Why They Missed the Durbar

Many people have wondered why Miss Bonynge, the adopted daughter of the California millionaire, missed the oriental splendors of the durbar where Daisy Leiter Curzon succeeded in shining so brilliantly in the limelight. Miss Bonynge married Viscount Deerhurst and it will be remembered the Viscount's beautiful sister married Dhuleep Singh, descendant of the Grand Mogul and the richest princes of India. Letters to friends here tell of the recent financial failure of the Prince and his retirement from social life till he can revive his income. He still has an in-

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come, however, of some fifty thousand dollars a year. It may be amusing to the polloi for anyone to claim that such a sum is insufficient to live on but the Prince insists that it is not enough to properly maintain his establishment in these days of durbars and splendor: hence his retirement.

Looted His Immense Fortune

This marriage of Miss Bonynge linked her family with one of the most famous princely houses of India. When the British captured Delhi they found the grandfather of the present Prince a foundling, then three years old, amid the overturned splendors of the main temple. They promptly confiscated the foundling's fortune, amounting in those days to over seventy million dollars. Among the jewels seized was the great Koh-i-noor diamond, now the chief crown jewel of the British Empire. When the father of the present Prince reached his majority the Government allowed him an annual income of half a million dollars to recompense him in a measure for the fortune taken from his family. He moved to Suez and married a beautiful Swiss girl. The couple lived there in royal splendor for a number of years. This was ended by his returning to India and leading an unsuccessful insurrection against the government. His heart went out in this burst of patriotism and he died very soon after the failure. After his death the government gave a pension to his two daughters and the present Prince. The latter was given a splendid education. He has won considerable reputation for himself in the world of letters. He set up a splendid establishment after his marriage with Lady Anne Coventry, the sister-in-law of our Miss Bonynge. However his brilliant social talents are offset by poor financial ability and his investments have become so tangled that his income is reduced to a beggarly fifty thousand dollars a year.

One of the most serious-minded girls in society is Miss Kip who, since she went into mourning, has been devoting herself to physical culture.

In the County of Marin where all the paper-chasers dwell
There's a region of combustion and it's known as San Rafael.
There the fire-bug haunts the gloaming with his little sulphur match,
There he comes when none suspect him, in a manner hard to catch—
Pretty fire-bugs, dainty fire-bugs, see them streaking through the gloam;
Hurry, hurry, San Rafaelite, if you'd save your happy home!

In the County of Marin where all the paper-chasers dwell
There's a fire-insurance belt and it is known as San Rafael.
There with liquid fire-extinguisher they irrigate the land,
There the tired commuter watches with a garden hose in hand—
Pretty fire-bugs, dainty fire-bugs, see them flitting through the gloam;
Man the pumps, poor San Rafaelite, if you'd save your happy home!

In the County of Marin where still the paper-chase is rife,
Do not play with oil or matches if you value limb and life;
Pity still the poor commuter who is pining for that shore
Where insurance ceases troubling and the fire-bug burns no more—
Pretty fire-bugs, dainty fire-bugs, lighting matches in the gloam,
Just to make a splendid bonfire of your happy rural home.

The Plaything of Fortune

That versatile chap, Tom Lyden, is still amusing himself and diverting the public with his surprising pranks. Lyden has succeeded to a title since he was here and is now Lord Lyveden of Northamptonshire. Of all the freaks of topsy-turvey-land he is the most singular. He and his ilk and the American heiress-chasers serve far better than Debrett to illustrate the patchwork character of the modern English nobility. Fortune high or fortune low, though, we may feel assured that Tom Lyden will don his vestments of the House of Lords and uphold the British Empire with the same serenity of mind and easy confidence that he displayed when "slinging hash" here in a Post street restaurant. I first met him in a local restaurant in the late eighties. When the rush was over and he had time he'd loiter about the table, rubbing up the tableware, and talk about his adventures and expectations. At that time I regarded his "expectation" yarns as artistic flights in pure blarney, adroitly aired for snaring sundry quarters and half-dollars under the disguise of loans. But time proved his tales true.

Played Many Parts in Life

Lyden started on his kaleidoscopic career as a private soldier. Once discharged he foregathered with a troop of strolling mountebanks and tramped and starved and tore tricks and tragedies to pieces over all England. Then the fairy came into his life that lured him to America. She abandoned him on a reef of wretchedness and he wandered about as a waiter, a nursery gardener, a coachman, steward on a coastwise steamer, book agent, and back into his old calling of actor. He came out to Southern California on a land scheme that went up in air. When he came down he fell into the place of waiter in a Post street restaurant. Later on, by great good luck, he hitched on to a theatrical company going East. The last I heard of him he was caterer to the General Steam Navigation Company. The next big shift in his changeful life was his elevation to the title of Lord Lyveden. I hear now that the thespian spirit is still so strong in him that he has locked up his castle and gone off touring the provinces, where he is giving highly successful readings.

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French Novels and Cigarettes

There was a time when the *nouveau riche* deemed a well stocked library essential to the tone of a home. The supposition was that books bespoke culture in a home even though they weren't read. But the multi-millionaires of today are too well satisfied with themselves to affect culture. There are so many things to occupy the attention of the New York smart set that its members do not bother about books. A Californian who visited the Clarence Mackays at Rosslyn, Long Island, some time ago informs me that in the "library" of the palatial residence she observed a small secretary covered with cheap sensational novels. On a table was one English book, Gertrude Atherton's "The Conquerer." It was open and at a page containing a reference to "Lady Kitty Duer." There were no other volumes in the vast "library." It may be interesting to learn that young Mrs. Mackay has a bath-tub carved out of onyx, and that the floor of the room is covered with white fur. The chairs of her mauve boudoir are draped with ermine, and in the sitting room of the boudoir is a table covered with smokers' articles. Some years ago Mrs. Mackay was the *enfant terrible* of Newport. By the way she is expecting another visit from the stork.

Elopement Echoes

Echoes of the Parrott-Whitney elopement are still to be heard. The sudden departure of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott for the South is said to be due not only to a desire to flee the scene of the late unpleasantness, but also to nip another romance in the bud. Mrs. Parrott has another daughter, and she has resolved not to be caught napping a second time. I hear that the Parrotts were greatly distressed over the solecism of the young people in remaining in town to receive the congratulations of their friends, and even accepting a dinner in their honor given by Frank Goad at the Bohemian Club. It is the conventional notion that young people should sequester themselves for a few days after marriage. However a young girl cannot be the heroine of a romance every day, and young Mrs. Whitney should not be criticised for remaining in the limelight a day or two.

The Commercial Job-Chaser

The merchants of San Francisco have entered a protest at Sacramento against the confirmation of Harbor Commissioner McKenzie. They contend that some business man of this city should get the job. This concerted action on the part of the merchants is no doubt in the interest of some sage of Sansome street who is longing to get both feet into the public trough. Experience has proved that downtown merchants are not the most faithful of public servants. In nine cases out of ten the mercantile job-chaser is not a successful business man. The successful business man has no time to devote to politics unless he is a crook and hopes to prostitute public office in the interest of his private business.

Those Sycophantic Scribblers

There is nothing more amusing these days to readers than certain dailies whose social columns reek with rapturous laudation distilled by sundry sycophants, puerile *proneurs* and truckling touts. To those on the inside who know that the servile and inane adulation is not the work of journalists, and who are aware of the identity of the gush slingers, those social columns are more wearisome than amusing. In nearly every instance the work is done by a woman who is in society or on the edge engaged in climbing, and by close interlinear attention one can easily discern the ambitions of the writer. Undoubtedly a great deal of their fulsome flattery is disgusting even to those upon whom it is bestowed. I should imagine, for instance, that Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who is a sensible woman, did not enthuse over the notice she received in the *Post* the other night from the young lady who is the daughter of a late distinguished physician, and who edits the social column of that paper. She referred to Mrs. Martin as the Mrs. Astor of San Francisco and mentioned her "Ducet" gown of white Valenciennes, "trimmed with ropes of jet, which is so becoming to the style of our charming hostess." In another issue of the same paper Mrs. McClung was referred to as "ever so charming" and so bright and vivacious as to make one think of her as a sister of Miss Gladys and Miss Alma. Rather tough on Gladys and Alma, I should say, but it is a significant fact that both Mrs. McClung and Mrs. Martin are patronesses of the Bachelors' balls. Perhaps they can take a hint.

Some Samples of Gush

In the *Bulletin* the other night, the lady gusher wrote up one of the young women in the smart set as having worn a certain gown in which she looked "more beautiful than ever." Now it happens that this particular young woman is the reverse of good looking. Even her own mother, if she were alive, would think it a josh if anybody told her that her daughter was beautiful, yet the gusher had the nerve to write of her as "more beautiful than ever." A few nights later I found this in the social chat: "Mrs. Henry T. Scott was at her very best and this is saying much. Only once has she ever looked so handsome, and that was at the Mardi Gras ball last year where she led a little coterie of friends across the hall, and so interested were the spectators in watching her that only when the party was seated was the fact recognized that in this party were New Yorkers, who lead all that is swell and chic in New York and Newport." Now wouldn't that, as they say at the Orpheum, rattle your slats? Is it possible that our provincial aristocrats are so rattle-brained as to eat that sort of stuff? If not I should suggest that they sign a round-robin to the editor asking him please to desist.

To banish the blues nothing is so efficacious as a drink of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve bourbon or rye.

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Her Second Engagement

"She's no longer, then, too young to marry," was the the comment of some of Dorothy Heyneman's friends when her engagement with Leon Greenbaum was announced. And thereby hangs a tale. For there was a time, about two years ago, when Papa and Mamma Heyneman said that Dolly must not think of marrying yet. It is imagined that her present choice of a husband suits the parents better than the first. It will be remembered what a stir was caused in smart Jewish circles about the time of President McKinley's visit when Miss Heyneman's engagement with young Harry Stephens of Governor Nash's party was announced. Stephens was described as a multi-millionaire and all sorts of good things. Everybody was congratulating the Heynemans and Dorothy—and then the engagement was declared off. "Our daughter's extreme youth," was the reason given. Young Stephens went back to Ohio. and the story was told that he wasn't a multi-millionaire at all, but just the rich Stephens's cousin. He had not masqueraded in the character, the honors simply having been thrust upon him by the newspapers who had heard of his cousin and confounded the two. Leon Greenbaum, who is to marry the bewitching Dorothy, is considered one of our most eligible young men. Many a Christian society girl has turned longing eyes in his direction. He is a cousin of Louis Sloss and is an amateur actor much in demand at society vaudeville affairs.

There was a whisper buzzing through Society that an engagement would be announced at the Spreckels tea which would astonish the natives. It was not made, but gossip says it is only a question of time.

Three Charming Sisters

For the first time in several years the three charming daughters of the late Mrs. Hall McAllister are to be here together. The youngest of the sisters, Mrs. Pritchard, will soon arrive from the East on a visit to her eldest sister, Dr. Henry Wagner's wife. Marion McAllister first married Lieutenant Everett E. Wise of the U. S. Navy and after his death married her present husband. Edith, the second sister, married Frank Newlands. She is a brilliantly accomplished woman, having been educated in Europe under the care of her aunt, Mrs. Harry Palmer, whom old Californians remember as the beautiful Alice Herman. Mrs. Newlands is now at the Palace and will remain to greet her youngest sister, Eva, familiarly styled "Jack" by the family. She married a Harvard professor named Pritchard.

Parisian Impressions

Mrs. Marriner Campbell told the ladies of the California Club, the other day, what she saw and heard in the musical studios of Paris. She found much that is meretricious in the musical atmosphere of Paris, a mawkish sentimentality in the music of the day, and a lack of religious feeling even in so-called sacred compositions. She was touched to find so many vocal wrecks among girl students, and counseled aspirants for musical fame to study at home unless they have voices beyond question, thorough training, a good general education, fine health, at least a grounding in French, German and Italian, and in addition an income sufficient to maintain them for five years. With all these advantages a girl *may* succeed, without them she *must* face discouragement, failure, and perhaps vocal and moral death. The gist of her advice was, "Keep your girls at home." Mrs. Campbell referred to the peculiarities of French teachers, their excitability and quick temper, their craze for big tones leading to forcing of the voice, and also to the modern demand for temperament and dramatic interpretation, to which the finer qualities of freshness and bloom are sacrificed. Through the kindness of Emma Nevada, Mrs. Campbell enjoyed an entree into the studio of Madame Marchesi, and she gave an interesting description of this remarkable woman, now eighty-four years of age. She also visited the studios of Bouhy, Sbriglia and Duvernoy. In the advanced classes she met many Americans and some Californians, among others Alexia Bassian, formerly of Fresno, now the wife of a prominent Londoner. It is difficult for the French to conceive of anything good outside of Paris, and the number of American prize winners fills them with astonishment.

"Mrs. Gossip can speak several languages."
"But her tongue is longest in her own."

To Wed a Baltimore Belle

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Mollie Lee of Baltimore and Mr. W. M. Randall of this city. Miss Lee belongs to the inner circle of old families in Maryland, she is popular in society and spends much time in the hunting field. Her fiance is the son of J. B. Randall, one of the early settlers of this State. He is a graduate of Harvard and is a member of the University Club. He is very popular in commercial and club circles.

No headache, no gastritis, follows the use of "Jesse Mo re" pure whisky. It does one good. There is none other to equal it.

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A Stockton Romance

The opening of the Hewlett will in Stockton created the sensation I predicted, for it left everything to his wife and the daughter by a former marriage. But the sensation was short-lived for it was found the next day that all the other relatives, including the sporty nephew, had been remembered with gifts of twenty thousand dollars each before the banker died. There was a bit of romance in the life of Mrs. Hewlett which the gossips are recalling now that she is a wealthy widow. When she came home from boarding school, years ago, fresh and pretty, Mr. Hewlett, then a widower and thirty years her senior, fell in love with her and proceeded to woo her. But the heart of Eva Reed had been won by a young naval officer whom she had met while a student. However, she was prevailed upon to entertain a proposition from her wealthy wooer, and the supposition has been that it was her ambitious mamma who made the match. Mrs. Hewlett proved a faithful and devoted wife, nursing her aged husband in his last illness with patient care. Meanwhile the jilted naval officer took unto himself a wife, but it is said that he is now a widower and is stationed on this coast.

Prima Facie Evidence

The despatches assure us that May Yohe is going to supply the house of Strong with an heir, and that she went away because she objected to having her child born under the American flag. The birth of a child will no doubt afford Mrs. Strong satisfaction, for it was her failure to furnish Lord Hope with an heir that caused the first breach in their domestic relations. Like the Czar of Russia, Lord Hope declared it was his wife's fault that no heir to the house of Newcastle was forthcoming. And she believed him. If the Associated Press is correctly informed, then Lord Hope owes his former wife an apology.

Judge—Why did you leave your husband?

Madame D. Vorseeker—On account of our compatibility of temperament.

Judge—That's an odd cause of action; explain yourself.

Madame D. Vorseeker—Well, your Honor, we are both of the artistic temperament. He is a pianist and I am a vocalist, and he constantly accused me of getting off the key.

Judge—The wretch. Mr. Clerk, enter tne decree as prayed for.

That Moxey Case

While the Moxey trial continues it is the earnest purpose of the defendants to prove that no coercion was used upon Mrs. Phillips in order to get her money in the hands of the foxy Moxey with a string of Culture Institute degrees as long as his arm. Indeed the "young couple" are now living in an uptown boarding house as happily as two cooing doves. They are inseparable and their attitude toward each other would make it appear that a discrepancy of a mere score or so of years between the youngness of the husband and the oldness of the wife has not the least influence on conjugal happiness. Still there are those who declare that when the weak-minded old lady first fell into the clutches of the physical culturists, billing and cooing was not considered a necessary ceremony in the Moxey dovecote. In fact it is asserted that Moxey seriously, nay, cruelly neglected his doting bride as soon as he considered her liberal dowry safe in his hands. It is further claimed that the groom gave Mrs. Moxey hardly enough to appease her hunger while he himself dined in style at the grill of the Palace hotel. Mrs. Moxey, it is said, appeared frequently at the Market street institution kept by a friend and wept audibly at the coldness of her gay consort. If Moxey keeps possession of the grandam whom he so ingeniously lured into holy ties it is easy to see what his treatment of her will be as soon as the matter is out of the courts. This is a mere scrap of the inside history of a matrimonial deal the cold-bloodedness of which makes the ordinary marriage for money appear like an idyllic love romance of the sentimental school. It seems that the goryest passages of the Moxey tragedy were never without their elements of humor. It is said that Moxey and friend daily sallied forth in considerable state to dine at the Saint Nicholas and that Moxey prefaced his departure by handing his wife fifteen cents with which to buy herself something at the delicatessen store.

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

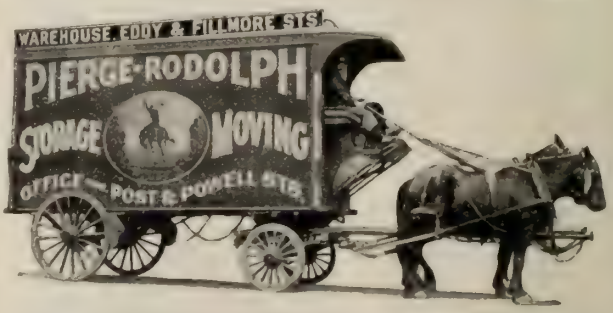
To My Pipe

Come down, old fellow! with shame-bowed head
I take you up from your dusty bed;
I feel regret and a just remorse,
And curse myself and my vapid course,
That I, the dolt, could have put you by
For a woman's whim and a woman's sigh.

Come down, old fellow! we meet again;
Today is not what the time was, when
I thrust you back in the shadows dim
In deference to a woman's whim.
No wondrous maid that the world e'er knew
Could chain a man to her heart like you.

Come down, old fellow! What, friend! think you
That any woman could part us two?
What fervid kisses from scarlet lips
Could thrill me thus to my finger tips?
Dear, brown old fellow, I bless the sprite
That gave me freedom, and you, tonight.

January, 1903. *Mabel Porter Pitts.*



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Why Not?

Miss Pearline Scrubem, one of last year's buds,
Still shines resplendent with unfaded charms;
And yet they seem suggestive of the suds
That seethed around her Mama's beefy arms
Some years ago when, bending o'er the tub,
She whacked the washboard daily for her grub.

But daddy died, and left behind a pile,
Got, God knows how! but it was big enough
To set the Scrubems up in splendid style
And work the customary social bluff
That somehow, where the wealth is, always wins,
Though many a guest behind his napkin grins.

But "Pearly" as they call her in the "set,"
Remembers little of those drudging days,
Or if she does, she struggles to forget.
She knows that thinking of them never pays;
The lineage that she to the laundry owes
Is never seen in her superb repose.

She's been abroad and there was taught the tone
That makes less favored belles with envy burn.
She gained the Court and bent before the throne
Of England's Ruler; and since her return
She seems as though "unto the manner born."
Though Papa came as cook "around the Horn."

Her Mama stays discreetly where she's told
And deftly dons the dowagerian air.
Nursing her swollen knuckles that of old
Of alkali and labor had their share,
She gives them, now and then, a furtive rub
And dreams, no doubt, of Scrubem and the tub.

But Pearly's panther form and faultless face—
Her laughing lips and shoulders like the snows—
Her beauty and her boodle—show no trace
Of that white soapy sea from which she rose.
Did not the Myth men love rise from a flood
Of fleecy foam? Why not this last year's bud?

—*The Twoser.*

Reciprocity

"It is not a difficult matter to prophesy that the wedding gifts will be very numerous as well as very costly, as Miss —— has a number of friends, many of them very wealthy, and no one is more generous in the giving of engagement and wedding presents than Mrs. —— and her daughter have always been."

Extract from Madame Gossip's Chat.

Miss Blank, the bride-to-be, to her mother: Well mamma, the presents are beginning to come in. Let's see whether they have done as well by us as we by them in times past.

Mrs. Blank (tears wrapper from package): "Mrs. Larry Rot's best wishes"—a sugar spoon!

Miss B.: And she with her millions! Why, mamma, how mean of her, when I gave her a set of cut-glass individual butter-plates. What did Larry send?

Mrs. B.: Nothing—his card is with hers.

Miss B.: Why, I thought *they* were good for a diamond tiara, at least. Well, here's something (opens another package). "With congratulations of Miss Dollars and Miss Grace Dollars"—a jardiniere!

Mrs. B.: I saw them at Swale's marked down to $1.45 on Monday. What did we give Grace when she announced her engagement?

Miss B.: Don't you remember, mother? It was at the linen shower—half a dozen beautiful hand-embroidered and hem-stitched bed sets.

Mrs. B.: Such stinginess. But it takes those women with long bank accounts to be mean.

Miss B.: Here's Daisy Moneyed's gift—you know the rare old lace shawl I gave her, and that set of porcelain dishes *you* gave—well, here's her return, two lace pocket handkerchiefs! I'll wager they were part of her trousseau.

Mrs. B.: Never mind, look at these lovely coffee spoons, aren't they sweet—"love and best wishes from Mildred."

Miss B.: Oh, Mildred Jones, that little cousin of Daisy Moneyed. Why, I never gave her a thing in my life, and didn't even ask her to the wedding.

Mrs . B.: You had her at your tea to help pour, remember.

Miss B.: And this is the way she shows her gratitude. Poor little thing, she hasn't a nickel to bless herself with, either. See, mamma, what a difference. Look at Isabel Heiress's present—another jardiniere, as I live, one of those Jap affairs that are worth about seventy-five cents *net*. And think of all we did for her—launched her in the swim, you might say!

Mrs. B.: You can never figure on anything. Here's the rest—

They tear the wrappers off packages, and the new ones constantly arriving.

Miss B. (noting results with pencil and pad): Twenty-six sugar spoons, thirty-eight jardinieres, three clocks, sixteen lace handkerchiefs, fourteen pickle forks, three sets coffee spoons, twenty cut-glass bonbon dishes, two engravings, one set wine glasses, six punch bowls, four jeweled hat-pins, one Hawaiian necklace, seventeen Indian baskets, five carved hall chairs, fourteen odd spoons for bonbons, salted almonds, etc., four silver-mounted toilet sets.

Mrs. B.: Well, I guess you'll have to furnish your house yourself. And think what *we* gave to these people!

Miss B.: Yes, mamma, I wish I had back that sweet grand piano we gave Ruby Brown, that pearl necklace Mamie Green is wearing, that lovely divan in old rose brocade that's in Jennie Robinson's drawing room and some of those elegant dinner sets we've wasted on these jardiniere givers. What will I do with them all, anyway?

Mrs. B.: Save them, of course, and give them as wedding presents to the next set of brides!

—*The Femme de Chambre.*

Large Audiences Attend the Tyndall Lectures

San Franciscans are generally considered as rather a materialistic lot and it is refreshing to find that we are "within the pale" even if we do not come up to the psychic atmosphere of Boston. Every seat in Steinway hall was filled last Sunday night at Dr. McIvor-Tyndall's lecture on "The Power of Thought." It was undoubtedly one of the most interesting yet given by the thought-reader and his audience was composed of representative citizens of the city. Dr. Tyndall holds that it is to the West, rather than to India, that the world must look for a scientific basis from which to study psychic phenomena and make practical its disclosures. Tomorrow night Dr. Tyndall lectures on "Palmistry: It's Relation to Character Building." The lecture will be illustrated with stereopticon views of famous hands. Views of the hands of many well-known men and women of San Francisco and the State will also be shown, and their characteristics and tendencies pointed out, from the shape and lines of their hands. The State's Chief Executive and many others of the State and city Administrations will be represented. The lecture is sure to prove attractive to a large number of persons, and extra seating capacity has been arranged for. The following Sunday night, February eighth, Tyndall will talk on "The Force of Suggestion; the Art of Mental Self-Defence."

"Yes, she's pretty gay but not half so gay as her daughter."

"Well, she never had the advantages of an education at a fashionable seminary."

"I don't blame her for playing a character part," remarked Mrs. Roastem at the Spreckels ball. "Why shouldn't she accentuate the ugliness of such a face?"

MOVED DOWN TOWN.

Mrs. Gage's move down town from her old location at 807 Sutter street is a great convenience to her patrons. The Gage millinery enjoys a vogue among our most modish women, and is always a synonym for style. Mrs. Gage studies the features of her customers and her millinery creations are always in harmony. Exclusive and exquisite modes are shown in the new store at 229 Sutter street.

The Confessions of a Divorcee

Chicago, June 1, 1898.

Montague and I have had our first honeymoon quarrel. He wears such ridiculous ties that I am sure we shall never be happy together. Shall see an attorney today.

Mrs. Montague Swift.

Chicago, June 2, 1898.

Mr. Barker, my attorney, has settled everything with the judge and we will depart for South Dakota tomorrow.

Mrs. Montague Swift.

Alimony, S. D., June 5, 1898.

Mr. Barker accompanied me to South Dakota to see that all was O. K. To save embarrassment we were married before returning.

Mrs. Biten Barker.

Chicago, June 6, 1898.

See that Montague was married today to Mrs. Scott Hyball, ex-wife of Judge Hyball who divorced us. Am surprised at Montague's fickleness.

Mrs. Biten Barker.

San Francisco, December 19, 1899.

Am free again—grounds, desertion on both sides. By the way, I see that Judge Hyball has married the woman who divorced Biten Barker before me. Let me see: if Montague Swift, my first husband, marries the former wife of Judge Hyball, and Judge Hyball marries the first wife of my last divorced husband, Biten Barker, then I must be related to—but what's the use?

Mrs. Eleanor Barker.

Reno, Nev. Jan. 3, 1900

While on a little bridal tour with my latest, Gustav Blase, former husband of the present Mrs. Montague Swift, we had quite a pleasant little surprise on the car going out of Reno. I noticed a familiar figure in the seat in front of us, and looking closer, saw that it was Judge Hyball with the latest divorced wife of Biten Barker. I was scandalized at the impropriety of the two traveling alone, when I was told that they had come to Reno to be married. How stupid of me not to have guessed it! I rather admire Judge Hyball. Maybe I feel kindly toward him because I am related to him through several strata of divorce.

Mrs. Gustav Blase.

San Francisco, March 9, 1900.

Montague Swift appeared on the scene today, just in time to avert my eloping to Reno with Judge Hyball. I liked the color of his tie this time, and after a short talk with him I decided to let bygones be bygones and settle all differences. The first love is the best, anyway. We depart for Reno tomorrow.

Mrs. Montague-Swift-Barker-Blase.

Reno, March 11, 1900.

Montague and I will take up our permanent residence here. The Judge returned to Chicago today, intending to become reconciled to his wife three divorces removed and now at liberty. Montague and I are almost as happy as we were on our first honeymoon.

Mrs. Montague Swift-Barker-Blase-Swift.

—*The Matrimoniac.*

The Olivina wines are sweet and dry, still and sparkling. Why not try them? You have "no hinge nor loop to hang a doubt on!" SPOHN--PATRICK CO.

The Alternative

The burglar pleaded guilty, and when the judge asked him the usual question as to whether he had anything to say before sentence was passed, he replied:

"No, your honor, I have nothing to urge in my behalf. But perhaps you would go light on me if I told you that just before my arrest I declined to contribute to the compounding of a felony though if I had done so I would have escaped arrest."

"Explain yourself," said the judge.

"The lady who caught me under the bed and who was the complaining witness in the case said that she would send either for a policeman or a minister. She gave me my choice and after sizing her up I took the cop."

The judge lopped off two years. —*The Bailiff.*

First Club Man: Beacon prides himself on the quality of his blood.

Second Club Man: A pity it is so poorly distributed. Did you see his nose after the stag last night?

A Difficult Problem

"I like Miss Stagestruck's gestures, don't you?"

"Yes, but I'm in doubt as to whether she's trying to show her histrionic talent or her proficiency in physical culture." —*The Cynic.*

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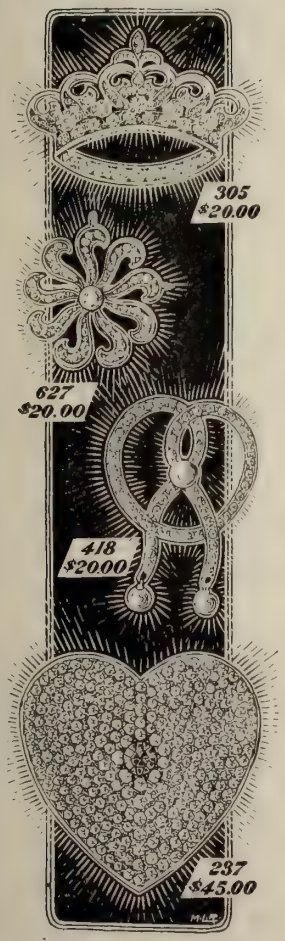

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STAGE

Did Carrie Take a Narcotic?

That the footlights' glare sublimates the conceit of those that bask in it is the only theory upon which I can account for the species of egomania which Ashton Stevens so deftly exploits in his amusing Sunday chats with mummers. There is nothing more exquisite than the art by which the breezy Stevens baits the strutting histrion, and persuades him to attudinize and unconsciously invoke the jeers of the cynical. To Stevens this fertile field to which the pompous actor-r and the proud actress are indigenous, belongs by right of discovery. It was formerly customary for critics and reporters to take player-folks as seriously as they take themselves, which is ponderously impressive. Not satisfied with being heroes and heroines on the stage, they crave the pedestal in private life, and when the stage was more of a mysterious realm than it is now the curiosity of the public was flattering unction to the soul of the mummer, who attributed it solely to admiration and envy. It was therefore his proud privilege to pose, and the newspapers encouraged him by dressing-room interviews the purpose of which was to afford the public a peep into the histrionic holy of holies. Now Stevens continues to gratify vulgar curiosity but in a way that accentuates the vagaries of the players regarding their genius, their wonderful achievements, their magnetism, their penchant for mash notes, et cetera. Yet, strange to say, more than one of Stevens's victims who had taken ridiculous poses for publication were so well satisfied with themselves that they invested in hundreds of copies of the paper to send to their friends. Are actor-folk impervious to ridicule? Is it the footlights' glare or the grease paints that deaden their sense of humor? Now in the case of Carrie Roma, who is said to have loaded a phonograph at the rate of two hundred words a minute for Mr. Stevens, I should say that she had been taking some powerful narcotic that had produced the most exquisite dreams. For it appears that Carrie, or plain "Roma" as she prefers to be called, just as though she were a Melba or a Patti, had visions of herself mingling with the nobility of England, receiving gracious compliments from Her Majesty the Queen, dogs from a Duchess, and two offers from Grau which she declined, not to mention a little sisterly advice from Nordica. She also had a dream about the time that she decided to stick to repertoire for the sake of her womanhood, about a hit that she made in an opera called "The American Heiress" in some remote corner of England, and another about a fat bank account that she had accumulated despite the sick husband on her hands. Whatever it was that Carrie took, she should patent it and put it on the market. Fancy the fortune she could make out of a brand guaranteed to keep such a dream on tap as the one in which she saw herself spurning an offer from Grau! Of course it would be a rude shock to wake and find oneself singing ballads for a "Fiddle Dee Dee" road show in a Pacific Coast country town, but then with plenty of yen shee in her pouch she could smoke up and plunge into an aria for the delectation of the Queen.

The Triumph of James

The rollicking, mischievous, revengeful jester in "Francesca Da Rimini" is no longer the only role in which Mr. Louis James rises to the dignity of a great artist. His Caliban in "The Tempest" is an achievement that ranks with that other notable masterpiece. Since his ability as an actor was first revealed to us in the days when he played the fool to Barrett's hunchback, Mr. James has played many parts, but in none of them did his skill as an artist assert itself as it does in the character of the repulsive monster, Caliban. Far be it from me to disparage Mr. Warde intentionally by concentrating my enthusiasm on his co-star, Mr. James, but the fact is that as Prospero his performance makes no such impression as that experienced in the contemplation of the weird Caliban, the wildest and most abstracted of all Shakespeare's characters. As Prospero, Mr. Warde is nothing more than our old friend, the actor who reads his lines intelligently and gesticulates mechanically but utterly fails to galvanize his audience. Mr. Warde is always conscientious and he has the temperament without the magnetism. As the deformed Caliban, Mr. James is the very personification of the evil Will. Force and poetry are combined in the actor's portrayal. Caliban is the climax of wickedness and brutality, a creature in whom devil, animal and man are equally blended, and Mr. James accentuates all the shades of character with vivid realism in his personification of this strange creation of a poetical imagination. "The Tempest" is a specimen of the purely romantic drama and one that few managers care to stage at this late day, and especially at this time when theatre-goers more than ever before crave pictures of up-to-date realities rather than a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space and which addresses itself entirely to the imaginative faculty. Its production in the sumptuous manner in which it is done at the Columbia reflects great credit on the management, for it is a splendid concession to lovers of the artistic. The supernatural theme of "The Tempest" with its lyrical expression appeals to the magnetism, but through it runs the story of a throne lost and regained, of traitorous kindred, abused confidence and requited usurpation. It abounds with arguments of state and leads thought into the theory and responsibility of government. All these elements combine to make it one of the most finished of Shakespeare's plays, and in the Warde and James production it loses neither its poetical nor philosophical interest. The cast is a complete one throughout, and a striking performance is that of Miss Edith Fassett as Ariel.

Nance O'Neil's Judith

If the modern dramatist would spare an hour or so to the perusal of the Old Testament, I warrant he would find there much fine stage material. Just a few months ago we had a New Testament drama, "The Voice from the Wilderness," and though it did not make a financial success it showed in its make-up considerable artistic strength. Mrs. Fiske has "Mary of Magdala" for her great offering in New York this season. And Nance O'Neil, or rather McKee Rankin, has given us "Judith." This big drama by the Italian Giacometti was, we are told, one of Ristori's favorites. In its present form I do not believe it will ever become popular with English speaking audiences. The language is too stilted, the scenes too long drawn out, reminding one of a Wagnerian opera. Even the greatest Isolde in the world could not make an ordinary audience do anything but yawn through "Tristan and Isolde." "Judith," with its long monologues and dialogues, has somewhat the same effect. It is only when the Deliverer herself is on the stage that the audience rouses itself into interest. As Judith Nance O'Neil shows another phase of her genius. Such a Judith, beautiful, serious, dignified, imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice and patriotism, may Ristori have been. In some scenes, notably that with Holofernes in the third act after Arzaele has left them, and with the High Priest, and again when she prays to God for strength to wield the heavy sword of the tyrant, Nance O'Neil rises to greater heights than she has attained in any of her preceding impersonations. It is this strong Jewish character and the dramatic scenes that environ her that led me to suggest to dramatists that they search the

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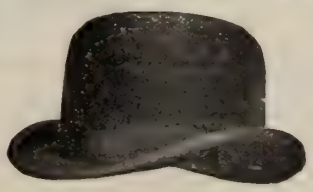
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Bible for inspiration. If "Judith" were translated into Biblical English, with the quaint old expressions, or in noble blank verse such as somebody else has suggested, it could be transformed into a play of ornate, classic beauty. As it stands, without Nance O'Neil's genius to illumine it it could not be played at all. The management has staged it superbly and with accuracy. Mayall, Butler, Byers and Miss Stoddard of the company give excellent support. Rateliffe's Holofernes, exaggerated to the point of burlesque on the opening night, later took on more subdued tones and is now a very acceptable performance. Herbert Carr, as the High Priest, is most impressive, and is a welcome addition to the stock support.

Arzaele, the favorite of the Harem of the Assyrian general, is played by Eliza Oldfield, a San Francisco girl who in this important role makes her first appearance on any stage. She was doing work for the Sunday supplement of a daily newspaper when Mr. Rankin met her. He saw in her face and figure a general fitness for the role of Arzaele, and he suggested that she try it. Though she had taken a few lessons in elocution from local teachers, Miss Oldfield had never appeared in even an amateur production and had not any serious idea of becoming an actress. But she consented to try and with Mr. Rankin's able coaching made her debut on Sunday night, her success surprising her most intimate friends.

"The Christian" at the Alcazar

Though San Francisco will never accept any other John Storm after Morgan's great characterization, it very willingly awards the palm for the best Glory Quayle we have seen to Alice Treat Hunt. Effie Ellsler, Elsie Leslie and Maude Fealy gave us their versions of the Hall Caine heroine, but Miss Hunt is the only one who combines in her impersonation the requisite beauty, charm and intensity. There is something in her work that reminds one of Julia Arthur in "The Dancing Girl," and her light comedy last week gave no hint of the strong emotional work she does in "The Christian." Close beside Miss Hunt's Glory goes Agnes Ranken's Polly Love. We never knew before what lay in this role in which Miss Ranken infuses such pathos. Brother Paul is another part which, slurred in former productions here of the play, is given its full value by William Warren.

Old Stunts and New

While with jugglers, acrobats and monologuists, and in specialty acts in general, the public cries for novelty, in music it likes the old favorites best. This is why when Eugene Cowles gave his recent concerts here, he was called upon to sing the Armourer's Song from "Robin Hood" on every occasion, the classic gems in his repertory failing to crowd that old success of his from favor. Billy Hopkins of the Bohemian Club can never get away from "The Holy City," or Donald Graham from "I Love and the World is Mine"; and Nordica has to sing the Valkyrie's cry from "Die Walkure" when she gives her recitals. The public enjoys in music what it knows. So Dick Jose at the Orpheum last week and this had to give "Dolly Gray" before his audiences were satisfied, though he has some new songs that are good, beside the other old favorites that he has been singing for years, "Sally in Our Alley" and "With All Her Faults I Love Her Still." Jose could go on singing those old songs to the end of his life, I believe, and they would always charm and enthuse an audience. Filson and Errol have their old hit, "A Tip on the Derby," this week at the Orpheum. It is a sketch that will do them for another year yet, for it contains the kind of wit and humor that doesn't grow shopworn. Morrisey and Rich's sketch, "A Breach of Promise," is also amusing, the scene laid in a photograph gallery, and the fun of the rough and tumble order. Jules Garrison's venture into the legitimate, with his declamation, the address of Spartacus to the Gladiators that McCullough used to declaim, strikes a new note in vaudeville. The silence that prevails during the recitation and the storm of applause that always greets its close seem to prove that vaudeville audiences are willing to be elevated if the elevating is done in the right way. The Garrisons are a clever couple and in their burlesque of famous tragedies the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous is taken at just the right angle. The Scott brothers have something new in acrobatics and equilibrium tests. They appear as Parisian johnnies, with monocles and cigarettes, doing their balancing feats without changing countenance or disturbing their attire. Later in white tights they perform some wonders on the slack wire. Collins and Hart have a laughable turn which they call "Two Strong Men." Some of the old hoaxes are in it, the rubber dumb-bell and ceiling equilibrium-supporter, but the new frame makes it interesting. Hill and Silvainy the bicyclists do their famed act, the man on the single wheel, with the woman standing on his shoulders, riding down a flight of steps. Les Frasettis do a xylophone duet that proves them artists of rare talent. The woman is a beauty, too, which always counts in winning an audience.

This cold weather, grip is warded off by taking Chapin & Gore's whiskies.

She's Now a Beauty

Truly Shattuck, formerly of the Tivoli chorus, is now being written up by New York papers as the "most beautiful woman in vaudeville." Some years ago she was the central figure in a local tragedy, her mother having shot and killed a young man who had been Truly's lover and who refused to become her husband. The notoriety of the case brought the girl to the attention of theatrical managers. She is now married and earning big money in vaudeville. Last week she was offered the largest salary she ever received for a twelve weeks' engagement at the Winter Garden in Berlin.

Sister Takes Husband's Place

Mrs. Fitzroy Tobin and Mrs. James Harrigan (Lotta and Belle Rogers) left San Francisco last week to begin a vaudeville tour in a musical act. Mrs. Tobin is the widow of the California trombonist who died in New Zealand a few months ago. Mrs. Harrigan is the wife of "the tramp juggler." Both ladies are young, pretty and talented. Mrs. Tobin won laurels in a musical act with her late husband, and her sister will doubtless make a successful and charming "partner," though this is to be her first venture into stageland. They are to be known as "The Tobins."

Stuart a Successful Hero

This is a week of merry tragedy at the Republic. More men are killed on the stage than are to be met in the cast of the modern thrilling melodrama. The play is a romantic drama and one with which we are all familiar, though the title—"The Master at Arms"—is new to us. It is really "Don Caesar de Bazan," a new version 'tis true, but the old favorite nevertheless. It was revived last season in New York and proved a strong attraction at more than one theatre. Faversham, the matinee idol, appeared in one version called "The Royal Rival" and on the first night when he was called before the curtain he smiled grimly, and said he didn't know what Mr. Frohman would put him in next, but he wouldn't be surprised if he were called upon to play the funny man in a comic opera. James Hackett played in another version at the same time, and the two popular matinee idols aroused great

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enthusiasm among their respective followers. Mr. Ralph Stuart, the new leading man of the Republic, has not the reputation of Faversham or Hackett, but he plays the rollicking, swaggering hero to the life. He has more of the temperament of the romantic hero than has Faversham, and though he does hail from the Murray Hill, having seen both I can testify that he is as acceptable in the role as was the star of the Empire. Not too swaggering, not too exuberant is Mr. Stuart's presentment of the role. He is sinewy in action and indeed a master at arms, for he sheds the blood of his numerous adversaries with neatness and dispatch. Mr. Stuart ought to make an ideal Count of Monte Cristo, and if he doesn't lure the mash-note writers to the Republic I will be surprised. Miss Mary Horne, the new leading lady of the company, had very little to do as Maritana, but she was effective.

Features of Next Week's Bills

"The Tempest" will be at the Columbia for another week. Anna Held in "The Little Duchess" follows. It was intended to present that old favorite "Francesca Da Rimini" next week, but such was the success of "The Tempest" that it has been decided to keep it on. People who were looking forward to the great treat of James as Beppo are to be disappointed unless the management can be induced to accede to the requests of many people, and present the old favorite at least one night.

Nance O'Neil has retained "Ingomar" in her repertory, and will play Parthenia next week. This will be a change from the intense roles in which Miss O'Neil has been seen during her engagement at the Grand and will show her art in its emotional and tender phase. She played Parthenia during her former appearances here and it was considered a charming interpretation. On Thursday she will give her first Ibsen matinee, when "Hedda Gabler" will be the bill. It will attract a large audience, as Ibsen is almost an entire novelty to us. "Lady Inger of Ostrat" will be given later.

"The Christian" has proved such a drawing card at the Alcazar that it is to go another week. "The New Woman," Sydney Grundy's comedy, is in rehearsal.

"Barbara Fidgety" is still packing Fischer's, new squibs and jests and songs being added each week. "Hoity Toity" is ready to go on at any time and a travesty on "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." There is a bank scene in "Hoity Toity," by the way, that will be very amusing to bankers, lawyers and financiers.

"Monte Cristo," which is one of the plays that never grow old, will be the Republic's bill. Ralph Stuart should make a fine title hero, and as in the company are several who supported O'Neill when he revived his old success in New York and Boston, the support is sure to be of the best. "Prince Otto," Otis Skinner's star play, comes next, its first production in the West.

The Swedish star has done a successful week's business at the California, but the theatre's policy being constant change, will give place to Hoyt's "A Stranger in a Strange Land" tomorrow night. William Keller Mack and John Campbell (formerly of the clever team Smith and Campbell) will have the principal roles. "The Devil's Auction" will follow.

They cannot take "The Mikado" off and the Gilbert and Sullivan revival promises to prove one of the best money-making ideas ever matured at the Tivoli. "Patience" is in rehearsal and will go on when the public consents to let "The Mikado" be taken off.

The favorite Dumonds, Parisian minstrels, Lottie Gilson, a new star here, in popular songs, Joe Maxwell and company in "The Fire Chief," a musical creation, Nelson's Comiques, novel comedy acrobats in "Frolics at the Zoo," with Filson and Errol in their bright sketch "A Daughter of Bacchus," the bicyclists, strong men, and Morrisey and Rich, with the biograph, will be Orpheum attractions.

The newly arrived baby monkey is a great attraction at the Chutes. —*The Playgoer.*

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Short Sermons

(Which Those Who Run May Read.)

I.

One morning as I was returning home from a not quite Satanic going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it, I came upon what seemed to be a mere child, clad in a flower-fair muslin gown, sitting by the wayside, her face hidden in her hands, sobbing as if her little heart would break. As I drew near, I noticed that the white-flower frock was slightly soiled.

"What is the matter, little girl?" I asked. "What are you crying about?"

She raised her tear-stained face—a much older face than I had expected to see.

"I am crying over spilt milk," she answered; and her sobs broke out afresh.

"It's no use," I said.

"It is use," she insisted. "What else is one to do?"

"How did it happen?" I inquired, ignoring her question.

"I took my life in my hands," she confessed, "and raised it to the lips of a man who seemed O, so thirsty. He tasted it; then handed it back to me. It was whisky, not milk, he wanted. When I learned that, I let the cup fall to the ground." Again she fell to sobbing.

"Don't cry; it's no use," I argued.

"It is use, and I can't help it. What else is one to do?"

"O, anything," I said weakly, and went on my way.

II.

Years passed. One afternoon I came upon a woman dressed in a gaudy scarlet gown all bedraggled and bespattered, lying in the mud by the wayside, laughing.

"What are you doing, lying there?" I cried in wonder.

She opened her bleared eyes and looked at me. "I know you," she said rudely; "the last time I saw you, you wanted to know why I was crying; now you want to know why I am laughing. What else is one to do?—one must either laugh or cry." And that dreadful laugh began again.

"Sister," I said, reaching out my right hand while I drew my skirts close about me with my left, "sister, let me help you to get on your feet. You must make a fresh start."

She laughed sardonically, and began singing in a cracked voice:

"Humpty-dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty-dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Can not put Humpty-dumpty where she was, again."

And she laughed a fiendish refrain.

"For God's sake," I exclaimed, "don't laugh so!"

"Madam," she said epigrammatically, "a fallen woman is a Humpty-dumpty. I must laugh. What else is one to do?"

As I hurried away, I fancied I could hear the sobs of a child mingled with that horrible laugh.

III.

Again the years passed. One evening about the hour of the Angelus I came upon a crone by the wayside, dressed in faded gray that matched her scanty hair. She was kneeling in the dust of the road, her face towards the setting sun. As I passed by on the other side, I heard her pray hoarsely: "O Thou who, though without sin, didst never once stoop down for a stone, whose sacred feet did not disdain the nard, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

And she went on into the west, and was lost in the glory of the sun. *Harry Cowell.*

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The E. C. Dake Newspaper Advertising Agency has moved from the Merchants' Exchange, where it has been located for the last twenty-three years to the Eyre Building, 124 Sansome street, new and larger quarters. This is the leading agency of the coast, in fact is the only agency, for it places advertisements almost anywhere and by telegraph if necessary. This agency is now known as one of the solid institutions of the West and many who wish to do business through a reliable source hunt up Dake's Agency when wishing to place advertising.

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MUSIC

The New Musical Club

Since the Schumann Club which David Loring directed and the Saturday Morning Orchestra which Mrs. Selden S. Wright brought into being, no musical organization has started with such a strong membership, such enthusiasm and fine financial backing as the new Twentieth Century Club, which will give its first concert next week. The members are all very enthusiastic over the old opera they are studying and which will be the feature of the program. The club is the outgrowth of the very successful charity affair which was given in Maple hall two seasons ago, and which led to a desire on the part of the projectors to form into some kind of a permanent club. The idea has been growing since then and this Twentieth Century Club is the culmination. Formed entirely of society people, there is no lack of talent, for some of our society amateurs are sufficiently advanced in musical knowledge to rank with professionals. Miss Bessie Ames, for one, is a 'cellist of rare ability. She has been urged to become a professional artist, but she does not care for that. She studied abroad with her sister Alice, who is Mrs. Robbins now, and who plays the violin. Mrs. B. G. Lathrop, who is Miss Ames's particular friend, is also a fine musician, and Mrs. Jack Casserly is one of the best harpists in this part of the world. Mrs. Walter McGavin, first vice-president of the club, sings charmingly, especially the French songs she studied under Donald de V. Graham. Mrs. Alice Bacon Washington, second vice-president, recently made her reappearance in concert here as pianist with the Minetti Quartet. Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mrs. M. B. Sherwood and Miss Gertrude Wheeler are of the vocally talented in the club. Miss Polk was a member of the original Saturday Morning Orchestra. The populace is not to have opportunity to attend the club's recitals, which are strictly invitational affairs for the members and their friends. But the influence of the club will be felt, nevertheless, on the community. It is all in line with the interest lately awakened in matters of culture.

Zelie de Lussan

When Zelie de Lussan sang in grand opera here with the Ellis company, her Carmen, Musette and Page in "Les Huguenots" were counted among the best things of the season. Her coming song recitals here, in Steinway hall on February tenth, twelfth and fourteenth, are therefore looked forward to with added interest. She will sing numbers from her operatic roles besides the song classics of various countries. Her rendition of the popular "La Paloma" has created a furor at every concert. At her first concert she will sing the Habenera from "Carmen," Knowest thou the Land from "Mignon," and the waltz song from "La Boheme," with songs by Mendelssohn, Rubinstein (The Asra), Denza, Franz, Arthur Nevin, Schumann and others. She will be assisted by Angelo Fronani, a young Italian pianist, whose numbers will be a Cappricio by Glazanouw and numbers by Reinecke and Thome. De Lussan is a fascinating woman as well as singer and, though of French parentage, was born and bred in New York. She calls all Americans "my people" notwithstanding the fact that her most brilliant artistic and social triumphs have been made in Europe.

A Wizard with His Bow

In Bohemia there is an influence that promotes the artistic temperament, and that romantic land has produced many great musicians. One of them is Wenzel Kopta, who revealed his cleverness on the bowed instrument at Steinway hall last Tuesday night. Kopta is a genius and a gentleman. Though he has most of the familiar characteristics of his kind, obtrusive eccentricity is not one of them. Being in comfortable circumstances, and free from cupidity, he does not follow his profession closely. He prefers a life of leisure and he has been enjoying it in a country home in the interior. However it is evident that he contributes to his own pleasure by frequent communion with his fiddle for his hand has all the cunning of the devoted practitioner. His technic is bold and assured and he plays with considerable dash, communicating much of his enthusiasm to his hearers. In Paganini's "Wiches' Dance" he played with great fire and spirit and in the familiar "Cascade" by Kontski his intonation was charming and he played with exquisite sentiment. Miss Gertrude Wheeler, a local contralto, made her debut as a concert singer, and made a favorable impression. She is a pupil of Mr. Edward Xavier Rolker.

A Prophecy Fulfilled

The predictions voiced in *Town Talk* usually come to pass. I have no desire to blow our own horn, but I remember that just two years ago my contemporary the Saunterer told of the contemplated retirement of Maurice Grau. The news came from a private source, and was immediately pooh-poohed by the augurs who had not heard of it. *Town Talk's* correspondent said that while for another year Grau's name would remain at the head of the Metropolitan Opera House concern, and as the grand opera impresario of Europe, in reality he was out of it. Now comes the authorized despatch that, owing to Grau's illness, he will take a rest for a year. Nessager of the Paris Opera was the man originally predicted as Grau's successor, but now it appears that Jean de Reszke has an eye on the job.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch the Young Russian

Gabrilowitsch will give his first concert in this city at the Alhambra next Tuesday night. The young Russian is said to be one of the most sympathetic pianists the world has ever known, and the enthusiasm of the audiences at his concerts in Paris and London knew no bounds. At his first concert here he will play Mendelssohn's "Variations Serieuses," Beethoven's Sonata Op. 31, three Chopin numbers, Rubinstein's "Le Bal," and the novelties will be an "Esquisse" by Arensky, "L'Alouette" by Glinka-Balakireff, and a Caprice-Burlesque by the young artist. On Thursday night he will play a gavotte of his own composition besides Schumann's "Carneval," "Marche Militaire" by Schubert-Taussig, and numbers by Bach, Tschaikowsky, Rubinstein and Henselt. At the Saturday matinee Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 110, and Brahm's variations and fugue on a theme by Handel will be the principal numbers. Complete programs may be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s where the sale of seats is now in progress. Gabrilowitsch will give a concert in Oakland at the Macdonough theatre Wednesday night.

The Stewart Recital

Society and musicians are rather more than ordinarily interested in the recital of works by Dr. H. J. Stewart to be given next Tuesday evening in Steinway hall. The program is selected entirely from Dr. Stewart's compositions, and in full is: Part Song, "The Singers; aria (Bluff King Hal), J. F. Veaco; songs, "Secrets" and "Out in the open meadow," Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup; violin solos, Romance in G and Bourree in G minor, Nathan Landsberger; part songs, "The Brook" and "Slumber Song"; songs, "Were I the Rose" and "Awake, dear heart," Mrs. J. E. Birmingham; solos, "Springtime," scherzo in G minor, "A song of happiness," and "Menuet Heroique," Dr. Stewart; quartet, "Ave Maria"; songs, "What saith the wind?" and "The sun has kissed your eyes," Miss Alma Berglund; violin solo, "Legend in D," Mr. Landsberger; songs, "O, like a garden in my heart" and "The Lords of Song," S. Homer Henley; song, "A little while," Miss Ella V. McCloskey; part songs, "The Chamber of Sleep" and "Sweetly blows the breath of Spring." These are but a few of the works that Dr. Stewart's muse has produced. One of the most beautiful songs he has written, and which Donald de V. Graham sang in the original production of the opera, is "Clouds are gathering darkly o'er me" in "Bluff King Hal." His setting to Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" I have mentioned before as a fine work. His oratorio "The Nativity" has been sung in various large cities.

The Mansfeldt Recital

The first entertainment given in the new hall of Adelphian Club of Alameda was a precursor of the delightful musical treats that Alameda will enjoy this winter. It was a piano recital by Hugo Mansfeldt, and was highly successful from every point of view. The program rendered was: Sonata, C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2 (Moonlight), Beethoven; Minuet, B minor, Schubert, Nocturne, A major, Field, Perpetual Motion, Weber; Nocturne, B flat minor, Op. 9, No. 1, Air Allemand, Chopin; Ballade B major, Redding Gavotte, Romance, Mansfeldt; Campanella, Liszt; Consolation, E major, Gnomenreigen (Gnome Dance), Romanza from Tannhauser, Wedding March and Fairy Dance, Liszt.

The Kilties Band, the Gordon Highlanders from Belleville, Canada, will give a week of concerts at the Alhambra beginning Monday matinee, February twenty-third. This organization includes forty musicians, a choir of eighteen voices, six Scotch dancers, two pipers and other features of a Scottish Regimental Band and the programs will be most interesting and varied. The selections range from Wagner and Beethoven to De Koven, Sousa and Lueders. Kocian, in March, will be the next Greenbaum attraction. —*The Music Critic*

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LETTERS

A Familiar Topic

The annual inquiry as to what books people took most pleasure in reading during the last twelve months is under way. F. C. Burnand, editor of *Punch*, has replied that he cannot specify any two in particular, since he found all the books interesting which he did not drop before the first twenty pages. This has given opportunity for some despairing soul to lament the degeneracy of the age which demands that its literature shall be interesting before all else. Pessimists of this order make the grand mistake of confounding interest with amusement. People always did demand that their reading matter should be interesting. Otherwise they will find some other form of divertisement. It makes no difference whether one takes up a biography, a book of travels and exploration, or a novel, if it is not interesting it will be speedily laid aside. The figures of the market reports or a table of statistics are interesting to those whom they concern. The reports of agricultural associations and stock breeders are interesting to farmers and stockmen. The sporting journals must interest their own clientele, and the fashion magazines have their followers, all of whom are deeply concerned with their contents, as a matter of business or pleasure. The amusement may come later, when some result is accomplished, but the interest must come first. Schoolboys may be driven to their lessons or their allotment of reading without taking an interest in it, but no one will voluntarily take up book, paper or periodical, and work a weary way through it if it excites no interest. Mr. Burnand happens to be editing a paper whose acknowledged purpose is to amuse, but it is no amusement to him in his editorial capacity. It is earnest work. Writers who have not the capacity to interest their readers may be authorities on the subjects which they treat but they will be no more apt to find themselves consulted like encyclopedias, for the verification of facts, than read from end to end. Interest is, if possible, more important than strict accuracy, which is not to say deliberate misrepresentation. Errors can be corrected but dullness is fatal.

Protest Against Uncut Pages

The London *Globe* is making a vigorous protest against the publishing books with pages uncut, and the majority of readers will be ready to add their voices to the outcry. It takes the sublimation of an "artistic temperament" to see anything beautiful in the ragged and untrimmed edges, which give an unfinished appearance to the bookbinders' work, and they catch the dust, so that, for ordinary handling or library usage, the uncut book is shabby in one-half the time that a smoothly trimmed volume begins to show wear. It adds an altogether unnecessary burden to the work of librarians, who must cut the pages before the volumes are placed on the shelves, and for private ownership it is an inducement not to buy books. The average book is not worth the trouble it costs to get at the contents, and the only excuse for the practice is the wider margin it allows in the case of such books and periodicals as are rebound or bound for their owners. Not once in a hundred times does any one care for a special binding of an ordinary book, and when it does happen the obvious course is to obtain the unbound sheets from the publisher. Connoisseurs and collectors place high values on uncut copies of rare works and early editions, but they attach importance to leaves which have not been separated at all, a condition which can hardly be regarded as complimentary to authors, since it is proof undeniable that the books have been unread as well as uncut. Given choice, there are very few readers or purchasers who would not prefer smooth edges to the ragged appearance of the uncut volumes, and if the London *Globe* will keep up the clamor, something may be effected by it.

The Rutledges are about to begin the republication of a series of "half-forgotten books," amongst which are noted for early appearance, "The Mysteries of Udolpho," "Jack Brag," Theodore Hook's novel, and "Whitefriars," by Emma Robinson. The field seems t obe one worth working, though there is no predicting how an old favorite will be received by a new generation. Most of the older books are regarded as entirely too long by the present reading population, who read as they do all else, by electricity. It is not a matter to be corrected by finding fault about it, since we are obliged to do everything else at a rate of which our grandparents never dreamed, outside of their fairy tales. Most reissues of old books have been pruned more or less judiciously, to bring them within modern bounds.

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With the Money Makers

News from 'Change

The dullness in the Stock and Bond market incident to the holiday season seems to have entirely disappeared and there is quite a good active movement in almost all the leading securities. Trading during the past week has been of good volume and the interest manifested by investors and the variety of stocks in which they are placing their money shows there is no lack of confidence in the future of valuations. While sales as a rule have been mostly in small parcels, this class of business creates a more healthful condition than when transfers are in large blocks confined to but a few securities. Present indications are that the investing public are on the lookout for dividend paying stocks and bonds as a source of income, the returns generally being better than the present low interest rates offered by the savings banks. This condition of affairs is beneficial in two ways. In the first place, it not only creates a good demand, but a better market condition for the shares of our industrial corporations, and in the second place, the withdrawal of savings deposits for investment in dividend paying securities will reduce the surplus in the hands of the banks and thus help to strengthen the money-earning capacity of bank deposits. It is a well-known fact that the savings banks of San Francisco have largely increased their deposits during the last year and that all of them have funds on hand in excess of what they have use for in making loans. This fact is the prime factor in bringing the present interest rate on deposits down to the low standard now prevailing, which by the way, is the lowest in the history of the city. The sales of shares during the week has been well distributed with a very steady movement each day. Sugar stocks have been moderately well represented in the sales of the week and prices have ruled quite steady. Hana plantation is in demand at $4.35 with practically no offers to sell and substantially the same thing may be said of Hawaiian Commercial, for which $44.50 and $45 has been offered without drawing out any stock. Paauhau has been selling from $16.37 1-2 to $16.50, but the holders of this stock seem to be so well satisfied that they are very backward about accepting these bids, and in fact they manifest very little anxiety about selling at any price. Hutchison Sugar Plantation is held steady at $15.25 to $15.50, the buyers being more numerous than sellers. Business in water shares has been comparatively light and under the offers of some small holders to sell Spring Valley stock experienced a small decline. The drop, however, was of short duration and while the original figure has not yet been reached the price has recovered to $84.50. Contra Costa Water has been steady at from $65 to $65.50, while Port Costa is $64 bid and $66.50 asked. San Francisco Gas & Electric commenced the week very dull, with the price from $41.25 to $41.75. During the last few days, however, a marked improvement has occurred and $43.75 has been readily paid for round lots. The latest annual statement of the Equitable Gas Company contains some points of considerable importance with reference to the utilization of gas in this city. Although the average sales of gas by this company have been slightly less than 52c. per thousand cubic feet, a clear profit of $18,000 is shown for the past eleven months. In the near future the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company will give their shareholders the results of last year's business, and considering a very much higher average rate at which the gas disposed of by them is sold the profits for the year should make a handsome showing. It should be borne in mind also that the Equitable Company has only laid its mains in certain portions of the city, where the consumption is heaviest, at the least cost of distribution, but even then, when it is considered that in the largest part of its territory the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company is receiving $1.25 a thousand feet, the forthcoming balance sheet ought to show large profits. Oakland Gas shares have been enhanced in value by reason of the absorption of this company in the new organization known as the California Gas and Electric Company. There has been considerable activity in Giant Powder shares and quite an advance in the price was effected. This improvement, however, lasted but a day or two and the selling price is again down to $64.50. There has been a greater fluctuation in the price of Alaska Packers shares than at any time during a number of months. As far as can be learned the only reason for this downward movement was the announcement of the company of their intention to sell at an unusually low price all their pack of one or two kinds of fish during the coming year. As a matter of fact, instead of depreciating the stock, this action is of benefit to stockholders because it was undertaken to head off threatened competition, and by so doing the general condition of the market can be maintained much more advantageously than if competition had been allowed to organize. Furthermore, these sales at the unusually low prices can have no effect whatever upon stockholders' interests, because at the beginning of the year at the annual meeting of the directors, sufficient funds were set aside to allow the monthly payment of $1 per share as a stockholders' dividend for the ensuing twelve months. Trading in bonds has been quite extensive and prices have ruled steady, railroad bonds taking precedence in point of demand.

Word comes from New York that the Commercial Cable Company, which owns the new Pacific Cable, will shortly issue new stock to the extent of $1,667,000, making the total capital stock issued $15,000,000, which is the total authorized capital stock of the company. Stockholders will be given the right to subscribe to the new stock to the extent of 12 1-2 per cent of their holdings. The stock is now selling at about $175 per share so that the rights will be worth in the neighborhood of $9 per share. The stock has been quite inactive for some time past, what there is of it being held in strong hands. The holdings of the Mackay-Bennett combination were not separated after the death of John W. Mackay.

A special meeting of the members of the Merchants' Exchange will be held on March 25th, to authorize the creation of a bonded indebtedness of $1,500,000 in 4 per cent twenty-year bonds, to provide funds to erect the new Exchange building. A contract has been made with the Bank of California to sell that institution the bonds at $98 and accrued interest, as funds are required.

At the annual meeting of the Vigorit Powder Company held last Monday the following directors were re-elected: C. de Guigne, J. Stauffer and John L. Howard. George A. Moore and S. L. Abbott were also elected. The yearly reports say: "There has been an increase in the amount of powder manufactured over 1901 of 707,000 pounds, or 53 per cent. The profits of the year were decreased by $3,180.22 in bad accounts, which have been carried on the books of the company for several years as assets, and $8,888.49, depreciation of silver, in Mexico, where the bulk of the business was done. The price of powder has recently been advanced in Mexico to cover Exchange at 275 per cent, and as exchange is now quoted at from 255 to 260 per cent, it is hoped to partially retrieve losses of this score during the coming year. The company expended during last year in betterments and improvements, made necessary by the increase in business, $15,661.03." —*The Financier.*

The February number of the *Pacific States Investor* is just out and fully sustains the reputation of the paper. The editorial articles cover an exceedingly wide range of subjects, in all cases giving the investor a pithy and practical view of the situation. To say that the paper is up to date and readable is merely to repeat the comment of every person who has read any of its issues during the year of its existence. The articles on automobiles and on a sardine factory for the Pacific Coast are specially interesting features of this month's issue.

TONOPAH

The Tonopah Stock Exchange, which opened its doors for business on the 31st of December, will furnish all parties desiring to invest in Tonopah stock with absolutely reliable and accurate information without cost. All investors are invited to write to Kenneth Donnellan, Secretary, Tonopah, Nevada, or H. C. Cutting, President, room 412 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco.

Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Sierra Railway Company of California will be held at the offices of the company, No. 229 Crocker Building, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday the 9th day of February, 1903, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing Directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before said meeting.

Dated January 26, 1903. S. M. RICKEY, Secretary.

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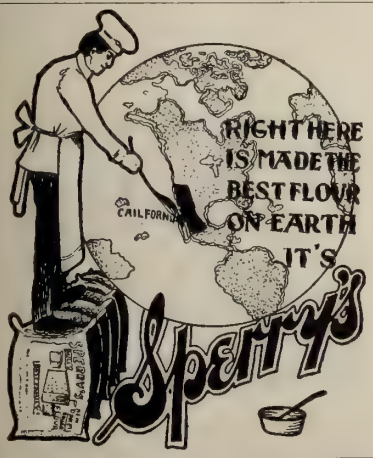

Other People's Ideas

"A horse knows a friend by instinct. So does a man. But a man, vain creature! is willing to repel instinct and trust intellect, and so suffers from the attempt to revise his first impressions, which, if he is healthy, are infallible."—"John Brent," *Theodore Winthrop.*

"Is there any of the apostolic precepts are harder than that which bids us 'rejoice with them that do rejoice'? The joy, the fame, the wealth that is not ours offends. To weep with those that weep, to play patron and comforter—these are offices highly congenial to the most selfish. But the gracious benignity which can rejoice with those who do rejoice, which can praise the worthy without a secret hatred, and respect the honestly wealthy without a cleaving envy, is a much rarer virtue; and only those possess it who are the beloved of God—men and women after God's own heart."—"Love for an Hour Is Love Forever," *Amelia E. Barr.*

New and Old Stories

She Wanted the Change

A German who hadn't been to church in fifteen years attended an Episcopal service one Sunday. When the plate was passed he put on a quarter and asked the vestryman for twenty cents change. He didn't get it, for the man with the plate didn't hear his request. The lady who was with the German dropped ten cents on the plate, when her escort, persisting that five cents was the contribution expected from each person, whispering that that was too much, reached for the plate, and seizing a nickel, handed it to the lady, conscious that he had saved five cents for her if he himself was twenty cents behind the game.

A Beecher Story

One pleasant Sabbath morning, so the story runs, on the way to church, Henry Ward Beecher went up to a number of boys playing marbles and exclaimed:

"What, boys, playing marbles on the Sabbath day! Why, you frighten me!"

Upon which one of the little sinners answered:

"Frightened! Why in the devil don't you run, then?"

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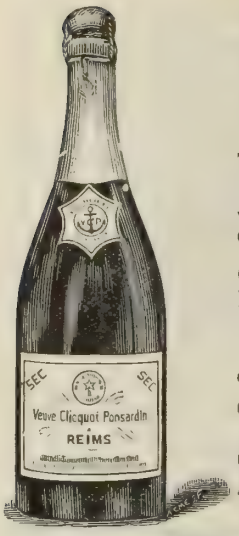

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Not a Good Samaritan

The little daughter of a prominent Boston clergyman had just been put to bed, when upon the stillness came a tiny voice in the nightly prayer. Then silence, soon broken by these words:

"And, dear Lord, this afternoon I saw out upon the cold sidewalk a poor little girl, and she has no shoes or stockings on and—and—'"

Another silence, as though staggered by the immensity of the problem:

"It's none of our business, is it, God?"

A Bad Debt

The late George Douglas Brown, author of "The House with the Green Shutters," to illustrate a point once retailed this story about the old Irishman who spoke up in Parliament.

"Yes, gentlemen," said Sir Pompous Bletherby, with a falter in his voice, "all that I am I owe to my wife."

"Poor old woman," said Pat from the gallery, "that's one bad debt on her book."

Preferred Another Dignity

The Duke of Rutland and Disraeli were enemies. When the latter returned from Berlin bearing "peace with honor," and made himself a Knight of the Garter, some one asked him why he did not also make himself a duke.

"A duke!" exclaimed he; "make myself a duke? Why, Rutland's a duke!"

A Sample of British Wit

"But I don't know you, madame," said the bank cashier to the woman who had presented a check.

The woman, however, instead of saying haughtily, "I do not wish your acquaintance, sir!" merely replied, with an engaging smile:

"Oh, yes you do, I think. I'm the red-headed old virago next door to you, whose scoundrelly little boys are always reaching through the fence and picking your flowers. When you started for town this morning your wife said, 'Now, Henry, if you want a dinner fit to eat this evening you'll have to leave me a little money. I can't keep this house on plain water and 6d. a day—'"

"Here's your money, madame," said the cashier, pushing it towards her and coughing loudly.

—*The Raconteur.*

NORTH SHORE

TO SAN RAFAEL.
SAN QUENTIN, FAIRFAX, MILL VALLEY, CAZADERO, Etc. Leave San Francisco via Sausal to Ferry:

WEEK DAYS (holidays ex.)—6:45, †*7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 11 a. m.; 12:20, *1:45, 3:15, 4:15, †5:15, *6:15, 6:45, 9:00, 11:45 p. m.

7:45 a.m. week days does not run to Mill Valley.

SUNDAYS AND LEGAL HOLIDAYS—7, †8, †*9, †*10, 11, †11:30 a.m.; †12,30, †*1:30, 2:35, *3:50, 5, 6, 7:30, 9, 11:45 p. m.

Trains marked (*) run to San Quentin. Those marked (†) to Fairfax, except 5:15 p. m. Saturdays. Saturdays 3:15 p. m. train runs to Fairfax.

THROUGH TRAINS

7:45 a.m. week days—Cazadero and way stations.
5:15 p. m. week days (Saturdays excepted)—Tomales and way stations.
3:15 p m. Saturdays—Cazadero and way stations.
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TOWN TALK

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To Expedite Litigation

The Bar Association has at length come to the relief of our Supreme Court with a bill designed to lighten the burdens of that tribunal. Legislation to that end has long been desired, for the court is utterly unable to handle expeditiously the business that comes before it, and its calendar has become clogged to such an extent that it is three years in arrears. Consequently there is much suffering on the part of litigants through the law's delays. And it is not surprising in view of the vast volume of legal business, civil and criminal, instituted in the Superior Courts of the State, and the large proportion of which that goes for final determination before the court of last resort. The bill drawn by a committee of the Bar Association provides for the institution of an intermediary Court of Appeals which shall have jurisdiction over a certain class of cases, and in which its decision shall be final. It contemplates the division of the State into three judicial districts, and the election of three judges for each at large, who shall be assigned by the Supreme Court. The measure will no doubt receive the enthusiastic support of the legal profession, for lawyers throughout the State have been eager for something to be done to expedite litigation. When cases hang fire fees are delayed, and lawyers grumble, but litigants suffer too, and generally the client fares worse than his counsel by the inevitable dilatoriness of the court. The judicial system of California has long been in need of expansion along the lines proposed for it has not the requisite capacity for the prompt handling of the business that arises. It is not that people have grown more fond of lawsuits, for as a matter of fact there is a growing desire to avoid unnecessary litigation, and as a consequence there has developed a class of lawyers whose principal duty is to give reliable advice as to how to avoid suits or to arrive at satisfactory settlements. The great commercial, manufacturing and financial corporations of today are averse to plunging into litigation. They know that it involves expense and time, and so they have their counsellors to help them avoid suits. Trust and title guaranty companies have for a long time been working towards a reduction in legal business. Nevertheless the dockets of our courts are clogged and for the reason principally that our population has grown beyond the capacity of our judicial system. However, in a measure members of the legal profession are responsible for the clogging of the Supreme Court calendar. Quite often they appeal cases knowing that there is no merit in the appeal. Their only purpose is to force a compromise. This is in the nature of legal blackmail, and it is practiced by eminent members of the profession.

Blood Money for Churches

As a rule the correspondence columns of a woman's paper excite only laughter, but once in a while there is something that calls for indignation. In a recent number of one of these periodicals advice was sought as to some method of earning money to be contributed towards clearing a church debt, and the editor suggested assisting in family sewing at the munificent rate of fifty cents a day. He stated that there were many mothers and housewives who would be glad to take advantage of the opportunity to employ cheap and efficient help. Of course the querist is one of that large band who have leisure time and no necessity for turning it into money, so that whatever is "earned" is clear gain, and the church fund is benefited. But how about the seamstresses who are already picking their eyes out with the point of their needles, working for the smallest sum that will keep body and soul together? Are they to be obliged to compete with the "ladies," and either lose a part of their patronage, or cut rates to meet church competition? Where is the charity or common sense in such a course? Why need churches be eternally in debt any more than individuals? Why build an edifice beyond the financial capacity of the congregation? And why be everlastingly enacting the role of the beggar? What doth it profit a community to have half a dozen church spires rearing themselves aloft, while the roofs are weighted down by mortgages and the pews are empty? There is no more virtue in a pauperized church than in a pauperized individual, and nothing is gained by contributing towards the payment of a church debt the money which should go to the support of a family. The multiplication of churches is a foolish vanity and usually arises from the self-importance of one or two disgruntled members of the congregation who long to see themselves in positions of consequence. To be deacon or trustee is a great honor in a small community and to a small mind, and in order to reach it there have been endless splits and schisms brought about. It is easy to segregate the disgruntled and start a new church, or for that matter a new religion—easy to raise a mortgage and a new church spire, but not so easy to raise money. Now, if these charitable dames who undertake the task want to do the fair thing, why do they not charge current wages for what they do, and give the same equivalent for value received that they would themselves exact? Why do they go to merchants and dealers and beg articles to dispose of at church fairs and charity bazaars. Why do they not consider the injustice of undersellling the tradesmen who have made the gifts, thus working the double injustice of receiving something for nothing, and inaugurating a ruinous competition as well? What right has an idle dame to take up work that others depend upon for their existence, do it in a half-hearted fashion, for

less than half the price, and then pose as a model of thrift and industry? There has been a good deal said and written, these last few years, about the morality of colleges and universities receiving gifts of ill-gotten gains; the churches might well look to themselves and examine the blood-money which is poured into their coffers.

The Free Text Book Fad

If a State Legislature is ever convened in California without having a free text book bill come before it, the millennium will have arrived. It is one of the "popular" measures which appeal to the demagogue and is meant to tickle the poor voter into an idea that the father of the measure is a public benefactor and a statesman. It is true that the cost of school books is a considerable item in any family, but it also costs something to feed, clothe, lodge and doctor children, and there is no better reason why books should be supplied free than why the State should maintain a public restaurant or a warehouse full of clothing to be drawn on on demand. The needs of a family should fall, as they do, on the head of the family, and he should exert himself to supply them. The oftener the State steps in with paternalistic measures, to relieve parents of the responsibilities which they have voluntarily assumed, the more the bond of family union is weakened. As it is now, it is possible for parents to shirk every care and concern for their offspring, and the number of dependent and abandoned children increases frightfully from year to year. To begin with, the Maternity societies undertake to care for the expectant mother, either in her own home or in some hospital. They furnish clothing for the little stranger, and if there are other children at home they are disposed of in some day home or kindergarten, where they are fed, clothed and cared for. If the mother wishes to shirk the responsibility of the new baby, there is the Foundling Asylum near at hand where she can leave it, or if she keeps it but neglects to train and teach it, the Reform School will assume the burden, and later on, there is the State Penitentiary. Our school system has expanded until, from a device by means of which no child need grow up illiterate, it has become a system out of which every child is to be accomplished. The burden of the cost of the text books is out of all proportion to necessities, for the greater part of the school course is embroidery, and embroidery on unsuitable material at that. Children are crammed with bits and scraps of science and art which they have no need of and no use for. The pity that an occasional artist or musician should miss the opportunity which would mean so much to him is more than offset by the pity that hands which stretch out by instinct for the hammer and the toasting fork should be compelled to cramp themselves around a pencil and pen. Let the superfluities be cut out of the educational treadmill, and only the essentials retained, the brick and mortar foundation upon which the edifice is to be erected, and the number of text books required will not be found so burdensome.

Toying with Language

There is a tendency amongst the ultra-fastidious to drop the good old word *sick* and substitute *ill*. The innovation savors of Anglomania, for in England *sick* is restricted in its application, and used only in referring to nausea. But in America sickness has always meant indisposition, and there is no good reason why it should not continue to do so. There are a number of connections in which there can be no preference except that of fastidious and strained nicety, between the two words, but it is enough to make one sick to encounter such refinements as "bed-ill" and "sea-ill." The same class which is striving to retire *sick* is abusing *ill* in another connection, by inventing the mongrel "illy," a contrivance as clumsy in sound as it is unnecessary. Changes in language were never yet effected by rules and regulations. Words creep in as they are needed and disappear as they prove useless. We have not a single vestige of the Spanish expressions so prevalent just after the late war. Even here, in California, where they were partially acclimated before, they have not remained. Neither are the Boer expressions carried back to England taking root there. There is a tendency to make use of "Marconigram" to designate despatches by the wireless system, and some one has suggested "Mackaygram" for messages sent by the new Pacific cable. It is possible that the novelty will take hold for a little while, until the new systems have become a matter of course, and then "telegram" and "cable" will be found to fulfill all the requirements. In fact, the made-to-order words which are proposed from time to time are no more successful than the made-to-order languages. There have been half a dozen artificial languages invented and perfected, as far as grammar and construction could go. They have been taken up by scholars and savants, as well as by teachers and business men, with the idea of establishing a universal medium for communication, but none of them has yet advanced beyond the "plaything" stage, so far as practical use is concerned. There is just as much hard work and study required to master Volapuk, Blue, or any other of these tongues as goes to the learning of French, German or Russian, and there is no literature to repay the student for the exertion. Languages grow slowly and the elect can do but little more than the non-elect in the matter of hastening the process.

The Whipping Post

A bill has been introduced in the Legislature of New York to establish the whipping post as a form of punishment for certain misdemeanors and transgressions, and considering that similar measures are reported as being recommended in other sections of the country it will not be surprising if some State actually adopts the measure and gives a practical demonstration of its usefulness. There is really no objection to the cat o' nine tails except that of the sentimentalists who believe, or affect to believe, that criminals should be treated with especial consideration. When a man is incorrigibly lazy, when he refuses to support his family or treats his wife and children cruelly, the present plan is for the charitably inclined to supply his

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deficiencies and let him enjoy the proceeds. If he is arrested, he goes to jail for a short period, where he is fed, clothed and kept warm at the public expense, and probably enjoys greater comfort than his family. The burden of support falls on the community, and as he is usually of the class which pays no taxes, he is just that much ahead. The argument of "brutalizing" counts for nothing, for such a character is as brutal as it can be, and there is some chance of working an improvement by the application of the only argument which appeals to him, physical pain. Men who have no shame, no feeling whatever about mere imprisonment, will be apt to remind themselves of the sensations which reside in a sore back, and think twice about committing an offense which will call for a second application of the rod. There is always a lot of nonsense preached and written about the humiliation suffered by prisoners, but the habitual misdemeanant himself knows nothing of it. A respectable, law-abiding citizen makes a big mistake in transferring to the wife-beater and the incorrigible shirk the sufferings which he would undergo mentally if he were placed in such a situation. There is no necessity for the whippings administered to be unduly severe, and no occasion for them to be given in public. There is no likelihood that judges will impose the sentence when it is not needed. Every misdemeanant who falls into the hands of a constable is not in danger of having his back flayed, but the persistent and incorrigible, who have not proved amenable to kinder treatment, would be speedily brought to terms. There has been so much sickly sentimentalism in the treatment of law breakers that it is becoming necessary to revert to original principles and treat savages like savages.

The Boundary Dispute

Secretary Hay having agreed to submit the Alaska boundary question to the arbitration of a commission of six members, it has once more become the topic of discussion. Never until the richness of Alaska became apparent did England raise any question as to the boundary line. The whole course of diplomatic negotiations, from 1861 to the present day, negatives the contention of Canada that she is entitled to access to the sea above fifty-four degrees, forty minutes north laitude, and her own as well as the British map makers set the boundary line thirty miles back of the sinuosities of the coast line. It was in 1867 that the United States purchased Russian Alaska, and the Russian boundary line became the American. It was fixed by an Anglo-Russian treaty in 1825 and it was never disputed until 1898. The object of Russia was to prevent the Hudson Bay Company from building a chain of posts on the mainland opposite the Russian islands. There was no misunderstanding about the boundary line on the part of Great Britain during the forty-two years that intervened between the date of the treaty and the acquisition of Alaska, nor during thirty-one years of American occupation. Even as late as 1876 the Dominion Government acknowledged the justness of a protest entered by our Secretary of State against a violation of the sovereignty of the United States by Canadian constables who took a prisoner across the territory now claimed by Great Britain. But Canada now wants a port to promote the development of the Yukon territory. Hence the dispute. The purpose of the Hay commission is to quiet title for all time.

An American Rand

Not long ago a high authority on gold production estimated that in the course of a few years the annual output of the gold mines of the world would approximate four hundred million dollars. When that estimate was made nothing was known of the project of an English and American syndicate to develop a district in Alaska, the richness of which is said to equal that of the Rand in South Africa. It has been thoroughly experted by the syndicate, and he has reported that it is capable of yielding five hundred million dollars, that the gravel yields on an average of two dollars in gold to the cubic yard, and that by reason of the natural and hydraulic facilities that are there or may be established there, this gold can be extracted from the gravel at a cost not to exceed sixty cents for each cubic yard. No rush of miners to the district will take place, for individual mining cannot succeed there. The field can be operated only by a corporation capable of furnishing the capital necessary to establish the placer mining plants. Moreover the undertaking is one in which the public will not be invited to join. The syndicate will be a close corporation whose securities will not be placed on the market. The news of the prospective operations of this syndicate has aroused great interest in Eastern financial circles. The fact that the Rothschilds are understood to be among the most active of the capitalists who are to finance the scheme, tends to increase the interest, for our financiers are quick to comprehend what it means, not only for the commercial and industrial activity of the United States, but also what the stimulus to commerce and manufacture throughout the world will be if it be true that in addition to the output from the gold fields already being exploited in Alaska, there be added a new district matching that of South Africa. It is the impression of financiers that the influx of so much new gold will lead to the opening up of hitherto undeveloped or only partially developed portions of the American hemisphere. Possibly it was a knowledge of what may be expected within the next three or four years from Alaska which prompted James J. Hill to state recently that instead of having reached the commercial divide and being on the industrial down grade, we were yet a long way from the climax of development and prosperity.

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The Saunterer

Perkins Gave the Tip

Nobody appears to know how the news leaked out about the reasons that actuated the Naval Board at Washington in refusing to award to the Union Iron Works a contract for the building of certain ships upon which that company had put in the lowest bid. The manner in which the news leaked out would have been no great mystery to me even though I had not been enlightened by a correspondent at Washington. He says that the straight tip came from Senator Perkins. So the crafty statesman has scored one more hit against the Scotts! He was no doubt bubbling over with delight when he told the newspaper correspondents *sub rosa,* which is a favorite way he has of disclosing State secrets, that the Administration feared to award the contract to the Scotts on account of labor troubles. The dailies tell us that Perkins called on the Secretary of the Navy to urge him to award the contracts to the Scotts.

Looks Like Sweet Revenge

Fancy George C. Perkins exercising his political pull at Washington in the interest of the Scotts! It was only a few months ago that Irving M. Scott was dealing out money in liberal doses with the expectation of putting the quietus on Perkins's Senatorial aspirations. The bitterest kind of a feud exists between Perkins and Scott, and it was intensified during the visit of McKinley when the foundryman took occasion to snub the Senator in a brutal manner. Under the circumstances it isn't likely that Perkins tried very hard to convince Moody that he should put the Scotts in the way of making a few million dollars. On the contrary it looks very much as though Senator Perkins has enjoyed a sweet revenge.

To Discourage Divorce

The Legislature is once more grappling with the divorce evil. A bill has been introduced, at the instigation, I believe, of Father Yorke, which provides that the District Attorney of each county shall interplead in all divorces instituted within his jurisdiction. The purpose of this measure is to force the State to take an interest in divorce proceedings, and to discourage collusion. It is based upon the theory that as it is the duty of the State to safeguard public morals the authorities should concern themselves with an institution that is more responsible than anything else for the looseness of morals. Though the popularity of divorce is due to the modern decadent standard of morality which sees no wrong in anything that doesn't threaten commercial stability, rather than to the laxity of the laws, nevertheless the proposed measure is a step in the right direction. The prospect of the interposition of a public official is bound to deter many people from rushing into the divorce court, but legislative action cannot accomplish much in the way of discouraging divorce while intellectual poseurs are spreading broadcast the pernicious doctrine that the Decalogue is an anachronism, and "higher thought" exponents are advocating the theory of elective affinities.

The Secret of the Rush

"Ned" Greenway is thinking of throwing up his job of floor manager of the Mardi Gras ball, and all because of the number of young women who are urging him to make them pages at the function. Never before were there so many candidates. Indeed, heretofore Greenway had to scout for pages and he generally made his selections in the Tivoli chorus, but this year he is being pestered to death with applications, and the society leader is such a tender-hearted fellow when feminine feelings are concerned that he is reluctant to say no. When the applications began pouring in he was amazed. It was not until Claudia Rodgers put in an appearance that the secret of the unprecedented rush was revealed to him. It was then that he was reminded that last year he slipped a ten-dollar piece into a page's raiment alongside of her powder puff.

A Meteoric Past Recalled

A contest in the Oakland courts over the guardianship of the estate of John Llewellyn Auzerais, son of Mrs. Esmiol, revives reminiscences of the checkered career of the lad's mother. Though the dailies have made brief mention of the contest, which involves an estate valued at one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, they failed to recognize in Mrs. Leon Esmiol that erratic personage, Mrs. Auzerais, formerly of San Jose and later of the world's dramatic stage. San Franciscans remember when Mrs. Auzerais, after winning laurels in an amateur production, formed a company to produce Daly's plays and pioneered a theatrical venture in the frozen North. Mrs. Auzerais, after inheriting a small fortune, came up from San Jose and proceeded to spend her money in her own way. She had her apartments at the Palace furnished with sultanic sumptuousness and when she tired of repose she became a theatrical star. In her company that sailed for Alaska only to meet with shipwreck were Holbrook Blinn, who is to be Grace Kimball's leading man next season, and several clever amateurs. Hereward Hoyte coached them while they stayed in town, and in his coaching he won the star's heart. Estranged by her plunge for fame from her husband, a marriage with Hoyte was the sequel, he having previously become freed by the courts from his wife, Lillian Beddard, the Australian actress.

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Before and Behind the Footlights

The Hoytes rented a furnished house on Pacific Heights, where they lived between the pauses between starring ventures and wild bohemian splurges. When they gave up their tenancy a big damage suit was brought by the agent against Mrs. Hoyte. It appeared that her son, the little John of the present suit, had in his merry play kicked out several door panels, and when his little arms needed exercise he had swung from chandeliers. Curtains pulled from their poles, and portieres torn from their rings, disemboweled clocks and a dismantled garden were among the playful depredations of little John Auzerais. Later, Mrs. Hoyte was in the papers again, the people in the hotel where she lived having been disturbed by her cries for protection for herself and son from her actor-husband. But she loved the thespian with all his faults and later went off to Europe with him.

The Drop Curtain

Thence in time came hysterical cables telling of their desperate straits and pleading for money in ten thousand lots. The trustees of the estate would not send any, asserting that Mrs. Hoyte had spent her share and that she could not have little John's to squander. When other people had almost forgotten the meteoric career of the Hoytes, Hereward died. His widow could not be consoled and swore that her heart was in his grave. Later however she contracted a third marriage with a drummer. Her suit for her son's guardianship was cut short by fate, when Mrs. Esmiol passed away in an Oakland sanitarium this week.

Is There Anything Wrong?

The best regulated orphan asylums are popularly regarded as institutions for the hand-raising of parentless children, and it is also a popular supposition that a child raised in an orphanage does not enjoy a milk-and-honey existence. The fact is that in an abstract sense the orphan asylum is an institution which supplies regulation stepmothers who substitute a fine executive ability for maternal affection in the rearing of the young. The institution inherited a black eye from predecessors of an earlier period, and in reputation it suffers for the sins of its forbears. But in late years there has been vast improvement in the methods pursued in the training of the little folks in public institutions, and I have heard that in our own Maria Kip Orphanage the inmates were treated most kindly. I know that they are superbly housed, and that they wear esthetically picturesque costumes, and are supplied with good wholesome food. The Orphanage is the pet charity of several society women who are interested in seeing that the management is beyond reproach, therefore I was surprised to learn that some significance has been attached to a reference made to it by a clergyman at the recent Episcopal convention. He merely suggested that the delegates should visit it and take an interest in its material welfare.

Charges of Cruelty

Though the clergyman, Rev. L. C. Sanford, may not have intended to convey any hint, people who are aware of the fact that something in the nature of a scandal was smoldering beneath the Maria Kip Orphanage some months ago think that he did. It was in August last that local Episcopal dignitaries were shocked by charges of a sensational character against the management of the institution. The charges were preferred by women employed in the institution, but the investigation was a star-chamber proceeding, for all concerned in the welfare of the Orphanage dreaded publicity. As the Orphanage is a quasi-public institution there should have been no effort at concealment. Investigations behind closed doors are never satisfactory. However, there were women who testified to instances of inhuman treatment, of corporal punishment inflicted until blood was drawn and little ones beaten into submission. Evidently the inquisitors were not convinced that there had been any unnecessary harshness, but now it is being said that the lady managers were inclined to scoff at the charges because they were made by disgruntled subordinates. But usually when mismanagement of such institutions is revealed, the public is indebted to disgruntled subordinates for the revelations. If it were not for the revengeful spirit of the disgruntled many humane reforms that accomplished much good would never have been instituted.

Will Concentrate Its Offices

I am told that the Southern Pacific Company is negotiating with the Merchants' Exchange Association to lease for an extended period the nine upper stories of its new eleven story building. For some time past the railroad company has been hunting over down town locations to get a big building to house its scattered offices. The best chance that offered was the Hayward building, but the owner of that building declined the tempting offers made him: he was afraid that when the railroad moved out his building would be injured as an office-renting proposition. The new Merchants' Exchange building offers the best accommodations the Southern Pacific Company has found in the desired locality. The nine stories will afford ample room to accommodate the numerous wings of the Southern Pacific Company. If the proposed lease goes through many of the offices in the Fourth and Townsend streets building, the various offices in the Union Trust, the Hobart and the Crocker buildings, besides the numerous agencies and headquarters of the several steamship lines, will all be concentrated in the new building.

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Phelan's Strategic Dinner

Senator-elect Frank G. Newlands of Nevada has decided that hereafter he will not attend any more dinners given in his honor unless he is permitted to scrutinize the list of invited guests, and bar those to whose presence he objects. This is one of the prerogatives of royalty but Mr. Newlands is not afflicted with the delusion that the divinity that doth hedge a throne also vouchsafes an egis to the toga. He merely wishes to assert a personal privilege for his own protection against political strategists. He claims no official prerogative, but in justice to himself he deems it advisable to stay away from formal feasts which, though they be given in his honor, and appear to be perfectly harmless, may be loaded with highly explosive political significance.

Gavin and His Side Partner

The other day the unsophisticated sage-brush Senator was invited to a dinner at the Pacific-Union Club by that prince of hosts, Mr. James D. Phelan. Mr. Newlands accepted the invitation, coming as it did from a representative citizen of California, an ex-Mayor of San Francisco, and a multi-millionaire representing vast interests. He assumed that Mr. Phelan desired to honor the Senator from Nevada, and never did he suspect for a moment that any ulterior purpose was to be subserved. It proved a very palatable dinner and Mr. Newlands met one or two distinguished men, but the most conspicuous "among those present" was Mr. Gavin McNab, the repudiated boss of the recent campaign, and the man by whom he was repudiated. Mr. Franklin K. Lane. The presence of the recent gubernatorial candidate in cheek-by-jowl companionship with McNab at the Phelan dinner was significant, aside from the fact that Lane so vociferously asserted his freedom from the Phelan-McNab taint in the late campaign when he was ardently pleading for the support of the labor unions. But that significance was not revealed to Senator Newlands until the next day.

The Sequestered African

But the ignorance of Senator Newlands is excusable. His own political fight in Nevada has absorbed his attention for many months, and he therefore knew nothing of the ramifications of San Francisco politics. But when the local situation was revealed to him, the political downfall of Phelan, the kicking out of McNab and the defeat of their creature, job-chaser Lane, it gradually dawned upon him that the dinner was a bit of strategic subterfuge designed to give prestige to a pair of decadent Democrats by bringing them into conspicuous contact with a distinguished member of the Democratic party. It was after being called upon for a dozen times to explain his presence at that dinner that Mr. Newlands resolved to exercise more caution in the future before accepting invitations from people who affect an eagerness to honor him.

Gibson "Originals"

According to one of the Sunday Supp writers of the Hearst syndicate, Dessa Gibson, a New York chorus girl, is going to marry Carlo di Rudini, son of the famous Prime Minister of Italy. "She is," says the Supp. man, "the original of Charles Dana Gibson's 'Widow.'" Alleged originals of that distinguished artist's creations are becoming more numerous every day. No well regulated chorus is without at least one of them. When Mrs. Stevens arrived in New York from Kansas City a little over a year ago, Gibson's "Widow" series had almost run its course. She applied for a job in the "Florodora" chorus and was engaged. Somebody told her that she resembled Gibson's "Widow" and she promptly adopted "Dessa Gibson" as her stage name. Up to that time she had never met artist Gibson, and I doubt whether she would know him now if she saw him. However she has since been known as the "original of Gibson's widow," and though the facts are familiar to Sunday Supp. writers they will probably continue to write of her as such until the end of the chapter.

"I think she has a past."
"Then she is destined to have a future."
"Why do you think so?"
"It's the woman with a past that has the intellect to achieve a future."

Beware of the Count

M. le Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensack is threatening to come to this city to enlighten us on literature and art. He says that he has been invited to come by a wealthy woman of culture who lives in fashionable Burlingame. As Mrs. Will Crocker is the only wealthy woman in that burg who has any culture worth speaking about I presume that the Count refers to her. From what I have read of the foreigner who is now in New York I should advise that the invitation be withdrawn. The Count is an esthete who keeps himself highly perfumed, wears silk pajamas ornamented with hand-painted poppies, and when he goes driving he has two rubber bags filled with hot eau de cologne at his feet. Each bag is encased in a silken cover. The Count has a wonderful gait. He takes very short steps and between every third and fourth steps makes a little half skip and hop, at the same time lifting his hands slightly and pursing his lips as if humming a tune. No doubt the Count is an interesting chap, but he is altogether too esthetic.

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Grau's Retirement

The greatest sensation of the day in musical circles is the abdication of Maurice Grau, the opera king. Mr. Grau is an Austrian by birth, but he came to America when he was five years old. He was a lawyer by profession, but finding the practice of law a trifle dull he decided to enter the theatrical business. He began his managerial career in 1872 with Aimee, the famous opera bouffe singer, as his star. After exploiting her he handled a number of French stars until 1882, when the firm of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau was organized. They directed the tours of a number of foreign actors and actresses, prominent among whom was Sarah Bernhardt. They made lots of money until they undertook to give opposition to Colonel Mapleson in a grand opera venture with Christine Nilsson and Madame Sembrich. Mapleson had Patti and Gerster. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau lost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in one season and went back to the management of Bernhardt. They didn't experiment in opera again until 1892, when they lured Patti away from Mapleson by offering her forty-five hundred dollars for each performance. The venture was successful until Patti tried to sing Carmen and made a failure of it. It was not until the season of 1892, which marked the first appearance in America of the De Reszkes, Emma Eames and Plancon, that they began making big money out of opera.

The Removal Project

When Senator O'Neal introduced his amendment for the removal of the capital to San Jose he was jocularly guyed by the good people of Sacramento. During the week, however, they have manifested some uneasiness. When a similar project was agitated eight years ago, at the close of the Legislative session, it created a big sensation. The people of Sacramento became alarmed and they raised a large fund to beat it. There are many astute and experienced politicians in Sacramento, and consequently the removal of the Capital is no simple undertaking, but it is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Sacramento is objectionable not only because of its remoteness from the large centres of population, but on account of the meagreness of its accommodations and the unhealthfulness of its climate. There is not a more forbidding burg in California than that inhospitable town with its antiquated hotels, its unsavory hash-houses and its malarial breezes.

Plagiarism in Music

In discoursing on the origin of songs, a writer has noted, amongst other imitations, that one of the latest successes is only the old "Maid of Athens" syncopated, but for that matter, the curious and observant can discover queerer things than that. Fitzgerald made no secret that he found church hymns and Sunday-school songs a source of inspiration, having made the discovery quite by accident, in playing over a hymn to a quickened tempo. "Yankee Doodle," it is said, is an old Papal chant which dates back to the twelfth century, and a popular dance tune in our own mining camps, known there as "The Maid of Monterey," is only the Sunday-school hymn, "I Want to be an Angel," played to quick time. "Hold the Fort" is set to the tune of an ancient Teutonic drinking song which, if it were translated literally, would never be permitted to pass the quarantine station, and "All on Account of Eliza," in the opera of "Billee Taylor," is Mendelssohn's "How Lovely are the Messengers," from the oratorio of "St. Paul." "When the Robins Nest Again," which might almost have had a new lease of life from its reiteration in "Madame Butterfly," is the same as "Maid of Athens," and "Wait till the Clouds Roll By," which was one of the popular favorites a few years back, begins precisely like the "Blue Bells of Scotland." Another popular favorite of a certain kind, "Sunday Night, when the Parlor's Full," was a recrudescence of "The Last Rose of Summer," and one could go on endlessly enumerating duplicates, in which a change of accent or time has sufficiently disguised the origin of the music. When Scanlan's "Peek-a-Boo" was new the publishers threatened a suit for damages against a rival firm who were bringing out "Will You Meet Me, Darling Josie," and they, nothing daunted, set an agent to work to discover the origin of the music for the "Peek-a-Boo" chorus. In a short time they were able to confront their accusers with Abt's "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," and nothing more was heard on the subject of the suit. There is so much of this transferring, altering and bodily "lifting" done, that in any given case an accusation is apt to savor of the amenities of the pot and the kettle.

A Bored Butterfly

It's a dreadful bore to be a society butterfly, I am assured by a young man of that species who is quite popular in the local swim. A butterfly existence in this city, he says, is wearisome because wherever you go you meet the same people, and you get tired looking at them and hearing the same voices and the same guff. Verification of this judgment is to be found any day in the social columns of the dailies. All the entertaining is being done by a little clique, the members of which are strenuously engaged in trying to convince themselves that they are scoring social triumphs in ornamental and frivolous roles. If it were not for the advertising they get it would all be deadly dull. It is the ultra-smart woman who lives to be advertised and whose greatest misery is to be ignored. The modest violet is a rare flower in society.

Another Bachelor Caught

The society gossips have another engagement to talk about. The ultra-smart set has had several surprises of late, and the latest, given by George Newhall and Miss Taylor, is not the least. Of Mr. Newhall it was said that it was inconvenient for him to marry, but the announcement of his engagement silenced idle conjecture. Now that it has been demonstrated that bachelors Deering, Hall and Newhall, and widower Beale, were not immune to Cupid's

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wiles, matchmaking mammas may take heart, and who knows but that they will be angling again for Mr. James D. Phelan? The winter's campaign has been decidedly a good one from the match-making parent's point of view. It is curious to note how the matrimonial wave rises and subsides from time to time. In one season there will be an absolute dearth of engagements among one's acquaintances; the next will remind one of the last chapter of a novel by the Duchess where everybody with one accord gets married to everybody else, all in the space of two or three months.

Never, Never—Yet He Will Wed

In the same *Chronicle* that announced Miss Carrie Taylor's engagement with George Newhall appeared a supp. article in which Mr. Newhall was numbered among the bachelors who asseverated that they would never change their condition. So men, as well as women, change their minds sometimes. Mr. Newhall's bride will own some of the most artistic furniture and house finishings in San Francisco, for Mr. Newhall is a connoisseur in that sort of thing. He has some beautiful bric-a-brac and rare chairs and draperies. He had one of the first smoking rooms here fitted up in Oriental style, and he has a valuable collection of pipes. Old armor, too, is among his possessions. There was nothing especially romantic about this engagement, though the match is an excellent one in every respect. Miss Taylor has been out a number of years and she has the aplomb of an experienced society woman. She is clever and both she and her fiance have many tastes in common.

Marriages of Convenience the Rule

If it were not for the occasional elopements and divorces the element of romance would be quite dead in society. The engagements announced of late have as a rule been those of bachelor maids and men who have remained free until the romantic age was passed. After exhausting the enthusiasms and emotions of youth, the men conclude that it would be as well to marry. So they look about them for a wife who will be a proper mistress for their home. In seven cases out of ten they choose some one they have known for years, who is en rapport and who will fill the requirements of a presiding genius, to entertain their friends and manage their household. These marriages are for the most part happy, even though the spark of romance is left out.

Patti's Next Au Revoir

Will L. Greenbaum is no longer an itinerant impresario, for he has secured a temple of music in which he will proceed to pull off his great musical treats. He is now the lessee of the Alhambra, and he intends to metamorphose that house into a cosy, sumptuous music hall. This should be glad news to music lovers who have hitherto found it difficult to banish the chills even under the warming influence of high class melody in the frapped atmosphere of Steinway hall. Mr. Greenbaum has come into undisputed control of the local musical field, and he has some exceptionally high class attractions coming in addition to those already here. I hear that Edouard de Reszke and Nordica are to be here in May, together with one of the finest orchestras that ever crossed the continent, and the perennial Patti—shout it in stentorian tones in Gath or proclaim it through a megaphone in Askelon—is to visit us on just one more farewell tour. Do you remember Patti's farewell tours? Well, this is to be like the others, a special car and hubby (the third, I believe) is to be of the *entourage*. She is to give sixty concerts, commencing November fourth in New York, and four of them will be given in this city. At each concert she will sing one solo, with an encore, one concerted number and a scene from "Il Barbiere," "Linda" or "Traviata." The artists to accompany her are now being selected in Europe. Patti is sixty if she's a day but her vocal organ has not lost its high note nor is its quality impaired.

Our Breezy Western Provincialism

San Francisco never shows her provincialism more blatently than in the manner in which she entertains visitors of more or less distinction. The literary star of any degree of brilliancy she draws to her bosom with a gladsome shout of welcome, even though that same luminary is merely recorded in the astronomical charts of the East. The reasons for this are manifold. One of them is that we grow more fruit than genius out here, and the other that our literary wonders usually stay here only long enough to write the book that shall call them to New York. Miss Bertha Runkle has come, seen and conquered and the reception she has received on every hand has almost frightened her to death. She was seldom dragged into the lion's cage in New York, where they are blase on the subject of menageries, so, being a somewhat timid little woman, she imagined at her first tea here that she was going to be dragged limb from limb. Her popularity at afternoons and dinners has made the reading of "The Helmet of Navarre" quite the rage again in this city and it has considerably increased the local sale of the book. No one cares to face Miss Runkle and confess that he or she has never read Na-

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varre's swashbuckling chronicle, so society women have been "boning" on the book like students before a college examination. One day last week a well known bud was caught poring over the pages of "The Helmet of Navarre." "Don't interrupt me," she said, "I'll have to finish this before that Runkle tea." "But why do you read it if you haven't time?" was asked. "Because," was the reply, "I'll have to tell Miss Runkle, of course, that I have read her book, and if she takes it into her head to quizz me I'm not going to be caught. So I have learned who Navarre was, what he did, what the book is about, who published it and how many editions have been sold."

Mrs. Joseph Martin received a large number of friends at her handsome new home, 2414 Fillmore street, Friday afternoon of last week. The rooms were lavishly decorated with American beauty roses. The hostess and her three sisters who received with her were charmingly gowned.

The Nobility of Her Nature

Mrs. Wellington Burnett is quite seriously ill, I hear, at the home of Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps. The feminine progeny of Revolutionary sires were much amused by the story of Mrs. Burnett's inconsistency in opposing the proposition to buy tickets for the Booker Washington lecture and then attending the lecture in her own *propria persona.* But Mrs. Burnett's opposition was not due to race prejudice, I am told. She was actuated solely by a desire to discourage discussion of a topic that usually breeds dissension. Mrs. Burnett is a big-hearted woman, and she has done many noble things. It is related of her that some years ago she rescued two girls from a cruel father and raised them as though they were her own daughters. So cruelly had they been treated that for a time after they had been brought under her care they would shrink from her in a cowed manner, such was the timidity with which they had been inspired.

A Studio Reception

Society and Bohemia rubbed shoulders on Thursday of last week at one of the most delightful receptions given this winter. The affair was an at home at Mrs. May Mott Smith-Bird's studio in Post street. Mrs. Bird is a miniaturist who has not been located long in San Francisco but she has been here long enough to make many friends. Between the hours of five and seven her studio was filled with club men and society women, and representatives from the art world. It reminded a returned traveler of an afternoon tea in London's ultra-Bohemia. Miss Bender and Homer Henley sang, and Frederick Warde recited one of Shakespeare's sonnets. Mrs. Bird wore a beautiful gown of gray crepe de chine, trimmed with pearls. Miss Laidlaw and Miss Bender, who assisted her in receiving, were also becomingly gowned.

Cocktails Heralded His Approach

Fulton G. Berry who, with his wife, is visiting in the East, is being entertained most hospitably during his stay, by the Lambs and others. Before Mr. Berry left Fresno he bought a demijohn, filled it with cocktails, boxed it up and placarded it:

"Have one with me. I'm coming."

He sent it on ahead to his son-in-law, Frank Moulan. The "Admiral," as his friends call him, told a Bohemian Club friend that he ran away from Belfast, Maine, when he was nineteen years old, resolving never to return until he had made enough money to buy a mackerel gig and start a fishing business. That was fifty-three years ago, but he said he never, somehow or other, had been able to get money together to buy that gig. Nevertheless he at length decided to pay a visit to the old home, and hence his trip East. The Berrys' daughter, Maude Lillian Berri, is singing the prima donna role in Ade's opera "The Sultan of Sulu," and her husband is also of the company.

Mrs. F. R. Dray, president of Sacramento's Saturday Club, left this week for New York, accompanied by Miss Alice Dray. They will visit Mrs. Culver at the latter's beautiful home in Mount Vernon.

Can't Take the Pose

The retirement of "Kissing Bug" Hobson from the navy has been the cause of considerable conjecture in San Francisco, as well as in the East, for Hobson is well known in the ports of the far West. In fact is was once rumored that he was engaged to a local belle, but nothing came of the affair, for Hobson was ever liberal with his proposals. But the question of the day is, Why did Hobson retire? There are many theories from many sides, but the most common verdict is, Unpopularity. Hobson had always a pose of cocksureness and his goody-goody egotism did little to endear him to the drinking set, which is large in the navy. While studious to a degree, he was pedantic and priggish with his learning, and this unpleasant trait in his character gained for him the sobriquet of "The Walking Encyclopedia" during his lieutenantcy on the cruiser *New York.* In fact, the same qualities which made him the hero of Santiago bay estranged rather than endeared him to his companions. And the popular judgment upon him was often grossly unfair, as may be shown by the misfortune which befell him while he was yet an undergraduate at Annapolis. It seems that some charge of ungentlemanly or unprofessional conduct was lodged against one or two or three undergraduates, and the suspicion finally settled upon Hobson, who might have cleared himself by giving certain information desired. The information, however, was not forthcoming, for Hobson utterly refused to speak. As a consequence he was ostracised until after his graduation, when the fact came to light that Hobson had kept silence to shield a friend who was really in the wrong. This was an act of undoubted nobility, but like many of Hobson's noble acts, its consequences brought a cloud, not a halo. Hobson is, sincerely speaking, a hero, but nature has not given him the grace with which to strike the pose.

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He Died and She Dined

Some people contend that it is no longer fashionable to mourn for the dead; that you can show respect for the departed by plunging into the gay whirl as well as by resorting to the usual conventional evidences of grief. This appears to be the notion of some of our local fashionables. Last Tuesday morning Mrs. John Luning died in New York and the same evening Mrs. Chauncey Rose Winslow gave a dinner in this city which was attended by Mrs. Luning's sister-in-law, Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, formerly Mrs. Cunningham but *nee* Luning. Mrs. Folger is very fond of society but she never went out much until she married Athearn Folger whose marriage to a woman of millions was an advantageous one. Mrs. Folger's frock at Mrs. Winslow's dinner was a wonderful affair of real lace.

The Winslow dinner was a sumptuous affair. The decorations in the dining room consisted entirely of pink roses, and the illumination was supplied by pink candelabra and lamps with passionate shades. Mrs. Mountford Wilson wore a frock said to be the latest thing in gowns. It was of lace of course and was made of shawls which are said to be heirlooms in the Wilson family. The trimming was of real silver and Mrs. Wilson wore a wreath of solid silver leaves in her hair. Silver is the newest decoration for gowns and there are not many fashionable gowns at present that are not trimmed with it.

The Davis-Everett Wedding

The wedding of Miss Eloise Davis and Mr. Wallace W. Everett will take place at three o'clock on February nineteenth, at the city residence of Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Davis, corner of Scott and Green streets. It will be a very quiet affair owing to a recent bereavement in the family of the groom-elect. The Right Reverend Bishop Nichols will perform the ceremony. The future home of the young people will be in Oakland where an artistic residence has recently been completed for them. Miss Davis has almost completely recovered from the severe accident of some years past which occurred while her family were spending the summer in Mendocino county. Her many friends are showering her with congratulations, for there is none of her set more deservedly popular in San Francisco society. Mr. Everett is prominently identified with the trade journal publishing field of this city, a graduate of the University of California in the class of '97 and a director of the Cosmos Club.

The Busy Social Beggar

Apropos of Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham's clever speech recently delivered before the California Club on "Social Beggars" I might say that there are many such in our midst, not amateurs, but professionals. These persons —mostly women—are much-dreaded scourges in the business districts where they have made themselves obnoxious by dint of their brazen effrontery and ill-concealed graft games. I have in mind particularly a rather well-looking young woman who runs a south of Market charity institution which is presumably for the education of the young. If gall and mendicant audacity goes for aught in the welfare of such concerns, her school ought to be as rich as the Carnegie Institute. The school, however, does not always flourish, although its lady charitizer seems to fare very well. She is fond of publishing abroad pictures of her school and its inmates, showing a bevy of neat and happy tots in modern and sanitary surroundings, but those who have visited the school declare that the pictures are somewhat idealistic.

Her Winning Ways

She has a regular route mapped out, including private subscribers and firms easy enough to be liberal with their merchandise, and these she enters, literally, without knocking. Her methods are strenuous. She will butt cheerfully into the private sanctum of an insurance, bank or railroad president, toy playfully with every loose article in the room and hang on to her busy victim until she has made a successful graft in the name of charity and her dear children. Then, loosening her clutches, she will flit jocundly to the next. Her work, for such unvarnished stuff, does very nicely. Once she entered the shop of an uptown florist and asked for some violets. The manager, who is sodden with the charity superstition, asked her if some other kind of flower would not do as well. "You see, madam," he said, "this is the time of the year when violets are the most rare. I have only a half dozen bunches in my store." "Oh, well," she replied sweetly, "I guess you can spare three bunches," and coolly handing two bunches to the little children with her, and taking one for herself, she swept out of the place. Truly the Lord loveth a cheerful grafter.

The Matron Was Shocked

Since the elopement of Daisy Parrott, the friends of that young lady are telling many stories illustrative of her remarkable *aplomb*. One of them is about an incident at the Palace hotel on the day of the elopement. An influential matron living at the hotel was shocked to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Whitney were in the grill eating dinner instead of sequestering themselves in their room. She marched down to verify what seemed to her preposterous. She gave a very chilly nod in answer to the young bride's beaming salute. They met in the elevator after dinner and the matron reprimanded the bride in a strident voice for acting in such an "undignified manner." The bride protested that she was "awfully hungry" and had gone down to the grill as a matter of course without thinking of the proprieties. "Just to show I'm not hurt at your criticism," added the bride, "I'm going to ask you innight. We're going to have lots of friends down." At which the matron was more shocked than ever. Indeed the Whitneys did hold a regular levee morning, noon and night until their departure for Rocklin.

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Nance Gives Us Ibsen

When Ibsen's "A Doll's House" was produced in New York some twenty years ago it caused a scandal. The good people of the polite Gotham of that day were shocked. But Ibsen has came into his kingdom, and when Nance announced last week that she would start a series of Ibsen matinees on Thursday of this week nobody blinked an eyelid. Even the pulpit custodians of our morals said not a word. Yet Ibsen didn't write plays for boys and girls. Local theatregoers are not familiar with Ibsen. His cult is confined to academic circles, but he is recognized as easily the greatest dramatist of the age. He is great because of his technical mastery, his profound, unerring knowledge of human nature and his psychology. He is somewhat shy on humor but his creative powers are unsurpassed. His men and women are not pleasing personages, and their morals are not edifying, but they are human beings. He makes no concession to modesty, but his realism is tremendous and startling. Commonplace people are his puppets, and his powerful pictures are of contemporary life. They strike you with horror but they are true. Nance O'Neil is courageous to unfold the canvas. It was only a few days ago that a minister back in Massachusetts, the despatches tell us, protested against the production of Pinero's "Iris" on the ground that it is immoral. He had never seen it but he had read its story. I wonder what he thinks of Ibsen's dramas. I have read the story of "Iris" and in my opinion it is a piece that demonstrates that cultivated Bohemia is a nasty place, and that social laws are essential to human happiness. A play is immoral only when it makes vice attractive and virtue ridiculous, and "Iris" does not do that. Neither does Ibsen, and yet people protest against his plays because they shock little folks and prudes.

She Had the Recitation Habit

It is related that when Nance O'Neil was at Snell's Seminary she was a great bore owing to her mania for reciting selections from Shakespeare. Her schoolmates often begged her to quit, and she told them that they did not appreciate dramatic ability. Now that Blanche Bates and Nance O'Neil are near the top of the histrionic ladder one hears many reminiscences of those two distinguished women who started on their dramatic career in this city.

Unfortunate Foreign Marriage

Laura Banning, whose father cleaned up such a handsome fortune in Elsinore during the land boom in Southern California some years ago, has met with the usual domestic fate that befalls those American heiresses who leap into romantic matrimony abroad. After the family moved East to spend their money and get into the social swim Miss Banning went abroad. In Dresden she met handsome, dashing Lieutenant von Blunn of the Saxon guards, whose family had a certain prestige at court. Certainly every member of the family worked the prestige for all there was in it. When the American heiress came along the young lieutenant paid assiduous court to her. Through his influence she was invited to a number of very smart functions. The dazzling social season ended in his proposal and her acceptance and a handsome dowry put the lieutenant on his financial feet. Misfortune quickly followed. In spending his wife's money as freely as he considered proper he imbibed too much wine, got into a duel with a brother officer, seriously injured his man, and was dismissed from the army. Then he took all his bride's fortune and plunged into business. He knew practically nothing of business affairs and in a little while her fortune was irretrievably lost. Now the young wife has gone back to her parents in New York. The husband accepted the separation with a shrug of his shoulders. There will no doubt be a divorce at an early date. And so ends the matrimonial alliance abroad of another Californian girl.

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

Queer Feasts in Bohemia

Wild West dinners were not unknown at the Bohemian Club prior to the one at which the hair of *McClure's* assistant editor was raised. Joe Redding and Horace Platt gave a similar function some years ago to an Eastern tenderfoot, and they, too, attracted the police. Another picturesque function was that given at the club some years ago by Theodore Wores, Charley Peters and other kindred spirits by way of a josh on "Sir" Henry Heyman and other members who prided themselves on the cheap decorations that had been presented to them by the kings of Hawaii, Tahiti and other puny potentates of remote realms. The gentlemen with the decorations had given a "Decoration" dinner which proved a sort of mutual admiration function. Wores and his companions followed it with a "Tramp" dinner at which they all wore rags and dirty faces and ate with their fingers.

Casey Blocks Schmitz

The breach between Mayor Schmitz and Public Works Commissioner Casey is widening. It first became apparent when Casey blocked the Mayor's scheme to grab the patronage of the Health Department. When Schmitz made a little deal with Chief Wittman to secure control of that department he reckoned without his old friend Casey who happens to be the champion of Health Officer O'Brien, and who had made up his mind to save the latter's official scalp. When J. Leo Park resigned the secretaryship of the Board of Public Works the other day, Schmitz requested that one of Ruef's henchmen be appointed to the vacancy, but Casey again demurred. Casey is true to organized labor, and he had a man for the job in the person of Assistant Secretary Jortall of the Sailors' Union, and the latter was appointed. The Mayor and the labor unions are getting farther apart every day.

A Daily Question

How often a woman asks herself, What can I do to retain my youthful appearance without fear of criticism and injury to myself? For while all ladies wish to look beautiful, no woman can afford to use artificial means that would in any way detract from her refinement, as is the case by the use of powders and lotions which can not be put upon the face without being noticed.

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How Mrs. Harvey Lost a Girl

The merest mention of the eternal servant-girl problem, which unlike the wicked never ceases from troubling and unlike the weary never is at rest, sends the cold shudders down the spinal vertebræ of San Francisco's 400. Mrs. J. Downey Harvey is the latest victim of that new and ultra-fashionable disease, hired-girlitis. She gave a dinner party the other night, the guests were due to arrive at seven o'clock, and by reason of the storm the entire electric lighting service in the Western Addition went on a strike at half-past five o'clock. She summoned her butler and ordered him to gather together all the candlesticks in the house and place them on the dining table. An hour later, the lighting plant went into commission again, so she told the butler to take away the candles. He neglected to do so and when the guests entered the dining-room they were confronted by no less than twenty-seven candlesticks, china, ormulu and common tin, each decorated with a tallow candle and all twenty-seven spluttering away for all they were worth. The butler left the next morning and Mrs. Harvey replaced him temporarily with a maid. A few intimate friends had been invited for dinner the following day and Mrs. Harvey explained to her new acquisition that it was her invariable custom to have her mother, who was of the party, served first. "I have never worked in a place," remarked the maid, "where one of the family got served before the guests and I won't now. I'll quit first"; which she did, and a caterer's assistant waited on the table that day at dinner.

A Familiar Species

The "Cultureen" is an animal that has been recently discovered by an Eastern satirist, but the species has existed this long time to my knowledge under sundry different names. His habitat is the tea and the "salon," his prey macaroons, ethics and weak Oolong. His mane is shaggy, his coat long and black and his voice disagreeably well-modulated. He has a mauve soul, a pink conscience, an interesting complexion and an infinite capacity for idealistic, transcendental convulsions. The female cultureen is more common in San Francisco than the male, mainly because the local man is a busy, vulgar animal with little time for the "higher thought" which is the ozone of the Cultureen. The other day I made a tour of the Japanese stores, when I overheard one of the breed going over a pile of prints.

A Characteristic Outburst

"Oh, how *adorable!*" she was saying in a tinted voice. "Don't you *positively worship* Hokusai? Such tones, such contrasts, such curves! Don't you think that the Japanese masters tasted, in some measure, the inspiration of Oriental mysticism to have thus gained the power to thrill our innermost being by the passionate suggestion of the simple curve? Ah, that curve! It is like the exoticism of Swinburne or the symbolism of Maeterlinck—suggestive, evanescent, ephemeral—at once a threnody and a pæon! The lissome, tendriled twining of that curve—"

"Yes, real Hokusai," suggested the Jap behind the counter. "It very cheap today—$1.75. You want?"

"No," said the Cultureen with a sigh, "I would not *dare* to have it in my possession. If I should see it too often I should become tired of it, I fear. And to become tired—to fail to thrill at the truth and beauty of that curve—it would kill me—I'm sure it would!"

"I wish it would!" remarked a customer as he took his bundle and got out into the open air.

The Real "Sunny Jim"

The dark continent of literature, advertising, has its Napoleons, but they are inglorious, if not mute, and that for obvious reasons. We have no trouble finding out who wrote "The Confessions of a Wife," what the bright young lady author has for her breakfast and how many millions of her book have been sold in a week, but who, pray, knows anything about the originator of our old street car acquaintance, "Sunny Jim," whom Mr. Dooley satirizes thus:

"Out of the house went Lucky Jo—
Guff was the stuff that made him go"?

The author of "Sunny Jim" is a lady—or rather a school girl. She lives in Portland, Oregon, but she is making enough money out of her one and only stunt to go to Radcliff, like Mary McLane. She claims to have realized seventeen thousand dollars already out of her novelty, and she will make much more, for the series still continues and she is being paid on the royalty basis. The "Sunny Jim" pictures are being done by an Eastern artist, but the bulk of profits go to the writer, for it is the idea that counts. Speaking of ads., *Judge* for this week has a full page cartoon representing a fox terrier looking quizzically into the funnel of a phonograph. It is not hard to recognize in this the copy of a well known talking machine.

Why the Wedding Was Postponed

The trivial accident that happened to young Mrs. Merrill a few weeks ago, when she and her baby fell out of her carriage just as she was waving good-bye to the Merrill seniors, was far-reaching in its consequences. Mr. Merrill, in his haste to reach mother and child rushed down the long stone steps from the house so rapidly that he fell and sprained both his ankles. They were put into a plaster cast, and he was confined to his home for two months. The first day he ventured down to his office he slipped and both ankles were sprained a second time. The injury sustained by Mr. Merrill was not the only consequence of the hack-spilling episode. It was in consequence of his lameness,

The next bottle of whisky you buy resolve to try the "Jesse Moore." You've heard it was the best; prove it by practical test.

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together with the ill health of Mrs. Merrill, that it was deemed advisable to postpone the marriage of Gladys and Harry Bates. The wedding was to have taken place February eighteenth but has been postponed indefinitely. The supposition is that it will take place in the spring, but Mrs. Merrill quite seriously objects to its taking place at all, or at least for some time, owing to the extreme youth of the betrothed pair. However, as the courtship was in progress for eight years the presumption should be that they know their own minds.

"Is he lazy?"
"No, he merely has a wonderful capacity for rest."

The Carrs of Kentucky

Lord Rosebery's name has been so persistenly coupled with that of Mrs. Alice Carr Chauncey that My Lord has been put to the pains and expense of cabling a denial of his engagement to that beautiful Kentucky widow. Lord Rosebery evidently hasn't been "landed" but those who know the Carr family have no doubt that if Mrs. Carr-Chauncey has made up her mind to write herself among England's peeresses nothing can stop her. There are other fish almost as big as Lord Rosebery in the matrimonial pond. Alice Carr's name was familiar to a few of the San Francisco elite eight years ago, but many people have never heard how this blue-grass beauty treated one of the scions of a wealthy Californian family. At that time Alice Carr, with her mother and a younger sister, Grace, were touring the Eastern watering places. The Carrs came from Louisville and though their father was a colonel that does not mean much in a land "where the corn is full of colonels, and the colonels full of corn." They had little social prominence and less wealth. When Colonel Carr was found dead, shot through the brain by his own hand, the only legacy left to his wife was a life insurance policy of five thousand dollars. Without waiting for the conventional time of mourning to expire, Mrs. Carr took her daughters East and paraded them at the various fashionable summer resorts. Alice, the elder, was such a dazzling blonde that she made an immense sensation at Saratoga. It was there that the Californian lad, fresh from Harvard, fell desperately in love with her and is said to have proposed at second sight. Miss Alice accepted him and the news was telegraphed out here to his people. As none of the Southern set here knew the Carrs, the young man's mother was afraid he was marrying beneath him and wrote a letter to Mrs. Carr that plainly showed she disapproved of the match.

A Bit of Strategy

Later on she went to Saratoga to look into the affair, and on her arrival she learned that Mrs. Carr had indignantly broken off the match, declaring proudly that she objected to the marriage of her son to one of the newly rich from California. The young man's mother thereupon sought to patch up the affair, but Mrs. Carr was a clever strategist. She had a bigger card up her sleeve—a Brooklyn millionaire named Chauncey. He married the girl and then sent the mother and her other daughter to Europe, where the latter married one of the British nobility. Mr. Chauncey died several years ago and it was rumored some time ago that his widow was going to marry her first love who is a bachelor and spends most of his time abroad.

To banish the blues nothing is so efficacious as a drink of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve bourbon or rye.

Miss Hager's Latest

Miss Ethyl Hager is going to give a "Yellow Kid" dance. There are to be seventy-five guests all in Yellow Kid costumes so that it will be a wise Jack who knows his own Jill. It is almost time for the strain of living up to her reputation for originality to begin to tell on Miss Hager. But evidently all she has to do is to put on her thinking cap for a moment and all sorts of whimsical ideas come trooping out. The "Yellow Kid" dance is the latest delightful folly she has planned. I hear the supper is to be a Dutch feast eaten on beer kegs with all sorts of Dutch delicacies, from Wiener-Wurst to Kalte-Fische.

Wooed in Hawaii

The engagement of Miss Mary Nichols and Philip Lansdale which was announced Thursday was not a surprise, for it had been rumored ever since the young lady came back from Honolulu. She accompanied her father, Bishop Nichols, to Honolulu last spring, and it was then that she was wooed by Lansdale. The Bishop would not give his consent. He thought it too sudden, and that perhaps when his daughter left the tropics and got into the fogs and winds of San Francisco her passion would cool. But it stood the test of a long separation, and the churchman finally gave his consent. The young man is not very well off, being a clerk or something on a coffee plantation. His cousin, Lieutenant Lansdale, married the eldest of Sidney Smith's daughters. He was killed at Samoa by the natives in a most shocking manner. Miss Nichols is in her early twenties and is not what one would term a society girl. She likes church work and is given to intellectual pursuits, and though not a beauty has an interesting and attractive face.

The latest bulletin from the Peter Martins is to the effect that they are not coming to San Francisco for awhile.

"OH! HOW GOOD IT FEELS!"

Cogswell's Foot Tonic

The *only* remedy on the market which cools, soothes and rests burning, tired, aching feet. Allays inflammation. Quiets the nerves, for the feet are the nerve centers. Infallible remedy in treatment of Chilblains and Bunions.

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Mail orders receive prompt attention

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A Famous Horse Cemetery

This last sale of racers at the Palo Alto stock farm recalls to mind the horse cemetery there. This unique spot of ground is about a block square. Many of the record-breaking thoroughbreds that brought fame and money to the farm lie buried there and make it without doubt the most curious cemetery of its kind in the world. Its foundation came about in 1888 when several of the famous Palo Alto horses met death in the fire of the big stable. Among them was the champion yearling, Norlain (2:31 1-2) by Norval (2:11 3-4). As Norlain was a champion and greatly liked by those on the Stanford estate, a beautiful spot was selected for her burial place. Gradually places were found beside her for the great sires and mares as they passed away, and so the cemetery grew.

Pardee's Petty Political Trick

Dr. Pardee, late of Oakland and now of Sacramento, may be a capable medical man but he isn't made of the stuff out of which great statesmen are fashioned. He has not been in office long, and he has not had any opportunities to exhibit the qualities of statesmanship. Indeed it has been impossible so far to judge him by the tests of the historical method, but his attitude in the squabble over the Bank Commission inspires the grave suspicion that he is too small for the job. It is evident that he has no hesitation in bringing to bear in State affairs those rank political methods that flourish on the other side of the bay among as measly a lot of pot-house politicians as ever filched a plugged quarter from a public treasury. When Pardee went to Sacramento he had an Oakland past to live down, but I fear that he will eclipse it. The misgivings of decent citizens in the late campaign when they had to choose between job-chaser Lane and Dr. Pardee are not likely to be allayed by such methods as those resorted to for the purpose of rebuking a political enemy. Dan Kevane is not an ideal Bank Commissioner but it is establishing a bad precedent when the Governor of the State encourages the Legislature to abolish a statutory body merely to wreak petty revenge. The Legislature is not the plaything or the tool of the Executive, and it is a crime to use it as such. In doing so Governor Pardee plainly showed that he had not a proper appreciation of the dignity of his office.

A Russian Wedding

Mrs. John R. McLean, the sister of Truxtun Beale, is cast for an unusual role in an important diplomatic marriage to occur the nineteenth instant at the Russian Embassy. She is to be the mother of honor to Mademoiselle des Planques, the daughter of the great Russo-Chinese banker, who will on that day become the bride of Alexander Pablov, Russian Minister to Corea. Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador in Washington, will be the Father of Honor. Bishop Sikon of the Greek church will perform the ceremony, and the music will be furnished by the male choir of St. Nicholas church, New York. Immediately after the ceremony the bridal couple will start for Corea and they will pass through this city.

Society Cake Walk Artists

The cake-walk figure at the Spreckels ball is still the subject of comment and wonder. Ethyl Hager and Mr. Grace who led it are being told on all sides that their performance would make the contortions of the average professional look amateurish. That Ethyl Hager could cake-walk to beat rag-time, all her friends knew, but it was supposed to be quite out of Mr. Grace's line. Although he has been out here half a dozen seasons it was only this winter people managed to coax him from "stag" pleasures, so he is not even a familiar figure at cotillions. His cake walk gyrations were therefore a complete surprise. Mr. Grace comes of an excellent New York family. His father was a one time Mayor of that city and he had the social as well as the political pull. The new men going out his season have imparted a zest to things. One of those who are giving a new tang to social life is Dr. Zeile, a cousin of the Hopkins's who has just returned from an eight years' sojourn in Europe. Dr. Zeile has such courtly manners that the girls all say he is as good as a leaf out of one of the present-day popular romances. Distinguished manners are not native to the hothouse soil of San Francisco for the men of the smart set here have been spoiled.

Juggling Bills at Washington

My Washington correspondent writes me that Senator Aldrich and his clique are craftily making use of Quay's omnibus statehood bill to block Congressional action on three big measures that are particularly obnoxious to them. The three big measures are the immigration, the eight hour and the Hoar anti-injunction bills. These measures are strongly supported but they are stoutly opposed by the Aldrich contingent. The latter, who is leading the fight against Quay's bill, remarked to a friend, last week, that the Statehood bill would be kicked out of Congress without the least ceremony as soon as its usefulness for blocking purposes in the Senate was over. Aldrich laughed when asked if he had the necessary votes and tapped his pocket. The immigration bill is obnoxious to the shipping trust. The Hoar bill is obnoxious to those big cor-

Monday morning, February second, the offices of the North Shore Railroad opened at their new location, 626 Market street, opposite the Palace hotel. In addition to the general offices there is a bureau of information for the public convenience and a ticket office where the people may secure tickets uptown and avoid the rush at the Ferry ticket office.

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porations which, during strike times, rush to the courts and ask for orders restraining the strikers from doing things that may be prohibited by stretching the law. But the most obnoxious bill of all to them is the eight-hour measure. It is also the most strongly backed, and it has the approval of all the labor unions. The shipbuilding trust, the armor plate trust and other big corporations that furnish supplies to the government have spent thousands of dollars for the purpose of getting out newspaper articles in opposition to the bill. They are willing to spend thousands more to prevent it getting before the Senate or the House. They don't even want it to come up for discussion for fear it may gain strength in such corners as they have not touched. Hence the ruse to block action with the Quay bill and stave off any consideration of these three important measures till Congress is on the eve of adjournment. Then in the rush the pet measures of those on the inside will be pulled out of the fire and placed in safety.

Mr. Raphael Weill will be a host at a large dinner this evening at Marchand's, in honor of Mr. W. D. English.

When She Lived in Washington

Both Anne Apperson and her cousin, Miss Lane, who are to be married this spring, had the benefit of seasons in Washington society under their aunt's wing. When Mrs. Hearst decided to leave Washington and make California her permanent home, many a San Francisco girl felt a twinge of disappointment. For Mrs. Hearst was always most generous in hospitality, and not only gave her protegees seasons at the nation's capital, but treated them to transportation both ways and smart frocks during their stay with her. Sybil Sanderson's sister Jennie, Nellie Calhoun and one of the Hillyer girls enjoyed Washington seasons under Mrs. Hearst's wing. Senator Hearst purchased Secretary Fairchild's fine house in New Hampshire avenue, near the aristocratic Dupont Circle. The Secretary wished to leave Washington when the Harrison Administration came in. The house was exceedingly old-fashioned when the Hearsts took it but they had it entirely remodeled. A ball-room and a *porte-cochere* were added, and the shape of the house changed. When it was completed it was one of the handsomest homes in Washington. Mrs. Hearst dazzled the diplomatic swim by her magnificent entertainments and she soon became a social leader. The Senator never took any interest in the place or in society, for he detested fashionable entertainments. When he was not at the Senate he found his pleasure in driving behind good horseflesh or sitting in John Chamberlain's back room listening to good stories with a coterie of friends.

Scarlet Fever on Nob Hill

The home of the Will Crockers is in quarantine. Little Willie developed a well defined case of scarlet fever a short time ago, and he communicated it to the other Crocker children, so for the first time Mr. and Mrs. Will Crocker know what it is to be socially ostracised. Mrs. Crocker is proving herself a most devoted nurse.

A GREAT TURF EVENT.

There'll be an even larger crowd than usual at the races today, the drawing card being the biggest event of the racing season —the Burns handicap. Competition for the ten thousand dollar prize will be brisk, and all the best racers are entered for the contest. Interest in the race is keen, and the owners of fleet nags are all looking forward to a lively event at Ingleside today.

Alice Rix in Paris

That brilliant journalist, Alice Rix O'Leary, has been heard from. She is living in Paris where she has sumptuous apartments, in an atmosphere that is most congenial. She is with her husband to whom she is as ardently devoted as she was in the days of her honeymoon. Her son by her first marriage, the erratic youth who figured as the *motif* for Miriam Michelson's first *Smart Set* story, is with his mother and is pursuing his art studies. Mrs. O'Leary lived in Paris with her first husband and it was there that she acquired the *chic* manner that so often found expression in her sparkling newspaper work. Her retirement from journalism was a distinct loss to newspaper readers, for her brilliant work was most refreshing. She has had many imitators but none that ever approximated the dash and sparkle of her unique style.

"Jones says he loves his wife."
"Do you believe him?"
"Yes."
"Did you ever see her?"
"No."
"That accounts for your credulity."

A Military Snubbing

A story is going the rounds about the snubbing of a handsome young army officer who has been capering nimbly in the inner circles of society lately. It relates to a dance given by him at the Presidio recently for the purpose of reciprocating many of the social favors that he had received. It appears that he had no intention of showing deference to his superior officers at the post by inviting them to the function, though military ethics provide for

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such courtesy when use is to be made of the official hall. However, the derelict officer was reminded of his duty by the Commandant and the invitations were thereupon forthcoming. But as the officer acted under orders, his brother officers decided to consider the invitations as official documents. And, as the story goes, these words were written across each: "Rejected and disapproved," after which the invitations were sent back.

Peixotto's Good Work

Ernest Peixotto did not have to go away from home to be appreciated. He was recognized long before he went to New York and set up a studio in old Washington Square. Then he went abroad on commissions to illustrate notable books, and by the way found time to paint his great "Lady in Yellow" that won honorable mention in the Paris Salon of 1901. The lady in yellow has the place of honor in the local exhibition of Peixotto's works that opened this week. Everything is well placed, the black-and-white drawings in one room and the paintings in another apartment draped in red, which is a color to which the artist inclines. His Venetian paintings are very beautiful, the tints just warm enough to please the eye. Tone poems, I should call these scenes. They are full of the the breath of life and of thought. An "Interior of a Fisherman's Cabin—Martigues" is especially worthy of mention. Peixotto was always famed for his pen and ink and wash sketches. His technic is irreproachable and in everything the poetic idea modifies the dry details. Mr. Peixotto has delivered one or two art talks during his stay here. Mr. Peixotto's wife, who is also an artist, traveled all over Europe with him and they are thoroughly en rapport in their ideas.

China Introduced to Bohemia

Most of the dishes served at the dinner given on Wednesday evening by Mr. Charles Victor Miller were prepared by or made under the direct supervision of the host, who is an amateur Brillat Savarin of uncommon skill. The affair was in honor of Ho Yow's successor at the Chinese Consulate, and there were twenty-eight guests entertained, the American contingent of the art or scribbling world. The Consul was attended by his suite, and several prominent Chinese citizens with their wives. All the decorations in the dining-room were of a Chinese character, the walls being hung with beautiful embroideries and tapestries. The menu comprised a number of Chinese delicacies, and a Chinese orchestra discoursed characteristic music. The host wore a costume in keeping, a gorgeously embroidered robe, and all his famous and rare jewels. There was a pretty little Chinese girl among the guests. She could not have been more than five or six years of age, but her perfect manners in the drawing room and at the table would have reflected credit on an American child of twice that age.

A Short Cut to Culture

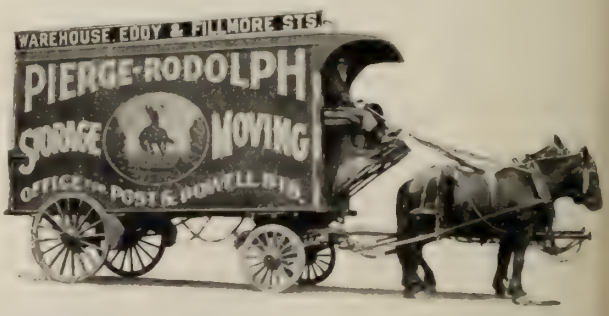
In the catalogue of an Eastern firm which makes a specialty of educational works I came across the following:

"How to Study Literature." A novel, a poem, a history, a biography, a drama, an oration, a sermon, or any other literary production, if read or studied as this book tells one how to read and study, becomes a subject which one can discuss or write about in a thoroughly intelligent and comprehensive way. Enables you to talk about a book as if you had really sized it up completely. Just the thing for literary societies, reading circles, and the teacher and pupil; also for any one who desires to retain a symmetrical impression of the books he reads. 75 cents.

Now, if that is not what Mr. Dooley would call "near-think" I should like to know where we are to look for the commodity. It was "Gail Hamilton," the brilliant sister-in-law of James G. Blaine, who originated the prayer, "Grant that we may be well smattered," and here is the Bible, hymn book, and Book of Common Prayer, of the cult of the smattered, with illustrations and diagrams complete. It only needs an additional chapter giving directions how to obtain a comprehensive glance of the contents of a volume by looking at the covers of the volumes displayed in the windows of book-sellers. No doubt this particular work will be in great demand by the class to whom it is especially recommended, the "literary societies and reading circles," whose object it is to "talk about a book as if you had really sized it up completely," as well as for those teachers who never read except under compulsion, and in order to keep pace with their classes. The "literary society" which is so unliterary as to need such aid towards forming an opinion, and the "reading circle" which is on the lookout for some means to avoid reading should be crushed out. Culturine in two-grain capsules, and Liebig's extract of book are what they thrive on, and brainless idiots who neglect the stocking basket and the kneading tray to pose above the heads of their village contemporaries should not have the way smoothed for them. It takes more than a hen-club chattering about the latest novel to make a community intellectual, and it is one of the most unfounded assumptions of the age that everyone must be interested in books. How to read a book without reading it will prove a sort of "machine piano," like those contrivances which one found in obscure mountain villages some thirty years ago. By inserting a sheet of perforated paper into a box-like arrangement and turning a crank, and then listening intently and exercising the imagination to the utmost, faint, tinkling sounds might be made out which one could call music, because they resembled music as much as they did anything else.

"Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used." *Iago.*

Why not the Olivina? SPOHN--PATRICK CO.



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Diana of the Ditch

The discussion had taken place the night before, over cigar ends and black coffee, while the women, with feigned indifference, waited in the room beyond.

During a certain course at dinner Miss Darcy had introduced the subject inadvertently, by asking Lord Archibald—familiarly called Archie—whom the huntress in wig and velvets represented. The painting alluded to was that of Lady Matilda, a portly dame in a broad, conspicuous gilt frame hung directly over the great antlers.

"That," said the young Lord gravely, "is my great grand aunt, the only woman, in fact the only person who ever took the Devil's Ditch."

Those who did not know of the place in question looked duly impressed and began asking covert questions about so great an event. Then Lord Archibald rose to the occasion and during a hushed silence proceeded, for the benefit of the uninitiated, to tell the assemblage of a ride which had passed into the annals of his house. Lady Matilda, buxom and smiling, looked down from the canvas, one hand grasping the whip with which she had conquered her Bucephalus.

Teddy Leeks made some disrespectful remark to his neighbor about the lady's lines not being parallel to those of an Amazon.

Miss Darcy looked up with awed violet eyes.

"Is it really such a terrible leap?" she asked demurely.

His Lordship adjusted his monocle before answering solemnly, "My sister's groom was killed last year in making the attempt."

Lady Mary shuddered at the recollection. The brother and sister had strong sporting tendencies, and if an indulgent world had not allowed a wide margin for titled failings, they might have been dubbed something analogous with the turf. Dame Grundy looked wise, but only a hint of their indiscretions had reached Mayfair.

Since the heir had come into possession and the dowager had abdicated, the Badington stables held the finest specimens of the equine product, and grooms were kept busy twelve hours out of twenty-four. At present the kennels were filled to overflowing for the hunting season had begun and the vicinity resembled a beehive.

The party was all agog with hunting and sporting topics, so the story of the famous leap only served as a fresh impetus.

"I heard," said Clayton, leaning forward to attract Miss Darcy's attention, "you made quite a record in Egypt last winter."

"Ah," she said, smiling, "Lord Archibald has promised me Sweetheart for tomorrow; she's the beauty of the lot. As for my Ciaro racing"—she looked scornful—"those miserable little ponies can hardly be termed horses."

"Do you think you can really ride her?" asked his Lordship anxiously.

The girl who had broken in her own horses in Arizona before the mine was struck, smiled down consciously into her plate.

"I can but try," she answered quietly. Clayton saw the prophecy of great things in her eyes; he secretly wondered if the Devil's Ditch figured in her dreams.

After the women had left the table, Teddy Leeks said suddenly, "I say, Archie, what would you do if some woman took that leap tomorrow?"

Lord Archibald turned and looked slowly at his questioner, then as though registering a pious vow replied solemnly: "What my great uncle did—marry her."

With one accord the men rose, and clinking glasses told that the witnesses had heard and were drinking to the possible Lady Archibald.

The morning broke cool and clear, tempered by a briskness that sent the blood coursing through the veins. The hounds in leash bayed impatiently at the bugle, awaking a thousand echoes. Horses champed uneasily, expectant for the run to come, and the park presented a scene of brilliant life, the red-coated huntsmen adding the needed color.

The American girl came slowly down the terrace to where the man stood holding her horse, the close habit showing the slim perfections of her figure, and her bright hair straying rebelliously from under the severe head gear. There was a grace and conscious strength about her every movement. Sweetheart stood with slender feet restlessly pawing the ground, and eyes luminous with suppressed eagerness. Every now and then the small groom at her bridle swung pendulum-like in mid air, powerless to resist. Coolly taking the reins Miss Darcy gently stroked the arched neck, at the same time whispering softly into the silken ear. The thoroughbred stood still in surprise, then the girl sprang lightly into the saddle. The firm hand on the snaffle guided the covorting animal until she settled into a steady trot. The cut across country is four miles over smooth downs marked with hedgerows and an occasional fence, then the Devil's Ditch, like a slash from a mighty sword, bisects the ground into two separate hunting fields. Further down, the bridge spans the chasm, and many a malediction goes forth as the sportsman sees the hound go clean across the the abyss he dares not attempt. The pushing, bustling crowd of horsemen suddenly dispersed: a fox had broken cover, and with a mad cry the dogs went speeding into the open. Lord Archibald on his great sorrel led the way with thundering hoof-beats.

"Wh-whoop!" cried Teddy Leeks, as his horse took a fence rail, and continued riderless.

No one stopped. On went the pursuers, keen with the chase, the hounds with lean lank bodies extended, were on the scent of an old customer and nothing could stop them. The whippers-in vainly tried to turn the course toward the bridge.....but on went the dogs, unerring, heedless of cries.

Chester the sorrel, and Sweetheart the mare, were neck and neck; with long, easy strides they took water course and fence, never pausing; with one impulse every obstacle was taken, and the country moved backwards with wonderful rapidity.

Then the sorrel plunged and reared, mad with the race and fear of that deep cut.

"For God's sake, don't!" cried a warning voice.

The little black mare, with sinews strained and muscles drawn, stood with hoofs firmly planted, ready for a wild leap; the satiny body quivered, then rose high in the air, horse and rider disappearing.

Lord Archibald rolled off his horse and rushed to the brink. The Ditch yawned wide, like Satan's mouth; there was the tramp of many feet and a speechless crowd, pale with horror, looked into its depths. A small innocent derby lay at the bottom; on the other side a girl sat her panting horse, proudly erect. Heedless of dogs or quarry, the hunting party sent up a mighty cheer.

Helen Darcy smiled back, her face a trifle paler than usual.

"By Gad," said his Lordship, mounting and riding swiftly to the bridge. He had something to say to Miss Darcy—alone. The other men speculated. She had mounted to the eminence swelling gradually to the ditch, and with trembling fingers was trying to confine her wind-blown hair. The approaching rider bared his head and gazed in speechless admiration. Wishing to

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impress his hearer he said, ponderously, slowly, "Miss Darcy, you are the most splendidly daring horsewoman I have ever seen." She nodded in acknowledgment as he continued: "You are the peer of Lady Matilda." She laughed lightly. "In fact," he went on, "I doubt if she rode as well. Few knew she was but a governess to my grand uncle's sisters, but while out riding one day she did that, too"—he pointed to the ditch with his crop. "My uncle asked her to be his wife." He paused. "Miss Darcy, I am going to do the same thing. Will you be mine?"

Lord Archibald looked away to his patrimony in a mildly meditative fashion, fully aware of his generosity, so politely tolerant. There was a stop, more of quiet acceptance than anticipation. The doves cooed softly in the woods beyond, and below them a break in the trees showed a glimpse of noble park and ivied turrets belonging to the princely abode he asked the American girl to share. She thought of Lady Matilda,a poor nobody on one side of the ditch, a lady of broad estates on the other. Then she laughed suddenly. Lord Archibald grew stiffly rigid.

"I appreciate the honor," she said quietly enough, "but I also decline it."

The glass dropped from her listener's eye.

"Do you know"—she spoke in a confidential tone, and leaning over her saddle as she looked at him frankly—"when I do marry, it will be some one over there." She pointed vaguely to where she thought the ocean might be.

"We have ditches and husbands, too, in America." This shot was delivered over her shoulder, for Sweetheart was growing restless. Then she cantered briskly off.

On the other side of the barrier, the pack was yelping and snarling, for the fox had been run to earth by the hounds, unaided. Clayton came trotting round with the freshly cut brush over his arm. It was to be laid at the feet of Miss Darcy, for whom he cherished a secret admiration. He looked at his Lordship's face, where surprise had given way to anger.

"Well, some one took the ditch," he said tentatively.

"Yes, some one did," then Clayton fancied he heard an expression not conspicuous for elegance.

The sorrel, objecting to the heavy hand on the bridle, together with the furious dig in the ribs, plunged violently. Clayton gave a long, low whistle.

"I see, old chap," he laughed softly, "which way the wind blows. Diana took the ditch . . . but wouldn't take You."

John Roberts.

How Perkins Used His Pull

Scene: Office of the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

Dramatis Personae: Senator Perkins and Secretary Moody.

Moody: Mornink, Perk.

Perkins: Howdee, Mood old man. Say, the Chamber of Commerce out in Frisco wired me to call on you to urge you to award those battleship contracts to the Scotts.

Moody: Who th' 'ell are the Scotts?

Perkins: They're the fellows what runs the Union Iron Works.

Moody: Oh, yes. Well, they're the lowest bidders; I suppose we'll have to award to them. They're all right, I suppose?

Perkins: Well—yes—that is, you see, those strikers are raising hell out there all the time, and the Scotts are having trouble with them.

Moody: You don't say! But then, I suppose they'll patch it up all right.

Perkins: Oh, yes; if you give them seven or eight years they'll pull through all right.

Moody: What!!!

Perkins: Well, say nine or ten years.

Moody: Why, man alive, we may need those ships in ninety days.

Perkins: Give them twelve years.

Moody: Do you mean to say they can't finish those contracts in less than twelve years?

Perkins: Well, I shouldn't like to stake my reputation as a gentleman and a prophet on it.

Moody: Then they can't have 'em.

Perkins: I'm sorry that you're so unreasonable. I'd like to help my friend Irvie Scott because he needs the money. He lost about thirty thousand experimenting in the Senatorial fight, and he doesn't think any more of a dollar than an ordinary man does of his life. However if you've made up your mind, I know you can't be swerved. But I want you to promise me something.

Moody: What is it?

Perkins: When the newspaper correspondents come round tell 'em I tried my damndest to coax you to give the contracts to the Scotts.

Moody: Oh, very well. —*The Diplomat.*

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

Society's Strange Caprice

The dailies appear to have been surprised by the statement of a Paris jeweler that Mrs. Charley Fair wore "imitation" jewelry abroad, but New York jewelers confirmed the report that it is customary for rich people to have their costly necklaces and pins duplicated with imitation stones which they wear while originals are securely kept in safe deposit boxes. It is a singular caprice of the rich that finds expression in the wearing of "imitation" jewels and the concealment of their gems. Why they should care to invest in costly jewelry that they are afraid to wear it is difficult to understand. One daily referred to the "imitation" stones as "paste." They are not. They are artificial gems such as are sold by the Alexandra company of this city. Mr. Alexandra of that firm recently explained to me that there is quite a difference between what is known as the "paste" diamond and the Alexandra. The former is a stone to the base of which is applied a substance that imparts a glitter which wears away. The Alexandra is a manufactured article that possesses all the elements of the genuine diamond.

"I have duplicated," said Mr. Alexandra, "some of the finest settings possessed by local society people, and have inserted Alexandra gems which they wear in lieu of their own genuine stones." —*The Reporter.*

The **VALLEY SPECIAL**

. . .RUNS . . .

BOTH WAYS AT ONCE

Leave San Francisco..... 8.00 A. M.
Reach Bakersfield..... 5.40 P. M.
Leave Bakersfield ..... 8.00 A. M.
Reach San Francisco ..... 5.25 P. M.

IN....

TIME FOR DINNER

....YOU....

GO TO THE THEATRE

And Return Home on the

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

11.25 P. M. and are at home in

TIME FOR BREAKFAST

Ask for the Valley Folder

Southern Pacific

EXPERT GIVES OPINION

AN EXPERT ON PEARLS WRITES:

The most delicate and beautiful of all gems is closely approached in this new production.

An imitation was up till now very brittle, and it imitated nothing but the appearance of a real pearl; all other qualities were absent.

This new scientific production of ALEXANDRA Silver and Fish Skin Pearls, not only gives the beautiful nacreous appearance, but provides the great properties of weight and hardness as well; in fact these ALEXANDRA Pearls are as heavy and as unbreakable as the real and costly Oriental pearl.

AN EXPERT ON DIAMONDS WRITES:

The ALEXANDRA MANUFACTURED DIAMOND is intensely hard and seems to possess all the essential qualities of the real diamond.

The durability and brilliancy of this new discovery has been tested in various temperatures, both high and low, and it was conclusively proven that the ALEXANDRA would retain its singular life and beauty indefinitely. My opinion is that these Manufactured Diamonds have come to stay, and will somewhat compensate ladies of social position for the excessive and rising value of the real diamond.

Our new importations from Paris are arriving daily. New designs in La Valliere unique! belt buckles and Alexandra chains

For the girl who is artistic and who would appear fetching on a small pocketbook the rich and glittery Alexandra Hair Barrette has been designed

The Alexandra Barrette is set with both real and manufactured stones

MOUNTED BY OUR DIAMOND SETTERS IN SOLID GOLD

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Alexandra JEWELER

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Makers of High Class Jewelry Mounted with Real or Manufactured Stones

STAGE

Hoyt Renascent

Memories of Charley Hoyt, America's greatest farce writer, were revived once more at the California, this week, when that familiar skit, "A Stranger in New York," was presented by a company consisting of the usual array of comedians and terpsichorean vocalists. When Charley Hoyt was writing farces with the same rapidity that characterizes the work of Clyde Fitch as a dramatist, it was thought that the children of his quaint genius were born for the hour. The Hoyt satire was applied to follies and customs of the day, and it was supposed that as time passed interest in the farces would cease, but it appears that the humor of the Yankee playwright was less evanescent than his critics imagined. After all, the funny side of life is the same today as it was a decade ago, and as it will be when the next generation of theatre-goers bobs up. The ludicrous experiences of the stranger in New York are as amusing now as they were when Hoyt first brought them to the attention of the public. The humor of the farce lacks the spontaneity that was so refreshing in some of Hoyt's earlier works, but there is a great deal of room in the piece for "specialty" work and the interpolations impart to it the necessary ginger. Jack Campbell, the leading comedian of the company, is an illustrious chap and makes up in activity what he lacks in drollery. William Mack contributes largely to the gayety of the piece, and Miss Sylvia Starr invests the role of the "best fellow" with piquant flavor.

A New Edmond Dantes

It is always pleasant for even the most dogmatic of us to have our judgment verified. Therefore do I cheerily point with pride to the fact that Mr. Ralph Stuart of the Republic, and late of the Murray Hill, has more than made good in the role which James O'Neill is popularly believed to have copyrighted. Last week I enthused over Mr. Stuart in the role of Don Caesar. He revealed himself to meagre audiences as an actor of intelligence and temperament in the part of the swaggering hero, and I predicted that he would make an ideal Edmond Dantes. And so he has. When O'Neill made his last visit here the effect of his acting in Monte Cristo was iconoclastic. He shattered the illusions of our childhood, for the rollicking actor whose achievements in our younger days we remembered as triumphs of histrionic genius failed to appeal to our mature emotions. The fact was that O'Neill had played Monte Cristo so many thousand times that he had become atrophied in the familiar role. He had developed into an automaton. Stuart brings us back to the Monte Cristo of the years agone. He has the enthusiasm and the imagination essential to a proper appreciation of the picturesque hero, and he lures his audience into sympathy with him. The production has its shortcomings but Stuart's performance neutralizes the worst.

Nance O'Neil's Farewell

The character of Parthenia is one that shows Nance O'Neil's art in a different phase from the tragical roles in which she has hitherto appeared. She is arch and tender by turns, and tames her savage in charming fashion. Herbert Carr's Ingomar is just in the right key for Miss O'Neil's Parthenia. The latter end of the week has been given up to that seldom produced drama, Scott's "Guy Mannering." Next week will be the last of Miss O'Neil's successful engagement here. Mr. Rankin will take his star on tour visiting San Jose, Los Angeles and other cities,, and stopping at Denver en route to New York. In New York Miss O'Neil will play at a Broadway theatre and will have a first-class company in support. Later a tour of Canada may be taken.

Not Her First Booking

The most charming ingenues of the stage are frequently those whose experience in private life would better fit them for heavy emotional roles. Nevertheless it was considerable of a shock to little Oza Waldrop's admirers to learn this week not only that the fascinating ingenue of the Alcazar is soon to marry a Mr. Clarence Grange, but that he will not be her first venture matrimonial. Oza Waldrop was once Mrs. Louis Meyer, her husband being a printer well-known here and in Sonoma county. Oza was a Baptist minister's daughter, and her early life was passed in a country town. Her success on the stage has been of the continous order. She is pretty, petite and plump.

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & CO. are most effective.

A Genuine Broadway Success

I may assure my readers, not on the authority of a press agent, that "The Little Duchess," Anna Held's musical comedy, that comes next week to the Columbia, was a geniune New York success, having played several months at the Casino to crowded houses. It is a typically sumptuous Broadway production with gorgeous costumes, heaps of beautiful girls, and three or four lively comedians. The *chic* little star has everything done for her by the authors and managers to accentuate her many attractions. In private life, by the way, Anna Held is Mrs. Ziegfield Jr., the wife of her wealthy manager. She is a quiet little lady, devoted to her husband and never exhibiting any of the Parisian naughty airs and graces of which she is so fascinating an exponent on the stage. The eel-skin dresses for which she is famous will probably be copied by San Francisco women, who have a knack of taking to a fashion when it is out of date in New York. Mlle. Held probably clings to them yet (or has them cling to her) for sinuousness is part of the charming comedienne's stock in trade.

Mrs. James Brown-Potter, since her late success in London as Calypso, has a new venture—a tour of Scotland and England in recitations of poems and tragedies, accompanied by Mr. Adolph Mann, pianist. Two others to share in Mrs. Brown-Potter's tour are Kalman Ronay, violinist and Darren Llewellyn, baritone. His Majesty King Edward is so ardent a champion of Mrs. Potter that he refused to knight Beerbohm Tree because that eminent actor had shown her a professional slight. Though Mr. Tree endeavored to make amends, His Majesty refused to overlook the original slight.

An Actress Enjoined

Aimee Angeles, an actress formerly in the employ of Weber and Fields, recently had a sharp reminder of the meaning of a legal injunction. Miss Angeles is a clever mimic and impersonator. She was under contract to the Shuberts, but saw fit to refuse to comply with the terms. As a result, they had an injunction issued last fall restraining her from making use of her talent in any public exhibition. Miss Angeles gave some of her impersonations at a benefit for Marie Dressler, and in consequence she was haled before the court and fined fifty dollars. The judge before whom the case came up declared her proceedings to be contumacious, and would have imposed a heavier penalty had the exhibition not been given as a charity. As it is, Miss Angeles was warned that if anything of the kind occurs again she will be made to feel the heavy hand of the law.

San Franciscans will be treated to a unique minstrel entertainment at the Alhambra, Friday and Saturday evenings, February twentieth and twenty-first, with a matinee Saturday, when Freemen and Lynn's Commercial Men's Mastodon Minstrels will appear. The organization, composed entirely of traveling men representing California's foremost business houses, is now in its third season. They have a military band of twenty-five pieces under the leadership of Charles Cassassa and an orchestra of sixteen musicians under the direction of James H. Doolittle.

The famous Band of Gordon Highlanders, known as "The Kilties," will give a series of their characteristic concerts at the Alhambra, the week of February twenty-third. Concerts will be given afternoons and nights, at which concerts the famous chorus of the band, reel dancers, pipers and soloists will appear. The band will parade every day, the music being furnished by the British buglers, pipers and drummers in true Highland regimental fashion. The men are uniformed in the full kilted regimentals of the Scottish Infantry and present a most attractive appearance.

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OLD RESERVE
BOURBON
Absolutely "Straight Whiskey"
GUARANTEED 12 YEARS OLD
WREDEN-KOHLMOOS CO., Agen's
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SAN FRANCISCO

Tyndall's Closing Lectures on Psychic Science

The progress of the new psychology is aptly illustrated in the size and character of the audiences that fill Steinway hall every Sunday night, to hear Dr. McIvor-Tyndall's lectures on mental and psychic science. The time is not so far distant in the past, when the theories and beliefs expounded by the celebrated psychologist would have been pronounced rank heresy. Dr. McIvor-Tyndall, however, far from destroying any one's religious views, simply seeks to harmonize them with the discoveries of science. In his talk on Palmistry last Sunday night, Tyndall showed that the study of Palmistry, far from teaching the hopeless doctrine of predestination, is of inestimable value in "pointing the way" to individual advancement and success. He said: "I hold that as we are born with certain inherent tendencies, it is absolutely logical that these tendencies must be taken into account in determining how much we can accomplish in life. The average student leaves college with his brain filled with much that is obsolete. A knowledge of the dead languages is not half so important as is a knowledge of his own capabilities. With the hand of a mechanic, probably, he essays to carve his way to fame and fortune along the path of law or journalism. The result is failure. And yet Nature has written in the shape and lines of his hands, the index to his possibilities and limitations." Next Sunday night Dr. McIvor-Tyndall will talk on "The Force of Suggestion: the Art of Mental Self-Defense." He will show the importance of closing the mind against certain influences and suggestions, and how to accomplish this. The following Sunday, February the fifteenth, he will give the last of his series of lectures here, as he leaves for Honolulu on the seventeenth. Both letures will be followed by experiments and demonstrations, in deference to popular demand.

The Student Abroad Subject Satirized

"Peggy from Paris," in which George Ade satirizes the American love of foreign stars, was tried on the canine in an Indiana town last week. Peggy, the heroine, is an American girl from Hickory Creek, Ill., daughter of Captain Alonzo Plummer, the village Pooh Bah. Educated in Paris, her vocal fame has spread over the artistic world. Her American nativity is not known outside of her immediate family. She is engaged by a Yankee impresario for a great operatic production, under the impression that she is a Paris stage divinity who will electrify American audieices. She plays her part in French dialect, imitating the imported artist until near the close when she has had enough of the silly honor, casts the mask aside and declares America is good enough for her. The piece opens with a scene in the Hickory Creek hotel, introducing the family and childhood friends of Peggy in an old-fashioned party, with characters as rural as in any pastoral drama. Later they appear in scenes with Peggy. There are many touches of real sentiment wherein the famous Peggy betrays the true heart of an American.

Back to the Wings

Robert Hilliard whom Orpheum patrons saw two years ago in a sketch, "The Littlest Girl," became recently a Wall street broker, but his experience was of the briefest and presumably not of the most lucrative, for now he has returned to the "boards" as the star of "Jim Bludso" at one of the cheaper theatres in New York. Mr. Hilliard is believed to be "the glass of fashion and the mold of form."

Sandow, the famous athlete, who has made a great success of his school of physical culture on scientific principles in Boston, will arrive here from Australia from a tour around the world, and will give one lecture at the Alhambra Saturday night, the fourteenth of this month. His lectures are said to be of great interest to physicians and laymen.

When Theodore Kremer lived in San Francisco, he struggled along without any recognition except from S. H. Friedlander, who always encouraged him to persevere in his play-writing. Finally he went East and is now a most successful dramatist, with fifteen of his works on the road, all contrjbuting to his royalty account.

There is always a theatrical manager at hand when there is a chance to exploit the heroine of a salacious scandal. Ted Marks, a New York vaudeville magnate, has offered the Crown Princess Louise of Saxony a thousand dollars a week for a tour of this country.

In the cast of "Prince of Pilsen" now touring the country are Helen Bertram, once prima donna of the Bostonians, Anna Lichter and Arthur Donaldson, formerly of the Tivoli, and Lillian Coleman, seen and heard at Fischer's last summer.

Charles Peyton of the Nance O'Neil company devotes himself to literature in his leisure hours. His latest short story, "How Spot Became an Actor," has been accepted by the *Sunset* magazine.

Ida Conquest will come to the Columbia with Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes." "Arizona" for a short engagement is a Columbia future.

Features of Next Week's Bills

Broadway prices will prevail at the Columbia during Anna Held's engagement. "The Little Duchess" is said to be a beauty show of the first order. The third act, which represents a fencing scene, shows the beauties in black velvet costumes modeled after those in Beraud's picture of "The Fencing Girl." A brass band, reporters, flashlight photographs, trained nurses and surgeons appear in this scene. Louise Royce, who is of the company, used to be of the Tivoli forces. Franz Ebert, the liliputian comedian, is a favorite in this city where he played two seasons; Herbert and Marion are both well known names here.

"The Jewess" Monday and Tuesday nights; "Camille" Wednesday and Thursday nights; Ibsen's "Lady Inger of Ostrat," Thursday matinee; "Magda," Friday night, a testimonial occasion to the star; "Judith," Saturday afternoon and evening—this will be Nance O'Neil's repertory for her final week at the Grand. The Sunday night program has not yet been decided upon.

A twenty-five cent rate to all parts of the house for matinees goes into effect at the Republic next week. "Prince Otto," a thrilling drama founded upon Robert Louis Stevenson's novel and in which Otis Skinner starred in the East, will be the bill. Ralph Stuart should find in the romantic hero another strong part.

It is quite a long time since "The Devil's Auction" has been seen here, and many will enjoy renewing acquaintance with it at the California. It is one of the best of Charles Yale's spectacles, and the company producing it this season is said to be a good one.

"Patience" fittingly follows "The Mikado" at the Tivoli. Though Oscar Wilde is dead and the esthetic craze died nearly two decades ago, "Patience" is as melodiously attractive as ever. Its libretto is numbered among the English classics. Ferris Hartman will be Bunthorne and Edward Webb, Grosvenor, while Arthur Cunningham will be Colonel Calvery, who has the patter song "If you want a receipt." Bertha Davis will sing the title role and to Caro Roma will fall the character part of Lady Jane. Marie Welsh, who sang so admirably during the grand opera season, will be Lady Ella.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE

Eugen Sandow

The world's greatest athlete

will give a lecture and demonstration on physical culture

Saturday Night, Feb. 14 at 8:15

Reserved Seats $1.00, 75c and 50c. Box Office Wednesday Morning at Sherman Clay & Co.'s.

Steinway Hall 223 Sutter St.

TYNDALL'S LAST LECTURES

Sunday Night, Feb. 8, at 8:15 P. M.

"THE FORCE OF SUGGESTION: the art of mental self-defense"

SUNDAY NIGHT, FEB. 15, at 8:15 P. M.

"PERSONAL MAGNETISM: how to compel success"

Both lectures will be followed by experiments and demonstrations.

Admission 25 and 50 cents. Tickets on sale at Steinway Hall box office at 7 p. m. on Sunday.

John T. Sullivan, who is remembered for his strong legitimate work with Booth, Modjeska and Rhea, will be the Orpheum's headline. He appears in the only one-act play Sydney Grundy ever wrote, "Captain Huntington," assisted by Miss Margaret Atherton, who had her comedy talent developed in cher Paree. The clever Martinettis, who have not been here for years, will do some good acrobatic marvels. Cole and Johnson, colored entertainers who sing lieds, Nevin's songs and ragtimes, will be new here. The Dumonds, Maxwell & Co., Lottie Gilson, Nelson's Comiques and the biograph will finish the bill.

The Alcazar will revive, for the first time in four years, Clay Greene's novel of Californian life, "Chispa," Alice Treat Hunt in the title role, Ernest Hastings as Zeke Stevens and George Osbourne as Injun Jack. Osbourne is the best impersonator of the Indian the stage possesses.

"Barbara Fidgety" will run another week at Fischer's, "Hoity Toity" to follow. A female brass band, a Monte Carlo scene and some pretty music will be features of the latter. "Helter Skelter" will be the next weberfieldian offering.

A baby leopard and two baby tigers are new at the Chutes.

His Clever Daughter

According to Ashton Stevens, the toupee worn by Louis James is a delicate topic to broach in conversation with that actor. In other words Mr. James wishes to be thought as young as he looks with the aid of his head-piece. The tragedian, by the way, has a daughter, Millie James, who is a "chip of the old block." If she were as young as she looks on the stage, she would not add years to her bald-headed father. For two years she has been the child heroine in New York productions. Two years ago in an interview with Alan Dale she admitted that she had passed her twenty-second year, but she declined to tell him her exact age, saying that she might regret having done so when she grew older. Last season she played the twelve-year old heroine in "Lovers' Lane" at the Theatre Republic, now Belasco's theatre. In this Clyde Fitch sensation, Ernest Hastings, now of the Alcazar, made a big hit in the leading role, that of a New England minister. Miss James is playing the child heroine this year in "The Little Princess" at the Criterion theatre, New York. —*The Playgoer*

THE FRENCH BANK MOVED.

For years the French Savings Bank was located in California street corner of Webb, and it was counted among the landmarks of that locality. But like most modern institutions the French Bank grew beyond its quarters, and a move was the consequence. It is now at 315 Montgomery street. The bank is one of our best-known institutions with a paid-up capital of $600,000. The officers are: Charles Carpy, president; Arthur Legallet, vice-president; Leon Bocqueraz, secretary; directors, Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, J. B. Clot, O. Bozio, Leon Kauffman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. M. Dupas and J. Jullien.

Fischer's THEATRE

O'Farrell, bet. Stockton and Powell Streets

Phone "Fischer's"

A Happy Man
Is he who wanders from his fireside to see great

"BARBARA FIDGETY"

But if you don't come quick you won't see it

Monday Night, Feb. 16—
"HOITY TOITY"

Will be the attraction. Seats now on sale. Will outweigh all the other Weber & Fields plays. Reserved seats at night, 25c., 50c. and 75c. Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c, 50c. Children at Matinees 10c, 25c.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Joseph Alvis also known as Joseph J. Alvis, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Alvis, also known as Joseph J. Alvis, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, Frank Alvis, at the offices of Lent & Humphrey, Rooms 167-168-169 Crocker Building, Corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

FRANK ALVIS, Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Alvis, also known as Joseph J. Alvis, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 7th, 1903.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 167-168-169 Crocker Building,
San Francisco, California.

THEATRE REPUBLIC

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Tonight—Last of "MONTE CRISTO"
Tomorrow Afternoon—All Next Week

RALPH STUART

and his own company presenting Robert Louis Stevenson's great play

"PRINCE OTTO"

The best offering of the season

★TIVOLI★

Every Evening at 8 sharp! Matinee Saturday at 2 sharp!

Tonight and Sunday Night—Last of "THE MIKADO"

Monday, Feb. 9th—Superb Production of Gilbert and Sullivan's Famous Satire on the Esthetic Craze,

"PATIENCE"

Great Cast! Fine Scenery and Costumes!

Popular Prices 25c, 50c. and 75c. Telephone Bush 9

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Telephone, Main 532.
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Lessee.

Week Beginning Monday Evening, Feb. 9th—Positively Last Week of The Young American Tragedienne MISS NANCE O'NEIL

In the Following Repertoire:

Monday and Tuesday Evenings . . . . "THE JEWESS"
Wednesday and Thursday Evenings . . . . "CAMILLE"
Friday Evening—Grand Testimonial . . . . . "MAGDA"
Saturday Matinee and Evening . . . . . "JUDITH"
Sunday Evening . . Farewell Performance to be announced
Thursday Afternoon, Special Ibsen Matinee,
Miss O'Neil in "LADY INGRE OF OSTRAT"

COMING—The Celebrated Irish Comedian—CHAS. ERIN VERNER

ALCAZAR THEATRE

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Matinees Saturday and Sunday
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Clay Greene's Romantic Drama of California Life

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Perfect Production—Unparalleled Cast

Prices—Evenings—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c & 75c Matinees—15c, 25c, 35c & 50c

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Beginning Next Monday, Feb. 9—F. Ziegfield, Jr., presents

ANNA HELD
in
"THE LITTLE DUCHESS"

By DeKoven and Smith

Greatest musical comedy production ever offered on any stage

HANDSOMEST CHORUS IN THE WORLD

Seats $2, $1.50, $1, 75c, 50c.

Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee February 8th

VAUDEVILLE'S LEADING LIGHTS!

John T. Sullivan and Company, with Miss Margaret Atherton. The Martinetti Troupe. Cole and Johnson. Joe Maxwell and Company. Nelson's Comiques. Lottie Gilson. The Biograph and LES DUMONDS, in an Entire Change of Selections.

Matinees—Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

CALIFORNIA

Tomorrow Night—All Next Week

Chas. A. Yale's

"Everlasting Devil's Auction"

The best and most famous extravaganza on the stage—presented by a company of Sixty People, including a large ballet of European dancers

NEXT—Clyde Fitch's famous play, "Lover's Lane"

MUSIC

A Genius from Russia

Ossip Gabrilowitsch has played himself into the hearts, won the approval of their heads, and received an ovation at the hands of the music lovers of San Francisco. Those who had heard so much of his mastery of technique, and were half-fearfully expecting an expressionless perfection and a paucity of personality, a maximum of mechanical skill and a minimum of magnetism, were overjoyed to find that Gabrilowitsch is not a Russian make of pianola new to the Pacific Coast. Form, so vital as a means, so fatal as an end, has been the end of many a good artist; for just as soon as we begin to marvel at a man's technique we cease to be moved by his art. In fact, the artist who regards form too fixedly, too exclusively, finds it at last assuming a significant coffin shape of exactly his own measure. But the "young Russian pianist" possesses technique to the end of playing music; he does not play music to the end of parading his possession of technique. The artist has not been done to death by the "technician." To be music-mad and yet to play with perfect sanity, is an ideal to which few have attained. Foremost among that few is Ossip Gabrilowitsch. He has that reserve which leaves the hearer hungry for more of him. Never does he play so close to the edge of his limitations as to make the listener forget the music to tremble for the musician. It required but little talent for appreciation, that catholicity of taste which grants to the artist the right of individual interpretation (and all art is essentially an expression of personal preferences), and a fondness for old favorites with a new flavor, to join heart and hand in the encore which the rendering of Chopin's valse in C sharp minor called forth. Music is without doubt a universal language, a spiritual Volapuk, but in the Russian numbers Gabrilowitsch made his piano sing with a slight foreign accent which was an added delight. In his own compositions his mastery was much in evidence. Personally, the great pianist is simple, frank, a little diffident, altogether without frills—unspoiled. Those who have ears to hear should hear him.

Amusing, If It Were Not So Pathetic

For the past fortnight the dead walls and billboards of San Francisco have been adorned with posters announcing, in letters of the largest size, a series of concerts by Madame Sarah Wolden, "the world's greatest composer, pianist and operatic soprano." To be sure, Madame Sarah Wolden was not known in the world of music, but that argued little or nothing. Perhaps fame had not yet found her out. With some curiosity I wended my way to the Alhambra theatre on Wednesday evening, and patiently waited until the slowly filling house was sufficiently peopled to justify the appearance of Madame Wolden upon the stage. She proved to be a heavy, thick-set, gypsy-browed woman whose years must certainly be well in the forties. I do not know whether Madame Wolden's overwhelming self-conceit or the bad advice of her friends be responsible for her appearance in public—suffice it to say that her performance was the most atroeious ever listened to. It fell but little short of criminality. Who have been her teachers, and what has been her musical instruction? She lacks every requisite of a public performer. She has neither personal grace nor magnetism. As a pianist she does not even know her notes, not to mention the lack of such qualities as temperament, technique or artistic finish. To crown all, her program was of the most ambitious description, and fairly bristled with Chopin, Liszt and Beethoven. This woman, whose capabilities are *nil*, attacked compositions for which Padarewski, Hoffman and Bloomfield Zeisler have set a standard. Her vocal efforts were such as to excite the risibilities of her well-disposed and well-behaved audience. Imagine a woman totally without a voice essaying an aria from "Robert le Diable"! Her effort had not even one redeeming quality. It would be laughable were it not pitiful. Whoever aided, abetted or encouraged Madame Wolden to appear before an audience deserves death by slow torture. I really pity a woman who has been so exploited. Her performance was beneath contempt, and to criticise it seriously would be a waste of time. She should confine her efforts to the privacy of her own home, and should only sing and play for her own amusement or for the delectation of such admiring friends as are deaf to her shortcomings. I am told that she is a Jewess and her name is Blumenthal. As her appearance was under the direction of a certain M. Bloomington, perhaps the latter is the correct name. If M. Bloomington is her husband he should exert his marital authority to keep Madame within the precincts of the home circle. She has no place in public. The audience was evidently a paper one, but disposed to be courteous and judicial. It listened patiently until the close of the aria, when it filed out almost to an individual. There were no demonstrations more noisy than suppressed titters, but Madame Wolden may consider herself lucky that she was not greeted with hisses and cat calls.

The Stewart Concert

The program at Dr. Stewart's concert on Tuesday night was interesting and showed the versatility of the composer. The part songs were very happy and were sung by a choir of eight male and eight female voices unaccompanied. The vocal solos were graceful and well sung. Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup had two charming ones, "Secrets" and "Out in the Open Meadow," both well suited to her fresh and limpid voice. Mrs. Birmingham sang "Were I the Rose" and a showy new song, "Awake Dear Heart," which should become a favorite on the concert stage. Alma Bergland was heard to good advantage in "What said the Wind?" and "The Sun has Kissed your Eyes," and Miss McCloskey sang pleasingly, "A Little Way." Mr. Veaco rendered in his sweet but somewhat nasal tenor an aria from "Bluff King Hal," and to Homer Henley fell one of the finest numbers on the program, "The Lords of Song," notable for its brilliant harmonic setting. The closing madrigal, words by William Greer Harrison, had an old-time flavor, and was sung with good spirit by the male choir. Nathan Landsberger interpreted the violin solos, of which there were three, all very effective, and Dr. Stewart himself played three piano solos, a scherzo in G minor entitled "Springtime," and a Menuet Heroique being particularly pleasing.

The Zech Concert

A most attractive program, and one peculiarly in the vein of Conductor Zech and his musicians, was offered at the symphony concert of last week. The double postponement of this concert should not be regretted, since increased excellence has been the result of a longer time for preparation. Beethoven's Coriolanus Overture was the opening number, followed by Mozart's Symphony in G minor. This composition shows more passion and

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To Light Or Not To Light

San Francisco has a reputation for push and "get there" not excelled by any other city, but there's the invariable exception to all such general statements and we fall down woefully in our street lighting system. It's positively ridiculous to think that on certain nights of the month, supposedly at the time the moon is full, not one street lamp is lighted. On the moon we depend for the necessary illumination. Occasionally the sky clouds over and we are left in the dark. Such a state of affairs is decidedly provincial.

New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, in fact no other city in the country adopts such a niggardly policy. For lighting the public buildings and streets an appropriation of $275,000 a year is made, enough to contract for light for only 329 nights. The other 36 nights in the year we are dependent upon the heavens, and if by chance the stars and moon have been working overtime, we grope around in total darkness. Why, half the hold-ups for which San Francisco is rapidly working up an unenviable notoriety may be charged to the penuriousness of the powers that are responsible for the local government. Sufficient money should be allotted to this branch of the city service to run it as a civilized community, not as a one-horse village, or else the Board of Supervisors should be compelled to furnish us with tallow dips for dark nights.

The Welsbach Street Lighting Company of America is not responsible for the "Light or no light" habit that we are addicted to. Neither on the head of the San Francisco Gas & Electric Co. should we pour our wrath. They give us just what we pay for and when we put up enough money to buy light every night in the year, we will get it and not before.

stress of feeling than is usual in Mozart, yet never for a moment does it depart from the composer's characteristics, beauty and refinement, song-like theme, and an Hellenic self-restraint. Such music belongs to a region of pure and godlike beauty where there is neither sensuousness nor extravagance, and where the content never overflows the form. To these ideal heights Mr. Zech carried his listeners in the G minor symphony. That they followed him sympathetically and responsively was evinced by genuine applause and a demand that the *Minuetto* be repeated, which was gracefully acceded to by the conductor. The Mozart symphony was one of the most beautiful and satisfactory things that Mr. Zech has given us. The Siegfried Idyll was heard twice in the Holmes series of concerts a few years ago. The familiar "Ring" motives appearing ever and anon, its great tonal beauty, and the wonderful richness with which its themes are worked out, as well as the tenderness and feeling of its close, render it a favorite. It received adequate treatment from Mr. Zech and his players. The Russian Suite for strings by Richard Wuerst, a Berlin composer, proved to be full of color and contrast. The prelude was a dance movement with a strongly marked rhythm. The andante was a Traumerei with an exquisite violin obligato feelingly played by William F. Zech. The Allegretto was a light and airy pizzicato, the finale a Russian theme, changeful and exhilarating, and full of rush and motion. The dainty Miniature Overture from Tschaikowsky's Nutcracker Suite closed the program. This little morsel is lively and brilliant, its rapid contrapuntal changes flying from the strings to the wood winds, and exacting spirit and verve from the instruments. It served as an appropriate ending to a program conceived and carried out in happy mood. As Mr. Zech has been invited to Los Angeles to conduct two of his Symphonic Poems, "Lamia" and "The Raven," there is some uncertainty about the date of the next concert. Due notice will be given by means of postals and press announcements. Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding," Zech's symphonic poem, "The Raven," a Serenade for strings by Volkmann, a Suite composed and conducted by J. S. von der Mehden, and Dvorak's Slavonic Dance No. 1 will form the program. Too much cannot be said for the annotations supplied by James Hamilton Howe. They are a great assistance to an intelligent understanding and enjoyment of the music.

Zelie de Lussan's Concerts

There will be a large audience to greet Zelie de Lussan at her concert on Tuesday at Steinway hall. The program will include selections from grand opera, songs by Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Franz, Nevin and Schuman. One of the numbers will be the Habanera from "Carmen," the waltz song from "La Boheme" and "Knowest Thou the Land" from "Mignon." The pianist, Mr. Fronani, will play a capriccio by Glazounow and other interesting numbers. On Thursday night De Lussan's principal numbers will be the "Vedrai Carino" from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," the "Styrienne" from "Mignon," and a group of Grieg's songs; also numbers by Hahn, Erlanger, Bemberger, Allitsen, Clara Schumann and D'Hardelot. A novelty will be the "African Love Song" by Ethelbert Nevin, and by special request she will repeat the Habanera from "Carmen." At the Saturday matinee McDowell's "Thy Beaming Eyes" and Ethelbert Nevin's "The Rosary" will be sung.

Mascagni to Conduct Here

Impresario Greenbaum has organized the best and largest orchestra ever assembled in this city, with Ferdinand Stark as concert master, to play with the great composer and conductor, Pietro Mascagni, at the Alhambra, on the afternoons of Tuesday, February seventeenth and Thursday, February nineteenth. Arrangements are also being made for a grand production of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" at the Mechanics' Pavilion, will full chorus and soloists. The program for the symphony concerts will be particularly interesting and novel, and will include Goldmark's Second Symphony (for the first time in this city), Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic," the overture to "King Lear" by Bazzini "Rienzi" by Wagner, and "1812" by Tschaikowsky, the suite to Hall Caine's "Eternal City," "Hymn to the Sun" from "Iris," "Dance of the Dolls" and Mascagni's intermezzos to the various operas. There will be twelve first violins, including the leaders of our best orchestras, and others will be in proportion. In order to prevent speculators getting hold of the seats, not more than ten seats will be sold to any one person. The prices are very reasonable considering the importance of these concerts, and will be two dollars, one dollar and a half, and one dollar. Sale of seats will be open at Sherman Clay & Co., next Wednesday morning at nine o'clock, and a great rush is expected.

A Chorus to Assist Mascagni

Manager Greenbaum is forming a large volunteer chorus to assist in the production of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" at the Mechanics' Pavilion Sunday afternoon, February twenty--second, to be conducted by Mascagni. Singers desirous of taking part will kindly send their names and addresses to Mr. Greenbaum, care of Sherman Clay & Co., mentioning the quality of their voice, whether soprano, alto, tenor or bass, and notice will be sent them of rehearsals. Parts will be furnished without charge.

The youthful violinist Kocian will concertize at the Alhambra in March. He will be assisted by Julie Guyer, a brilliant solo pianiste.

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The Kopta Concert

Kopta's second recital on Saturday afternoon was even more enjoyable than its predecessor. The violinist's numbers included Paganini's second concerto, Nesverd's "Ekloge," a Polonaise de Concert by Laub, Barcarolle by Spohr, and "Perpetuo Mobile" (Ries), with two of Sarasate's Spanish dances. A critical audience enjoyed the recital and burst into its warmest applause after the Ries composition, which drew forth as an encore "The Cataracts," a brilliant selection brilliantly played. Mrs. Anna Wilson substituted for Mrs. Haralson, who was ill, in the vocal numbers. She sang the "Nobil Donna" aria from "Les Huguenots" and "Connais tu le Pays" from "Mignon."

Dr. Palmer in Paris

Dr. Francis Palmer, who was for several years organist and director of the choir at St. Dominic's church, has been for some time studying organ in Paris under the celebrated maitres, Widor and Gigout. His playing has been highly praised by the Parisians, one hears. Dr. Palmer has collected a number of interesting novelties for organ. After a visit to the musical centres of Germany and Italy he will start for home, expecting to return to San Francisco in the summer.

To Make Her Debut

A song recital will be given by Mrs. L. Snider-Johnson on Monday evening, February sixteenth, at Y. M. C. A. hall. Dr. H. J. Stewart and Mr. Nathan Landsberger will assist. Mrs. Johnson is the soprano at the First Congregational church of this city and makes her professional debut as a concert soloist on that night.

Fred Zech Jr. left on Monday for Los Angeles. The reason of this trip of the director of our symphony orchestra was to direct the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra at its concert yesterday, when Mr. Zech's "Lamia" symphonic poem was one of the numbers. —*The Music Critic*

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LETTERS

Why Plagiarism Isn't Popular

In discussing the question of the liability of editors of magazines and weekly periodicals to be imposed upon by plagiarists, a prominent editor says that successful frauds are rare and that dishonesty amongst writers is only sufficiently common to emphasize the fact of the general reliability and truthfulness of authors. The greatest inducement to fraud is vanity—a desire to figure amongst friends and acquaintances as an author, and the almost certainty of discovery and exposure is the deterrent, sufficiently strong to prevent the attempt. The would-be literary lights are more apt to purchase work from some impecunious scribe for a sum sufficient to insure silence, than to copy what they hope will pass undetected. Occasionally an editor is victimized, but it is rare, for professional readers are expected to keep up with the times, and know what is appearing in current magazines. By the time a manuscript has been passed through several hands, there is comparatively little chance that some one will not have suspected any fraud which it may contain. Of course, if an editor is victimized and a pirated article is printed, he is liable to become involved with the original publisher, in a suit for infringement of copyright, but if there was no premeditated fraud there is likely to be an amicable adjustment. Not much advantage could be reaped from proceeding against the "author," who is usually so badly frightened by being detected that he is not apt to try the trick again. Swindlers in general prefer some quicker and more remunerative scheme. It would be comparatively easy to copy old stories taken from the magazines twenty or thirty years ago, and forgotten, if they ever were known by present day publishers and readers, but that literary fashions change so completely. They might be re-written, but the plagiarist, if he had the literary ability to do this, would be better employed than in committing plagiarism. The greatest protection to editors in this matter of fraudulent authorship is found not in the law, but in a wholesome fear of detection and exposure.

The Juvenile Field

John Habberton is the latest authority to declare that the writer of a good story for boys has a perpetual producer. He cites an instance of his own, where he has been able to count on a steady income of from six hundred to a thousand dollars on a boys' story published many years ago, and in all probability his royalties will continue until his copyright expires. But he also warns writers that boys are not so easy to please. On the contrary, they are most exacting in their requirements. They demand action and adventure, and they will stand no beating about the bush. Writing for boys is good practice for it leads to directness. Boys will not accept padding and superfluities for the sake of adding to length, and the author who makes the mistake of being wordy is apt to find himself unread. At best he will discover that his audience is given to judicious skipping, and omitting his rhetorical flights and reflections. Really good books for children are the rarest products of the press. If the truth be told, the average writer, with a weather eye to his royalties, writes what he thinks indulgent aunties and parents will be induced to buy, rather than what the young generation will want to read, so we have pious little prigs and impossible automatons who excite all the pugnacity of live children. It is not necessary to glorify the misdemeanors of little boys and girls, any more than it is to represent them as marble angels escaped from tombstones, but there are plenty of normal happenings and plays in which children take a natural part, which they are interested in reading and hearing about. The writer who can produce stories for children from seven to fourteen, and especially for children from seven to ten, which they can read without the need of explanation and interruption from their elders, has an unoccupied field at the present time. A few years ago there were a dozen magazines for children, but now there is absolutely nothing. One after the other they have disappeared and left a void. And yet, the educational course would appear to be founded on the idea of making children read, to the exclusion of all else.

Some irreverent wit has been classifying authors as annuals, semi-annuals, quarterlies, and biennials. He seems to have overlooked the perennials. Like Columbus's celebrated egg, we can all do it now that we have been shown how. It is surprising, however, when attention has once been directed to the subject, to notice how regularly certain authors present a new book after just a certain interval.

Income of Authors

A Scotch religious weekly gives this authentic information concerning the income of authors: Miss Annie S. Swan has an annual income of twenty thousand pounds from her books; Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll pockets thirty thousand pounds a year from his writings, and James Barrie has already received fifteen thousand pounds from royalties on his "Little White Bird," and will make seventy thousand pounds from his "two fine plays." The same authority states that Barrie never spends more than five hundred pounds a year. Reducing pounds to dollars does not reduce one's amazement. Who on earth is the Miss Annie S. Swan who can count on her $100,000 a year, and what she she written which reaches such a demand? Who has access to the private accounts of Mr. Barrie, and can speak with authority of his expenditures? This is a specimen of the sort of unguarded and unedited statements which find their way into print in some obscure journal and are clipped and copied elsewhere without heeding the preposterousness of its assertions. Authors do not take the trouble to contradict them, for they know that once begun they would have time for nothing else, and apparently it does not occur to editors, least of all ,editors of religious periodicals, that they are disseminating untruths as well as indulging in unwarranted impertinence. The world at large has no more right to be taken into confidence concerning the income and outgo of writers than of ministers or judges. Idle curiosity is one of the crimes of the age. It is a vice that is confined to no particular class, but we might, with reason, demand of ministers and religious publications, the self-constituted guardians of morality, that they should make some effort to be truthful, if they *must* gossip.

Irving Bachellor is going to tempt fate with a volume of poetry. He has not deserted the field of fiction, however, but has a novel in hand also, "Daniel of the Blessed Isles."

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Norway's Leader of Thought

The recent demonstration in Norway in celebration of the seventieth birthday of Bjornstjerne Bjornson has caused a contemporary to ask in amazement, "Where else in the world at this day would such honor be paid to a poet?" Nowhere. Nor in Norway, had Bjornson been poet or novelist only, though there is no other country in the world where literature is held in greater esteem. Bjornson stands, to his countrymen, for more than books. He is the political and literary regenerator of Norway. For half a century or more he has stood in the forefront of the battle, urging the cause of a national spirit and a national literature. He has fought against odds and discouragements, unflinchingly, and he has won his place. He is their great leader of thought. A considerable sum of money was subscribed as a gift to the author, as a part of the homage offered him, but instead of accepting it as a personal gift, he has established a fund for the pensioning of poor teachers.

Owen Wister says his next long novel is to deal with the West, but before he sets to work on it he means to write a story about vampyrism, a belief in which he says exists in certain communities in godly New England, precisely as we have made its acquaintance in the Arabian Nights and other Oriental tales. No one who has read that weird and ghastly tale of Bram Stoker's, "Dracula," is apt to need his memory refreshed. The superstition, or belief, has always flourished in Greece, Roumania and thereabouts, but one must confess to some curiosity as to whether the New England variety is a survival or a revival. By the way, it will not detract interest from Owen Wister to mention that he is a grandson of Fanny Kemble.

Onoto Watana, the half-Japanese writer, has entered suit against David Belasco and John Luther Long for plagiarism. Pierre Loti might comfortably sue the whole host of followers after "Madame Chrysantheme." The Japanese story, as we know it in English, is invariably a love tale—one-sided love, between the Japanese maiden and the American tourist, or by preference, naval attache. Pidgin English and purple-eye baby make up the rest of the tale. They all follow the same mode as closely as garments fashioned from Butterick's patterns.

It is too much to expect that every one should know everything, but it does give one a jar to find literary writers blundering in names of books or authors, when their articles are intended to show their familiarity with those very subjects. I found, last week, in the same paragraph, reference to "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy" and "Nobody's Luggage." Minor stories of Dickens, both, but if they are of sufficient importance to be recalled at all, it is just as well, if not better, to be correct.

A scientific work written by a negro was presented for copyright recently, and the supposition, at the minute, was that this was the first of its kind. A little investigation proved that it has had several predecessors. In all there have been some twenty-two hundred books written and copyrighted by colored men, but there is no deduction to be drawn from this, since no distinction has been made between mulattoes and others of the lighter strain. So far as is known, no full-blooded negro has yet written, or at all events, copyrighted a volume.

Anent the frequent references to "tea topers" and the effect of the beverage which "cheers and not inebriates," one would like to know the capacity of a teacup in the time of Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer. If, as reported, he actually drank twenty-five cups at a single sitting, and the cup of his day was of the same size as ours, that would make six quarts, no less—a gallon and a half.

The "author" of "Miss Petticoats," one of the output of the novel factory which made a bid for popularity on the strength of anonymity, has another book in the field. "Dwight Tilton," the name under which the book appeared, is a combination of George Tilton Richardson, dramatic critic of the Boston *Traveler*, and Wilder Dwight Quint, music critic of the same journal. As a photograph of the author they make use of a composite.

A Boston publishing house is shortly to issue a new volume by Charles Warren Stoddard—"Exits and Entrances." It will be made up of personal recollections of distinguished people, and will be sure to attract favorable opinions, not only because of the eminent literary ability of the author, but because of the interest in the subject. —*The Bookworm*

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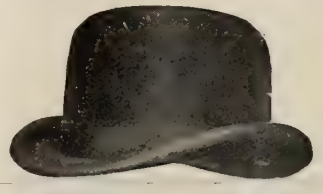

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With the Money Makers

United Railroad Bonds

Since the recent break in the price of the United Railroads of San Francisco 4 per cent bonds, fully $2,500,000 have been purchased in New York for account of San Francisco investors. On Tuesday when the bonds held by Brown Brothers & Co., as managers for the holders of "subscriptions," were delivered by them to the participants, the ruling figures in New York were $80.12 1-2 bid, and $80.50 asked. It is the general opinion that most of the participants who were pressed have disposed of their holdings and some of the usually best informed brokers believe that an improvement in prices will be the natural result. One broker has made a statement that he alone had purchased some $900,000 of these bonds for his local clients from $84 down.

Heard on 'Change

While there has been no special feature of interest in the local stock and bond market during the past week, there has been a good steady movement in trade with a fair measure of activity in all the leading securities. The buying and selling of these industrial stocks appears to be attracting a more wide-spread attention than ever before. For many years this class of investment was confined to capitalists and others who had surplus funds on hand, but this condition of affairs has changed and now people of small means are investing their savings in dividend paying stocks or interest paying bonds, where formerly they merely deposited in the savings banks. This fact is clearly evidenced by the character of each day's sales, the small parcels now being a prominent feature and the low priced stocks being well represented in daily transactions. At the same time, however, the steadily increasing volume of deposits in the city's savings institutions attests the financial growth of the city as represented by the surplus earnings of its toilers. This combined increase in saving deposits and growth of demand for investment securities, also shows how the population of the city is growing. Among the sales of the last week no particular stock seems to be shown any preference and the same may be said of the business for the last few months. Spring Valley Water shares appear to have got back to about their original position previous to the decline. This downward movement in the price of water shares is always looked for during the few weeks immediately preceding the annual fixing of rates by the Board of Supervisors, which always occurs during the month of February. While the probability is that there will be no municipal legislation which will impair the value of the company's stock and bonds, this period is always utilized by a certain speculative interest to depress values on the pretense that rates will be reduced and when prices get back to the normal condition sell out at the advance and realize quite substantial profits. This has been the case for many years past and the recent decline was no doubt caused by the same influence. While the price of Spring Valley shares is comparatively low at present, the bidding price of $84.75 does not bring out much stock, so it is safe to assume that holders are well satisfied with their possessions. Contra Costa Water shares have been selling moderately at $66 to $66.50 with little stock offering and scarcely any obtainable at less than the latter figure. Marin County Water is steady at $65 but as this stock is held in few hands, transactions in it are at no time numerous. Port Costa is in demand at $64, but holders as a rule are standing firm for $66.50, and it is doubtful if any can be picked up at much less than the asking price. Sugar shares have been rather quiet during the week but prices have been held well in hand and the fluctuations have been unimportant and confined within narrow limits. Hawaiian Commercial has changed hands at $43.25 to $43.50, but the offers to sell at this figure have been very small. It is well known that more than two-thirds of the stock of this corporation is held by one controlling interest which is not disposing of any of its holdings, and the small transfers which may be recorded from time to time represent the trading of some small outside parcels. Whether these are being taken in by the controlling syndicate cannot at this time be stated, but rumors on the street are to that effect. It is known that the company's affairs are in first class shape and under conservative management. From time to time it has been stated that a regular monthly dividend of $1 per share was expected, but no action of this kind has yet taken place and whether or not such dividends will be declared is known only to the controlling element, which is not taking the public into its confidence. Hutchison Plantation shares are in demand at $15

Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Sierra Railway Company of California will be held at the offices of the company, No. 229 Crocker Building, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday the 9th day of February, 1903, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing Directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before said meeting.

Dated January 26, 1903. S. M. RICKEY, Secretary.

TONOPAH

The Tonopah Stock Exchange, which opened its doors for business on the 31st of December, will furnish all parties desiring to invest in Tonopah stock with absolutely reliable and accurate information without cost. All investors are invited to write to Kenneth Donnellan, Secretary, Tonopah, Nevada, or H. C. Cutting, President, room 412 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco.

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and some sales have taken place at a slight advance over that figure. Paauhau has figured to a small extent in the week's sales, but this was not due to any lack of demand. The fluctuations in Alaska Packers shares have been wider than for many months past, but the stock appears to be gradually recuperating from the decline of a week or two ago. As is well known this depression was due solely to a prospective price-war in canned salmon, but it should be remembered that the competition was confined to two brands of packed stock only, and furthermore that as dividends were assured for twelve months to come there really should have been no depreciation in the value of stock based on the cause stated. Oceanic Steamship shares have been dragging along slowly with more sellers than buyers, in fact, the best bid at this time is $15.50 with nobody anxious to invest even at that figure. The bonds of the corporation comparatively speaking are about as weak as the stock, the best bid being $74, with $80 as the asking price.

Giant Powder

Out of the 20,000 shares of the capital stock of the Giant Powder Consolidated Company, 17,500 shares were represented at the annual meeting of the shareholders. The report of the president states that more dynamite was manufactured and sold during the past year than in any previous year. Owing to the fall in the value of niter, a saving of from $1,200 to $1,500 a month would be effected during the coming year, while the saving of glycerine through the building of recovery works will amount to from $700 to $900 a month. The works both at Giant and in Victoria have been improved and are now in first class condition. The land at Giant, which is owned by the company and stands on the books at $50,000, is worth, according to the price recently paid by the Standard Oil Company for water front property in the immediate vicinity, at least $200,000. The earnings during the year amounted to slightly over $145,000; out of this five monthly dividends at the rate of 75c. per share and seven at 50c were paid, a total of $145,000. In the annual statement the assets of the corporation are fixed at $1,444,552.20.

Financial Notes

An increase in the size of the board of directors and a readjustment of the officers of the institution were the features of the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Union Trust Company held last Monday. The changes were made in order to give large interests representation in the governing body and to meet the growing calls on the administrators of the affairs of the trust company. The board of directors was enlarged from eleven to fourteen members, the new ones being Henry E. Huntington, George A. Pope and Jacob Stern.

Frank Bartow Anderson, the new vice-president of the Bank of California, took his position with that institution last Monday. It is understood that Mr. Anderson assumes the duties of the late Thomas Brown, having full executive control of the bank.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Mutual Savings Bank the following directors were re-elected: James D. Phelan, president; S. G. Murphy, first vice-president, John A. Hooper, second vice-president; James Moffitt, James M. McDonald, Frank J. Sullivan, Charles S. Neal, Robert McElroy and Charles Holbrook. George A. Story was re-elected secretary and cashier. The total net earnings for the year amounted to about $53,000, after paying 3 per cent on deposits. Dividends among $18,000 were paid; $30,000 was carried to the surplus and $5,000 to the contingent funds. The affairs of the bank were reported to be in a most prosperous condition, and the directors expect that the new building, when finished, will give a net return on the capital invested of from 4 1-2 to 5 per cent per annum.

The shareholders of the Humboldt Savings and Loan Society elected the following directors at their annual meeting: George H. Luchsinger, W. S. Keyes, W. I. Lowry, W. C. Fredericks and I. Kohn. Adolph C. Weber, who had been president since the bank organized in 1869, retired and George H. Luchsinger was elected in his place.

Trading in Oil shares has lately improved to a marked extent and sales of the leading stocks during the previous week on the California Exchange aggregated 112,192 shares valued at $102,650.

—*The Financier*

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Stories Old and New

A Grant Story

Mrs. Grant once told a story about her husband that shows how fond he was of a joke. Miss Hulda Bond, a young woman of Brooklyn and an inveterate autograph hunter, determined to have Grant's signature in her little album. He was at the time sick with the disease that resulted in his death. But nothing daunted Miss Bond called at his residence, sent in her card, and obtained an interview with his wife. Miss Bond impressed Mrs. Grant so favorably that when she brought out her album and said, "Do you think the General would add his name to my collection?" the latter replied that she would see, and went upstairs. On returning, Mrs. Grant said: "I told the General of your pleasant call, and he took the album, and, glancing over it, read the few lines written by a little boy five years old, as follows:

"'And *me, too,* wish in your album to appear,
And do excuse my funny letters, cousin dear;
For I'm only five years old and in skirts as yet,
But, when I'm six, my first pants I am to get,
And then I'll be a big man, I'm sure,
And write as nice as I see Grover Cleveland's signature.
U. S. Bond.'

"After reading them he called for a pen and wrote after the boy's signature: 'And U. S. Grant.' The situation was so humorous," added Mrs. Grant, "that the General burst into laughter for the first time in weeks."

A Court Story

"Now," said the lawyer who was conducting the cross-examination, "will you please state how and where you first met this man?"

"I think," said the lady with the sharp nose, "that it was—"

"Never mind what you think," interrupted the lawyer. "We want facts here. We don't care what you think and we haven't any time to waste in listening to what you think. Now, please tell us where and when you first met this man."

The witness made no reply.

"Come, come," urged the lawyer. "I demand an answer to my question."

Still no response from the witness.

"Your Honor," said the lawyer turning to the court, "I think I am entitled to an answer to the question I have put."

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"The witness will please answer the question," said the court in impressive tones.

"Can't," said the lady.

"Why not?"

"The court doesn't care to hear what I think, does it?"

"No."

"Then there is no use questioning me any further. I am not a lawyer. I can't talk without thinking."

They called the next witness.

A Scotch Story

A young Scotchman, bashful but desperately in love, finding no notice was taken of his visits to the house of his sweetheart, summoned up sufficient courage to address the fair one thus:

"Jean, I was here on Monday nicht."

"Ay, ye were that," replied she.

"An' I was here on Tuesday nicht."

"So ye were."

"An' I was here on Wednesday," continued the ardent youth.

"Ay, an ye were on Thursday nicht an' a'."

"An' I was here last nicht."

"Weel," she says, "what if ye were?"

"An' I am here the nicht again."

"An' what aboot it, even if ye came every nicht?"

"What aboot it, did ye say? Did ye no' begin to smell a rat?"

—*The Raconteur.*

Other People's Ideas

"Mirth is God's medicine. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs."—*Beecher.*

"To persist in doing wrong extenuates not wrong
But makes it much more heavy."
—*Shakespeare.*

"The body sins not; 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill."
—*Henieke.*

"He who is the most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in its performance."—*Rousseau.*

"Silence is the safest course for any man to adopt who distrusts himself."
—*La Rochefoucauld.*

"At thirty man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty and reforms his plans;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
In all magnanimity of thought
Resolves and resolves then dies the same." —*Young.*

"He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him is still more mistaken."—*La Rochefoucauld.*

"Young men are apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are to think themselves sober enough."—*Chesterfield.*

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The Suggestion.

Boudoir in Mrs. Newrich's home.

Lily Newrich (a bud of the season): *Chere* mamma, I feel dreadfully *distraite* today.

Mrs. N.: Why not leave off your corset for an hour or so?

Lily: Nonsense! I'm dismal, mamma, doleful, blue —*Comprenez?*

Mrs. N.: Oh, well, now it's a human language you're talking. It was the champagne, I guess.

Lily: Mother! Did you notice how few dances I got at the cotillion? I sat by your side nearly all evening, while that ugly little Pennylesse girl was asked out three times for one valse.

Mrs. N.: I noticed her mother was not there, else it could not have happened.

Lily: Mrs. Pennylesse *always* lets Sybil go unchaperoned to the balls.

Mrs. N.: Chaperonage is the bulwark of society's morals. See how careful I am of you, darling. No one *dares* offer you a word of disrespect.

Lily (sotto voce): And they don't ask me to dance, either.

Mrs. N.: I am going to the sanitarium tomorrow to take my quarterly rest cure, and I have asked your aunt Mrs. D. Vorsay to matron you during my absence.

The Metamorphosis.

Barroom at the Splurge Club.

Cholly Fastleigh: That Newrich girl appears to be all right since she broke away from her mother.

Willie Iball: Yes, she's off the reservation now, as it were; no barbed wire fence round her any more.

Cholly Fastleigh: Met her out at the riding school the other day. She goes it astride like a thoroughbred.

Willie Iball: I had her in tow at the Shekels ball at the Palace. She slipped out with me and we had a couple of Scotch fizzes. I'll bet that aunt of hers is a corker.

Cholly Fastleigh: Why do you think so?

Willie Iball: She told me a few stories from her aunt's repertoire and they fairly sizzled.

The Result.

Room in Dr. Doems' Sanitarium.

Mrs. Newrich: Oh, Lily, dear, I would get well faster were I not worrying so about you.

Lily: Oh, hang your worry. Just get a move on and get well.

Mrs. N.: What peculiar language!

Lily: Oh, it's the fashion—I had a few tips from Auntie. She's right up to the wire.

Mrs. N.: I hope she does her duty by you.

Lily: That's where you're right, old chappie. She has done her duty so that I'm the favorite now and won out at the last cotillion in an easy walk. I've had six proposals, and my picture in two Sunday supps. My afternoon receptions are crowded to the doors. I'm the toast of the clubs. Well, mamma dear, don't worry any more—but try and get well by Lent, won't you?

—*The Manoeuverer.*

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San Francisco, February 14, 1903

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The Plague Scare

Though the people of San Francisco are blissfully ignorant of the fact that the bubonic plague germ has been cutting capers in Chinatown, there are many on the Atlantic coast who are so well aware of the fact that they are afraid to visit this metropolis. They have obtained their information from the New York *Sun* and other Eastern dailies that, since the first of the year, have published many sensational articles about the ravages of the plague in San Francisco. They have denounced the authorities of this State and city for their attitude in the matter, and they have charged the press of California with having concealed the facts through fear of injuring home industries and of deterring immigration. So great has been the fuss raised over the matter of the bubonic plague that J. M. Hill sought to make it the pretext for diverting the transport business and he almost succeeded. Unquestionably he has been instrumental in keeping alive the scare in the East, and that we have been done great damage there is not the slightest doubt, for we have been discriminated against and many excursion parties have faded away through fear inspired by the sensational stories published by the *Sun* and other papers. From the beginning of the alleged plague scare *Town Talk* argued that there should be unanimity of action on the part of the medical fraternity and the authorities, and that the news should be published. As it was evident that whatever was the character of the bacilli that had been found in Chinatown they were not to be seriously dreaded by healthy white people living under sanitary rules, it was better to tell the truth than to dissemble. However opinions differ. The course followed was the one which naturally led to the serious consequences from which we have been suffering. The bubonic plague scare became a political issue. Governor Gage sought to make political capital out of reflections cast on the Democratic Administration in this city. With the assistance of a few job-chasing doctors of doubtful standing, and of the J. Winslow Anderson variety, he heaped opprobrium on the members of the local Board of Health. They were charged with having started the scare to extort money from the people through the public treasury. That was a very serious accusation to make against reputable members of the medical profession. It was natural for them to seek to defend themselves. At the same time they were too assiduous in their efforts to convince the world at large that the genuine bubonic plague was here. It should long ago have been apparent to them that the disease had reached us in a modified form. But so anxious were they for vindication that they sought in every way to convince the medical authorities all over the globe that this city was infected with the terrible plague. Unfortunately the press did not give publicity to the facts. The silence of the papers was suspicious. Publicity was essential to show that the particular bubonic germ that had been discovered in this city, and the existence of which was reported by the local health authorities, was not swelling the death rate; that the disease was not epidemic; that there had not been an average of more than four deaths a month from it in two years, and that the victims with one or two exceptions were Chinese. Surely there was no occasion to be scared by a germ that caused a death in a crowded lodging house in Chinatown and failed to attack a single one of the scores of other inmates. Now the fact is that the greatest pathologists in America have pronounced it the germ of the disease known as bubonic plague. They say that it is a modified form of the original bacillus that has devastated Oriental countries, and Dr. Gardener, who recently attended a medical congress in Washington, and who fought against a proposition to enforce quarantine measures against this State, accepted the verdict of the Eastern authorities and decided to return home and proceed to do that which the much maligned members of the local Board of Health have been contending for for two years. There has not been a case of the bubonic disease in this city for over two months, and during the recent New Year celebration in Chinatown that quarter was visited by thousands of white people who invited infection. Nobody here appears to be afraid of the disease. It is evident that it does not thrive here, but while we were maintaining what was believed to be a discreet silence timid residents of the East were afraid to visit us. Could anything more stupid be imagined than the attitude assumed from the beginning by those who have the welfare of this State at heart?

Civil War Suggested

According to *Harper's Weekly*, "The question is, Shall the military power of the United States be used to force a colored official upon a community against the unanimous consent of its white inhabitants?" "If this question be answered in the affirmative," says *Harper's*, "we may have to face a renewal of the civil war." These are surprising utterances emanating as they do from such a dignified journal. They are not only surprising, they are ridiculous. They betray a woful lack of confidence in the stability of this Government. It was no such trivial matter as the Indianola postoffice incident that led to the Civil War, and it is not likely that civil war will be precipitated by the efforts of the President to coerce a small community into accepting a colored woman for a postmistress. We believe with Booker T. Washington that negroes should forego office-holding in that section of the country which resents even an approach to negro domination, and we believe that President Roosevelt erred in unnecessarily raising a disagreeable issue, but if disloyalty to the Union may be pro-

moted in the South by the stubbornness of the nation's Executive, then we should deplore the poor quality of the patriotism bred in that section. Unquestionably the people of the South have been made wildly indignant by the President's conduct, but it is a libel on them to charge that they would be willing to secede from the Union on account of what they regard as a brutal affront. In this matter *Harper's Weekly* is an alarmist. At the same time its suggestion of civil war is significant. It is the organ of the plutocracy, and it has been adroitly seeking to injure Roosevelt ever since he advocated the regulation of monopolistic combinations. Some time ago it was severely censuring those papers that were "engaged in arraying class against class." It deplored a policy that menaced the peace of the country, but its patriotism does not restrain it from giving utterance to the freakish suggestion that civil war is imminent.

Education Along Imperfect Lines

Some time ago Herbert Bashford of the *Literary West* took occasion to denounce the public school system as a machine that destroys the individuality of the students. Subsequently those ready talkers, President Wheeler of Berkeley and President Jordan of Stanford, were interviewed on the subject. The former approved the public school system and expressed the opinion that it fostered individualism, while Dr. Jordan advocated individualism but deprecated the tendency of the public school to obliterate it. Now comes a writer in the current issue of the *Redwood,* a brand new and very creditable magazine of Santa Clara College, who fans the flame of discussion by disagreeing with both Wheeler and Jordan in the premises. "What is individualism?" he asks; "certainly not a system that advocates the development of the unassorted lots 'just as they come' with all their faults and vices. Every youth in our large cities has individually the elements of a criminal, he has individually the germs of vice as well as those of virtue, and individually, like electricity, he follows the line of least resistance. The real difficulty therefore that confronts the educators of today is how to develop the good qualities in the young and eradicate or reduce to a minimum the evil tendencies." Continuing the writer in *Redwood* contends that the public school system does not concern itself with that problem, and he therefore disagrees with those who praise its methods and its work. It neglects the moral development, and consequently it cannot be a success. "The effectiveness for good on the part of the pupil must be the outgrowth of his physical, mental and moral training. His head, hand and heart must be developed; else it is as useless to seek for results as it is to endeavor to gather fruits in the desert."

Those Terrible Fairy Tales

Chicago women and women's clubs are exercising their brains on the subject of fairy tales. Shall the children read them or shall they not? The discussion seems to be becoming perennial and perpetual. No sooner is it disposed of in one community than it breaks out in another, and the result is always the same—a drawn battle. Educators, and advanced women generally, including those mothers who relegate their offspring to the care of nurses until they are old enough to be packed off to boarding schools, make common cause against the stories. They, one and all, affect surprise and disgust at the coarseness and suggestiveness, the bloodthirsty cruelty, and the exaggeration, and profess to find in these dear delights of childhood the microbes of untruthfulness and every degree of crime. On the other hand, mothers who keep in touch with their children, and those other women who see in childhood something besides material for their psychological laboratories and dissecting tables, are in favor of letting fairy tales occupy their time-honored place in the libraries of the new generation. The common fairy stories which we have long recognized as the property of children did not make their advent for the delectation of the little folks. They were part of the common stock of the story tellers who took the place of novelists and newspapers in furnishing recreation and amusement for the people in the earlier ages of the world. Naturally the children often gathered around to hear the recitations, and out of the thousands of stories thus repeated they seized upon certain ones as their own. The over-suggestiveness of the Oriental narrators has, in many instances, clung to the stories, but it has to be a remarkably precocious child who will understand it. The little people care only for the supernatural wonders and feats of magic. If it were possible for a group of children to be brought up on absolutely scientific principles, taught according to laboratory methods, and preserved from the contamination of fairy stories and the demoralization of playthings, the result would be the most pitiful moral and mental deformity that the earth could produce. These careful theorists who sit in solemn conclave, debating the morality of children's amusements, evidently imagine that a fairy story has the same effect on a child that a Pinero play has on themselves.

The Case of Lynch

Notwithstanding the commutation of the sentence passed on Colonel Arthur Lynch for treason, some of the most vociferous of our Irish-American demagogues continue to prate about the cruelty and injustice of England. In their opinion Colonel Lynch should not only be set at liberty but also given a seat in Parliament. It was Lynch's claim to a seat in Parliament that settled all doubt as to his guilt. His defenders should be well satisfied with the commutation of his sentence, for death is the usual penalty imposed on persons guilty of treason. If he was a British citizen when he joined the Boers as a soldier he was guilty of treason. He could not have exculpated himself by subsequent naturalization. While serving with the Boers he was elected to Parliament by the Nationalist party in Galway. If he was eligible he was chargeable with treason, and that he considered himself eligible is evident from the fact that later on he presented himself in London to test his right to sit in Parliament. On his trial it was contended that he became a burgher to facilitate his work as a newspaper correspondent, and not with treasonable in-

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tent, but it was admitted that he actively supported the Boer cause, that is to say, he took up arms in the belief that his naturalization was valid and that he had ceased to be a British subject. In summing up the evidence the Lord Chief Justice said that the naturalization of a British subject in war time was a suspicious circumstance, and it was surely sufficiently suspicious to warrant the verdict. The case of Lynch is not one that should appeal to public sympathy. He was one of many soldiers of fortune who joined the Boers and urged them on in the pursuit of a forlorn hope, and deserted them when they were most in need of assistance.

Where Sentiment Avails Not

It gives one a sense of the rigidity of England's laws to note that in spite of all the petitions and pleadings, Mrs. Maybrick still remains comfortably behind the bars. Not comfortably to herself and her hysterical following, by any means, but comfortably to those who have a belief that laws should be executed and sentences carried out. Had Mrs. Maybrick been tried in America there is not one chance in a thousand that a jury would have convicted her, and not one chance in ten thousand that she would ever have reached the penitentiary. Despite the most convincing proofs of her guilt, sentiment would have cast a halo around her, and the law's delays would have been invoked. A new trial would have been a foregone certainty, and between the sickly sentiment of Sunday supplement exploitation, the death of witnesses and the disappearance of evidence, there would have been nothing more than the passing inconvenience of spending a few months, or even years as the guest of the municipality. Our murderesses devote themselves to the production of "literature," or study elocution with a view to the stage or the lecture platform, and so far from any humiliation in regard to their position, it is just the reverse. Whenever a particular sensation is needed for a yellow supplement, miladi is interviewed, photographed and displayed. When President—then Governor—Roosevelt refused to commute the sentence of a vile New York murderess, but let her take her deserts in the electric chair, there was a howl from one end of the country to the other, and when he was nominated for the Vice Presidency there was an effort to make political capital of his outrageous cruelty, and yet, if ever a human being deserved electrocution, it was the same Mrs. Place. England has been deluged with petitions and protests—Queen Victoria, King Edward, and every one between them and the warden of the prison where Mrs. Maybrick is confined, have been importuned to free this "beautiful and unfortunate woman," but the one key which will unlock her cell is proof of her innocence, and that is the one thing not to be had. Wealth, social connection, sentiment and all else avail nothing. It is an example which is good to contemplate, especially in this country, where murder is regarded so lightly.

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Morality a Work of Art

What a wonderful aggregation of intellect is the faculty of the University of Chicago. Not a week passes without some one of the sages of Dr. Harper's sanhedrim attracting attention to that institution by the expression of unique opinions. Last week Professor W. D. MacClintock of the Chicago University lectured on "The Moral Life a Work of Art." Among other strange things uttered by the professor were these: "A perfectly dutiful child is not one who merely obeys the authoritative external will of his father, but one who understands the principle of the family life, who enters into it as his own, and who runs forward to meet the work or sacrifice as spontaneously as if he had planned it. He keeps the law without thinking of it as law." If the professor had an interpreter he would no doubt be much clearer. However it is plain that a child such as he describes would be a work of art, the creation of a painter or sculptor clever enough to express in his work the MacClintockian idea of a precocious angel without the wings. When the professor described his "perfectly dutiful child" he had no thought of the merely human youngster who wots not the "principle of family life" and who is inclined to resent its restraints. It is fair to infer that the moral life as understood by Professor MacClintock is as foreign to this earth as the "perfectly dutiful child." He was no doubt speaking "poetically." He also said during the course of his lecture, "To become master of yourself, gain a knowledge of your physical and mental temperament." Quite an easy achievement, no doubt, for a professor of the University of Chicago, but unfortunately most of us are so constituted that we lack the power of introspection, or at least it is not sufficiently developed to enable us to gauge our own temperament with sufficient accuracy. We are therefore obliged to depend somewhat on doctors and our enemies and they are not always reliable.

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Phelan's Ambition

Since his return from Europe Mr. James D. Phelan has been taking a more active interest in society than ever before. He has been doing a lot of wining and dining in the clubs, and to such an extent has he been contributing to the gayety of our swells that the hope that springs eternal is once more rampant beneath the corsage of the match-making mamma. A bosom friend of the ex-Mayor assures me that Jimmy has no social aspirations; that his aims are wholly political. Some years ago he undertook to achieve them by cultivating the friendship of the plain people, but having in a misguided moment alienated their affections, he has concluded that being one of the plutocracy it behooves him to cast his lot with the rich. So he is confining his activities to the region north of the slot. The very latest bit of inside information, divulged accidentally I have been told, by Phelan's *fidus Achates,* Gavin McNab, is that the ex-Mayor is no longer intent on securing the toga, and that he will be satisfied with a seat in Congress.

He Envied Conkling

This is interesting information, and I would doubt it did I not know on the authority of Mr. Phelan himself that the ambition of his life is to enter into the political whirl of the nation's capital. The inception of that ambition dates from the time that he made his first trip to Washington. He was then a young man just out of college. One morning while breakfasting in a hotel he found himself facing Senator Conkling. He regarded the great statesman with blended awe and admiration. He observed that the Senator was the cynosure of all eyes; that obsequious deference was shown him on all sides, and while sipping his coffee that morning, young Jimmy Phelan incidentally dieted on thoughts of himself some day in the distant future occupying as high a pedestal as that on which stood the great Senator Conkling, bathed in the white light that beats upon the distinguished. And that iridescent dream was by no means evanescent. It imparted buoyancy to the spirits of the young millionaire for many years. In the late campaign, though he was far away in the gay capitals of the Old World his fancy turned to doings in his native State. He was here in spirit, and his money was spent in the interest of Mr. Lane, for he figured that a Democratic victory might mean a Democratic United States Senator, and he flattered himself that in that event the Phelan barrel, which is both wide and deep, would do the trick.

Tropical Ozone from McNab

The sanguine assurances of Gavin McNab, by cable, at Phelan's expense, kept the ex-Mayor's interest at white heat, and consequently Lane's defeat was a crushing disappointment. However, he has regained his equanimity, and Mr. McNab, who knows a good thing when he sees it, has persuaded him that since it has been demonstrated that the Fifth district is not hopelessly Republican he should go into training for a contest over the Congressional seat. In urging him to stand, it was pointed out, that with his conspicuous ability he would soon become a statesman of national importance, and rise perhaps even higher than the Senate. As he has large interests in the Santa Clara valley the voters at that end of the district would flock to his support, but meanwhile the organization has drifted away from McNab, and the battle now on is for control of the machine. Mr. Phelan is expected to finance it.

The Retort Courteous

Having lost his political prestige, McNab's law business, which was formerly in the same groove as that which is now being exploited by Abe Ruef, has vanished. He is no longer employed by deadfall proprietors to elucidate the law and other things to subservient commissioners. Even the coroner's deputies no longer notify him when a dead man comes their way with an estate to administer. So McNab has turned journalist. He is writing political articles for the *Bulletin*, and he devotes his best efforts to the smashing of the new Democratic organization being reared by James H. O'Brien. In a recent issue he alluded to the fact that O'Brien has several teams working for the Board of Public Works, and he stated that somebody had suggested that the new machine be called the Pardee Democracy. O'Brien, who is somewhat of an epigrammatist himself, remarked, "Gavin is borrowing the thunder that we used when we were out and he was in. We always denounced his gang for voting the Republican ticket but he had control so he didn't worry himself. Now the situation is reversed. As for the horses and carts—well, I'd rather make my living that way than by attending to morgue cases and working public officials in the interest of deadfalls like the Thalia. It's several years since Gavin earned a living as honestly as he did in the days when he was getting fifty dollars a month and his find as a clerk at the Occidental hotel."

They Merely Lack Experience

There is such a dead-level of mediocrity in the present Legislature that an instance of conspicuous ability, made doubly conspicuous by its isolation in a desert of "dubs," is positively refreshing. I refer to Arthur Fiske, Speaker of the Assembly. He has been pronounced the ablest Speaker that this State has ever had, and I have not heard one dissenting voice. His rulings are prompt, firm and logical, and he always has the situation well in hand. There is a great deal of raw material in the present assembly, but veteran lobbyists predict that when the statesmen become familiar with the ways that are dark, there will be some sensational grafting.

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A Notable Effort

The Senate is also shy on intellect. A characteristic speech was made in that body last week by Senator Bunkers of this city, who struck a pose and began by addressing his fellow-statesmen as, "Youse fellows—I mean you Senators." During his speech he announced his intention to tell the story of his life and he did. He was advocating the measure which provides that an employer shall be liable for damages to an employe injured by a fellow-employe. He told how his father had been accidentally killed by a fellow workman, leaving a widow and several small children, and he asked, "Do you mean to contend that there was no redress for those kids?" This declaration of kinship to the goat species evoked much laughter.

Hubbell After the Bannings

One of the ablest men in the Senate is O. Z. Hubbell of Los Angeles. He is an enthusiastic yachtsman and is an active member of the South Coast Yacht Club which has been having trouble with the Banning company of Catalina. This haughty corporation arrogates to itself the right to prevent any one landing on Catalina Island without first paying the price of a round trip ticket on the company's steamer. This is regarded as outrageous presumption by the members of the yacht club toward whom Banning is antipathetic. They say that the company pretends to have the right to refuse mariners to land to procure food and water, and that its employes have been very insolent to yacht crews. Yet the island is embraced within the tide lands of the United States, and on it there is a postoffice. Moreover the county of Los Angeles pays for the maintenance of the public roads, of a constabulary and a justice of the peace. Senator Hubbell has decided to invoke the aid of the legislature in behalf of the downtrodden yachtsman, and to that end he has introduced a bill which makes it a misdemeanor for any person to seek to prevent people from landing on any island off the coast of California and subject to the jurisdiction thereof.

Why He's Worth It

Chief Engineer Herman Schussler of the Spring Valley Water Works is not only one of the ablest professional men in America but he is likewise a politician of the first order. Professor Frank Soule who is at the head of the engineering school of the University of California has a high respect for Mr. Schussler's ability. He told his class one day, "Mr. Schussler besides being a very conservative engineer is the only living man who can wrastle successfully with the San Francisco Board of Supervisors. He is paid twenty-five thousand dollars a year and he earns it." Mr. Schussler is at present engaged in his annual "wrastle." There is no man living who can darken counsel more successfully with a cloud of words and he is master of the art of drawing a red herring across the trail to divert the inconvenient inquirer on a false scent.

A Mathematical Triumph

Engineers of a younger school are inclined to scoff at Mr. Schussler's conservatism and they say he wastes money on excessive margins of safety. They say that his great work, the Crystal Springs dam, is merely a triumph of brute force and awkwardness. Anybody, they explain, could have dumped in that mass of rock and made it stick. In contrast they point to the Bear river dam which is only thirteen feet thick at the bottom and two feet thick at the top. Yet it stands as firm as the enormous mass of the Crystal Springs dam. It was built years ago by a Sheffield Institute man who had the courage of his mathematics and made it on the lines of an Arch, the convex side facing the water. The harder the pressure the more firm stands the arch. The same man was employed to build the Sweetwater dam in San Diego and began it on similar lines but the directors got scared at the flimsy look of the high structure and fired him. The new man understood perfectly that his predecessor was right but to satisfy the directors he put in a gravity factor as a guarantee of good faith and a concession to ignorance.

To Reproduce the Passion Play

The news comes from Santa Clara College that the Passion Play which, during the jubilee celebration of two years ago, attracted people from all parts of the State, is to be reproduced in May of the present year. This play, written by Clay M. Greene, an old student of Santa Clara College, as a tribute of love to his Alma Mater, is the only successful attempt outside of Oberammergau to dramatize the great mystery of Christianity. Greene modified the play for production on the professional stage, and it was presented at a public theatre in New York, but provoked harsh criticism from people who object to the sacred theme's exploitation for monetary purposes.

Why, Oh, Why?

What do girls go to college for? If one may judge by the yellow supplements and the woman's columns of the fashion papers it is to pose. We have been treated ad nauseam to every phase of the college girl's existence, plentifully illustrated, of course. We have invaded her room, or rather her *den* as they prefer to call it. We have assisted at her recitations, her meals, her walks, her amusements, her study hours. We have heard how Miss So and So mends gloves and darns socks, while Miss Somebody else does hair dressing or paints dinner cards during her idle hours in order to eke out her slender finances. And always and everywhere the college girl is posed, she is generally pretty and universally well dressed. From the tone of popular newspaper articles one should imagine that girls

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go to college to don becoming gowns and mortar boards, and to strike effective poses. And the articles as a rule do not hesitate to tell us that the "dig" has gone out of fashion, the up-to-date girl does not spend so much time over her books that her clothes and her social duties are neglected. Miss Elizabeth Knight Tompkins's articles have driven these facts home as realities, not as jests. Miss Tompkins says the girls take themselves and their social duties too seriously. And again I ask, What do girls go to college for?

Political Labor Leaders at Outs

The political plans of Mayor Schmitz, so far as they related to the patronage of the Health Department, were knocked into a cocked hat when Michael Casey was elected chairman of the Board of Health. Casey and the Mayor are now at sword's points. The Mayor appears to have completely lost the confidence of the labor unions, as well as the friendship of many of the leaders. Indeed considerable friction has been engendered by politics in labor circles, especially among those who are anxious to dictate political policies. The predictions of Andrew Furuseth regarding the consequences that would ensue in the event of the unions taking a hand in politics may yet be fulfilled. Furuseth is the most level-headed of all the local labor leaders. But Furuseth is a remarkable character. He has the confidence of the Sailors' Union because the members are sure of his unselfish devotion to their interests. He is a type of man that one seldom meets in every-day life.

A Singularly Interesting Character

Modest and unobtrusive as he is, Furuseth is little known outside of labor circles, but he is a man for an emergency. Men of his stamp have figured as exponents of the people's rights in times of stress and excitement. There is nothing of the demagogue about him. No public office that Mayor Schmitz could offer him would he accept, and yet his only income is a salary of seventy-five dollars a month paid by the Sailors' Union. Several times a proposition was made to raise it, and each time he threatened to resign if such action were taken. He lives in a little room on the water front where he attends to the interests of the sailors. The man's environment harmonizes in not the slightest degree with his temperament, for though he grew to manhood before the mast, he has the culture of a college-trained gentleman of leisure. Books are his companions and he is familiar with the classics. He is an art critic and he discusses music with the intelligence of one educated in a Berlin conservatory.

Approaching the Ranks of the Martyrs

The denouement has been reached in the scandal that that has been agitating the court of Saxony. The Crown Princess, who a few short weeks ago was dandling in the arms of her lover, congratulating herself on having escaped from the uncongenial atmosphere of the austere Dresden Court, and planning for herself a joyful future, is now in a sanatorium. The fading of a sporadic passion was followed by the revival of the maternal instinct, and in her eagerness to see her children once more, she put herself in the power of her husband's family, and she was quickly thrust behind the walls of an institution which will, no doubt, serve in her case the purposes of a prison. But the world is sentimental nowadays, an attitude of mind somewhat remarkable in a generation disposed to value hard cash more than the noblest attributes and the most persistent virtue. The aristocratic heroine of a *cause celebre*, though her shortcomings may be glaring and inexcusable, is certain nowadays of hosts of admirers. In the case of the Princess Louise, though the desertion of her children was condemned, she had many sympathizers, for it was known that she had been most shamefully and brutally treated by a lascivious and faithless husband. And now, sequestered as she is, behind closed doors, the probability is that she will soon be enrolled in the ranks of the martyrs.

Her Sad Career

The fact is that when a royal personage steps over their traces popular excitement and sympathy are intensified, for when the divinity that hedges kings is broken down, the gap is naturally more conspicuous than in the case of minor people. The melodrama and the romance of the situation appeal so strongly to the blase, excitement-loving twentieth-centuryite that the unwholesome effect of such a bad example set by individuals whose influence is momentous is quite overlooked. The case of Princess Louise appeals to popular, though perhaps, mawkish sentimentality, because it is believed that she was not inspired solely by a vulgar passion. Her life has been a sad one. Troubles came the moment she left her home among the simple Tyrolese peasants to assume grave responsibilities among strangers. Her father, the Duke of Tuscany, made the match, and she was absolutely forced into a marriage that was repugnant to her. Even before her arrival in Vienna the sunshine had disappeared from her life. It was within a few hours of her first ball that there came the suicide or murder of the Crown Prince of Austria, the details of which remain one of the mysteries of the last century, and her ball dress had to be exchanged for a gown of crape.

The Troubles of Royalty

After all royalties are quite bourgeois, for, like many of their inferiors they look on marriage as a mart where the character of the husband is of less importance that his name and social position. And by the way with the lapse

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of centuries the role of royalty has not become easier of assumption than in the days when Shakespeare pictured the difficulties that made the head uneasy that wore a crown. The escapades of the liberty-loving Crown Princess and her sap-headed brother, the dissensions between gay King Leopold and his daughter, and the series of catastrophes and misalliances in the Austrian and Russian imperial families would almost warrant the presumption that royalty is about ready to declare the "divine right" a fiction and a snare. It has at least been demonstrated in these days of European correspondents blessed with the American nose for news, that the display of imperial dignity, the pretensions to aloofness from the common herd, and the air of unassailable superiority, are all purely theatrical. To be sure there are rare instances of the born ruler possessed of tact, strength of mind and the ability to weigh the splendor and usefulness of their duties against the obvious drawbacks of a life spent in the limelight, but the cable despatches are constantly leading to the conviction that the average royalty lacks the capacity for his job. The effort to keep up appearances in this giddy age is a strain on the average full-blooded mortal. Even a queen-to-be is as much inclined as her frivolous sister of ordinary society to resent restraint, and pride of race no longer holds men back from sullying the escutcheon of an illustrious family.

Bobby and Bessie

In England it is a well recognized fact that nothing promotes matrimony like private theatricals. It is a long time since society her has gone in for them to any extent, fancy dress balls having had the floor for several seasons. The nearest approach to anything of the sort was the vaudeville at the Tevis house in honor of Mrs. Gus. Spreckels. At that affair Bobby Eyre sang a duet with Bessie Ames, and of course they had to practice a great deal to get in proper voice. So the matchmakers have them next on the list of engaged couples.

Society Girls Balked

I understand that one of the Mizner boys was originally cast for king of the Mardi Gras and that he evolved a scheme of a travesty on the usual order of things with a "King Dodo" and his Court affair that would "josh" everything and everybody. But when it came to getting society girls into the thing Mr. Mizner struck a snag. They wouldn't be cajoled into it, so he gave up the whole thing in disgust and abdicated all royal rights and prerogatives. So good-natured Ned Greenway was forced into the vacated kingship and Ned knows better than to try and get society girls into the court of King Carnival.

Society Reminiscent

It has been announced that the Taylor-Newhall engagement is to be a short one, but the date for the marriage has not yet been set. Mr. Newhall has already presented his fiancee with many handsome jewels which have evoked many "oh my's!" in the smart set. Though the engagement caused no surprise, owing to the fact that it had been frequently hinted at in these columns, it revived reminiscences of Mr. Newhall's devotion t oanother lady not distantly related to his fiancee. It was in the days of the "Reign of the Georges," as the gossips phrased it, and though it may not have been a case of the survival of the fittest, Newhall was the first to abdicate in favor of the George who was regarded as his rival. However, it was all a case of guesswork and Mrs. Grundy doesn't always hit the mark.

Another Spreckels Ball

The daughters of the John D. Spreckels household have decided to give another Mi-Careme ball this season. There has been almost a surfeit of fancy dress balls so it has not yet been decided whether the affair will again take that form. Besides, the Gus Spreckels ball was such a magnificent affair that the other branch of the family would scarcely care to give one that sagged below that mark, and to duplicate it would not dovetail with the plans the Spreckels girls have now in mind—just a jolly entertainment for their friends, not a magnificent function. If the Mi-Careme ball be a fancy dress affair there will probably be very few new costumes as people have such a stock of them on hand. Indeed many of those that have been worn at the recent affairs are hold-overs from the mid-Lent ball the Spreckels's gave last year. Mrs. Gus Taylor, who usually likes to dazzle with the latest sartorial splendor, has worn the same costume to every fancy dress ball that has been given in the last two seasons. "I'll never get another, either," she remarked at the Gus Spreckels ball; "fancy dress is horribly unbecoming to me and if people keep on giving them I'll just patch this same one up and wear it to the last shred."

Generous Papa Hopkins

The Gus Taylors are to have one of the handsomest places at Menlo. Papa Hopkins is building it for them but Mrs. Gus is designing it herself, and it will have the very latest architectural crotchets. There are ten acres of ground to lay out in parks and winding drives so the effect will be very different from the tenement huddling of Burlingame, where it is impossible to play in your own back yard without stubbing your toe on your neighbor's fence. The Taylors are to have all the accessories of the English manor house, even to a porter's picturesque lodge at the entrance. There are only half a dozen people in San Mateo county who have strained at the distinction of a porter's lodge and none of them is as swagger at the Taylors' promises to be. Every one is holding E. W. Hopkins up as a model of the manner in which wealthy fathers should act. Instead of making his daughter wait for the money that will some day be theirs he hands out large slices every now and then and gets some enjoyment himself seeing his children rounding up the good things of life. The house that is being built for Helen Taylor will cost a pretty fortune but evidently it has only whetted the edge of his generosity for the Will Taylors have already been promised one equally magnificent. Work is to commence on it as soon as the Gus Taylor home is finished. The McNears' turn will probably come later. All three of the young matrons prefer to rent their town houses and own country places.

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Merely a Fad

It is reported that a "wealthy Scotchman who has made his money in America" is about to purchase Abbotsford as a gift to the Scotch people. The natural inference, whenever a Scotch-American is mentioned in connection with a gift, is that it is Andrew Carnegie. Abbotsford is in an excellent state of preservation, and since it is the fashionable fad to collect memorials, establish museums and erect shrines to literary idols, it is befitting that the great men of literature should be honored as well as the obscurities. It is a noteworthy fact, however, that the pilgrims to these "homes and haunts" are chiefly Americans, and it is also worthy of note that a vast number of them have no definite idea of why they go to these places or what in particular there is to honor. It is a place to visit, and in all likelihood an excursion at reduced rates happens along in the right nick of time, so off they go, and a cross against the name in their guide book marks one more place "done." Their interest is quite as much in the direction of taking advantage of a bargain as in literature.

Partners Married Sisters

Alexander Boyd, who died last week, was a pioneer and one of our richest citizens. He laid the foundation of his fortune in Sacramento in the early sixties, by shaving warrants for the legislative employes. Afterwards he and his partner, the late Jacob Z. Davis, amassed a two million fortune in legitimate business. They married sisters, the McGregor girls of Sacramento, and both made their later homes in this city. The Davises lived in Post street near town while Mr. Boyd some years ago built the large house on Washington street hill, where he died. His elder son, George Boyd, married a daughter of Mrs. Nicholas Kittle. Both the Boyd brothers, George and Sinclair, are college bred and belong to all the smart clubs. They are cousins of the sisters, Mrs. John M. Curtis and Miss Elizabeth Muir, who inherited Jacob Z. Davis's million.

The Rover Returns

Barret Fithian is paying a flying visit to Santa Barbara to look after some of his interests there. Fithian expatriated himself some time ago, and now owns a spacious country-place near Brighton. He rides to hounds and does all the other things in which Englishmen delight. But though he likes England as a place of residence Fithian is not likely to follow the example of William Waldorf Astor by becoming a subject of the King. Fithian is of distinguished ancestry. His grandfather, "Slippery Dick" Connolly, was a power in New York politics during the days of Boss Tweed. His sister married Chester Alan Arthur, son of the late President Arthur. Mrs. Fithian is a daughter of Sherman Stow and a cousin of Vanderlyn Stow. She likes England very much as a place of residence and did not, I believe, accompany her husband on his present trip to California. Barrett Fithian has many friends in this city and they still, I hear, occasionally quiz him about his famous yachting trip and ask him: "Why did Kate Clement come home?"

Hearst Humiliates Chicago

William Randolph Hearst is the player of a big game, of which his board is the United States and his pieces newspaper offices. Certainly no editor in the country has so brilliant a corps of special writers, and probably no manager has syndicated his stuff so thoroughly and so successfully as has the New York Congressman from California. In fact syndicating is a fad with Hearst—a fad which applies not only to his reading matter but to the very names of his newspapers. It is not so strange to see the Katzenjammer kids appearing first in New York, then in Chicago and later in San Francisco, but to have the name of his Chicago paper passed along to the New York publication, and to have the Chicago paper, in turn, take the name of the San Francisco journal, is a stunt surpassing even the originality of Hearst. It was not so long ago that the New York *Journal* took the name of the New York *American*, and it has been but a week or two since the Chicago American was changed to "Hearst's Chicago *Examiner*." Chicago is still talking about it, for the change has kicked up a great hullabaloo among the jealous scribes of the windy metropolis. It is considered a great comedown to Chicago newspaperdom that its leading paper should be given the title of a journal from what they consider a mere provincial town.

Californians Boycotted

The East, indeed, is almost superstitiously jealous of San Francisco. A Hearst writer, recently returned from New York, declares that Eastern newspapermen turn like a nest of highbinders on a man from California—not because they personally dislike him, but because they have been distanced so often by the wild and woolly fellows that they think it time to declare a boycott. The writer I refer to says that things have come to such a pass that if a mistake is made in any department wherein a Westerner is employed the blame is always attached to the interloper and every effort is made to get him out of the business. That they are not always successful is shown by the way in

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which the Californians are going up in the borough of Manhattan—maybe this success is due to the fact that when it comes to hammer work the San Franciscan possesses the skill which comes only by long practice.

The Row Over the Ball

Society was split wide open by the bachelors' assembly. It's a funny story. In one quarter you hear that it was a dismal failure, a mere pretext for the boosting of the climbers, a frost, in fact everything derogatory of the function. In another you are told that it was a notable achievement, a brilliant success, one of the greatest ever, et cetera. Two weeks ago I announced, exclusively, that Ned Greenway, the only genuine blown-in-the-bottle (sweet or brut) leader of society, would have none of that bachelors' ball. The question then arose whether it could be a success without the eclat of the Greenway hallmark. Some said it could, others declared it couldn't. The gentlemen in charge of the affair devoted every energy to making it a success, and incidentally and by way of revenge on Greenway they barred his wine. They at least succeeded in demonstrating that it is possible to pull off a bachelors' ball in this city without Mumm, for Moet & Chandon's white seal was the fizz of the function. And by the way the wine question was seriously debated by the committee. Moreover Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who was one of the patronesses, cast her vote for Mr. Pendleton and his white seal, thereby demonstrating her freedom from the Greenway influence.

The German Baron

Echoes of that ball will be heard for many a day. One of the aspersions cast upon it is that it wasn't a bachelors' ball, strictly speaking, for the reason that Baron von Horst, its leading promoter, is not a bachelor and he therefore had no right to figure as a host. The baron is married to an American lady who lives in London, and he came to this country to look after some of the business interests of his wife. The American wives of German barons usually have business interests, and Mrs. von Horst is no exception. However the Baron is a charming fellow and to him and his compatriot, Lieutenant Fuchs, belongs the credit for whatever measure of success was achieved. But involving himself, as he did, unintentionally it is true, in factional strife, he finds himself as a consequence subjected to criticism. The most serious accusation against him is that he danced nearly every dance with one girl. But in view of the list of dowager patronesses who were there with their eagle eyes surely there was no occasion to condemn the German for his obvious partiality.

After the Ball

Notwithstanding all the gossip that the ball occasioned, it opened no sores that cannot be healed. It is true that many of the elite absented themselves but they have no criticism to make of those that attended. The affair demonstrated that Ned Greenway is a power to be reckoned with in the Holy of Holies, for many of the top-notchers of the smart set were on his side of the split. Those that were anxious for its success say that they did not miss the seasoned bachelors that declined to co-operate. "The fact is," they say, "we wanted dancing men. A lot of those fellows come to dances and do nothing but talk. They're too paunchy to dance. We introduced a lot of new blood. The old-timers said we couldn't give a successful ball for less than thirty or forty dollars a ticket. If we charged that much we would have barred out many of the young fellows that dance. We proved that you can give a swell dance for five a throw." There were fifteen bachelors on the original committee of arrangements. Among them, Clarence Follis, Frank Goad, Percy King and Roy Pike failed to act.

Reaching for the Ribbon

So many ribbons of the Legion of Honor are worn in this city that some people have inferred that they are as easy to get as a bad cold. While it is true that some people achieve the decoration through a misapprehension on the part of the French Government, others strive for it for a lifetime without success. Only the other day the despatches announced that it was to be conferred on Miss Godchaux of this city in recognition of her services in stimulating an interest in the French language. It was Coquelin, the actor, who recommended that Miss Godchaux be enrolled in the famous order of merit founded by Napoleon, and her claims to the distinction were promptly acknowledged. But how different has been the experience of George Hall of the Bohemian Club! That, however, is another story.

He Charmed Germinet

George Hall has been in pursuit of the Legion of Honor ribbon so many years that I had the impression that it was conferred on him long ago. It was only a few days ago that I learned of my mistake. The story as it comes to me is that Mr. Hall was in a fair way to gain the coveted decoration when M. D'Allemagne, the French Consul, interposed an objection. The Turkish Consul had been relying on the pull of his friend Admiral Germinet, who visited this city on the French cruser *Protet* a few years ago. Mr. Hall was the Admiral's host while the ship was in port and entertained him to such an extent that Germinet had no time to devote to the French colony. He left San Francisco with the notion that George Hall was one of the greatest men in America, and he resolved to show his gratitude by securing for the representative of the Ottoman Empire the cross of the Legion of Honor.

A French Knocker

Germinet would undoubtedly have been successful had not the French authorities written to Consul D'Allemagne to report on the merits of Mr. Hall. It happens that the French Consul is not an admirer of the Turkish Consul. I do not know whether he was inspired by mere envy or whether he was incapable of appreciating the many good

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qualities of George Hall, but at any rate he sent home a caustic letter informing his Government that the Bohemian clubman was a rank pretender, or words to that effect. Meanwhile George Hall was waiting in joyful expectancy for the notification that he had received the distinguished consideration of the French Government, and that the ribbon would arrive in time to be worn at his wedding. But instead, and to his amazement, came the news that he had been "knocked" by the French Consul. He called on the latter for an explanation and it was promptly given.

"You never did anything that I know of to entitle you to one of the greatest distinctions that can be conferred by the French people," said the representative of the Republic.

The author of "The Balloon Ascension by Night" and of the adaptation from Maeterlinck's "Nuptial Flight of the Bees" was staggered by the assertion. Did he not advertise Paris in his book? Did he not compliment Maeterlinck by borrowing the latter's ideas? Did he not entertain Germinet?

"You have done nothing for the French people," said D'Allemagne, and no further satisfaction could George Hall get. However he does not despair. He may write another book.

Exhibiting the Local Great

A new lion has come to town and as usual he is being rushed a great deal. I refer to Charles Page Bryan, our Minister to Portugal, lately transferred from Brazil. Mr. Bryan is about forty-five, tall, florid and with a military air. He formerly lived in Washington, of which city his father is a prominent and wealthy resident. The diplomat moved West to satisfy a desire for political preferment. Being a friend of the Pullmans of Chicago he was taken in charge by the Carolans on his arrival, and they paraded our local high-steppers before him. Laura McKinstry, who is the "Exhibit A" of intellect among the women, was one of the star guests. She is expected to make a brilliant marriage some day. Dick Tobin was there, because he cultivates a foreign air, and the Joe Grants were invited because Mrs. Grant was brought up abroad. She looks with pity on most things American, and Joe Grant himself is a foreigner in sentiment. He bores people talking about foreign parts. So it was a very happy dinner for Mr. Bryan.

When Gus Riled His Father

To those who have watched the breach between Claus Spreckels and his son, Augustus, the fact that Augustus will wait in New York to meet Mrs. Spreckels and Lurline instead of coming out to the Coast for that purpose is significant. It is hinted by some that Augustus will not visit his old home again, and it is through this talk that the real causes that led up to the present estrangement have been reviewed. The row dates, it seems, from the time in which Claus Spreckels was fighting the sugar trust in Hawaii. The fight was getting pretty lively for the old man and it at last came to the pass where he was obliged to marshal his forces for a Waterloo. To each of his sons he had given a million dollars, so he called upon them to give back the fortunes until the sugar trust fight was over. John D. Spreckels, it is said, was the first, and the most willing to comply. Rudolph Spreckels hesitated for awhile, but came around with the money in time to avoid his father's wrath. But with Augustus Spreckels it was different. With a contented sophistry which argued that a million in the hand is worth ten in the sugar cane he held on to his dowry and refused to surrender. The old man found the money loaned to him quite sufficient, carried it into the battle against the trust and won out with great slaughter and immense profits. To John D. he returned the million multiplied some tenfold, to Rudolph he gave the loan with enormous interest, but to the cautious contingent represented by Augustus he gave nothing but the cold shoulder. The latter is still, of course, a very rich man, but if the breach is ever mended and the old man asks for another loan Augustus will probably be quicker to trust in his father's financial judgment.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch had a birthday last week and Henry Heyman, who keeps himself posted on the natal days of the lights of the music world, remembered the fact. In honor of the day he gave a dinner to the young Russian, at the Bohemian Club. Gabrilowitsch was completely surprised, for he hadn't an idea that any one in far-away California would remember his birthday. The guests were all congenial and in the decorations the Russian colors were used.

Oakland Humiliated

Cultured Oakland is ashamed of itself because when Gabrilowitsch played over there last week only about fifty or sixty people attended the performance. Oakland boasts of its musical culture, and it was therefore humiliating that such indifference was exhibited on the occasion of the visit of a great artist. But Gabrilowitsch was partly responsible for the frost. Many Oaklanders believe that no form of amusement is proper if it does not take place in church. The musician should have performed at the Unitarian church instead of at the Macdonough theatre.

Our Way of Doing

San Francisco society people have a way of proving their musical culture. They organize Twentieth Century clubs and give concerts. On such occasions the musical talent (?) in society exploits itself and the unmusical talent sits up and takes notice. Those concerts severely test the amiability and friendship of the audience, but they serve to advertise the fiction that society is filled with clever vocalists and musicians. Occasionally society is guilty of a *faux pas*, as when it enthuses over a Californian who has returned from abroad with the brand of a foreign teacher and various shortcomings, but the Twentieth Century Club is an institution that will enhance society's reputation for musical culture providing it makes its concerts exclusive functions.

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"Charley's Aunt" at an Oakland Tea

Oakland society is still chuckling over the "friend from Indiana" episode at the Wallace Everson tea. Parker Whitney, who has done feminine stunts on this side of the bay with success, is of small size but the Oakland man is of anything but meagre build. He prides himself on his girth, and to get a thirty-inch waist down to twenty-four inches tried him severely. But he did it. The whole hoax was so well managed that few even at the end of the affair knew that the athletically built young woman, six feet tall, modishly gowned, with the latest society walk and voice-inflection, was of the masculine gender. It was just a jest carried to a successful finish by a joke-loving junior of the University of California. He is very popular in Oakland, and his family belongs to the most exclusive set. Addressing one of the girls at the tea he said:

"Perhaps you don't remember me."

"Oh, yes, Miss Mills, I'm very glad to see you," was the answer.

And as she took him for the daughter of the Rev. B. Fay Mills, the U. C. man let her continue in error while he enjoyed a chat of some minutes' duration. As the only man, and that one *in cog*, at the tea, he enjoyed himself thoroughly, as did the young woman who dressed him and introduced him as her friend from Indiana.

"I hear that he was a hopeless failure in business."

"I don't see why any one should call him a failure. He went through insolvency on the eve of his marriage to an heiress."

Hynes Shocked the Prudes

The much-entertained Bertha Runkle was a guest at the Pioneer Ladies' anniversary entertainment held at Pioneer hall last Saturday evening. Billy Hynes, the amateur monologist, was also there to do a few stunts. Mr. Hynes, for an amateur, has always been a rousing success, but he has been so much the vogue for good fellows' stag jollifications that he sometimes forgets to expurgate his lines for the benefit of the lady prudes who are always among those present in mixed companies. So Billy Hynes did his turn and received an enthusiastic palm until he cracked an old, old one which has been tried and tested on the not-too-sensitive ears of the Orpheum audiences. It goes something like this: "The other day I saw a woman crossing the street in the rain and I turned to my wife and said, 'What's that thing she's wearing?' My wife said, 'Don't you know what that is? Why that's a rainy day skirt.' "A rainy day skirt!" says I, "I thought it was a tuck in her waist." Now I don't think that was very shocking, do you? But there was a great cackling—not of laughter—from the feminine side of the house, and a great ruffling of features from the domestic poultry present. All of which shows that a funny man should not be too funny at family reunions.

May Go Abroad

Mrs. Al Gerberding, so goes the rumor, is contemplating a trip abroad, with a possibility of resuming her literary work. Mrs. Gerberding, when she was Elizabeth Sears Bates, wrote not a little for the Eastern magazines and as a versesmith she ranks high. Her little juvenile, "The Golden Chimney," made quite a hit and met with a good sale. She is the mother of young Bates, who is to marry Gladys Merrill.

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart,

She Was for Home Rule

Edna Lyall, the novelist who died this week, probably did more for the cause of Home Rule in Ireland than any other woman of her time. In those of her novels whose scenes were laid in Ireland, she placed the Irish situation very plainly before the public. In "Donovan" and "Doreen" she did perhaps her greatest work for the cause.

When the Marblehead Steamed Away

Paymaster Skipworth of the *Marblehead* was probably the heaviest hearted man on the cruiser when she steamed out of port last Tuesday on her way to Honduras. Mr. Skipworth had a great "crush" on Lurline Spreckels while the *Marblehead* was in the stream, and it is said that he received a deal of encouragement. Those that observed the paymaster's devotion and that knew of the many little courtesies that Miss Spreckels enjoyed at his hands were quite certain that a genuine love affair was ripening. But if there was a satisfactory understanding before the parting no one received an inkling. Months and years perhaps may pass before they meet again.

The Man of Many Mash Notes

Sandow, the strong man, is in town, but like Paderewski and other great brains and muscles, his kissing days are over. Demurely he was accompanied by his wife from the steamer which brought him here, and there was no delegation of the fair sex waiting at the wharf to offer him the embrace promiscuous. Perhaps no personage behind the footlights and before the public has been more recklessly adored by the ladies than has Eugen Sandow. In the heyday of his piano-moving stunts he was more flooded by matinee notes than even Henry Miller during a run of "The Only Way." But his most ardent admirers were from the stage rather than from the audience. Lillian Russell, with all her capacity for heart-throbs, had a crush on the giant that was heralded from one end of the continent to the other. That occurred in Sandow's gay bachelor days, and the actress and the athlete were commonly seen together in the boulevards and elevators of New York. Sandow, personally, is a good fellow, devoted to his wife and possessed of more wit than one would look for in a man of his swelling sinew. Speaking of sinews reminds me that some years ago doctors all over the country were prophesying Sandow's early demise as a result of over-development, athlete's heart and a thousand other hyper-healthful causes. He has fooled the physicians, however, and still continues to lift an occasional church without developing any alarming symptoms.

A Daily Question

How often a woman asks herself, What can I do to retain my youthful appearance without fear of criticism and injury to myself? For while all ladies wish to look beautiful, no woman can afford to use artificial means that would in any way detract from her refinement, as is the case by the use of powders and lotions which can not be put upon the face without being noticed.

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The Goulds Have Arrived

The social boycott against the George Goulds in New York society, due to prejudice against the senior, departed Gould and his methods, is off. The George Goulds have quietly arrived. The visit of the Countess Castellane this winter helped them out tremendously. The other night they gave a theatre party in honor of a debutante, Miss Mamie Pomeroy, sister of Miss Greta Pomeroy, who came hither a few years ago with Mary Crocker Harrison. They had all the smart young people in New York at their home —Jean Reid, Miss Morton, Miss Schenck, Miss Rives and the Fish girls. Hattie Crocker Alexander gave a dinner the other night and the George Goulds were present.

Muscagni (on arrival Friday): Oh, how charming, this balmy air; I am in Italy again! (Saturday forenoon): Ah, you have rain here! (Saturday afternoon): Sapristi, you have storms here (as it hails he draws furs about his shoulders): This is not unlike Chicago, is it not? Pile more coal on the fire. (Sunday morning): Ah, Italy again. Is it not ravishing, this warm sun? (Sunday night): The moon here is beautiful but cold—a tr-rifle (teeth chatter) like St. Peter-r-sburg, n'est-ce-pas? (Monday morning): Oh, so—you have the London fog—that is not bad, really. (Monday afternoon): Ah, the grand sun! (Tuesday morning): The sky weeps again! Well, surely I made the gr-r-eat mistake. Instead of saying San Francisco is like Italy, I should have said you have the climate of all Europe!

An Objection to Masks

Madame La Bavarde has entered a protest against the decree that men may wear masks at the Mardi Gras ball. She says that "the managers are making a grave mistake in permitting the men to go masked. There is no use in giving my reasons for so thinking and so saying." Evidently not, for I have just received an advance notice from the press agent of the carnival committee in which he says, "It is known that a large majority of the men are going to wear fancy costumes, now that they are allowed to mask. They will add very much to the brilliancy of the scene. Moreover a great many masking parties are being formed to take part in the revels." And why not? Surely the managers may be depended upon to exclude highwaymen in masks, and also rude men who would be likely to insult women at such an affair. Madame La Bavarde further says: "Let the conservative element of the Bohemian Club consider it over very carefully and say if upon second thought they do not agree with me." Ye gods and little fishes! I cannot believe that Madame La Bavarde is joking, for if there is one thing that she does not possess it is a sense of humor. "Consider it over!" I should suggest "under," since it is the "conservative element" of the Bohemian Club she addresses. I wonder if she means the Harry Grays and the Colonel Trumbos of the Bohemian Club?

Some of the Box Buyers

All of the boxes in the Searles gallery have been sold, while the few that are left in what is known as the House Gallery are being rapidly taken. The following is the list of those who have secured boxes up to the present time: Miss Flood, Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Henrietta Zeile, Mr. John D. Spreckels, Mr. M. H. de Young, Mr. Walter Martin, Mr. Horace L. Hill, Mr. Willis E. Davis, Mrs. Herbert F. Hodgdon, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels. The scheme of decorations is an entirely novel one and although just now the galleries are in a state of more or less artistic confusion enough of the general plan has developed to give an idea of the gorgeous color effect that will be produced. Mr. Newton J. Tharp and Mr. Ernest C. Peixotto compose the committee having in charge this part of the carnival and from present appearances the result of their labors will surpass all previous efforts. It is said that the artists are arranging a splendid feature in the way of a mythological group to take part in the procession. All of which promises well for the carnival spirit that ought to prevail on an occasion of this sort. Requests for invitations must be sent in to the Assistant Secretary before Saturday, February twenty-first.

Did Scott Talk Too Much?

There is an interesting story in business and club circles anent the recent visit of Mr. Lewis Nixon of the Shipbuilders' Trust. When Mr. Henry T. Scott went East, so the story goes, he did a lot of talking about his great financial coup in selling the stock of the Union Iron Works for twenty odd millions. From what he said somebody received the impression that the Scotts proposed depreciating the value of the stock and getting it all back at a greatly reduced figure. At any rate a story to that effect was put in circulation, and when it reached the ears of the trust magnates it was decided to send Nixon to the Coast to look into the matter. No doubt the Scotts convinced him that it was a false alarm. Nevertheless it was a lesson for Mr. Henry T. Scott in the wisdom of holding one's tongue with both hands.

Didn't Use "Property" Weapons

Landers Stevens, the melodramatic hero who leads a strenuous life at the Central, figured in the most realistic drama of his life the other night, and without the aid of a calcium or make-up. Mr. Stevens's intentions are always good on the stage, and therefore I should dislike to attribute any bad motives to him on the occasion of his wandering afar from the footlights, but candor compels me to assert that he got into bad company. When Mr. Stevens encounters ill luck on the stage, the babies in the galleries weep aloud, and the adults thirst for the villain's blood. But the other night the actor's friends were far away, and he had no sympathizers in the thrilling scene, which was located in an Eddy street lodging house whither he had gone in search of atmosphere. There were two villains in the play—both Japs—and they had deadly weapons with which they beat the histrion over the head. The curtain fell just as Mr. Stevens started in search of a policeman, with blood in his eye and also dripping from his luxuriant

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locks. The policeman was found and he arrested the Japs, but the actor was busy rehearsing another part, so he didn't appear to prosecute the villainous twain.

Criminal Journalism

The dailies published startling disclosures made at a Coroner's inquest the other day, of the quack methods of an unscrupulous physician who represents that he is able to cure cancer. It was shown that the scoundrel was responsible for the death of a woman, and the evidence warranted the suspicion that he had many victims. Some months ago I called attention to the advertisement of the disreputable quack, which appeared in one of the dailies. He set forth in his advertisement that "any lump in a woman's breast was a cancer." The publication of advertisements of that character is a disgrace to journalism. The newspaper proprietors that prostitute their journals for hire in the interest of the fiends that are engaged in endangering the lives of people are morally guilty of the crimes perpetrated, for they aid and abet the dastardly practices. To sell editorial space is bad enough, but it is not a more vicious practice than that of exploiting in the advertising columns the misrepresentations of scoundrels of the type of the fake physician who was responsible for the death of an unfortunate woman in a Third street lodging house.

The Eye on the Dome

Large-hearted and devoted philanthropist as Mrs. Leland Stanford is, her closest friends cannot deny that she is a bit old-fashioned when it comes down to a matter of art and decoration. True, the new chapel at Stanford is almost an inspiration of beauty—probably the finest church of its size in the world. Yet it took a world of tact on the part of builders, contractors, decorators and architects to keep some of the dear old lady's peculiar ideas in form and color from marring the marvelous structure, and even as it is, one of her hobbies is being ridden on the summit of the chapel dome. It seems that while she was traveling abroad she visited a Greek church and saw, looking down on the congregation from the center of the dome, a great, blue, stained-glass eye. The thing compelled her attention and she asked her priestly guide what it was intended to sympolize. He explained that it was "the all-seeing eye" and it represented the omniscience of the Divinity looking into the minds and hearts of men. The idea was a fine one, and it so impressed her that she went to an Eastern glass house and ordered an eye like the one she had seen. The order was filled, and as a result the artificial orb was set in the chapel dome at Stanford.

Merely a Suggestion

But the students, sad to relate, failed to regard the eye in the spirit of reverence which it was intended to inspire. Some of the incorrigibles suggested oculists' advertisements, single-barreled eye-glasses and patent eye-water until the joke became a standing one. The best one, however, occurred at the chapel dedication a few weeks ago. On that occasion a university wag in talking to Mrs. Stanford suggested as follows: "Why don't you have a sponge or a rubber bulb attached to that eye with an electric wire so fixed that a few drops could be squeezed from it at the will of the operator. Then, when it comes to an affecting passage in the sermon the eye could shed real tears. It would be very touching." It is not recorded whether or not the generous patroness of the university saw the joke.

The Husband of Rosa Gore

Frank Locan, who passed away in Fresno last week, was once a prominent figure in San Francisco. It was he who became the second husband of that belle and beauty of early days, Rosa Gore. Those who become mentally snarled when they try to figure out the relationship of the Locans, Bonners and Redingtons, find the unraveling easy when they remember that Charles Bonner, the mining man, was Rosa Gore's first husband, and that her sister was the first wife of John Redington. Frank Locan for many years kept the leading fancy goods store in San Francisco, in Clay street between Montgomery and Kearny. It was on the direct line of the then fashionable promenade from Sutter street along Montgomery, up Clay through the Plaza to Washington and return. When the Lick House was built Locan moved to one of its large stores and there one could always be sure of meeting the very cream of society folk. He was a dapper little fellow, suave in manner and speech, and a great favorite with the ladies. But even so it was somewhat of a surprise to the exclusives when he became the husband of Charles Bonner's widow.

The faculty of the University of California had a housewarming at their new club last week, and nearly a hundred people were present. Mrs. Hearst and Benjamin Ide Wheeler have taken out life memberships, at the cost of one hundred and fifty dollars each, and their action is looked upon as a "godsend" by the struggling club.

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The Two Bohemians

Apparently there are two Bohemias, one having the atmosphere of wealth and culture, the other an atmosphere compounded of everything offensive to the normal olfactory nerves. Maynard Dixon, the artist, is now of the luxurious Bohemia. Once upon a time he reveled in the atmosphere of the other. The other day the impulse came upon him to visit old haunts, that he might perhaps gauge more fully and exult more thoroughly at the extent of his rise. The old Spanish janitor of the building in which Mr. Dixon's old studio is located gave this account of the visit to a crowd of art students:

"That Dixon, he was here today. I think he must have quit painting and gone to work in a bank. He have all new clothes and he carry a cane with gold top, and he give me a quarter. He go on the roof and he smell the hamburger steak cooking next door and he come down and say, 'God, Manuel, but that smell make me sick.' Once, long time ago, he go on the roof and when he come down he say, 'God, Manuel, but that smells good.' But now Dixon, he must work in a bank and he carry a cane with a gold top."

Though Mr. Dixon's desert pictures have "made good" all over the country no one can convince Manuel that he earned any money through his art.

A Notable Engagement

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Margaret Fenn Robinson, of Berkeley, and Mr. Oscar Maurer of San Francisco. Mrs. Robinson lives with her mother, Mrs. Volney D. Moody in Weltevreden, one of the most artistic homes of the college town. She is an active member of several of the clubs, and her interest in the fine arts is not feigned and fashionable, but sincere and innate. Oscar Maurer is one of the most successful of those who have attempted the difficult task of raising photography to the dignity of a fine art. His work has style, that indefinable impress of personality which causes us to idealize the doer and keeps us unconscious of the camera. The many friends of the betrothed couple are rejoicing over the affair which is considered unusually felicitous. The wedding will take place some time in the present year.

The Mascagnis' Arrival

Though Mascagni was cordially welcomed to San Francisco, the demonstration was not so great as that which greeted him on his arrival in New York. The American pier on October fourth of last year held the most excited crowd that had assembled there since the departure of Sir Thomas Lipton after the big yacht races of nineteen hundred. The Italian ladies kissed Mascagni and Madame Mascagni impartially, and there was a great to-do over them. But how speedily the composer's welcome cooled, and how cruelly he was treated even by his own countrymen in the sad sequel! The "Hope of Italy," as they call the composer of the famous intermezzo abroad, was even carped at in print by a fellow Italian who does critical articles for one of the literary monthlies. Let us hope his treatment in California will chase from his memory those unpleasant incidents of his sojourn in the East. Mascagni is a fine-looking young fellow, and his wife, whom he calls "Lena," is a sprightly woman with a decided will of her own. She is quite pretty, with dark blue eyes shaded by black lashes, and red brown hair. When she smiles she looks the picture of good humor.

His Greatest Achievement

Mascagni has come here at a time that should be favorable for estimating fairly his achievements and the place he is destined to occupy in musical history. Born in 1863, at thirty-nine he ought to be in the prime of his powers, producing the best work of his career. Yet a dozen years have passed since he took the Sonzogno prize with "Cavalleria Rusticana," which remains his most significant work. Since then operas in plenty have come from his pen which have obtained at best a *succes d'estime*. He has never equaled his first flight, which marked a new departure in operatic realism. It was achieved in 1890, before Verdi had uttered his last word about operatic art. It preceded "I Pagliacci," the later works of Puccini and the short operas of Spinelli and the other young writers of Italy. It has undoubtedly had its influence on musical history in the last decade for operas have been written both in France and Germany that trace their ancestry to the Italian school led by Mascagni. He astonished the world once and he may do it again, but he has wasted many years in indifferent work, and his opportunity is passing.

His Eccentricities

Many stories come from Italy of Mascagni's eccentricities, and if half of them are true he is certainly original. His fad is a big collection of bewilderingly beautiful cravats. He also has a penchant for rings on his toes. It is related that he once visited the house where Verdi lived,

Make Life Worth Living

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entered the latter's room as soon as the famous composer had arisen, and crawled in between the warm sheets of the bed, saying that he wanted an inspiration. The quaintest story told about Mascagni is that once he went unattended by his wife on a South American tour, and while there became infatuated with a beautiful cocotte of the tropics. He insisted when he conducted a performance that she have the seat of honor at his side. The impresario and he quarreled because of a difference of opinion about the propriety of this exhibition and Mascagni indignantly ended his engagement and went home to Italy. As he is now chaperoned by his wife, who cares nothing at all about music, it is not likely that Mr. Greenbaum will have any trouble.

Anna Held, again you're with us,
And if I may be so bold,
I'll remark where Anna held us
Anna Held again may hold.
You may show your Frenchy accent,
Dainty hosiery and silk,
But, dear Anna, as you love us,
Prithee, do not bathe in milk.

There's a famine in our dairies,
And a Trust, with wolfish talon,
Hold's poor bossy's lachtyl fluid
Up at forty cents a gallon.
Bathe in attar, Anna darling,
Or in champagne's bubbling ilk,
But we beg you as you love us,
Do not take your baths in milk.

By the infant at the bottle,
Waiting for his nourishment,
By the mush that pants for liquid
With the milk already spent,
By our hearthstones and our milk jugs
That your lavish tastes would bilk,
Anna, spare our finer feelings
And refrain your baths in milk!

Two Distinguished Plungers

John W. Gates, a distinguished Captain of Industry who gambles in the stock market, and "Pittsburg Phil," a noted plunger who confines his operations to the race track, are at present objects of much interest to local "pikers." "Pittsburg Phil" graciously exhibits himself to the turf "pikers" at Ingleside while Mr. Gates flaunts himself to the money-market "pikers" at the Pacific-Union Club. The homage paid Mr. Gates in the luxurious home of the millionaires and their claqueurs is no greater than that which Mr. "Pittsburg Phil" receives in the betting ring on the shores of Lake Merced. Both men are of the same temperamont, and the same habits except perhaps that Mr. "Pittsburg Phil" is more refined than Mr. "Chicago" Gates. Of the latter it is related that he was barred out of a London hotel for spitting on the carpets while smoking fifty-cent cigars, a way he had of proclaiming his Chicago breeding. Mr. "Pittsburg Phil" has the entree to the best hotels in the country and I believe that he not only refrains from soiling carpets but that he even eschews cuspidors because he regards them as hallmarks of vulgarity. Yet—mark the anomaly—Mr. "Chicago" Gates is the guest of the Pacific-Union Club, and Mr. "Pittsburg Phil" is denied entrance to that institution. At least he is not invited to visit the club and spit on the rugs.

"Is he her husband?"
"No, he's the other fellow."

The Clarks Are Coming

Captain and Mrs. McKittrick are expecting an early visit from Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Clark of New York. The Easterners are a newly married couple. Mr. Clark is the stepson of Bishop Potter. The McKittricks will entertain for the Clarks and society will do its breakneck best to pay homage to the strangers. Lieutenant Robert Stirling Clark, a brother of Ambrose Clark, has lately been invested with a romantic interest because of his unrequited love for a poor but beautiful girl in the capital. The whole city is sympathizing with him and he has made a request to be transferred to Peking.

She Puzzled Her Dressmakers

Miss Dean came to the relief of her dressmakers the other day. All winter they have been trying to solve the problem of how to make thirty or forty white dresses for her without making her look always as though her wardrobe lacked variety. After several months of white, when each frock was worn but twice, she made her appearance last Wednesday evening, at the young ladies' dance, in a pink embroidered chiffon. She first broke away from the style prescribed by her mother by wearing scarlet poppies on a white frock, then golden sunflowers, and now she feels like a belle instead of a bud.

Japan in Cherry Blossom Time

The Collver party, personal escortage, small and select, will leave San Francisco in March, returning in June. Horolulu, Manila, China: an ideal trip. Address the

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Why Keith Was Omitted

Bailey Millard deplores in the *Examiner* the failure of Mr. Coffin to mention Mr. Keith in his book, "American Masters of Painting." The reason of the omission is clear enough. Mr. Keith studied under Innes, and the effect of Innes is apparent in his style. To be classed with the American masters of painting Keith must first exhibit evidence of individuality that cannot be traced to Innes. Eastern people regard Innes as Keith's master and therefore Innes figures in Coffin's book while the Californian painter is omitted.

Stone Prefers Fife and Drum

Adjutant-General Stone is quoted as saying, "I am in favor hereafter of fife and drum playing in place of band music in the National Guard." The opinion has long been prevalent among national guardsmen that Stone was too antiquated for his job. What would the Guard be without the band? Those good old days when the General "fit in the war" behind a fife and drum have passed. The value of band music in modern soldiering is too well established to return to the fife and drum—inspiring as they are. The Government is now preparing to put the National Guard and Naval Reserves on the basis of regulars, yet General Fife and Drum Stone wants to go back to the Revolutionary period. Perhaps he will also recommend the old flintlock gun. With the frills and trimmings eliminated from a guardsman's life perhaps our back-number General will, in time, find himself alone in his dignity, a militia Napoleon at Elba, silent, troopless, and alone with his clerks and records on the bloodless fields of Sacramento.

Nerney and the Band

Life on the ocean wave in the old *Marion* is not smooth sailing to Captain Nerney. Probably no other man in the service could have made so much out of the Naval Reserves with the funds at his command. Nerney is an enthusiastic guardsman and he loves the military life, but not because of its parades. Had he lived among his Irish ancestors, in France, he would have been a Porthos, Athos, Aramis or D'Artagnan, fighting the battles of the King or Richelieu. He saw service in the Cincinnati riots of '85, faced the mob, smelled powder and hankered for more. For fifteen years he has held a command in California under less competent men, from the picturesque Colonel Spileman of the old Ninth Regiment, who told his Lieutenant to "march them forces behind the barn and form 'em agin," to General Last. He organized the Naval Reserves on this Coast, now commands the battalion, is a licensed pilot, ready to stand naval examination in seamanship, and yet the band disbands on him. Instead of Nerney's not paying out the measly few dollars the State allows him, it's a safe bet that he spends an extra hundred a month out of his own pocket. No one who knows Captain Tom Nerney will take any stock in the band complaints, and as for that other complaint, everybody knows they buried poor old General Seamans on tick. And Seamans was a good old soul who tried to be a gentleman and an Adjutant-General.

Gossip of the Service

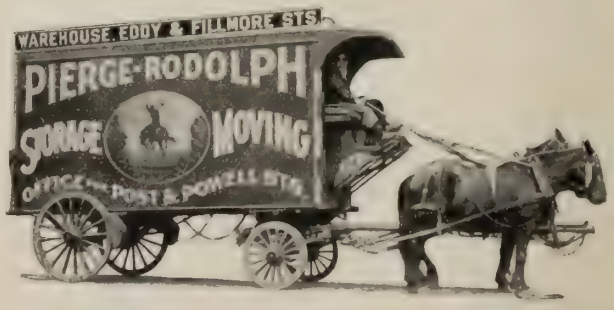
The Department of California is to have a lot of new officers in the near future. Among them are Major General Arthur MacArthur, who will succeed Major General Hughes in command of the Department in April next when General Hughes retires, Major William E. Berkhimer, who has been appointed to act as Judge Advocate at Headquarters, filling the vacancy caused by the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Jasper M. Morrison, and Major H. S. Kilbourne, who will soon be promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and who will be the new chief surgeon at Headquarters. When Major General MacArthur assumes command San Franciscans will have the pleasure of coming in contact with one of the most gracious and courtly men in the army. Known as the "Prince" by the enlisted men who served under his command while captain of a company about twenty years ago, he retains in his advanced rank all that suavity of manner and kindly consideration for others which won him the title.

Mrs. Andrews is visiting her sister, Miss Edith Henrici, in town for a few weeks. The former was Ilse Henrici and her marriage with Major Andrews, U. S. A., was one of last year's events. The Andrews' entertain charmingly at Leavenworth, which is their home.

Connoisseurs of perfect goods appreciate "Jesse Moore" Whiskey for its purity and delightful flavor. It is without a peer.

Fine Linen For Ladies

Grandmamma, one of the characters in the clever Mrs. Glyn's latest novel, "The Reflections of Ambrosine," remarks that "a lady, however poor, should wear fine linen, even if she has only one new dress a year." This falls in with the prevailing feeling among "nice" people. A lady is known not by her manners, in this *jeune siecle*, but by her lingerie. Like her great grandmamma, she sets great store by her collection of exquisite hand-sewed underwear. But nowadays, unlike in great-grandmamma's day, miladi does not have to sew her eyes out, or employ the constant services of a seamstress, to provide herself with an outfit of beautiful underwear. She knows where in San Francisco she can buy her outfit and be entirely satisfied. Hand-sewed underwear, which to be correct, she must now wear, is shown in delightful variety at I. Magnin & Co.'s, 918-920-922 Market, the pioneer and most popular manufacturers and importers of ladies' and children's lingerie in this part of the world. Not even in Europe does one find more exquisite work in linen and cambric than can be seen at this store. One cannot find here, it is true, any of that cheap "slop-shop" stuff, that suggests underpaid workwomen. Skilled needlewomen do the sewing on Magnin & Co.'s underwear stock, and they are well paid for it. This season's brides are provided with the loveliest trousseaux, and one can always be sure of getting the latest thing in bridal lingerie here.



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The Price of the Drawing

It is somewhat difficult to keep up the illusion that the heart is young and free when that organ, by birth and environment, is wizened and bound about by bands of gold and rare jewels. There are methods of recalling the illusion, however, as witness the revelers of the venal old French court who brought a Pastoral to Versailles and played at shepherd and shepherdess in the vain hope of coaxing back the dream which their luxurious vices had forfeited. In the same dream-hunt we have conjured a Bohemia out of a land that never existed and never will exist,—Bohemia, a land of artificial freshness designed to bring artificial youth to souls artificially past their prime. It happened in a studio:

She—Do I disturb you sitting here watching you paint?

He—Disturb me! It is seldom that I have anything so beautiful about.

She—You are a flatterer.

He—I am not a flatterer—I am an artist.

She—You are an artist—I wish I were an artist. Do you do nothing but stand here and paint, paint all day long?

He—Oh, no, not always. Sometimes I am lazy and sometimes I have to paint advertisements to pay for my rent and clothing. At other times I have no ideas—then I usually get drunk.

She—Do you enjoy it—getting drunk?

He—Yes. I enjoy most things.

She—Would you enjoy drawing my picture? I should think you would like it.

He—(laying down his brush and taking up a drawing board which is close at hand)—There. Stay just as you are and I will sketch you.

The Artist sat bending over his board and gazing up at her occasionally with clear grey eyes. It occurred to her at that moment that she had seldom felt the quality of the eyes of the conventional men who danced in her world. The Artist sketched quickly with decision in his strokes. Presently he was done and she arose to look at the sketch.

He—(retaining the sketch as she reaches for it)—Wait a moment. You cannot see it until—

She—Until what?

He—Until you thank me for what I have done.

She—I thank you.

He—(taking her hand)—Not with your voice—with your lips.

She—Give me the drawing and let me go.

He—Will you kiss me?

She—No. Someone might—

He—Who? You are not in your own world. Your friends and mine never meet. A moment later you will leave me and we will never see each other again. I love you—do you want the drawing?

She (faintly)—Yes.

* * * * * * * * * *

She (a moment later)—Now give me the drawing and let me go.

(She departs.)

* * * * * * * * * *

The next afternoon her Conventional Betrothed called, as was his ardent habit on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. He saw the sketch lying on a table and admired it, for it was a good enough likeness to be beautiful.

He—Ah, what a lovely portrait sketch of you, dear.

She—Yes. One of the artists in the Quarter did it for me.

He—The Quarter—what artist?

She—Oh, I do not know his name. There are so many of them there and they are all alike in the important details.

He—I hope you paid him for it—they all need the money, poor devils!

She (hesitating slightly)—Yes—I paid him for it.

* * * * * * * * * *

On the same afternoon in the Quarter a Friend dropped in to the studio of the Artist.

Friend—Who was she?—a new model?

Artist—Not professional. She paid me for her portrait. Let's go out and have a drink. —*The Impressionist*

ANYTHING WILL DO.

Some want 'em young, some like 'em rich,
Some look for Counts and Barons and sich.
For my part, I don't care so long as he's mine—
I've waited so long for a real valentine.—*The Old Maid.*

AN ELECTRICITY JOURNAL.

One of the most creditable publications that ever came from a local press is the *Journal of Electricity, Power and Gas.* It is issued by the Electricity Publishing Company and is devoted to the conversion, transmission and distribution of energy. The annual number was a superb magazine. It was dedicated to "those engineers and financiers whose matchless skill and discernment have liberated the manufacturing interests of the Pacific coast from the bondage of high-priced power." It contains a very interesting and handsomely illustrated article by Alexander McAdie on the laying of the Pacific cable.

THE DREAMER.

Dreaming of love, she neglects her work
From the dawn, till the setting sun;
Castles she builds, and looks for her Prince—
In the meantime the housework's not done.
—*The Knocker.*

RAINIER LEADS.

Beer is the popular beverage of the majority of our population, and the most popular beer is decidedly Rainier. Ever since Rainier was put on the market its vogue has constantly increased.

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Dutiful Husbands Make Happy Wives

Husbands' Uses are to Shield Their Wives' Sins.

(The Text is Our Own.)

Mr. Delancey Montford had long labored under the delusion that he was a puppet. Not that he was a puppet,—which is a term full of idiosyncrasies—while he was in the company of his wife, for, when a man is a husband, at home he is a man.

Domestically, Mr. Montford plumed himself upon his honors.

In his home castle, only one impulse reigned, and that he was satisfied to christen, "the spirit of Montford."

However, a discriminating man, of the sort of which Delancey is a type, does not allow local success to blind him to wider deficiencies. He felt that he amounted to nothing in the world of finance.

His partner was a member of the Stock Exchange, and Delancey's reputation through New York arose from the general knowledge that he was his partner's partner. The difference between them was simply relative: while Delancey Montford was laboriously endeavoring to distribute conveniently the piles of gold his father had entrusted into his safe-keeping, his partner was earning eight dollars a week as an underling clerk in his own firm, also laboriously. But at the present time Montford's investments were systematically making tremendous dividends, and the former clerk wrote his name along in the firm. The difference between them was old and simple. Montford the money, Frochard the brains.

Frochard had never felt that the time was meet for matrimony.

Montford imagined that were Harry married he would have been a puppet; simply on the speculative assumption, however, that Frochard's luck would be different with a woman from on 'Change.

Frochard had always considered the senior partner a dreamer.

Marriage had appealed to Montford as a great feat,—of which dreamers, however, sometimes make a guilty success.

Montford, through Frochard, had organized a Western Improvement Association, and he was now determined to cross the Mississippi and make a million, simply as a financial feat, duplicating his domestic one. He did not need the money; he needed the *eclat* of distinction as a tonic for his pride, after seeing Frochard make money for six years.

Elsie, when Delancey was gone, laughed out loud, and her merriment stole away the suppressed decorum of the castle walls. She was free. Not that she had not done precisely as she pleased, Montford present or absent, but she was free from the secrecy that must be observed by sin. The terrible strain was relieved, after having grown tense under the continuous deception demanded by discretion. Free, since infidelity could raise its wings.

She had wondered why she had so submitted to the slavery of domesticity; but when, in one direction one's conscience is troubled by one's morals, it is a relief to be a martyr, in another.

There is a great deal more happiness in one's cup when it floats over the dregs of pain.

However anamolous this may be compared with the decalogue, it is surprisingly real in its nervous effect.

Elsie knew herself by her nerves. She knew the law through its name. She understood happiness from experience. She believed in a man when his existence conduced to her contentment.

She sat down to the desk in her boudoir and wrote a formal note to Frochard, inviting him to dine.

She seemed to herself dreaming,—so spontaneously did she act. We interpret ourselves to ourselves not out of impulse, but from the outward semblance.

They dined together in the castle, chaperoned by Montford's ghost.

They talked mostly about the West, till ten o'clock, up to which hour conventionality is man, and after which hour man is bohemia. At ten o'clock they went out for a drive in a cab.

And after the drive—supper. And after supper—a kiss.

And after the kiss two dreamers, each dreaming of that kiss. And at the morn two wakers, waking with the dream of that kiss. And all through the day two lovers, each alone, living on the memory of that kiss. And at night, two demented beings beginning—where they left off.

Now for a month they lived in a whirl of happiness. To exist on an insane plane, for the good of yourselves, and not for the general census, seems like the only sensible life, and divinity itself. Their error was impeccable, it was so stupendous. Happiness blinded the sin itself.

And for a month they thus disorganized the usual universe.

They had the future planned: After a year she would get a divorce, Montford then being about due. But insane people are subject to these plans. They are symptonic attacks. The guilty talk about happiness, others of love, and everyone of divorce. Did we not imagine these ultimate relationships of the future, there would seem no reality in the present, with which we play.

So they talked as though they were married, had been married, and would be married; as though she had never been married; and as though they were engaged. They toyed with imagination; they were children; they had always loved; they were innocent; they were spending but this part of the future together. They lived for years in foreign countries, gave up society, forsook faithless friends, built palaces out of their love. And they spun time.

When all this brittle glass was shattered both seemed wiser; each considered himself a fool; and observed that the clouds of love's incense shut out for a moment the real world.

The day a fate that had long been running after him overtook Frochard. He saw a pure and beautiful girl whom he loved as he did the sun; for whom he was courageous enough to defy Elsie. And after he had swiftly told her about it he married the girl.

He had left Elsie fainting. When she recovered she could nowhere find Frochard. He was out of New York that afternoon, getting the girl away from her parents. Though he was rich, he had appeared peculiar, simply because he had had originality enough to effect an entrance into society on account of his affectations. Though father and mother were prejudiced by result, the girl divined the means; and she skilfully planned the elopement over to Greenwich.

When they returned they were forgiven at the Waldorf-Astoria, a social sanctuary.

Elsie had not forgiven Frochard. She wore the weeds of tears and of a great wrong.

She saw Frochard, in a secret audience that she had contrived with great cunning.

When he went out he was pale and grave, and he handed her with courteous ceremony into the coupe.

After that they were seen occasionally driving together, and even lunching together. Frochard's wife never considered it seriously enough to object. He was so utterly open about it, and it began at the very time she was unquestionably certain that he loved her most.

Ten years afterward Frochard, solitary in the world of finance, was the great character of Wall Street. His firm dictated national policies, and his wife was the queen of the elect ladies.

And his friend, the staid element in Harry Frochard's life, still was Elsie.

He met Montford, now that their business was apart, occasionally in the drawing rooms of their wives.

Elsie had one child, a son.

She was talking one evening with Harry's wife, her arm around the boy, Frochard standing near.

"He has his father's eyes," said Frochard's wife, looking at the boy.

For a moment Elsie grew white as the wall.

Harry pressed her hand, while his wife leaned to caress the boy, and she steadied,—she recovered from her faint.

Nothing happened after this.

If all had not found happiness, peace appeared.

Montford, who had the idea that he was not a puppet at home, grew rich at last through his own brains,—preened and plumed himself.

Paul G. Clark.

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With the Money Makers

New Banks

The first of the new banks to be organized and controlled by the Bank of California for the purpose of furnishing banking facilities to the outlying business districts of San Francisco has been incorporated. It has been named the Mission Bank and is to be erected at the northwest corner of Sixteenth and Julian avenues, between Mission and Valencia streets. The capital is placed at $200,000 in 2,000 shares of $100 par value each. The Bank of California is named as subscribing for 1,965 shares, and the following who will serve as directors, for five shares each: Frank B. Anderson, vice-president of the Bank of California, A. Borel and E. W. Hopkins, directors of the Bank of California, George L. Center and James Rolph. Plans for the erection of an attractive one story building in the old mission style of architecture are being prepared.

Another new bank will be opened at 1143 Market street, early in March, with a paid-up capital of $50,000, and a paid-up surplus of $50,000. The institution is to be called the Bank of San Francisco, and it will be operated under the charter originally granted to the old Bank of Kingsburg. The latter institution moved to San Francisco some years ago and operated under the title of the Market Street Bank for a short time and in 1895 closed. This charter has now been acquired by parties interested in the new bank, amongst whom are E. Aigeltinger, W. S. Upham, E. D. Dudley, H. Sipple, Daniel McPhee and William B. Nash.

Active Trading on 'Change

Generally speaking the past week has been the best week since the beginning of the year in the stock and bond market. There have been no specially large sales in single parcels but trading has moved along steadily and the numerous small transactions in the shares of nearly all the leading securities attest the popularity of this class of investments among the people. Another feature of the market which continues to be prominent is the numerical strength of the buying element. People with small amounts of money are seeking dividend paying stocks and bonds with greater avidity than for a long time past. The industrials are in particular favor and the activity of the market keeps nearly all of them at good prices and within narrow limits of fluctuation. It is also a noticeable fact that there is an utter absence of all spasmodic changes incident to operations of the boom order. In sugar shares there has been a fair measure of activity and the changes in prices have been few and unimportant. Hawaiian Commercial shares have changed hands in small parcels at prices ranging from $43.50 to $44. Makaweli is offered at $28, but buyers seem inclined to be rather backward and usually seek to purchase at not exceeding $27.50. Holders on the other hand are equally confident and as they are firm in their asking figures but a limited number of sales have been recorded. Paauhau has ruled very steady at $16.25 and it is stated that some transfers have been made between sessions at $16.50. Honohaa is in demand at $13.75 with no sellers. Onomea is offered at $25, but as buyers only offer $20, there have been no sales. Recent advices from the Islands are all reported to be favorable and as this city is now in cable communication with the plantations, local brokers and operators can keep in close touch with actual conditions there. Bank stocks have been receiving some little attention, shares of the Anglo-Californian Bank selling at $97. This is probably due to the fact that there are rumors current on the street that the institution has had an unusually prosperous year, with the probability that at the annual meeting the dividend rate will be increased. Bank of California shares are much sought after and the bidding price has reached $485, the highest figure on record. Even at this though there are no holders willing to part with their shares. Active steps are in preparation for the establishment of auxiliary banks and the first to be established will probably be the one at the corner of Sixteenth street and Julian avenue. For London, Paris and American shares $164.50 is bid, with no sellers at less than $167. California Safe Deposit shares are wanted at $137.50 but no holders are willing to accept that bid. Savings Bank shares have remained about steady with few transactions. Gas and Electric stock have been fairly well represented in the week's transactions, and generally speaking prices have ruled steady. Pacific Lighting Company is offered at $56 but buyers have been loath to pay more than $55 as an extreme. San Francisco Gas & Electric have been represented nearly every day in transactions and the ruling price has been from $42 to $42.50. Stockton Gas and Electric shares are in demand at $34.50 and Oakland Gas, Light and Heat is wanted at $75.50, there being no sellers, however, in either case. Spring Valley Water shares made quite a little improvement during the last few days, the bidding price touching $86, the highest figure for a number of weeks past. This price, however, did not bring out much stock and as holders are quite firm in their ideas it is more than probable that a further advance will have to be made in the bidding price in order to effect purchases. Contra Costa Water is firmly held at $67, but there have been instances where sellers have shaded their price in order to do business. Port Costa Water remains steady at $64 bid, with $66.50 asked. Giant Powder stock has eased off a trifle and $65 appears to be what buyers consider their best bidding price. Alaska Packers has been selling in small lots at $155.50 to $156, but holders generally are well satisfied and there is not much of the stock obtainable. The action of the company in cutting down the price on two brands of packed salmon appears to have had a longer continued influence in bearing the stock than was expected. As the lower prices, however, can have no effect upon the financial status of the corporation the depression in values of shares is really fictitious and doubtless will soon come to an end. —*The Financier.*

TONOPAH

The Tonopah Stock Exchange, which opened its doors for business on the 31st of December, will furnish all parties desiring to invest in Tonopah stock with absolutely reliable and accurate information without cost. All investors are invited to write to Kenneth Donnellan, Secretary, Tonopah, Nevada, or H. C. Cutting, President, room 412 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco.

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DIVIDENDS DRAW NEARER

As the Treasure Search on the Great Tarasca Mines of Mexico Continues

A Practical California Miner Invests and Then Makes a Trip to the Mines to Investigate Without the Knowledge of the Company

As the time draws nearer when the Tarasca mines of Mexico will once again be yielding up their fabulous wealth in dividends the stockholders become more interested.

One stockholder, who purchased a small block of stock, concluded to visit the property with a view of investigating for himself and friends, who were also shareholders in the company. This party was J. B. Compton of Williams, Colusa County, and he is a practical California miner of many years' experience.

That Mr. Compton was delighted with the prospect for early dividends on his investment, after he had thoroughly examined the mines, is amply proven by the following unsolicited report of his investigations written from Torres, Sonora, Mexico:

TORRES, Sonora, Mexico, January 29, 1903.

To Whom It May Concern: This is to certify that yesterday I visited the mines of the Tarasca Gold Mining Company of Mexico, situated about twelve miles west of Torres, and found the property in every respect up to my expectation, and fully as good, if not better, than represented by the statement made by the president of the company.

Having business in this part of Mexico, before leaving California I bought 200 shares of this stock as a flier, and upon my arrival here I went out to the mines to investigate. I found Superintendent Barnett ready and willing to give me all information concerning the property, and it affords me pleasure to assure those whom it may concern that I believe this property has a great future and ere long will be on a dividend paying basis. I have been in the mining business of California for over six years and think myself a fairly good judge of a mine.

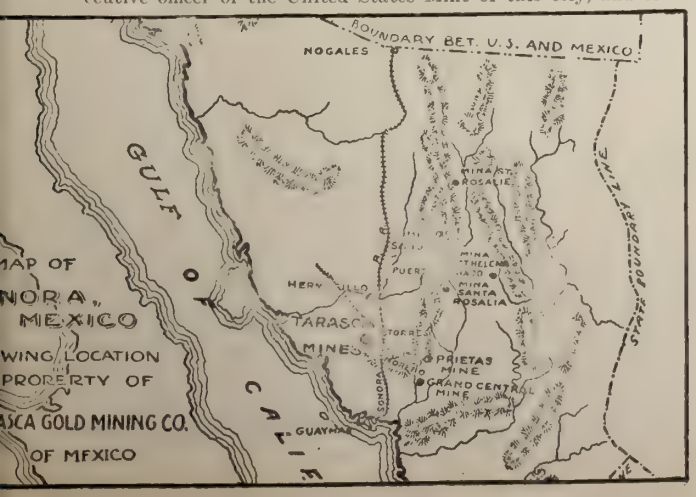
My home is in Williams, Colusa County, Cal. Yours truly,

J. B. Compton

There is, perhaps, no more famous mining property mentioned in ancient history than was the long lost Tarasca mine of Sonora, Mexico, which is now being opened up in a modern way by American capital. This mine is spoken of by Von Humboldt in his history of Sonora, as well as in Ward's history of Mexico, as having contributed very liberally to the support of the Spanish Government a couple of centuries ago, when the precious metals were being carried out of the mine in rawhide buckets in the crude manner of mining at that early period.

A Wealthy Section

This rich mineral section of Mexico has been the means of enriching many Californians, and the Terasca mines will add many more to the list of lucky investors in Mexican stock. What makes this Mexican strike more than usually interesting to Californians is the fact that a local company has secured control of this rich property, and Robert Barnett, formerly a trusted executive officer of the United States Mint of this city, and one of the best known and most conservative men in the State, has accepted a position as superintendent of the mine.



He is now in Mexico, and active operations toward opening up its rich ore bodies are moving along rapidly, as evidenced by his weekly reports covering the work, which are mailed to each stockholder. This is the same successful Barnett who for nearly two years superintended the development of the famous Santa Rosalie mine, which paid dozens of stockholders here in California and hundreds in the West, 10 cents a share per month for many months on stock in that company which only cost them 18 cents a share on the installment plan, and this stock advanced from 18 cents a share to $5 a share within twelve months after purchase. Mr. Barnett is also thoroughly familiar with the values and ore bodies in the great Tarasca mines, he having already superintended the only modern development of the property, and he makes an affidavit—supported by the best evidence—returns from the smelter—relative to the richness of its immense ore bodies.

The property is contiguous to the richest paying mines in Sonora, the richest state in Mexico, as shown by the accompanying map, and is now equipped with steam hoists and all necessary machinery for present needs, and work will be pushed rapidly until this valuable property will once again be yielding up its fabulous wealth in dividends.

Associated with Mr. Barnett in control of this property are some of the most reliable and conservative men in the State.

A Rich Strike

The above is a photograph of a specimen of ore just received from the mine, weighing 135 pounds, which carries values of nearly $800 to the ton. This piece of rock was taken from the 300-foot level before the cave occurred which stopped work and compelled the owners to place stock on the market to raise the necessary money to repair the damage.

Hugo Reichenbach, a well-known German mining man, is president of the company, and it was through his efforts that a small amount of the treasury stock was placed on the market within the reach of small investors on monthly payments, if desired, on the following terms:

No. Shares.	Price.	Monthly P'm'ts for 10 Months.
100	$ 30	$ 3 00
200	60	6 00
300	90	9 00
400	1 20	12 00
500	1 50	15 00

Each additional 100 shares $30, payable either in cash or on the same terms, $3 00 down and $3 00 per month for 9 months; but this price will continue to advance rapidly as dividends draw nearer.

The stock is absolutely non-assessable and non-forfeitable—if any subscriber is unable to meet the deferred payments it is arranged so that stock for every dollar he has paid will be issued to him.

Although nearly all the shares have been sold in small blocks already, more than three-fourths of the stock offered for sale has been disposed of.

If there are any readers of this paper who desire to stand in in a small way on this wonderfully rich mine they are advised to put in their application at once, as this is positively the last opportunity they will have to buy at 30 cents per share, as the price has already been raised once, and a second advance is expected March 1, as the time for dividends approaches.

Maps, pictures, affidavits and information regarding the property and work now being done will be furnished free upon application to Hugo Reichenbach, 620 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., who will aid those who wish to get in before the advance in price to secure a small amount of stock.

STAGE

A Spectacular Triumph

The effect of the Anna Held glance and its ravishing accessories, on some of us, reminds me that morals and geography are cognate themes. When Belle Baya came hither and revealed to us the salacity of the *danse du ventre* we successfully struggled to view her philosophically, and in the same spirit with which we contemplate a nude picture. We pronounced her an artist and flattered ourselves that we could applaud art for art's sake. When Belle Baya went to New York she was arrested for giving an indecent exhibition and we deplored the prudery of the great metropolis. Belle Baya had not studied her geography to advantage. We boast of our French restaurants, the unconventional establishments that emanate atmosphere and proclaim our freedom from restraint. That New York wouldn't tolerate them is proof conclusive to us that the bulging metropolis is a bit provincial despite the volume of its Clearance House business. But New York stands for the Anna Held glance without flinching. Nobody ever suggested in New York that the heldian glance was a tonic for the senile. Indeed the whole show as you see it at the Columbia has the genuine New York atmosphere. It is redolent of Broadway. It has all the elements that make for success in the Eastern city. It is a sample of the theatricals that the opulent hostess of Newport pays a high price for when she closes up a Broadway show for a night to entertain her guests in her own palatial home. The fact is that New York is as broad-minded in matters theatrical as we are when it comes to straining our morals to the point of tolerance where our French restaurants are concerned. The Anna Held show is an appeal to the grosser senses mainly for the reason that it is the incarnation of voluptuousness. It doesn't menace the morals like a Pinero play that calls your attention to the fact that vice has the approval of cultivated people. You are never for a moment insensible to the fact that you are looking at stage people whose business it is to amuse. The atmosphere may be intoxicating but there are no illusions to corrupt your philosophy. You see a dozen or so of beautifully moulded creatures whose curves are deliciously outlined, and who keep up a continuous fire of eloquent glances that are more piquant than polite. They say things with their eyes that are too risque for publication, or even for repetition outside of the Bohemian Club. However, if you have no objection to being flirted with collectively you can sit in a Columbia seat, and rhapsodize over those female forms divine, especially when they modestly turn their faces to exhibit the perfection of the fit on the other side. And as for the gowns—well, we have never seen anything like them on the local stage. Indeed, "The Little Duchess" is an opera that may be truly said to be more of a spectacular than a musical triumph. So lavish is the display of dress that one might suspect that Anna Held, having concluded that as she lacked the voice of a prima donna and the histrionic talent of a great actress, it would be a sublime stroke of strategy to dress herself into the hearts of theatregoers. And what a strenuous life it must be for her on the stage to squeeze into half a dozen of those gowns that are so tight-fitting as to give the impression that they were hand-painted on her person! But she works no harder in that respect than do the other feminine members of her company, for they all combine to give a bewildering object lesson in the modiste's art; also in the art of wearing a becoming gown becomingly. They are only chorus girls but they can give many a society woman points on poise and carriage. It is evident throughout the Held show that the management depends for success more on the sensuous sugestiveness of the shapely women, and the sumptuousness of the dress display, than anything else. And in the latter respect it appeals to women more than men. But of course there is a good deal of piquancy in the method of the display. It is pronounced in the scene in which the young women remove their hosiery, and again when they flit their trains to show you that they wear no petticoats, but that they sport passionate stockings. Throughout the show Anna Held is subsidiary to the spectacular features. She never intrudes. And, by the way, as if to make a concession to our morals, she eliminated, since leaving Broadway, the one song in which she stimulated the jaded passions of the New York johnnies. It was a song in which, while suiting her eyes to the theme, it being a ditty about "Those great big eyes," she accompanied herself with her hips, which are by no means the least inconspicuous feature of her personality. Her cleverest work is done in the last act when she is in boy's costume, and this is perhaps the most amusing act in the play. A pretty feature is the fencing girls' chorus, and an amusing one is the travesty on the French duel. There are several clever comedians in the comedy, and also an old favorite in the person of Louise Royce who was quite popular at the Tivoli not many years ago. She has a character part, and plays it effectively. On the whole Anna Held has supplied us with more material for discussion than anybody that has come this way to amuse for many a day. As an artist she is crude but she is under superb management.

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & Co. are most effective.

Gowns that Wern't Copyrighted

The prototype of that striking red gown worn in the second act of "The Little Duchess" was the conception of Lillian Russell's dressmaker. The airy, fairy one made her appearance in a *fac simile* of that gown in "Hoity Toity," and it created a sensation. All the papers described it and Lillian was happy until Anna Held's manager had it copied for one of his chorus girls. Lillian became indignant and cast it aside. Later on when Fay Templeton appeared in a picturesque garment in the burlesque of "Madame Butterfly" Manager Ziegfeld purloined the idea and dressed his entire chorus in a copy of the Templeton gown. It is worn in the second act and is a cherry-blossom gown of the kimona type.

The Old Familiar Spectacle

Extravaganzas may come and extravaganzas may go, but the "Devil's Auction," that dear old delight of childhood's unsophisticated hours, like the mighty river runs on forever. It ran into town from the damp and muddy road last Sunday and drove the chilblains away from a crowded house at the California. There were in that audience many venerable men who had, perhaps, eschewed the theatrical dissipation for years, but with memories of the "Devil's Auction" came visions of fleshly spectacles that enthused them in their knickerbocker days, and they could not resist the temptation to renew acquaintance with the viruble bespangled ballet. But times have changed. The "Devil's Auction" has been modernized. It has the antique trimmings, but it has been rejuvenated in some respects, probably to prevent mortification from setting in. It is still long on legs and somewhat short on voice. The most intelligent pair of legs in the whole show is possessed by a young woman whose name I could not find on the program. She is so tall and slender that when she comes in your first impression is that she's on stilts. Her height is accentuated by a diminutive pug with a ribbon on his neck and a cold in his head. Together they do a novel stunt. The extenuated female is a graceful contortionist, and the pug is an acrobat. He performs on the lady's body while she is engaged in demonstrating the elasticity of her bones. The blase indifference of the pug as he meanders over her person to and from all quarters is almost thrilling. The performance includes all the old familiar pantomime work and mechanical effects, and in the company are several clever specialty people. The production is highly reminiscent, and is replete with suggestiveness of the gorgeously spectacular without approximating sumptuousness. In other words, the tinsel is there, but it looks as though it has done long service.

Dramatic Debutantes

Whenever Mrs. Julia Melville Snyder gives a pupil entertainment one is moved to reminiscence about her many pupils who have attained name and fame in the profession, her daughter, Emelie Melville, Eleanor Calhoun, Katherine Clemmons (now Mrs. Howard Gould), Elizabeth Rowellan Hall, Fanny Bowman Hall and the others. All of those pupils made their debuts with eclat, at prominent theatres, supported by professionals. Nowadays, when the dramatic debutante is not such a novelty as she was twenty years ago, Mrs. Snyder brings hers out in a more modest way. But frequently one finds among them a young man or woman of real talent. The other night Mrs. Snyder gave an entertainment at which, among the pupils taking part, two are worthy of more than passing mention. Miss Helene Wallace, who essayed the role of Camille in the gambling scene from the familiar play, acted with much intelligence. She is a pretty girl with a good stage presence and her reading of the part showed that she had given it careful study. And Ruth Dahlgren as Mrs. Honeyton in the comedietta, "A Happy Pair," exhibited decided talent for comedy work. Raymond Dean recited two of Kipling's poems, "Gunga Din" and "Tommy Atkins," with good expression. A pleasure of the evening was the violin number of Mrs. Louise Douglas, who is a graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, London.

A Voice from the Auditorium

A laughable incident at the Alcazar on Tuesday night was in its way a tribute to the realism of Hastings's and Osbourne's acting. As Zeke Stevens voiced his quiet defiance to Injun Jack's knife, with the concluding "You sabe?" a man in the back part of the dress circle yelled, "Yes, I sabe." It was an involuntary outburst of interest in the plot. The audience tittered, rubbered, and the act went on. The big houses packing the Alcazar to see "Chispa" are a proof of the life there still is in Clay Greene's old play. Phoebe Davies was the first Chispa, the part being I believe written for her. Alice Treat Hunt's big black eyes are not unlike the soulful orbs of Phoebe Davies and she is well fitted to the role of the unaffected Western heroine. The cast throughout is good, and the scenic accessories most effective. In wholesome American plays, with mountain or rural background, the Alcazar people are at their best.

Patience at the Tivoli

"Patience" is more old-fashioned and trite today than any of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas because the esthetic craze which it satirizes is unknown to the present generation, but its music and its epigrams are as inspiring as ever. The Tivoli management has put it on attractively, and from an artistic standpoint the ensemble numbers are a notable feature of the production. The Tivoli chorus has seldom been heard to better advantage. The climax of the first act is most effective, and it stirs up enthusiasm that compels several curtain calls. Miss Marie Welsh is a valuable acquisition to the company, for she is a talented vocalist, and to her is due much of the credit for the success of the concerted numbers. Hartman's Bunthorne is marked by that same originality that distinguished his "Mikado." His work is suggestive of a travesty on Henry Irving in "The Bells." The singing of Arthur Cunningham and Caro Roma are pleasing features of a production that merits the approval of all Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts.

Vaudeville Still Alive

The Orpheum has waked up to such an extent during the past fortnight that the question "Is the vogue for vaudeville dying out?" is emphatically answered in the negative. The S. R. O. sign has been displayed more than once this week. It is hard to say which of the acts is the head-liner. John T. Sullivan's debut in vaudeville shows him still the admirable actor, and his sketch, "Captain Huntington" is charming. So is his leading support, dainty Margaret Atherton. Cole and Johnson do a clever coon stunt, and the applause they receive, and the encores demanded of them, stamp with the lie direct the oft-put-forth assertion that the public is tired to death of ragtime. The Martinettis are as wonderful as ever, and have some new turns in acrobatics. The Dumonds give good music.

A Benefit to Friedlander

It is a pleasure to note that Sam Friedlander, the successful manager, is to have a "testimonial performance," tendered to him by his grateful employers, Fischer and Rebmann. It has been suggested by some cynical people that gratitude is a lost virtue, but this is evidence to the contrary. Every one knows how Fischer's seemed, a year and less ago, to be "up against it." The lease was hardly worth taking as a gift. Then Friedlander was secured as manager, the Weber and Fields amusing burlesques were put on, and, presto! the "S. R. O." sign was dragged out of the dust heap and hung on the outer wall. Such a record merits recognition. And Friedlander, who has showered countless favors on countless friends, deserves that those friends now come to the front and help make his testimonial a success.

At the sixth subscription performance under Madame Fabbri-Mueller's direction, next Friday evening, the program will include "The Little Rebel," a French song and dance, a German farce with ballet, and "Drifted Apart," a playlet.

Agnes Ranken, who has done such good work with the Alcazar and Central stocks, goes on the road with Nance O'Neil next week. Eliza Oldfield, another San Francisco girl, also accompanies the company.

Mr. Harry James has returned from his trip to Australia and will again occupy the director's chair at Fischer's.

No headache, no gastritis, follows the use of "Jesse Moore" pure whisky. It does one good. There is none other to equal it.

Dr. McIvor-Tyndall will leave for Honolulu on the nineteenth by the steamer *Sierra*, to fill an engagement for a series of demonstrations and lectures there. He expects to be gone about a month and on his return is booked for a second engagement in Los Angeles, before going East and thence to Europe. Dr. McIvor-Tyndall has interested—as probably no one else could—large audiences in his theories and demonstrations. His closing lecture will be given tomorrow night at Steinway hall, and in addition to the lecture Dr. McIvor-Tyndall will make further experiments in telepathy and thought-transference. The subject of the lecture will be "Personal Magnetism: How to Compel Success."

The divorce question figures in "Lover's Lane," and in Sioux Falls, S. D., where the Clyde Fitch satire is due in March, the coming of the play is being looked forward to with interest. The residents of that centre who are awaiting the striking off of their matrimonial shackles are naturally interested in anything bearing on the divorce question. There are several "literary folks," by the way, in "Lover's Lane" companies. Angela Ogden is a poetess of passion, who out-Wheelers Ella Wilcox, and her poems get into type. Mary Karr, a Northwestern University graduate, contributes to several magazines. Her "Abandonment of the Twins" is now in press for spring publication.

The Drummers' Minstrels

Freeman and Lynn's Commercial Men's Mastodon Minstrels, composed entirely of drummers for the leading mercantile houses of the State, will make their first and only appearances in this city at the Alhambra, next Friday and Saturday evenings, with a matinee Saturday. This organization is just finishing its third successful yearly tour. Cassassa's band accompanies the show and the orchestra of sixteen pieces is under the direction of James H. Doolittle. There is a clever first part, with an interlocutor, bones and tambourines. Their *bon mots* have been praised from Willows to Carson City. The vocal corps includes William McDonald, late of the Bostonians. The olio has an exhibition of scientific bag-punching, a rapid-fire monologue, an amusing stunt by the Comedy Four, a comedy musical act, and some unique club juggling. The street parade, to take place Friday at

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Margaret Lovett, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executor of the last will of Margaret Lovett, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at the law offices of Joseph E. O'Donnell, 460-461-462 Parrott Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOMAS F. LOVETT, Executor of the last will of Margaret Lovett, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 14, 1903.

JOSEPH E. O'DONNELL, Attorney for Executor,
460-461-462 Parrott Building.

noon, will be well worth seeing. Prices will be popular and reserved seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's after next Tuesday morning.

Dolmetch is the name of a musician who has created something of a sensation among concert goers in the East. He plays upon obsolete musical instruments. Some one has called these affairs "hearing tests," so faint are the sounds emitted.

Cissie Loftus has again deserted the field of mimicry for "the legitimate." This time she is leading lady in "If I Were a King," written by her divorced husband, Justin Huntly McCarthy, ex-member of Parliament.

In the Hungarian National Opera House at Budapest, artists are not allowed to sing in the German language. Andreas Dippel is learning Wagnerian tenor roles in French, as he has been engaged to sing there.

Juliet Crosby (Mrs. Fred Belasco) has returned from her Southern trip. When in the South she was very extensively entertained.

(Continued on Page 27)

A CRACK PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPONENT.

Physical culture is receiving more attention these days than was ever vouchsafed it before. Its advantages are so well recognized by medical men that in many instances they prescribe it, but there are many physical culture exponents who inflict injury by their methods. One of the few competent exponents of physical culture in this city is Professor Julian Brandon of the Lurline Baths, who has the endorsement of all the leading physicians. His correspondence course is never undertaken except after the applicant is examined by a physician. Upon receiving a medical report Professor Brandon instructs the applicant as to the form of exercise which should be taken. He is a clever athlete himself, and has had many years' experience.

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Stuart in his happiest role of D'Artagnan

Miss Alexander's Recital

Miss Clara Alexander has been fortunate in her poster for her recital in Century hall next Tuesday afternoon. Haig Patigian did the poster, a stunning design in vivid scarlet, with a darky lady and gen'leman emerging from a doorway. Miss Alexander's specialty is darky characterizations, and as no one here has yet entered that field, she has as it were the monopoly of it. It is doubtful whether any one else could give the darky dialect with the same touch. This young Southern girl heard the real darky mammies and Uncle Toms talk, in her childhood, and in her readings she reproduces that dialect as she heard it. She catches the humor and pathos of the sketches she recites and wins an instant sympathy from her audience.

Features of Next Week's Bills

"Hoity Toity" will be quite different from its predecessors at Fischer's, but as it will give Kolb, Dill and Bernard a chance to shine more brightly than opportunity vouchsafed them in "Barbara Fidgety," it is sure to please. "Hoity Toity" is in three sections, the first with the scene laid in front of the casino at Monte Carlo. Felix O'Dowd, an Irish sailor, Rubin Hunter, a sharper, and Lady Grafter, a society leader, are prominent characters, with a trio of New York delicatessen purveyors who, having acquired a fortune through cornering the sauerkraut market, are in Europe exchanging money for experience. The act ends with the arrival at Monte Carlo of Harvard Yale, his troupe of college minstrels and female brass band. The second act shows the interior of the casino, and introduces General Steel, an American billionaire with his four daughters, also an American coon-shouter with her picaninnies. The last section has its scene laid on the campus of Stanford University, and introduces a travesty on "The Gay Lord Quex." There's any amount of pretty music in the piece, including a new coon song, and good parts for all the clever company.

The Grand will have Charles Erin Verner as its new star beginning Monday night. The eminent Irish actor will appear in "Robert Emmet," in which occurs the famous address of the patriot before the judges of the Tribunal before whom he was tried and condemned. It is a gem of oratory and a jewel of eloquence, and every schoolboy knows it as well as he does his Lincoln's farewell address and Mark Antony's speech over Cæsar's dead body. During Verner's engagement prices will revert to the popular standard, ten to seventy-five cents, with matinee seats in the orchestra at twenty-five cents.

"Lover's Lane," W. A. Brady's production, promises to draw big houses at the California. We have heard so much of the play, which had a genuinely enormous run in New York, that every one wants to see it. It will be at the California but one week.

Ralph Stuart will be D'Artagnan next week, young Salvini's favorite role, in "The Three Musketeers" at the Republic. It is long since the stage version of Dumas' most popular novel has been produced here. It is full of action, and has good parts for all the company.

On Wednesday evening the Little Sisters' Infant Shelter will take a benefit at the Tivoli. "Patience" will be the bill. The Gilbert Sullivan esthetic satire will continue next week; "Iolanthe" is in preparation, the skit on the wards in chancery.

One of Ernest Hastings's old successes was Hosea Howe, Sol Smith Russell's part in "Peaceful Valley." He will play the role next week at the Alcazar, Miss Hunt being Virgie Rand. "My Partner" is in preparation.

Anna Held and her Sadie girls will stay at the Columbia all next week, when will come "Arizona" with what is said to be a stronger cast than that of last season. Gillette is a near future.

Lola Yberri, known as the "Spanish Whirlwind," who, Phil Hastings says, combines in her dancing the grace of Ellsler, the fantastic lightness of Taglioni, the passionate, stealthy movements of Carmencita, and the pure, classical art of Amelia Glover, will make her first appearance in this city at the Orpheum in her floral terpsichorean fantasy, "A Dream of the Dance." She carries a special portable, sectional stage which is erected for each of her performances, and has a staff of five people, including three maids who are not superfluous considering the dancer's seven costumes and the variations of her representations, which include illustrations of the weird incantations and dances of savage tribes, an Oriental dance, a Spanish dance, a minuet and an allegorical twentieth century dance. Yberri comes direct from London. The Jimmie Barries, last here three year ago, have a new sketch. Franco Piper, banjoist and Miss Fyfe-Dench, an Australian contralto with a range of two and one-half octaves, will be new. Cole and Johnson, Sullivan, the Dumonds and Martinettis will remain.

A troupe of performing Arabs will be on the Chutes bill.

—*The Playgoer.*

This cold weather, grip is warded off by taking Chapin & Gore's whiskies.

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MUSIC

Charming Zelie de Lussan

"The joy of living"—it is that that Mlle. Zelie de Lussan typifies. It is in her beauty, her manner, her smile and her voice. She is queenly and sweet, gracious and radiant. A fair-sized audience greeted her Tuesday evening and listened with delight to her well-chosen program. Mlle. de Lussan is an artiste of the first rank and is as charming in concert as she was in opera. Her voice is fresh, strong and true, and she controls it with the art that comes of skill and experience. Her enunciation is delightfully distinct and she phrases her songs as only a singer of heart and brain can. Of course she sang the two songs for which she is famous, the "La Boheme" valse and Habanera from "Carmen." Other numbers were by Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Tosti, Nevin, Franz Abt, Schumann, Hawley and Allitsen. She sang the perennial "La Paloma," too, but in a way to make you love it though you execrated it before. Her accompanist was Angelo Fronani, a young man who plays with exquisite grace and finish. He gave three or four solos with charming effect. As usual there were many "jays" in attendance who seated themselves during the rendition of numbers, and who began putting on hats and wraps before the end of the last song.

Gabrilowitsch's Farewell

At the extra Sunday night recital given by Ossip Gabrilowitsch the audience was not so large as at the preceding recitals, but it was a musical and appreciative assemblage. The applause was of the discriminating kind, except in one instance where a too-enthusiastic auditor interrupted a composition to express his approval. The program included the Pastorale sonata by Beethoven, the Chopin compositions—the B major nocturne, valse in E minor and the ballade in A flat major, all familiar works and as such no doubt the more enjoyable to the many—and a request group consisting of the pianist's own Caprice-Burlesque, the Rubinstein Barcarolle in G minor, Henselt's "Si Oiseau J'etais" and the Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire" which was made almost a "popular" selection here by Carreno and Josef Hofmann. Repetitions of the Chopin valse, the Henselt and his own composition were given, also an encore after the Chopin group and again at the end of the program, Gabrilowitsch being most obliging in this respect. After the military march, however, anything else is in the nature of an anti-climax, and I do not think the audience should have insisted upon an encore to this. The Thursday concert and Saturday matinee drew large audiences, the programs being of variety and interest. Gabrilowitsch has made many friends here and as a Chopin interpreter it is not likely anyone will be able to usurp his place. At first you say, "Oh, he plays very much like Sauer," then as he goes on you add, "He has the poetry of Paderewski," but as he continues to play you find that he is Gabrilowitsch after all, and with the grace and poetry of his playing and the perfection of his technique is knitted the soul of the player himself. When he finishes his program you have become so thoroughly impregnated with the young Russian's motives and spirit that you are loth to leave him. You long for more. How beautiful are his caressing pianissimos, and his arpeggios like showers of diamonds. No matter how rapid or how subdued the passage, his rendering is absolutely pellucid. Some of the familiar numbers received new readings; the well known Ballade in A flat was given with a cumulative dramatic intensity, and the Schubert-Tausig Marche Militaire was not pounded to a pulp as usual. Technique is the last thing one thinks about in listening to the young Russian, although some of his numbers called for a high degree of digital dexterity.

Her Latest Work

Leila France—Mrs. W. P. McDermott of this city—has published her "El Salero" march and two-step, which was composed for the dancing club of that name in the Mission smart set. "El Salero" has a fine swing to it, and the *elan* that makes a two-step "go." It will likely become especially popular with the military bands. But this is by no means the first of Leila France's compositions to become popular. Her songs, "Baby Pink and White" and "The Sweetheart of all the Year," are still sung in the East, finding their place on programs at song recitals, and her "Palm City" schottische is also a favorite.

Last Sunday Miss Ella V. McCloskey and Otto Wedemeyer were the vocalists at the vesper service of the First Unitarian church in Alameda. Their numbers were "Abide With Me," contralto solo by Liddle, "Is Not His Word," baritone solo from "Elijah," and a duet, "I Sought the Lord," from "Naaman," by Costa.

A Treat at Heine Hall

All men, whether they know it or not, wish to be moved. We are every one of us ecstasy-hunters, on a quest of golden emotions. These emotions, as a wise man has said, the wise seek in love, in art, and in song. Of all the arts, it is music that makes us most exquisitely aware of ourselves, causing the limitations of the flesh that is for the moment charmed into self-forgetfulness, to fall back into infinity and leave the soul free and supreme. The many music-lovers whose hunt led them to Heine hall last Tuesday evening found what they were looking for—an ecstasy—in Henry Holmes's interpretation of the Beethoven Serenade. Those whose love of music has that touch of religion which marks the true child of light leaned and listened like rapt seraphs that adore the greatest joy-maker San Francisco owns. In the same mood they heard the Hungarian Dances of Brahms-Joachim played by Kathleen Parlow, violiniste, aged twelve years. By shutting one's eyes, it was easy for the weakest imagination to double the age and change the sex of the young artist. She has the mastery of a man. Like all youth for which fate has big things in store, she produced broad, rugged effects, letting the little things look out for themselves, and then surprised and delighted her hearers by undreamed of delicacies, little divinities like those lines in Shakespeare which seem written by a baby god. There was in her playing none of that finished littleness which is fatal—the death of hope. Once or twice she so far remembered her audience as to forget her music. It takes years to learn that so long as you front an audience it doesn't bite. Miss Parlow was accompanied by Mr. Fred Maurer, whose part of the program was perfection. When Mr. Maurer takes his place at the piano, the instrument, as if aware of the fact, immediately becomes instinct with life and expresses its pleasure in a hundred subtle, beyond-word ways. To say that the audience shares the pleasure with the piano does not half say it. For Fred Maurer the veiled face of the future wears a smile.

The Magic Flute as Oratorio

"The Magic Flute," Mozart's grand opera, will be performed as an oratorio for the benefit of Mr. J. de Witt, stage director of the Tivoli Grand Opera Company, by the advanced pupils of J. Greven's Operatic School. Other numbers on the program will be the "Rigoletto" quartet and the act of "Lucia" containing the celebrated sextet. The orchestra will consist of members of T. D. Herzog's Ensemble Club. The affair will not take place until March eleventh, but rehearsals are now diligently under way. It will be given in the Alhambra.

Their Forty-third Concert

Harry Barnhart and Arthur Weiss will assist in the program of the Music Teachers' Association next Monday evening. The program will include introductory remarks by Madame Ellen Coursen-Roeckel; piano solo by Miss Marsh Brown; songs—"Love Me or Love Me Not," Lecchi, "Garden Serenade," Levi, and "Gypsy John," Jordan—by Mr. Barnhart; song cycle, "Eliland," and MacDowell's "A Maid Sings Light," Miss Elena Roeckel; 'cello solos—"Polonaise de Concert," Berceuse and "Chanson villageoise," Popper—by Mr. Weiss; piano solo, Chopin's Polonaise op. 26, No. 1, Mrs. J. H. Jordan; violin solo, Bolero, Christofaro, Miss Gladys Couth; song, "Merrily I Roam," Schluffarth, by Miss Marie Bernard, pupil of Miss Ida Valerga; duet for two pianos, Mrs. P. O. Peterson, Miss Amy Peterson.

An Adelphian Program

The storm caused some changes in the program of Alameda's Adelphian Club's union meeting last Saturday. But the president, Mrs. Young, very cleverly rearranged the program so the missing numbers were not missed, and turned the affair into an at home which was very enjoyable. Miss Una Fairweather sang, and it was commented upon that she had improved in voice and singing since her last appearance there. Miss Fairweather keeps herself very closely at her music, and appears to have a bright future. Miss Grace Wastell, who has just returned from a two years' absence in Europe and Africa, read one of her letters, which was bright and interesting.

Miss Else Cellarius, a sister of Miss Aimee Cellarius, will give a piano recital next Saturday evening in Steinway hall. Miss Cellarius recently returned from two and a half years' study

abroad under the Leschetizky method and under Madame Varette Stepanoff in Berlin. In Paris she studied under Moskowski and also took up composition. She has composed a number of marches and other works. Miss Aimee Cellarius will assist her sister at the recital. The program in full will be: Etude (Op. 25 No. 3), Chopin, Melodie a la Mazurka, Leschetizky, La Fileuse, Raff, Valse Allemagne, Rubinstein; Etude (Op. 25 No. 3), Chopin, Etude (Op. 25 No. 2), Chopin, Etude (Op. 25 No. 12), Chopin; Gavotte and Variations, Rameau; Regatta Veneziana, Liszt, Liebestraum, Liszt, Miss Aimee Cellarius; for left hand alone, Pirkhert, Barcarolle (Op. 27 No. 1), Oriental Love Song, Else Cellarius, Second Novelette, Schumann.

Mrs. Lenore Snider-Johnson will give a song recital next Monday evening in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. A very interesting program has been arranged for the event, Nathan Landsberger, violinist, and Dr. H. J. Stewart will assist.

The Mascagni Concerts

A fine orchestra has been engaged to play under Mascagni's baton at the Alhambra next week. Mascagni, as the Eastern critics all granted, wields a baton possessing the magnetism that draws the right kind of music from his men. At the Tuesday concert the program will be the overture to "William Tell," by Rossini, Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" symphony and the suite to Hall Caine's "Eternal City" by Mascagni; the "Dance of the Dolls" and the "Hymn to the Sun" for orchestra and chorus, from the Japanese opera "Iris." Thursday's program will include Wagner's introduction to the "Meistersinger," and "Liebestodt" from "Tristan and Isolde," Goldmark's second symphony (for the first time in this city); overtures from Mascagni's "William Ratcliffe" and "L'Amico Fritz," and Tschaikowsky's overture to "1812." On Sunday afternoon a grand chorus of one hundred and fifty voices and a quartet of soloists consisting of Grace Northrup Davis, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, J. F. Veaco and G. Wanrell, will assist in rendering Rossini's "Stabat Mater." In addition, the following orchestral numbers, Beethoven's overture to "Leonore" No. 3, and Mascagni's "Hymn to the Sun" will be rendered. A big popular concert at Mechanics' Pavilion will be given on Sunday night, arrangements for which have not yet been completed. Seats for the concerts at the Alhambra are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

"The Kilties"

Beginning with a matinee Monday afternoon, February twenty-third, the "Kiltie" band, Gordon Highlanders of Canada, will give a week of concerts. Each of the fourteen programs will be different. The band, while it makes a specialty of "Auld Scotia," has an endless repertoire of music of all classes, from Wagner to rag-time. Program books will be issued, containing complete programs for every concert. In addition to the usual military band equipment, this organization includes a vocal choir of sixteen voices, ten instrumental soloists, a tenor soloist, six Scottish dancers, a boy dancer, pipers, buglers and other novel features. The band will parade every day in its full kilted Highland uniform, the music on march being the stirring war melodies of the Scottish chiefs, played on bagpipes, bugles and drums. The band master, F. Robinson, is probably the best musician touring with a musical band, having been prominently identified with symphonical and choral work in Toronto. The sale of seats begins Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and popular prices for reserved seats will prevail.

Mr. Zech is in Los Angeles where he has been giving symphony concerts with great success. He will return shortly to begin rehearsals for the concert to be given at Fischer's. There is a movement on foot to place the Zech symphony concerts on a solid basis and many prominent lovers of music have signified their willingness to guarantee Mr. Zech from any loss.

Mr. Louis Eaton's fourteenth free organ recital will be given at Trinity church next Thursday evening at eight o'clock. The program will consist of numbers by Bach, Guilmant, Handel and composers of the sixteenth and seventeenth century.

Oakland, the home of culture, turned out a most attenuated audience to hear Gabrilowitsch. There were less than seventy-five people in the house. —*The Music Critic*

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Mr. Zech will have the assistance of Miss Marie K. Mills in his departments
Full particulars as to terms etc., can be obtained at the School or will be sent by mail upon application to the Secretary.

LETTERS

Revelations of the Hand

"In behalf of palmistry," says Dr. Alex J. McIvor-Tyndall in the introduction to his book, "Revelations of the Hand," "I hold that any one who gives the subject intelligent study will readily become convinced of its accuracy and importance * * * I cannot impress too forcibly that palmistry is not in any sense mere 'fortune telling,' depending upon some intangible and mysterious power possessed by the palm reader. Palmistry is a science based upon a thorough knowledge of the shape and lines of the hand. Clairvoyance and mediumship are indisputable facts, but they have nothing to do with palmistry and should not be confounded with the science." Dr. Tyndall's book is the most comprehensive work on palmistry that has yet been published; it is the most easily understood because nothing is omitted that will give the reader understanding of the science. I have seen works that contained more words on the subject, but never one whose words are all so valuable. With this book properly studied any one can acquire all that is necessary to read characters by the hand. In his preface Tyndall recommends the study of palmistry particularly to physicians, teachers and parents, as an aid to diagnose disease, temperament, talents, capabilities and faults of children. He does not recommend its study as a profession, chiefly because though it should be regarded as the most honorable of callings, it has in this country been cheapened by the vast army of fakirs who, having but a surface knowledge of the science, call themselves "palmists" and practice on the credulity of the people. The volume contains one hundred and sixty-nine pages, with an appendix of illustrations and readings of hands of prominent subjects. It is divided into two parts, Cheirognomy, containing sixteen chapters devoted to the types of hands, with their characteristics, and Cheiromancy, which tells of the lines and their meanings, in eighteen chapters. Every chapter is interesting, and the facts are framed in such delightful language as to hold the attention of even the skeptic. The introduction and some of the thoughts therein expressed are worthy of remembering:

"With every forward swing of the pendulum of Time we succeed in coming a little closer to the ideal of perfection which we call God.

"We move in cycles. An age of intellectual development follows that of materialism; an era of faith follows one of unbelief in natural sequence. And so we live and learn and pass on—to graduate perhaps into the higher school of life in some other world.

"Intelligence and education are by no means synonymous. Education seems to be a parrot-like ability to learn and recite the thoughts and expressions of others, under the mistaken impression that they are our own.

"The man who has attained pre-eminence in some special study is the less fitted to pass judgment upon a subject of general interest, for the very natural reason that his mental faculties have been so concentrated upon his chosen subject as to make him incapable of receiving an unfamiliar one unbiased by the influence of his own special study."

In another part of the book occurs this:

"The only true education is that which teaches self-knowledge, enabling us to foster and cultivate our talents and crush out the tendencies which lead to evil."

And this:

"The object of earth life must be the growth of the soul; the development of the consciousness that we are each and all a part of the Great Whole. This knowledge can be gained only through experience. The perfection of character does not mean the walling ourselves about with so-called virtue and abhorrence of error. Of what benefit to the world is goodness if it does not help? And how can we help when we cannot sympathize or understand? And how can we understand if we have never felt? If we cannot realize the motives which prompt to sin, what right have we to pronounce against the sinner?"

Among the hands used as illustrations are those of Ysaye, Homer Davenport. Sol Smith Russell, Roland Reed and "Kid" Adams the stage robber.

We All Know Him

It is amusing to note the way in which Lynn Roby Meekins's novel, "Adam Rush," is bringing out the Pharisaism of Eastern reviewers. The important event in the story is the attempt of the agents of a proposed railroad scheme to corrupt legislation and buy up in advance a favorable vote to any proposition they may choose to make. Chicago papers readily located the "Ches-

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ter" of the story in Ohio, while Philadelphians charitably removed it to Maryland; New York pointed fingers at Virginia, and one or two others hastily disclaimed connection. As a matter of fact the conditions would apply anywhere, East or West, where corrupt legislation had taken hold and bribery, direct or indirect, become a means of livelihood. As to the exact locality, the author, when appealed to, replied that "Good Americans are about the same everywhere in the Eastern middle belt of the country. And if the people are all right in the story, it doesn't make so very much difference about the postoffice address."

A new novel from the pen of Francis Churchill Williams is announced, and if precedent is any gauge, we may look for something beyond the ordinary. Mr. Williams is not one of the lightning artists who produce books before readers are ready for them. Two years ago he brought out his "J. Devlin—Boss," and this is the first we have heard of him since. "J. Devlin" was a remarkably good story which made more than a passing impression. U. S. Grant is to be the central figure in "The Captain," and though we are rather sated with historic characters in our fiction, it is safe to say that in this case we shall get something better than the stereotyped puppet.

Jack London recently made some studies of life in the East End of London, where he posed as an American sailor "outward bound." It is fair to expect that he will give us the benefit of his experiences shortly, and he certainly will make as graphic a picture as did Arthur Morrison in his "Hole in the Wall."

Tolstoi's "Resurrection" has been staged in France, and is also booked for an English production. Attention has been directed to the large number of errors and discrepancies which appeared in the English version of the novel and it is suggested that either the Russian original be made the basis of the English drama, or that it be checked and corrected by the original. It might also be suggested that there is no particularly crying need for staging it at all.

Sharp Tongues and Facile Pens

Pearl Mary Theresa Craigie, otherwise "John Oliver Hobbes," will shortly publish another book, "The Vineyard." Though Mrs. Craigie is usually regarded as an Englishwoman, she was born in Boston. She has a sharp tongue of her own and is not averse to exercising it on the literary sisterhood. Every one knows the old story of how Mrs. Van Rensslaer Cruger answered that she would prefer to be kissed to death, when some freak-collector put the query, and perhaps Mrs. Craigie's remark, when Mrs. Cruger was pointed out to her at the opera, is equally well known: "She will never find an executioner." There was a sequel to the story, however, which was not so widely published. A reception was given for Mrs. Craigie, and Mrs. Cruger wrote to decline, adding that she would express no regret that she already had an engagement, as it so frequently proved disillusioning to meet authors after having read their works. On being shown the note, Mrs. Craigie remarked that "having read the works of Mrs. Cruger, one could not possibly be disillusioned in meeting her." Mrs. Craigie's opinion of "The Quick or the Dead?" was that the reader was decidedly *de trop*. One can appreciate and agree with her criticism of that incident in the opening chapter, when Barbara, returning to her home after an absence of two years, takes up a half-smoked sigar which was lying just where her husband had left it, and kissed it passionately. Asked if she thought it true to life, Mrs. Craigie answered, "Well, hardly; the woman who would do that would have eaten it." Most people have wondered what kind of housekeeping was carried on when even such superficial "cl'arin' up" as disposing of refuse and rubbish was neglected.

The London *Academy* asks, with more vinegar than seems necessary, "Why can we never take up an American book magazine without finding an illustrated article on the homes and haunts and pursuits of Richard Harding Davis?" One might hazard a guess that it is because the people who read American book magazines are interested in the homes, haunts and pursuits of Mr. Richard Harding Davis. When Americans take up the English book magazines they expect, as a matter of course, to find them filled with articles and references to British authors who are of no great importance to readers on this side of the big herring pond. Wouldn't it strike the *Academy* as just the least little bit absurd if American readers were to take exception to the endless discussions of matters purely English which fill the columns of the papers and magazines from London? Of course there is a lot of gossip and exploitation of authors which is as useless and tiresome as it is absurd, and unwarranted by the importance, or rather, lack of importance of the writer, but it is pretty safe to conjecture that when the book magazines are devoting much space to an author it is because, for the time being at least, he is of sufficient importance to warrant it. Instead of the whimpering complaint, it might be more to the purpose to look into the matter and see what Richard Harding Davis has been doing to attract public attention. —*The Bookworm*

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Alfred W. Strutt was a great painter, one of the masters, and "In a Fix" was his masterpiece. The subject is an unusually lively one. An old woman is driving a load of poultry to market. On her way thither she is obliged to ford a stream. Her donkey finds the water cool about his lazy legs and he refuses to continue his journey, although there is rare trouble in the wagon. A flock of geese in the creek call loudy to their fellows in the wagon and a response comes from an unusual flutter in a crate full of geese. The sight of the water rouses the geese to great activity and they succeed in breaking out a few slats and excite the old market woman to vigorous efforts to compel the recalcitrant donkey to "get a move on." The old lady plies her stick with all her strength, but the beating does not appear to have any material effect upon the donkey, whose enjoyment of the situation is permitted by his thick hide, and this is evidenced in his comical demeanor. It will be presented with the Sunday morning edition of February 15. Be sure you get it. And there are others to follow. Watch The Bulletin announcements.

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Crumbs from Crawford's "Cecilia"

Men born in the same surroundings and brought up in the same way generally hold to the same principles as guides in life, and show the same abhorrence for the sins that are accounted dishonourable, and the same indulgence for those not condemned by the code of honour, not even admitting discussion upon such points. But the same men may have very different opinions about spiritual matters.

Guido: Do you think that every man who commits suicide is a coward?

Lamberti: If it is to escape his own troubles, yes. A man who gives his life for his country, his mother, or his wife, is not a coward, though he may kill himself with his own hand. * * * Even the code of honour, degenerate as it is, and twist it how you will, cannot give you an excuse for killing yourself when you have always behaved honourably, or for running away from the enemy simply because you are tired of fighting and will not take the trouble to go on.

Guido: It do not know whether it is worse in a man to tell fibs to please a woman, than it is in a woman to disbelieve what an honest man tells her on his word.

Cecilia: There are only two possible ways of living, either by religion, if you have any, and that is the easier, or by rule. * * * Act so that the reason for your actions may be considered a universal law (Kant).

Nothing irritates a man more than his own inborn inconsistency, whereas he enjoys diabolical satisfaction in convicting any woman of the same fault.

The artlessness which is often a charm in a young girl looks terribly like foolishness if it lasts till a woman is forty.

The intuitions of a very masculine man about women are far keener and more trustworthy than women guess; and when such a man is not devoured by fatuous vanity he is rarely mistaken if he feels sure that a woman he meets will love him, provided that circumstances favour him ever so little. There is not necessarily the least particle of conceit in that certainty, which depends on the direct attraction between any two beings who are natural complements to each other.

The one matter about which a man is instinctively reticent with his most intimate friend is his love affair, if he has one. He would rather tell a woman all about it, though he does not know her nearly so well, than talk about it, even vaguely, with the one man in the world whom he trusts.

There are great actors who become so used to a favourite part that they go on acting it in real life, and have sometimes gone mad in the end, it is said, believing themselves really to be the heroes or tyrants they have represented. Only great second-rate actors "learn" their parts and attain to a sort of perfection in them by mechanical means. The really great first-rate artists make themselves a secondary existence by self-suggestion and really have two selves.

A habit is not broken by a single interruption. It is hard for a man whose nerves are accustomed to a stimulant or narcotic to go without it for one day, but that is as nothing compared with giving it up altogether. —*The Gleaner.*

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Fairy Tales of the Swim

The Unequal Match.

There once lived a scullery maid who had attained considerable culture by reason of her possession of a magnificent mind, a retentive memory and much leisure in which to improve the quality of her gray matter. The consequence was that she found no pleasure in the society of her fellow workers in the King's kitchen, and she snubbed all overtures made toward her friendship by the footmen, stable boys and even the butler.

The scullery maid was a stunning beauty, though being so occupied with her mental culture she did not know it. She never looked into the mirror except to see that her face was free from smudges. She had a fine shape but as she always wore brown calico frocks and blue gingham aprons with large bibs her figure was not shown to best advantage.

However, in spite of these disadvantages a Prince saw her and fell in love with her. As his father was a democratic King, he gave his consent to the marriage, which was pulled off in great shape and was attended by every royalty of any importance.

The Prince was passionately proud of his beautiful Princess, and he hung costly silks, satins and laces upon her exquisite form so that nobody would ever have imagined that she had ever worn gingham and calico. She walked with a proud carriage that was not surpassed by the Queen herself. All the neighboring royalties came to see her, and her calling list was soon so long that it filled two volumes of vellum. The new Princess was invited everywhere and spent her days visiting and receiving visits, feting and being feted. She had not a moment for that mental culture in which she delighted.

And she had to pretend ignorance of many things with which she was familiar, and this was not very pleasing to her for she had an honest disposition. She would have preferred to say right out loud that she knew all about building fires, peeling potatoes and washing dishes, but instead she had to feign disgust when anything plebeian was mentioned. The Prince, though he had made a love match, was very particular about the proprieties, and he did not approve of being too outspoken. In his *monde* it was not the mode.

Time went on and the Princess's beauty began to fade. Her social duties came hard on her and the lack of proper exercise ruined her once matchless complexion. The Prince noted the change in her, but consoled himself with the thought that it was not her beauty that had attracted him so much as her sincere disposition and her store of learning. He confided his thoughts to his mother, the Queen, but she—who had never approved of her son's match—told him to open his eyes, brace up and divorce his Princess without an instant's delay.

"Instead of being open and sincere, your wife is the most untruthful, insincere woman in our whole kingdom," she said, "and as for her learning, she never says a word outside of society gossip and she hasn't opened a book since you married her. That's what one gets for marrying beneath one's royal station."

The Prince wasted not an instant but took pains to corroborate his mother's words. He found that, alas! they were too true. Being a passionate Prince, he immediately taxed his wife with having deceived him, and won him under false pretenses. And, as she was not able to answer because he would not listen to her, he divorced her directly.

The Princess was in a sad position, for she had forgotten how to do her former work and besides there was no position as scullery maid open to her in the kingdom.

"Woe is me," she cried, and wrung her white, useless hands, "when I was a scullery maid I was happier than I knew. I had time to read books and study, I was respected if not liked, and I was as honest as George Washington. As a Princess I learned to pretend and deceive, for my Prince's pride's sake, and I no longer had leisure to improve my mind. Because I did what all the royalty do, my husband leaves me. Ah, woe is me!"

And, though one of her former companions, the Head Groom of the Stables, pressed her to marry him, she knew that a groom after a Prince would be too great an indignity. And so she went to bed and blew out the gas.

—*The Story Teller.*

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The Hearst Boom

The William Randolph Hearst boom for President of the United States was launched in Columbus, Ohio, last Thursday night on the occasion of the Democratic banquet in commemoration of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. There is no longer any doubt of Mr. Hearst's aspirations, and as *Town Talk* was the first paper to assert that he had designs on the Presidential office we are pleased at the verification of the statement. More than a year ago we called attention to a significant article, written for one of the magazines by a journalist on the Hearst payroll, and pointed out that it was clearly an argument on the availability of Hearst as a Presidential candidate. It was not, however, until after his election to Congress by an overwhelming majority that the work of booming him for the Chief Executiveship was begun in earnest. Since that election, which gave proof of his popularity in New York city, it has become evident from the tone of his papers, and especially from the prominence given to references to his eligibility, that preparations were being made to spring him as a candidate. Influences have been exerted to create a sentiment favorable to his candidacy, and finally it was decided to make the Hearst boom the keynote of the Ohio banquet, with William Jennings Bryan in the forefront as the star boomer of the occasion. Undoubtedly the star of the young Napoleon of journalism is in the ascendant. It is high in the political firmament and the eyes of all political leaders are upon it. If the Democratic National Convention were held tomorrow William Randolph Hearst, the energetic young Californian, the most strenuous of all the champions of the plain people, and the most successful of all newspaper publishers, would undoubtedly be nominated for President of the United States. The sentiment of the rank and file of the Democracy at present is for Hearst, and there is not another available standard-bearer in sight. Grover Cleveland, though beloved by the anti-Bryanites, is obviously impossible, being allied with that element which is gradually disintegrating and drifting toward the party of the plutocracy. There has been a feeble effort to boom Olney but he is merely the second choice of the followers of the sage of Princeton. Bryan has talked himself to death, Tom Johnson has announced that he is for Hearst, Hill's blundering in the late gubernatorial campaign in New York caused his retirement to obscurity, and the only man who appears to have any legitimate claim to the centre of the stage is the New York Congressman. But in these times of great commercial and industrial activity the man of the hour is superseded at the close of the day; the hero of the day is the execrated of the morrow. Mr. Hearst is about to emerge from the seclusion of the editorial sanctum to take his seat in the councils of the nation upon which the white light beats fiercely. Public sentiment is as inconstant as the affections of a Newport wife. However Mr. Hearst is a man of cool judgment, and he is undoubtedly sincere. He was the champion of the people long before he had political aspirations, and gratitude entitles him to their support. What a lively and exciting campaign we would have with Hearst and Roosevelt as opposing standard-bearers!

And Jordan Smiles

The announcement has been made that Mrs. Jane Stanford, surviving founder of the Leland Stanford Jr. University, is preparing to surrender all control of university affairs into the hands of a board of trustees. This is a consummation devoutly wished by all that have the interests of the university at heart. Mrs. Stanford is an estimable, public-spirited woman, and she is deserving of the highest commendation for her unselfish devotion to the institution which perpetuates the name of her beloved son and stands as a monument to the philanthropy of herself and husband, but there is no better way for her to hasten the development of the university and to accelerate its progress than by surrendering control. She has in a measure usurped the office of president, for Dr. Jordan has graciously acquiesced in her views in matters of vital importance, and her suggestions have been followed through courtesy when they were far from conducive to the welfare of the institution. Though Mrs. Stanford is a woman of good judgment in some matters she is not competent to preside over the destinies of a great university. Very few women are. If she had had an academical training to fit her for the responsible duties of the office she would no doubt have refrained from doing many things that have tended to make Stanford University ridiculous. In view of her lack of experience she is deserving of credit for not having done worse. There are some women we might mention who, possessing the same powers, could have inflicted irreparable damage even with a Dr. Jordan on hand to suavely and deftly interpose an occasional repressing hand. Mrs. Stanford's latest decision is proof of her excellent judgment. As soon as the trustees have been empowered to assume control Mrs. Stanford will go abroad. We have no doubt that when she returns she will find that the university advanced by leaps and bounds during her absence.

More Pension Schemes

Two new pension schemes were broached last week. It is not likely that either of them will go beyond talk, but they serve to show to what an extent the idea of pauperism has taken hold of the public mind. Senator Hanna's bill provides that former slaves shall be pensioned. Senator

Mason of Illinois introduced a similar bill two years ago, and the same proposition has been made from time to time by others. It is not expected that the bill will pass, but it will help to sway the negro vote at the next presidential election, a bit of political buncombe which will cost nothing and accomplish much. The other scheme was broached by the *Bulletin*, as a sort of moral to the story of the poor laborer who died at forty-five, leaving a widow and eight children unprovided for. The kind-hearted *Bulletin* thinks that a pension of a hundred dollars a year for each child of a widowed mother would be about the right thing, since the State pays approximately that sum for the support of orphans in public institutions. There is no question but that a widow left destitute and with a family of little children is in a sad plight. To keep her little flock together in poverty and want or to scatter them in public institutions is equally a hardship. So far as the care of the children is concerned, perhaps it would be better accomplished by paying to the mother the same sum that would be awarded some institution for the care of the children, but there is this to be considered in regard to both measures. It does not pay in the long run to pauperize a population. Institutionalized children are not a success in making their way in the world, and the tendency of the day, after long and direful experience, is in the direction of placing the dependent wards in families. People may accept payment for undertaking the care and training of strangers, but why should mothers expect compensation for doing that which they tacitly agreed to perform when they became wives? Suppose that in this pathetic case cited by the *Bulletin*, the mother was paid the eight hundred dollars a year, it would not be in the least surprising to find her figuring in a lawsuit with some officious relative who would be anxious to care for the children, or at least a part of them, for the sake of their pension. It would not be remarkable if she were to take unto herself another partner, whose weather eye would be firmly fixed on the advantages of an annual income of eight hundred dollars without working for it. The usual frauds would also be perpetrated. The death of pensioners would be concealed, or ages shaved down to keep within the limit, to say nothing of the army of applicants in no pressing need, but unwilling to let a good thing get past them. The soldiers' pension business has been so prolific of frauds, and has set such an example of the results of getting something for nothing that it would be well to pause before considering any further wholesale charity. Indeed, between the slave pension, the orphan pension, and the gentle hints of a pension to housewives who remain at home and care for their households instead of crowding into the labor market, we have before us what virtually amounts to universal pensions. The only drawback to the utopian scheme, and that apparently has not presented itself to the profound intellects of the proponents, is the question of providing the money. When all are drawing pensions for merely keeping alive, who is going to pay the taxes that will provide the means?

The Eternal Graft

One of the literary monthlies recently unearthed the author, or rather, a claimant for the authorship of the verses beginning:

> "Little drops of water,
> Little grains of sand,
> Make the mighty ocean,
> And the pleasant land."

Of course the next thing in order was a "fund" to be contributed by the unfortunate victims who had in their day been tortured into reciting the ditty, and likewise, of course, there began to appear, all over the English-speaking world, claimants. It does not matter particularly whether it were an English clergyman or an obscure American housewife who committed the original sin. The thing which concerns us is the collection mania, and the trivial excuses which can be found for levying tribute on the pockets of pupils. There is no evidence that any of the claimants in this case is in need, and even if all of them were on the waiting lists of almshouses, there is no reason why the perpetrators of a bit of doggerel should be set up in business on the strength of it. This particular hold-up has not been favorably received in the East, where several State superintendents of schools have refused to countenance the scheme, and it is possible that we shall hear of it only through the faint echoes of the Eastern press, but it is time, and high time, that this whole business of sandbagging children out of their candy money was put an end to. As a money-raising proposition there is nothing equal to that of enlisting the little people. They have not experience or judgment enough to discriminate, and they are easily influenced by pathetic tales of woe. The spirit of emulation takes hold of them, and in order that their class, school, or town may do more than the rest they will pour in every cent they can get their hands on, and make life a burden to parents, relatives and friends. People do not like to refuse a paltry dime or quarter and the result is that they are forced to contribute to causes of which they do not approve, and to charities which are no charity. There have been so many of these schemes started, at one time and another, that one begins to wonder how many of them have been carried to even an approximate end, and what has become of some of the sums that have been raised. Quite recently we saw accounts of the dilemma of the treasurers of the fund for the *American Boy*, the battleship or armored cruiser which some enthusiast suggested at the beginning of the war with Spain, to be built and presented to the government from ten-cent contributions from school children. A sum approximating two thousand dollars had been gathered when the idea was abandoned, and as the names of contributors were not available, the custodian, being an honest youth, found his position an embarrassing one. We have had endless collections in this State. Every man who came hither in the days of the gold excitement seems to imagine that, having failed to fill his pockets, he is entitled to public relief. Any one even remotely connected with educational matters has a lien on teachers' salaries and pupils' pocket money. There is really no more reason for erecting monuments and placing tablets, or providing annuities for unsuccessful authors and teachers who have proved themselves failures, than there is in glorifying the village cobbler or tailor.

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The Leisure Craze

"Certainly Man Needs All the Time He Can Save" is the magniloquent title which the *Examiner* made use of in setting forth the work of mercy accomplished by the Illinois Teachers' Association in adopting phonetic spelling. Incidentally we were told of the advantages which will ensue when the "useless gh's' ph's and ou's" have been done away with. "Saving time" is as much of a fad as popular education, but let us ask what use is to be made of the saved time. Some bright mind once defined economy as going without what you need now so you can buy what you don't need by and by, and to the majority of people that is precisely what it means. We have labor-saving contrivances, shorter hours of work, quicker means of transportation, and short cuts of all kinds, but we have no leisure. "I haven't time" is the universal excuse, but the hours, days and weeks are as long now as they were at any period of the earth's existence. The valuable time which the *Examiner* deplores as wasted in writing superfluous gh's, ph's and ou's would not amount to two hours in a month, even if one were constantly employed in writing. What will be done with the salvage? More golf, gossip or football? The modern child has entirely too much idle time on his hands now. Everything must be made easy and all the stones lifted from his path. The "royal road" has been made, but unfortunately, it does not lead to learning. The butterflies and flowers along the way beguile the traveler, and the day ends and finds him nowhere. When six weeks' schooling in the winter constituted all the formal education which the average boy was treated to in the course of a year, and even that much came to an end by the time he was twelve or fourteen, those six weeks meant hard work, and the discipline of it stayed with him. There was no talk then of "saving time" by discarding the superfluous ph's, gh's and ou's, and not to be able to spell correctly words that were never met with outside of the spelling book was a disgrace not only to the pupil but to his family and collateral relatives. It was not a case, in those times, of fitting an education to a child, but fitting the child to the education. Either he accomplished his work or he failed. Abraham Lincoln, James Garfield, and scores more of those who rose to first rank later in life, had not the opportunities which are enjoyed today by the pauper child of seven. But they had energy, ambition, and "stick-to-itiveness" which carried them through. After a hard day's work which was not limited to eight hours, nor at times, to twice eight hours, they got out their spelling books and their arithmetics, and worked not as a special favor to their parents and teachers, but because they wanted an education. We have now twice as many legal holidays, to say nothing of the shorter working hours, as there were at the beginning of the last century, and yet, every now and then, there goes up a petition for another day which the people may enjoy as a time of rest. Rest is the last thing they take and the last thing they want. Leisure is one thing, idleness another. There is a lot of nonsense preached and written about the necessity for cultivating minds, but the essential point is the possession of a mind to cultivate. In the vast majority of cases the days spent away from the counter and the work-bench are wasted. Any one who has seen the crowds trooping home from a Memorial Day picnic or a holiday celebration cannot but question whether, in addition to the loss of a day's wages, the day has not been worse than wasted. It is a theory, no doubt flattering to the average mind, that all that is needed to develop genius is plenty of time and schooling. There is an ancient and moss-covered tale of a newly rich father who sent his daughter to a high-priced boarding school with the idea of having her educated and polished off in short order. After doing her best for the damsel, the proprietress of the institution informed papa that it was impossible to teach his daughter anything because she lacked the capacity for learning, whereupon he whipped out a well-filled pocket book and professed to be ready to buy her the best capacity that money could purchase. It is really no worse than the idea that to pour liquid essence of education over and around wooden heads will eventually end in making them receptive, if only by the process of soaking it in. Making work easy will not accomplish anything. Making pupils work and work hard is their only salvation. Let the drones and idlers drop out of classes as they did in earlier days. The process of making things easy has almost reached the stage of the economical farmer who fed his horse on sawdust and shavings, and just as he had perfected his experiment, the ungrateful animal died of starvation.

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The Saunterer

The Crocker Scandal

So quietly was the suit of Henry J. Crocker against his cousin William H. Crocker dismissed, a short time ago, that I knew nothing about it until I learned this week that the plaintiff was rejoicing over his success in forcing his relative to disgorge. It was surprising to learn that William H. Crocker was content to have the complaint dismissed without a vindication, for the charges against him were of a very grave character. Mr. William H. Crocker is a prominent club man of this city, and his social position is such as to justify the presumption that he is an honorable man. Indeed the William H. Crockers are regarded as of the *creme de la creme*, and yet according to the complaint of Cousin Henry, which was dismissed without a trial, the defendant in the case defrauded him out of eighty odd thousand dollars in a manner as coarse and rude as that which characterizes the graft of the common confidence operator.

Indifference in Club Circles

Though there is no club in San Francisco which excludes men from membership on the ground that they are not gentlemen, nevertheless there are several that purport to be clubs for gentlemen only, and one should think that when members become involved in such an unsavory mess as that of the Crocker suit cognizance would be taken of their conduct. Perhaps if the line were drawn too strictly, and all the crooks, boors and bounders were banished from clubdom, all of our fashionable clubs would die of inanition. However, when a man joins a so-called gentleman's club he should have some protection from bunko men, card sharps and promoters. And at any rate there should be some pretense of morality. Now in the case of the Crockers it appears from the complaint that the defendant swindled his own cousin, and yet the scandal has been hushed up.

Poniatowski Involved

It may be argued that the complaint was false, but if so then Henry J. Crocker is a scoundrel for having sworn to scandalous charges against Will Crocker. And though Henry J. Crocker isn't quite so aristocratic as his cousin yet he belongs to a good set and has the entree to several fashionable clubs. Again, if the charges were false then the defendant should have demanded vindication in open court. The story of the complaint involves Prince Poniatowski as well as brother-in-law Will Crocker, and the Prince is one of our honorable and fashionable clubmen besides being a foreigner of distinguished lineage. Incidentally it should be mentioned that the scandal involves one of our big financial institutions, the Crocker-Woolworth bank, which was engaged some time ago in backing a race-track enterprise. This was an unusual business for a banking institution to be engaged in but this city has some unusual banks that exist under false pretenses, omitting as they do the triple ball emblem over the door.

Story of the Alleged Swindle

Now for the story of the complaint. It was alleged by Henry J. Crocker that in June, 1900, he was the owner of stock in the Pacific Coast Jockey Club and in the Western Turf Association valued at about eighty-nine thousand dollars. At that time he enjoyed close and intimate business relations with his cousin and had confidence in him. Indeed he placed "complete reliance in the honesty and integrity of the defendant and in his good faith and was accustomed to rely implicitly upon all statements and representations made to him by the defendant." With those few prefatory remarks Henry J. Crocker proceeded to set forth the details of a conspiracy between Will Crocker and Prince Poniatowski to defraud him (Henry Crocker) out of his stock. But in justice to them it should be said he made his assertions on "information and belief." In pursuance of that conspiracy, so the complaint recites, Will Crocker induced Henry J. Crocker to surrender to him all his race-track stock for the purpose of sale, representing that he intended to dispose of his own turf stock, and that as he was going abroad he purposed putting it in the hands of G. W. Kline and Wellington Gregg with instructions to sell. Moreover the plaintiff was induced to give Kline and Gregg his power-of-attorney to dispose of the stock, being unaware at the time of a previous agreement between the defendant and Prince Poniatowski whereby the latter was to purchase the stock. He supposed that Kline and Gregg, who are employes of the Crocker-Woolworth bank, of which Will Crocker is president, were instructed to sell only for an adequate consideration.

How the Stock Vanished

It was on August sixth, 1900, that Henry Crocker, in the role of the "good thing" surrendered his stock, and two days later he was notified by Kline that Prince Poniatowski had made an offer for the purchase of the stock. Poniatowski's proposition was made in a letter in which he said that Will Crocker had agreed to accept any offer which he would make. Henry Crocker told Kline that he wouldn't accept Poniatowski's offer because the price was too low, and he submitted a counter-proposition to be made to the Prince, but later on the plaintiff was notified by Kline and Gregg that they had accepted the Poniatowski offer. It was several months later that Henry Crocker learned

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that Poniatowski "was not a *bona fide* purchaser" and then he demanded back his stock. In this connection he alleged on information and belief that in all of the transactions Kline and Gregg were acting "solely as the servants and agents of the defendant; also that the agreement of Poniatowski with Will Crocker to purchase the latter's stock with that of his cousin was simulated "and made for the purpose of defrauding the plaintiff." He furthermore charged on information and belief that "it was agreed between the defendant and the said Poniatowski that the said Poniatowski should pretend to purchase the shares of stock aforesaid, but nevertheless at all times hold them for the benefit of the defendant, and that the defendant should be the real purchaser." Indeed he alleges that the stock was actually transferred to Will Crocker and that he received the benefit of the deal.

What Henry Got

Surely there could be no clearer story of a swindle told than that which Henry J. Crocker recited in his complaint. All that Henry Crocker received for his stock was seventy-five hundred and fifty dollars in cash and one hundred and eight second mortgage railroad bonds which had no market value, and which he believes were worth about fifty-four hundred dollars. He valued his stock at eighty-nine thousand four hundred and seventy-five dollars, and that was the amount sued for. What he received by way of compromise I do not know but the impression given his friends is that Will Crocker was so anxious to shut off the scandal that he settled in full.

Greenway's Sway Undisputed

Baron von Horst was very much perturbed by the suggestion in these columns that he contemplated dividing the honors with Mr. Ned Greenway in the role of social leader. The gentleman with the title called on me to explain his connection with the Bachelors' ball and incidentally to dissipate any misgivings I might have regarding his motives. He proved a very unassuming chap, and in manner was quite an improvement on the type of baron that has thrived in this part of the country. He began by assuring me that there was only one Greenway and that he (Von Horst) had no intention of trespassing on the social preserves of the distinguished leader of our somewhat heterogeneous elite. The Bachelors' ball, he said, was given merely to vindicate the young men of local society who have been charged with being cheerful receivers and reluctant givers. A young woman having remarked to him that reciprocity was not one of the virtues of the San Francisco male, he felt that she entertained views of a libelous character. He told her there was some mistake, and resolved to prove it. Hence the ball.

'Twas But a Cheap Success

So instead of being execrated Baron von Horst should be hailed as the champion of the local bachelor. He proved that San Francisco's young men are capable of "loosening up" at least once in a lifetime. It is true that he had to give a cheap ball, and that the committee had to do some lively skirmishing, but nevertheless it was a success. An effort was made to have the wine donated for advertising purposes, one business house having been approached on the subject, but after all it was a success. And now the energetic baron having pointed the way, his only hope is that the Bachelors' ball is a function that has come to stay. He thinks it has and he wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Greenway imparted his own prestige to the next one.

Mrs. Martin Didn't Vote

Since writing the foregoing paragraphs I have been more than ever impressed with the amiable nature of Baron von Horst. He called me up on the 'phone to tell me of one or two inaccuracies in my statements of last week. He was particularly anxious for me to retract the statement that Mrs. Eleanor Martin had voted for white seal wine. He assured me on his word of honor as a German nobleman that she took no part in the wine discussion. "The committee," he said, "decided that as Greenway had done so much to make the ball a frost his wine should be barred, and that was all there was to it." He told me there was no truth in the report that he was married to a rich American or that he confined his attentions to one girl at the ball. "But that's all good fun," said the amiable baron, "and I don't mind."

Is He a Baron?

But in addition to all that I have heard about the Bachelors' ball and the baron, comes the additional news that he isn't a baron. First it was discovered that he wasn't a bachelor and now it is said that he isn't even a baron. Indeed I am assured that in the first place, and among other shortcomings, he lacks the most essential element of the make-up of a German nobleman, for he isn't even a German, which circumstance accounts for the absence of accent, for he speaks English as it is spoken in the far West. The story as it comes to me is that the so-called baron is plain Horst, the brother of Clem Horst the well-known hop grower, and he is at present involved in a lawsuit with the latter. He annexed the "baron" on a trip abroad, but whether he discovered that the title belonged to his family or he merely ran across a title that had been left without a claimant, I do not know. However, I verified the fact of his relationship to Clem Horst, the plain, untitled American citizen, by asking the latter if he knew the baron.

"Yes, he's my brother," was the reply, "but I don't care to discuss his affairs."

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FOR ORIGINALITIES

Bavardian Gems

The Chaperon of the *Examiner* need not lay the flattering unction to her soul that she is the only gush writer in San Francisco who has succeeded in out-Jamesing Henry James with her cryptic English. Madame La Bavarde is equally as clever in defying interpretation. Here is a gem from her pen, culled from her account of the dance given by La Jeunesse, with her own copyrighted punctuation:

> To Mrs. William McClung the patrons one and all accord the credit of this laborious, but most artistic, task, and if it be so a most profound vote of thanks should be accorded her, and not only for her share of the work—in this line—but in each one, for her watchfulness is all pervading.

I should hate to impute to Madame La Bavarde a desire to afflict her readers with paresis, but not without sinister design could she expect them to attempt an analysis of that sentence. Madame La Bavarde has such a knack for involving sentences to the bewilderment of her readers that she dashes them off at the rate of three or four in a paragraph. Here is another:

> There was an unusual number of visitors in the gallery, which, by the way, was used as the bachelors did last Monday, as was also the platform, with a correspondingly effective result.

Somebody has said that we talk and write to make known our thoughts, but it is evident that Madame La Bavarde has no such purpose in view when she scribbles. She is skilled in the art of arranging words in masterly disorder to cloud her meaning.

A Bit of Plagiarism

Plagiarism is also one of the accomplishments of Madame La Bavarde. A few weeks ago her distinguished contemporary in the gush field of journalism, Dorothy Pepys, wrote that Mrs. McClung looked as young as her daughters. In Madame La Bavarde's account of the Jeunesse dance appeared the statement that Mrs. McClung, "Gowned in soft white last evening, really looked like the older sisters of Miss Alma and Miss Gladys, and as such would a stranger have judged her." As Mrs. McClung doesn't look a day under forty-five the statements of Madame La Bavarde and Dorothy Pepys were decidedly uncomplimentary. It is to be hoped that they were not inspired by malice. Miss Alma and Miss Gladys are charming young girls and it would be cruel to wilfully intimate that they looked as old and matronly as their mother.

A Chance for Connoisseurs

Many society people have visited the residence of the late Alfred Bouvier, in Lyon street, during the week, to inspect an interesting collection of bric-a-brac and to make purchases, for the various articles are being sold. Mrs. Cheseborough, Mrs. William F. Herrin, Mrs. Walsh and Miss McKinstry are acting as a committee in the interest of Mrs. Bouvier, to assist in disposing of the collection which includes some rare glassware, rugs, tapestries and ornaments. Mrs. Hearst visited the Bouvier residence and spent about a thousand dollars. A set of armor and a brass lamp caught her fancy. Harry Tevis bought some rare rugs. Mrs. Tom Bishop spent much time inspecting the glassware which no doubt appealed to her fancy because of the gold initial "B" ornamenting each article, but when last heard from she was still deliberating. Mrs. Bouvier has a valuable collection of autographs of distinguished people and also of the original drawings of Tom Nast's newspaper cartoons, all of which are to be sold. Some society people have thought of interesting Mr. James D. Phelan in the cartoons, the idea being that he might care to donate them to some public institution. Mr. Phelan is our richest bachelor, having an income of over one thousand dollars a day, and he could spend a hundred or so of it in a public spirited way without incurring the risk of landing in the poor-house.

A Candid Artist

Though Artist Keith was not mentioned among the American Masters of Painting, he was not seriously grieved by the oversight. Mr. Keith knows that he is great and isn't offended at those who are unaware of the fact. Indeed he is perfectly frank on the subject of his own genius. He disdains to be coy about it. Not long ago a clever woman visited him in his studio, and during a conversation he related that on his last trip to Europe he met an old friend whom he hadn't seen since his school days, and who had become famous.

"Did he know that you had become famous, too?" asked the clever woman.

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"But how did he know if he hadn't seen you since your school days?"

"Oh, I told him."

It Didn't Match

At the last Bohemian Club art exhibition, a sunset by Thaddeus Welch was purchased by a railroad man of Oakland, who gave two hundred and fifty dollars for it. He sent it home, and was confident his wife would be pleased at the addition to their art treasures. But when he went home to dinner his wife said:

"What did you buy that big picture for?"

"What? Oh, that is a fine picture—one of Welch's best."

He told her its price.

"But fancy," she said, "our having that in our drawing-room! We'll have to get everything new now, for it doesn't correspond with anything in the house."

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Two Lucky Artists

Two of the most valuable pictures at the last Bohemian Club exhibition found purchasers. One was by Peters and was one of the best things he has done. To get anything from the Peters brush these days means an expenditure of from one to three thousand dollars. Charles Josselyn was the purchaser. Giuseppe Cadenasso sold one of his paintings to Louis Sloss and received a handsome check for it.

"Mrs. Gotrocks always thinks up some clever scheme to make money at the church fair."

"I'm not surprised; her father ran a gambling house in early days."

Schmitz Follows Phelan

Mayor Schmitz made his appearance at a big labor meeting the other night, and he was given the artificial eye. He wasn't asked to make a speech or even to take a seat on the platform. In a crowded hall he sat alone, and after an hour of the solitude where none intrudes he quietly stole away without the music of a faint "good-night" in his ear. History is repeating itself. How like the fate of Jimmy Phelan is that for which Eugene Schmitz appears to be destined. When Schmitz was elected I pointed the moral of his predecessor's downfall, but instead of absorbing it he proceeded to do just as the misguided millionaire had done—organize a political machine of his own. Never desert your own push, is a maxim that the wise follow and that fools ignore. Even when it came to appointing a committee to arrange for a reception to Roosevelt, Mayor Schmitz couldn't refrain from extending the glad-hand in high places and ignoring his friends in the labor unions. It may interest him to know that the story of his downfall has traveled afar. The *Mirror,* a widely read and brilliantly edited weekly of St. Louis, said in a recent issue, "Judging by current reports, Schmitz must not have a single friend left in the great city of San Francisco, if exception be made to his numerous appointees to office." That exception need not be made.

Ruef Promoting Legislation

Last week the Mayor's factotum, Abe Ruef, went to Sacramento and persuaded two pliant legislators to introduce in both Houses a measure providing for the bestowal on the appointing power in all cities the right of removal of appointive officers without having the action questioned by the courts. The purpose of the proposed legislation is to enable Mayor Schmitz to get rid of his old friend Michael Casey, and also of Police Commissioner Hutton. The bill struck a snag in the Senate, where it has been held up.

Casey at the Bat

The unobservant citizen who jumps at the conclusion that Michael Casey, President of the Boards of Health and Public Works, intellectually considered, is anybody's Aunt Jane, falls into grievous error. In his dual role, Mr. Casey accompanied Health Officer O'Brien and Drs. Glennon, Gardner, Blue and Currie to the office of the Six Companies last week to see about certain sanitary work in Chinatown. The secretary, an oily Cantonese, who was doing the honors, produced a box of cigars—unmistakably non-union and intensely black. Glennon and Blue each helped himself, and after an instant's hesitation, Casey followed suit. Dr. Matthew Gardner's turn came next. "As I don't belong to any union, I can smoke this cigar with a clean conscience," said he, eyeing the Labor Exarch, and selecting the fattest and blackest in the box. "You're mistaken there, Doctor," came the retort, quick as a flash, "your union 's a mighty strong one, but its operations are always accompanied by bloodshed and frequently by sudden death. Aren't you a member in good standing of the Medical Trust?"

His Prescription

Later, the doctors were discussing the appointment of one of their number to serve in Chinatown and Casey was an attentive listener. "If I might prescribe in this emergency," said he, "I'd recommend to give the Chinamen *Currie* for a steady diet," and Dr. Currie was accordingly selected for the work. As Dr. Currie has had two years' experience in Chinatown a better selection could scarcely have been made.

The Grime of Chinatown

If the police are going to allow the highbinders to die off of the murder habit, the Police Commissioners, at least, do not propose to let the tongs commit suicide through slow asphyxiation. There is a cubic air ordinance in the Charter which provides that all sleeping rooms shall be of a certain size and shall be increased in proportion to the number of persons occupying them. This rule is intended, of course, to reach the tenement house districts, and especially Chinatown. But the Heathen Chinee sees otherwise. He has gotten into the habit of defying the city's ordinances and having the police after him. He wants dirt, moral and physical, and he won't be happy till he gets it. He sees fit to prefer fœtid air in his boudoir and it will take more than a few fines to discourage him in his desires. Ho Yow himself used to recognize the surpassing dirt of Chinatown, but it was ever his genial habit to make a quiet mock of the city's feeble attempts to clean things up. On one occasion a self-appointed sanitarian went around to the witty consul and inquired, "Don't you notice, Mr. Ho, that Chinatown is in a very filthy condition?" Ho Yow looked his visitor with an expression of surprised interest on his sallow features. "Don't you notice," he said at length, "that San Francisco is on a strip of land almost surrounded by water?" The sanitarian departed wondering whether the Oriental cross-question was intended to exemplify the obviousness of Chinatown's dirt or merely to suggest that the quarter might easily be given a wholesale bath.

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A Pagan's Philosophy

The other night, after a raid on a Dupont street lodging house and the arrest of some twenty-five coolies, the keeper of the place came into the city prison with the rest of the bunch. He was a fat little rag-time Chinaman who kept all the force on the titter. Concerning the right and wrong of the cubic air ordinance he delivered himself as follows: "Melican man he dam smalt. He thinkee Chinaman he cash thing, he catchee him allight. You hire pleeceman go up Chinatown—pleeceman he say, 'I no catchum Chinaman I no catchum pay'—you sabe? Allight. He go down to Chinatown early molning, he see Chinaman, he say, 'Wha fo you git up so ully? You highbinder—I sabe you!' Allight. He fetchum patrol. Chinaman he go catum chow, pleeceman he see him, he say, 'Wha fo you catee chow without license?' Allight. Chinaman he go jail. Bime by come night, Chinaman he go see flend, pleeceman he see him, he say, 'What fo you go play fan tan—I sabe you—you no good, you get sixty days!' Pletty soon Chinaman he get tired, go home, go bed. Pleeceman he sabe him, he follow him. He knock on door and Chinaman say, 'Whach you want?' 'You come jail,' say pleeceman. 'Wha fo?' say Chinaman. 'You sabe wha fo,' say pleeceman. 'You no pay license you no can go sleep.' White man he dam smalt, but I sabe him allight."

Stirring the Troubled Waters

It is a healthy condition of affairs that has brought to light the bribery and corruption lurking in the suspicious waters surrounding the Pilot Commission. No one doubted that criminating evidence was there but the trick was, and has been for years, to get it in such shape as to make it stick, and Pilot Commissioner Alexander, once assured that his own skin was safe if he confessed, did the trick. Now let us hope something will be done to clean out this foul nest and reframe the laws so that the port of San Francisco will never again be squeezed and handicapped as it has under such arrogant ring rule. Under the sway of this ring San Francisco has carried the highest port charges in the world—except one insignificant hole in the coast rarely visited by ships of even ordinary rating. On account of these extravagant charges our bay has been tabooed for years in the shipping world and vessels visited here only when they had to. Time and again efforts have been made to correct these abuses but without avail—the ring, backed by the fund it accumulated for offense and defense, was always able to overcome all such aggressive moves. Up to date no inquiry has been able to pass that sinking fund buoy.

Source of the Pilots' Power

Scraped down to the hull of cold fact, the three Pilot Commissioners have practically no control over the twenty pilots. Their one great, grand and glorious act seems to begin and end in appointing the applicant. How that is done the recent investigation showed. It is true that now and then when charges of gross negligence are preferred against a pilot the Commission gravely gathers and holds a powwow over his alleged remissness, but it never dares to show any displeasure beyond gently censuring the culprit. Pilot Jordan, who tried to bring in the ill-fated steamer *Rio Janeiro*, probably sniggered in his sleeve when he was ostentatiously summoned by the Pilot Commissioners to appear and show cause why his license should not be revoked. The reason for this flagrant condition of affairs is not far to seek: the pilots, united, and the men interested in their funds, are infinitely stronger than the three Commissioners. The source of this strength is the big fees the pilots receive under the present system and those fees are so manipulated as to do the most good for the pilot ring.

Life Buoy of the Ring

The twenty pilots are divided for sea service in such fashion that there are some five men on each cruise. On an average these detailed men are out about eight days. If they're lucky they may be back in port within a few days. Working under such shifts each man is on sea duty about once a month for several days, cruising in a pilot boat where he has better fare and quarters than most men who own private yachts. For this service he receives a munificent divvy ranging from six hundred to eight hundred dollars a month. This divvy is rolled up from the high port charges which the shippers of the world have protested against so long. It is behind such earnings as these that the pilot ring is fortified. One tiny stream from it is allowed to percolate in the direction of the three Pilot Commissioners, and it sustains their life—outside of what they seem to get from applicants, according to the confession of Commissioner Alexander.

Pay of Pilot Commission

Every month the pilots set aside five per cent of their earnings for the Pilot Commission. The Commission is supposed to use this sum to defray office rent, pay the secretary his one hundred dollars a month salary and other incidental expenses. Whatever is left of this five per cent is solemnly divided up among the three Commissioners. This amount usually yields each one of them from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and seventy-five

Distributors in every town on the coast

The next bottle of whisky you buy resolve to try the "Jesse Moore." You've heard it was the best; prove it by practical test.

dollars a month. Investigators who have checked along the line in this way have been able, after a fashion, to get a glimmer of the morganized good thing run by these twenty jolly tars and their inside friends. No man, not even the three Pilot Commissioners, ever got a glimpse of their private books. The Pilot Commissioners don't really know whether they receive one or five per cent each month from the pilots. Their secretary simply brings around a sack of coin, says it's five per cent, gets a receipt for it and the Commissioners are glad enough to meekly take it without asking any impertinent questions. Legislatures, courts and grand juries have made frequent efforts to see the books and get at the inside workings of this water front ring, but always without success. Now at last, through Commissioner Alexander's confession, there seems a chance to free San Francisco from this incubus.

That Rosenstirn Feast

When the "good old summer" time shall have passed in which our vanities run more to perfect organs and better health, when politeness protects a lady from hearing a discussion of her afflictions, or a suggestion of yours, when, in short, dinners are given to gratify the head and stomach, rather than to exploit eccentricities or novel fads, then come, all ye hosts and hostesses, for I shall be prepared to offer suggestions for novel dinners. That grewsome Rosenstirn dinner was one of the most shocking functions that was ever pulled off in this city. It is to be hoped that "Appendix dinners" are not going to carry the strongholds of society. If the fad is to run its course perhaps the next fool dinner will be for one-legged-people, or for ladies who have lost their tumors.

She is Clever and Eccentric

Miss Emily Rosenstirn, the now famous hostess of the appendix dinner, is known as the eccentric daughter of Dr. Rosenstirn. She has the satisfaction of knowing that she accomplished her purpose of achieving notoriety, which, judging from the columns of the dailies, is now the *motif* of all social functions. Miss Rosenstirn is said to be the most brilliant of our society girls. She is tall, dashing and always beautifully gowned. She is a graduate of the University of California, and is noted for her ability to discuss intelligently a variety of subjects. She is an accomplished linguist and has done some translations from the German. After her graduation she spent two years abroad with her mother. Her father regards her as the most wonderful of girls and chums with her. She calls him Julius and he smokes cigarettes to keep her company. The Rosenstirn boys are appendixless, and they are also twins. Both were in love with Doris Jeffreys simultaneously, but she didn't encourage them.

"I see at the appendicitis dinner among the guests were a number who had been operated upon by the hostess's father for that ailment."

"Yes. I wonder if this was intended as an advertisement for the doctor without offending the ethics of the profession?"

San Rafael's Newest Sensation

San Rafael is in a flutter of expectancy at the possibility of the sale of Baron von Schroeder's hotel to the J. Barton Keyes' syndicate, and even Dr. Arthur Crosby's crusade against automobiles and automobiling shrinks into insignificance in comparison with this late sensation. The spectacular Mr. Keyes has been very much in evidence upon the hotel veranda of late and he has secured from the Baron an extension of his option for sixty days. Keyes belongs to a well-known Baltimore family and has enjoyed a varied career, ringing every change from footlight favorite to boniface of a swell Washington hotel.

Preparing to Somersault

Baroness von Schroeder has been taken under the wing of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, and it is rumored that there will be considerable snubbing in society this summer by way of retaliation. When the frisky baron was fighting for vindication in a San Rafael court he was deserted by many of his erstwhile friends, who were too cowardly to stand by him. Now that the popular baroness is back and is likely to figure as the *motif* of some big affairs, those that cold-shouldered the baron are getting ready to do a little somersaulting. The baroness is visiting us temporarily. She prefers her husband's country as a place of residence while the baron appears to prefer hers, though it is said that when the Hotel Rafael property is sold he will go to Germany, with what remains of the Donahue millions, to reside permanently.

The Stork in Railroad Circles

The *ciconia alba* was given a cordial greeting at the home of the E. O. McCormicks at 2015 Broadway, on Friday of last week. The visit of the attenuated bird was the great event of the season, and was followed by great rejoicing and the felicitations of the numerous friends of the popular railroad man and his family. A little boy of the proverbial "bouncing" variety was the result of the visit. It is reported that when Mr. McCormick appeared on the scene his son extended a glad-hand in a graceful way that was at once recognized as an hereditary accomplishment.

Preliminary Announcement

THE OAKLAND HERALD

Oakland's (Alameda Co.) New Evening Daily will appear early in March

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Cupid May Unite Them

The Valentine dinner that Helen Dean gave to the Misses King has been taken by many as significant of the way the land lies between the two families. They have shown each other all sorts of attentions this season and according to the matchmakers they give fair promise of some day being united by a closer tie than friendship. Mr. King has been so devoted to Helen Dean all season that few of the other eligibles have had a fair inning with her. He has taken her in at almost every big dinner party and has usurped as many dances as the law allows. There is no fear of Miss Dean's leaving the ranks of the buds this season, however, for her parents would be sure to oppose anything like that so early in her social career. But Cupid needn't stay under cover for all that, nor did he at the Valentine dinner. Mr. King's sisters are college girls and have what is dubbed the "dizzy *r*" by one of the wags of society. Both girls roll that unfortunate consonant in a surprising fashion. At the coming-out dinner which Mrs. King gave her daughters, Genevieve made a little speech remarkable for the ver-r-y pronounced rolling of the *r's* but since then their friends have had their ears somewhat attuned to the "dizzy *r*," for they roll it in season and out.

Be good and you won't be happy. It would make life too dull.

Berkeley Journalism

Berkeley furnishes fresh ammunition each day for Elizabeth Knight Tompkins's locker. Miss Tompkins is resting in Southern California but no doubt she has read the articles in the college papers that attempt to take the sting out of her strictures. Most college editors are so busy giving advice as to how the great newspapers of the country should be run that they have no time to devote to the beam in the academical eye. And the University of California is no exception to the rule. The college papers are a disgrace to an institution that is supposed to be devoted to higher education. The editorials in regard to Miss Tompkins's articles were not only childish but written in a style that would reflect discredit on a boy in the Fourth Reader. They furnish a strong commentary on the justice of most of her criticisms.

The Elizabethan Drama at Stanford

The California institutions of higher learning are certainly doing their best to elevate the stage by the presentation of everything classic, from the Passion Play to the Elizabethan drama. The last presentation of Clay M. Greene's adaptation of the passion play at Santa Clara college was so successful that the faculty and students there are preparing an even more elaborate production there this year. Stanford's presentation of the Oedipus last year was the first Greek tragedy the West has ever seen, and the production was on a grander scale than has been common in Eastern colleges. This year the Stanford thespians have taken a jump into Elizabethan drama and are preparing a cast for Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle." This comedy will be staged with even more studied realism than the Oedipus, for the audience as well as the actors will be made to conform with the manners of Good Queen Bess. In accordance with mediæval traditions the female parts will be taken by young men and the actors will be accorded the privilege of criticising the show at proper dramatic intervals. It is not yet decided whether the audience will be compelled to appear in Elizabethan costumes, but if this is followed out the entertainment will be a grand pageant which the State will long remember.

One of the most complex problems of life is presented to a man when holding an umbrella over the head of his wife. To hold the umbrella in such a way that it shall keep off the rain without ruining his wife's hat is the problem that no man has yet solved. By the time he gets the umbrella high enough the rain is sure to be running down the inside of the sleeve of his coat.

A Bachelor Curate Preferred

The Rev. Clifton Macon has decided not to wait for a charge of his own. His marriage with Miss Janet Bruce will take place after Lent. The Rev. Dr. Clampett, it is said, stood in the way of the union because of his objection to having a married curate. This objection would suggest a similarity in the respective policies of church and stage, were it not for the probability that the reasoning which influences Dr. Clampett is not the same as that which prompts theatrical managers to discourage matrimony among mummers. Dr. Clampett believes, no doubt, that a bachelor curate has more time to devote to church work than a married one, whereas the theatrical manager is sensible of the fact that an unencumbered leading lady has greater drawing powers than a married one.

Grandma Gertrude

Mrs. Atherton is once more a grandmother, for the stork has again visited the home of the Albert Russells. Mrs. Russell is very devoted to her offspring, and her ambition is to be a good mother to a large family of children. She inherited no literary talent.

When Dr. Rader Lectured

Some of the ladies who listened to Dr. Rader's lecture before the Daughters of California Pioneers on Monday afternoon carried away the idea that the reverend gentleman was quizzing them. Dr. Rader gave the impression from his discourse that he thought clubwomen were not home-keepers, that intellectuality was out of place in a wife. Perhaps he did not mean to convey that impression, but some of the Daughters thought he did, and it gave them a topic of brisk discussion after the lecture was over and punch was being served. Another thing that Dr. Rader objected to in women was overmuch "personality." Some of the ladies said he did not mean personality but

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individuality, and they did not see how one could have too much of that. But as the discourse gave an impetus to thought among the Daughters it may be considered a success.

Mrs. S. G. Murphy has added another letter to her name. Her latest cards, circulated just before her departure for Europe, bore the name "Murphey."

Love at First Sight

Apropos the engagement of Miss Nichols, daughter of Bishop Nichols, and Lieutenant Lansdale, it is said to have been a case of love at first sight. The lieutenant first saw his fiancee in church on her first visit to Honolulu. Indicating her to a friend he remarked, "I am going to meet that girl as soon as possible and marry her if she will have me." She undoubtedly would, for the announcement of their engagement soon followed.

To Emulate His Ma

I hear that Vivian Burnett ("Little Lord Fauntleroy"), who visited San Francisco some months ago, is reported to be at work on a novel which he expects to bring out in the near future. It is refreshing to note that Fauntleroy is actually going to make a try at the trick which his distinguished mamma so successfully turned. Fauntleroy still suggests the nice little boy in the book, but he is, alas! somewhat bald and the mention of his nickname sets him into spasms of rage. He takes upon himself all the airs and graces of the literary man, and it is said that in Washington some years ago he fitted himself up a studio in the top floor of a high building and presided over it in great state. No one of his friends could ever find out what on earth he ever did with that studio except have afternoons at home, at which Burnett pere poured tea while Burnett fils received. Burnett, however, is quick to resent any hint of effeminacy which his mother's book may have attached to him. It is told of him that when he first came to this city he was met by a clubman who asked him, with some misgivings, if he would object to coming down to the bar and having a drink. Fauntleroy accepted, went down to the bar and ordered a glass of Scotch and soda which he drank saying, "Here goes another nail in little Vivian's liver."

Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older are located for the remainder of the winter at the corner of Clay and Leavenworth streets, in a cosy flat. They are going to take a trip abroad in April.

Too Much Stevenson

Sidney Colvin has "been persuaded" to write the biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, after all. It will be remembered that it was Colvin who was first selected for the work, but as he thought he could not spare the time, he handed it over to Robert Balfour. Now, one would like to ask who did the persuading, and what arguments were used. Considering that every one who ever saw Stevenson has written his impressions, and every one who ever spoke to him or heard him speak has recorded his conversation, and every member of his family has jointly or individually, and generally, turned every possible incident into a magazine article, and every one who has ever been within a thousand miles of Samoa has made Tincture of Stevenson out of his experience, what is there that is new, or what of the old needs more elucidation? We have seen the photographs of San Francisco streets used to illustrate magazine articles because Stevenson trod them and if there is a newspaper or magazine in the United States, with the shadow of a pretension to literature or art, which does not keep a cut of the Stevenson memorial fountain ready to be inserted at a moment's notice and on the ghost of an excuse, one would like to know its title and habitat. And withal, Stevenson was no great miracle. He was a conscientious and painstaking writer who can be read with both pleasure and profit, but he was not a god. And, moreover, after all the biographies and lives, and letters and appreciations, and monographs and recollections have been written, it is just as well to remember that we have Stevenson's own works ready at hand, if any one wants them, and we can all read them and form our own opinion. One result of all this adulation and adoration will be to put Stevenson's books among the classics, which is to say, amongst the books that every one praises and no one reads.

Miss Lillie O'Connor has gone to Monterey for a week or two, having recovered from a severe illness. She is the eldest of the O'Connor girls and the executor of the O'Connor estate. She is extremely popular with the fashionable matrons in their thirties. She is going abroad soon to be absent several months.

No Match Made

The rumor was circulated last week that there was likelihood of an engagement between Miss Gertrude Josselyn and Gerald Rathbone. I have been authorized to state that there is no prospect of the engagement. Young Rathbone, by the way, is not the son of Major Rathbone. He is a nephew of that gentleman. His father was the Lieutenant Rathbone who was the first person to enter the box occupied by President Lincoln immediately after the latter was wounded. Gerald Rathbone and Miss Josselyn have long been friends, and whatever may have been the intentions of the young man, the assurance comes from the Josselyn home that there is no likelihood of a match involving Miss Gertrude. Mr. Rathbone, by the way, is one of the most popular young men in commercial circles.

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

A Daily Question

How often a woman asks herself, What can I do to retain my youthful appearance without fear of criticism and injury to myself? For while all ladies wish to look beautiful, no woman can afford to use artificial means that would in any way detract from her refinement, as is the case by the use of powders and lotions which can not be put upon the face without being noticed.

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The Mascagni Concert

Tuesday was a great day for the musical cult of San Francisco. The Alhambra was thronged with people who flatter themselves that they are on familiar terms with the Italian school of music. Artists and society women were there, and every musician whose engagements permitted. Zech, who returned from Los Angeles in time to be present, had his score-book open during the Tschaikowsky symphony, and expressed his satisfaction at Mascagni's reading in sincere applause. Cadenasso approved of the "Traumerei" and the suite. Cantor Stark was pleased with the whole program. In one of the boxes was Zelie de Lussan, and her accompanist. The great singer gave every evidence of being delighted, and Mascagni appeared to be pleased at her presence. What a great treat we would have if the singer and Mascagni joined forces in this city! Perhaps the Tivoli could persuade her to do the "Zanetto" role when Mascagni takes up the Steindorff baton. A whisper went round at the close of the concert that there was a possibility of Mascagni being induced to lead a permanent symphony orchestra here. It is known that he is in no hurry to cross the ocean again. He was wofully seasick on the trip from Europe to New York.

Where Were the Italians?

The big orchestra is conspicuously free from Italian musicians, a circumstance that occasioned remark. Its concert master is Herr Stark, and the German element preponderates. It is true young Marino, once locally thought to be another Mascagni, plays first violin by Stark's side, but the absence of Giulio Minetti, one of our most cultured violinists, and the concert master of the Steindorff symphony concerts, was noted. It seemed an odd circumstance that Minetti, being an Italian, was not of the orchestra. He was in the audience, however, and being questioned on the subject said that he did not play under Mascagni because he was not asked to do so. The same reason doubtless applies to the other Italian musicians here who were not in the organization.

An Ex-Californienne's Experience

Miss Mabel Custer, a Californian girl who now lives in Philadelphia, where she is contralto in a church choir, was a member of Mascagni's unfortunate opera company. Miss Custer was interviewed the other day on her one operatic experience and she told some amusing incidents of the tour. French was the language used by the company to make the several foreign elements intelligible, but when anyone was angry he or she called the other "porco," meaning "pig," or "storko porco," a particularly unpleasant pig. The storm of "storko porcos," she said, on some occasions was terrific. "In spite of everything, however,"she said, "the force of genius in Mascagni rose so triumphant that there was not one of that impressionable, unpractical, tumultuous company that failed to bow before it. A manager might call him 'Porco' in full assembly, and he respond by 'Storko porco,' but when the opera was on, and he in command, all was forgotten. He swayed us by the turn of his hand, and waves of music responded to his bidding. Time after time instance was given of Mascagni's marvelous power to sway the soul." On one occasion in Providence only the principals and six members of the chorus were available for the performance, and there was no suitable scenery to be had. But Mascagni cried "We shall do it," and by the very force of his personality won the audience, who gave the company every encouragement.

The Chorus was Too Much Dressed

One of the incidents Miss Custer told of was at the first performance of "Cavalleria." The chorus girls were given general directions to "look as pretty as possible." They, being new to their work, proceeded to braid and curl, and all dressed their hair with flowers. At dress rehearsal no criticism was passed against their make-up, and one of the principals even remarked, "How pretty the chorus looks!" But on the opening night, just before their first cue, Madame Mascagni saw the girls standing in the wings. She exclaimed vehemently in French when she saw them, and literally flew at them, tearing the flowers from their locks.

"Peasant girls with flowers in their hair—nevaire!" she cried.

The chorus rebelled. They objected to Madame's tone of voice, and her rough handling of their hair. But Madame was insistent; there must be no solecisms in that performance. The chorus insisted, on their part, that they should have been told before. Then came the stage manager. The cue had been given, and no chorus.

"For goodness' sake, girls," he said, "take out the flowers, do anything, but don't make a fizzle of it now!"

For his sake they went on, two minutes late, with hair disheveled, and swallowing tears and sulks.

"He's old, my dear, but he is very rich."
"I know, mamma, but he's not old enough."
"What do you mean?"
"Why, mamma, he's likely to live a year or two."

How Society Meets Art

Mrs. Horace Hill has been receiving a lot of hot air from the dailies for pioneering the custom here of having a great artist to entertain her guests. Mrs. Hill invited her calling list to her home on Wednesday night and had Zelie de Lussan furnish the entertainment. The custom of hiring great singers to furnish a program at a private reception is not entirely new here, however. It has been done in the past by Mrs. de Young and one or two others. But as a rule where society has been invited to meet an artist at a function, the artist has simply been the guest of honor and not an assistant in the program provided by the hostess. Melba was met in this way at several houses and so were Patti and Paderewski. Kocian is expected to be made a social idol of during his visit. He made a big social success in New York, the Astors, Vanderbilts and

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Goulds welcoming him to their homes, and in London the Duchess of Marlborough is one of his patronesses. The violin that Pauline Astor gave him, a Guanarius of 1741 and valued at fifteen thousand dollars, he carries with him. The gift of this violin gave rise to the story that Miss Astor intended to marry the handsome young Bohemian. A Chicago heiress also gave him a valuable violin.

Her Concerts Overlooked

Apropos of Mrs. Hill's capture of Zelie de Lussan for social purposes, and the eagerness of society to hear the great vocalist at close range, it should not be amiss to ask why society did not attend her concerts. Zelie de Lussan is one of the most artistic songbirds of the stage. Her method is an object lesson in the vocal art. Yet she could not draw as many society people as attended the concert of Lily Lawlor, who has a good method and no voice, or who went to hear Rose Relda who has neither voice nor method. At Zelie de Lussan's two night concerts I looked in vain for some of our Twentieth Century Club enthusiasts who flatter themselves that they have musical culture. Perhaps they would have been there if they were assured that their names would be published. I noticed that Mrs. Hill took the precaution to send her list of invited guests in for publication. As I have more than once remarked, notoriety is ozone to the lungs of society.

Bobby is Her Mascot

The "Gibson girl's sister" evidently has a fondness for the name of "Robert," if the despatches are to be credited that announce Mrs. Nannie Langhorne Shaw's engagement with young Robert Goelet. The husband from whom she was lately divorced was Robert Gould Shaw, called "Bobby" for short. The engagement is of interest chiefly as it concerns a woman whose face is familiar to *Life* readers in the sketches of her brother-in-law, Charles Dana Gibson, and the fact that her reputed fiance has twenty millions of his own. Mrs. Shaw's late husband married right on top of his wife's successful suit for divorce, which is the quick way they manage such things in New York.

Memories of Naval Dances

The sail loft dance at Mare Island Navy Yard was a most enjoyable affair. Jolly parties at Mare Island, by the way, date back to the earliest days of its occupation. Probably the first at that hospitable place was when Miss Alice Turner, daughter of the civil engineer of the Yard, was married to Doctor John M. Brown, late Surgeon-General of the Navy but at that time attached to the receiving ship there. The Turners were Virginians and it was determined that the festivities should be held in good old-fashioned Southern style. Every house at the Yard, even Commandant Farragut's, had its contingent of guests. Those from the city went up on the U. S. S. *Active* by invitation of Captain and Mrs. Alden, who made their home on board that vessel and entertained in a princely manner. General J. P. Haven, familiarly known as "Josh" and the original funny man of San Francisco, was one of the guests. Bishop Kip performed the wedding ceremony. Another happy function at the Navy Yard was given by Captain Philip Fendall of the Marine Corps, to celebrate the opening of the new barracks. When Admiral Charles H. Baldwin was in command at the Yard numerous were the dinners and dances to which his friends in San Francisco were bidden.

When Mrs. Ernst Set the Mode

Lieutent-Colonel O. H. Ernst, who has just been appointed a member of the Mississippi River Commission, was stationed in San Francisco twenty odd years ago and was here for a year or more. He brought his bride with him, and they were a very popular couple, though he was rather reticent while she said just whatever came into her pretty head. On one occasion she rather astonished the partner with whom she was dancing by declaring she was the happiest being on earth. She had just discovered she was the only woman in the ballroom whose dress waist buttoned in front. At that period modish women here wore theirs laced up behind, the other fashion not having yet reached us.

Has It Been Extended?

The Ames-Eyre engagement has been freely discussed for more than a year. Indeed, twelve months ago their friends declared that it had been announced, but later on that report was denied. As they have spent a great deal of time together since, Mrs. Grundy has inferred that the engagement had been extended. Miss Ames is a tall, fine-looking girl with blonde hair, but she is not a beauty. She looks very well in a blue evening dress that she wears. She has musical talent and does a fairly good vocal stunt in the drawing-room. She and Mrs. Jack Casserly, who absorbed musical culture in the murky atmosphere of Chicago, are great friends. Bobby Eyre was quite the beauty among the men at the Spreckels ball. He went in the character of L'Aiglon, and was almost as pretty as his costume.

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A Sensible Move

An order of some significance was issued several days ago by Major-General Hughes, commanding the Department of California. It provides that hereafter the submarine defenses of this district shall be under the supervision of the Artillery corps. Heretofore those defenses have been in charge of the Engineers corps, but as the actual defense of the harbor is a matter the Artillery has always been charged with in time of need, it is deemed advisable that the corps should become familiar with the position of all torpedoes, the charges, electrical connections, etc. It is a sensible move and one that should have been made long ago.

Picturesque but Expensive

There was a generous number of Army officers "unavoidably absent" from General Hughes's reception last night, and the real reason, as was predicted by the dailies, was that full dress uniforms were necessary and that very few of the officers here have that expensive luxury. The comparatively simple American officer has always rebelled strenuously against full dress, but the prejudice against the new uniform is heightened by the fact that it is unnecessarily expensive. It is a strange and wonderful creation, fairly cobwebbed with golden ropes and rigging that naturally comes high. In fact the American son of Mars has never had anything that approached in gorgeousness the new uniform, and its expense is in ratio with its loudness. To become fully and adequately equipped for a function like that of General Hughes means a rig that will amount to some two or three hundred dollars of good Government money, and such an expense to a lieutenant who is living inside his salary means no less than temporary bankruptcy. The Army tailor is a tyrant under whose sway the officers groan in bitterness of spirit. His charges are two or three times those exacted by an ordinary draper and when it comes to a general demand for show clothes he does a stock exchange business. The new Army uniform throughout, including campaign, fatigue, field and dress with caps, gloves and the big German sabre lately adopted, will bring the soldier's bill well up toward the thousand mark. It is no wonder, then, that the officers pray for a permanent uniform and that many of them are trying to get themselves ordered back to the Philippines where they may wear their fighting clothes and save money.

Our Pampered Warriors

That was a stinging rebuke administered by the Secretary of the Treasury in his review of the case of Captain Cushing of the revenue cutter service. It must have been pleasant reading for the officers of the service. It is too often assumed that a commission in the army or navy is a patent of nobility not to be questioned. This is a false assumption which prompts Society with a capital S to open its doors and arms to the men with stripes. But it is quite often demonstrated that neither a university education nor the training of a military academy can metamorphose a bounder into a gentleman. Unfortunately officers guilty of ungentlemanly conduct are frequently excused on account of long service or by reason of distinguished service. Recommendation to clemency is all right but the findings and sentences should be based on the evidence, and the reviewing authority should deal with the recommendation. A short time ago General Funston recommended the acceptance of a resignation to avoid "scandal of the service." An officer who is permitted to resign under a cloud escapes just punishment. A man shouldn't enjoy, in private life, the prestige of being an ex-army officer, with a clean bill of health, if he were fired out of the service, by reason of disgraceful conduct.

This cold weather, grip is warded off by taking Chapin & Gore's whiskies.

Prison Authorities Encourage Vice

Now that the prison humanitarians have brought things around at last so that the abuses of our penitentiaries may be investigated and the dark secrets of San Quentin and Folsom brought to the light, it is a pretty good time to take note of some tips given to the State penologists by a certain semi-fake convict evangelist who "backslid" and is now doing time for burglary. "Preacher" Jo King is his name, and it is certain that he gave, from life experience, some pointers which were at once startling and uncomplimentary to our prison management. I had a talk with the fellow while he was still of the "white wings" and was delivering lectures under the auspices of religious societies. The abuses of straight-jacketing he described to me long before the practice became a burning question, and his descriptions were so vividly realistic as to banish my appetite for some hours. A night in the straight-jacket, he said, usually resulted in temporary paralysis, and often the affliction was permanent. He told me of cases of deformity and madness as the result of the jacket. The straight-jacket, according to King, is used most frequently as a punishment for misdemeanors resulting from opium-smoking. This vice, he declared, went on unhampered up till recently at both prisons. It was no uncommon sight to see a group of prisoners huddled around an opium pipe in a cell and passing the smoke out, by means of a rubber hose attached to the stem, to a number of pals who waited in the courtyard. Opium smoking was at one time, he said, considered so much a matter of fact at Folsom that, in the construction of the dike there some years ago, the convicts were given a regular allowance of opium every day to keep them at work. No comparatively innocent young boy ever entered there, King told me, without infinite risk of graduating at the end of his term a confirmed "hop head," for it was the custom of the prisoners to encourage the vice in all who entered.

The Unfashionable Vanderbilts

Our society beaux were very much disappointed in Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr. His blood is evidently free from

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those red corpuscles that inspire the *jeunesse dorée* of Newport with longing for fleshly and bacchanalian delights. Willie K. Jr. is one of the tamest of the Vanderbilt clan. He is not of the temperament of the average Newport millionaire. He is a model husband and a citizen of exemplary habits. He doesn't smoke, and as he doesn't care for liquor he has not the slightest inclination to carouse. Therefore he was a disappointment. Though he enjoys the social whirl, neither he nor his wife courts social intercourse. They are devoted to each other, and are hopelessly out of fashion for the reason that they enjoy the society of each other. Young Vanderbilt is evidently the junior of his charming wife by a few years.

The Censor Put His Ban On

Edward Gordon Craig, Ellen Terry's son, staged Lawrence Housman's Nativity drama, which came under the ban of the Censor in London. The play was banned not because it was immoral but because it treated of a sacred subject. Mr. Housman could not see why he was doing wrong in writing of the Nativity for stage presentation. His own explanation of why he wrote it is that he wished "to show that it is possible for the drama to come near, without irreverence, to the central truths of Christianity, and by symbolic action to quicken the imagination of the beholders so as to make the beauty of holiness more evident to them than it was before." But the Censor did not approve of this way of making holiness more real, and he put the biggest kind of a ban on "Bethlehem." Lawrence Housman is the man who hoaxed the world into believing "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" were what they purported to be. In "Bethlehem" he has done a more serious thing. But an occasional correspondent writes me from London that there was nothing in the least shocking about the Nativity drama as it was presented in the Hall of the University of London.

Mr. Craig's stage settings were beautiful, exquisitely simple but wholly adequate. The first scene is all in gray, with the watching shepherds the characters. There is a lovely song in this that goes:

"The world is old tonight—
The world is old—
The stars around the fold
Do show their light,
And so they did, and so
A thousand years ago—
And so will do, dear Love, when you lie cold."

The second scene is on the road to Bethlehem, with an intensely purple sky reflecting the majesty of kings. In this appear the three kings following the star. The third scene shows the Nativity, the shepherds kneeling in a circle about the mother and child.

Stanford Parlor's anniversary does not fall in Lent this year, and the invitations are out for what promises to to be one of the most brilliant balls the Native Sons have ever given. It will be pulled off next Tuesday night.

Japan in Cherry Blossom Time

The Collver party, personal escortage small and select, will leave San Francisco in March, returning in June. Honolulu, Manila China; an ideal trip. Address the

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An Unpleasant Objection

Mrs. Alexander Wilson has gone East to join her daughters, Miss Bessie and Miss Bernice Wilson, and she intends going abroad with them to remain until the season opens next fall, when they will be launched socially. They ought to be successful for they are well educated and very pretty. Their mother, a very handsome woman, has brought them up well. The objection has been urged that Mr. Wilson made his money in the restaurant business, and some of our society people are affecting a prejudice against wealth acquired in that way. But as the Wilsons have lots of it the method of its accumulation should not concern our society people, many of whom are tarred with an equally ill-flavored brush. Mr. Wilson has retired from the restaurant business, and spends most of his time traveling abroad.

Supp Writers Lament

That vast army of embryo newspaper workers which managed to make a precarious living by getting up pages for the Sunday supplements finds itself rather at a loss nowadays. For the editors of the Sunday supps. aren't buying much local matter. They cannot, for they would have no place to put it. A. J. Moore of the *Call*, who used to employ a lot of young girls to help on the supp., has no space now to offer them. What with the syndicated puzzle page, the funny page, the complete novel and story pages, the beauty talk page and the other stuff that comes from the East, he is hard pushed to get in a page occasionally of purely local interest. And the *Examiner* only allows two pages of the supplement now to Californian contributors, unless their matter comes via the New York *American* and Chicago *Examiner* route. Mr. Hearst's latest fad is stories

VARNEY W. GASKILL, Special Agent
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of Western adventure and natural history topics. Mrs. Lillian Ferguson, who succeeded Bailey Millard as editor of the *Examiner's* supp., is kept busy seeking the stories that please her employer, and to that end she does considerable wiring up and down the Coast, for Western adventure incidents don't happen in this city. The *Chronicle* buys less syndicated matter than any of the other dailies, morning or evening. Will Irwin has a partiality for stories touching upon the picturesque phases of our city. He knows what he wants and he usually manages to obtain it. The office of a Sunday editor is no soft snap.

Why They Don't Steal

Doctor Jordan says that college boys no longer "lift" silverware. The learned president thinks that when the unholy passion for other people's cutlery attacked the lower grades of society college boys gave up the pastime as no longer exclusive. Perhaps, perhaps, good Doctor Jordan. It is true that knives and forks need no longer be chained to the tables frequented by fraternity boys. But isn't their present piety due to the lack of incentive? Does he know of a fraternity house whose silver service is not complete, thanks to light-fingered members of other days? The "old grads" did their work so well that there's no need of the boys helping themselves to other people's silverware nowadays. But one of the swell fraternities at Berkeley needs a new silver candelabrum. Honor and glory await the plucky youth who will walk off with one of those in the Palace Grill. The terms are that he must "lift" it from the table with every candle in full blaze. The rules of this lifting task were laid down some years ago but the fraternity has not yet developed a genius capable of accomplishing the feat.

Why Addie was Indignant

Mrs. Grundy is anxiously waiting to hear what sort of a reception Mrs. Sharon offered her daughter-in-law when the Breckenridges reached Paris. Adelaide Murphy-Breckenridge started around the world with the determination of giving Mrs. Sharon a piece of her mind as soon as she met her. And those who know say that a piece of Adelaide's mind is larger than a whole bolt of most people's. When Mrs. Sharon heard of her son's marriage she wrote out that "any girl would be a fool to marry him." The letter fell into Addie's hands and of course she didn't like it, not a bit of it. It not only cast a reflection on her but on her young husband, and Mrs. Breckenridge Jr. wasn't going to stand that.

The Brigham-Greenway Feud

The presence of the Brighams at the Presidio hop the evening of Mr. Greenway's ball reminds me of the feud existing between that family and the Dictator of the Four Hundred. The Brighams are of the old set here who have refused to recognize Mr. Greenway as a social leader. One of the clique once remarked, "I thought he was a caterer but I hear that he is really a gentleman by birth." However the indefatigable Edward has pursued the even tenor of his way, scoring social triumphs without the eclat of the Brighams' endorsement. It is the boast of the Brighams that they never attended a Greenway dance. The family came from Boston and are relatives of the Duers of New York. Kate Brigham has Duer for a middle name. Dr. Brigham was educated abroad and for service in the Franco-Prussian war was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor.

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & Co. are most effective.

A Fictitious Title

Almost every time the Clarence Mackays' names are mentioned nowadays, it is incidentally stated that Mrs. Mackay is a descendant of Lady Kitty Duer. The quotation marks that formerly went with "Lady Kitty" being omitted, it is inferred that she was a titled personage of some distinction. Her father was an officer in the American army. He fancied that he was the Scotch Earl of Stirling, and he adopted the title though he had no more right to it than did Emperor Norton to the one that he annexed.

Sandow's Sad Fate

Evidently there are two Sandows, judging by the newspaper cartoons that purported to represent the church-lifter this week. One paper had the big fellow looking like a pouter pigeon that had swallowed a sack of cannon balls, while another depicted him as an athlete with plenty of frontal development, but, unfortunately, with the bulk of it below, not above, the belt. This discrepancy started those who had not seen the muscle musee at the Alhambra to wondering whether or not "the perfect man" is cultivating a slight embonpoint, for those interested in the evolution of thews are naturally close students of the great Dane. To tell the truth Sandow is fattening up the least trifle; not so much that you would worry about it, but enough to mar slightly his otherwise admirable shape. When he stands on exhibition with crop inflated and abdomen shrunken to the limit this defect is not noticeable, but catch him in an unconscious pose and murder will out. Ah, me! what a fate for world-compelling Atlas, to rest awhile from his globe-lifting to find himself growing stout.

Hard to Get a Queen

The Mardi Gras ball is likely to be queenless this year. At the time of going to press the committee was unable to agree on any one with sufficient beauty, charm and position who would be willing to assume the role. It is easy enough to get queens for Street Fairs, but women of the requisite social status are somewhat reluctant to do the stunt and invite criticism.

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The Crust of Content

He, who for some great aim hath never sought
More than life's stern demands to satisfy,
Climbs closer to the Gods, whose needs are naught,
Than he whose sordid soul doth multiply
The millions which he vainly dreams will buy
The calm content that gold hath never bought;
Crœsus to Solon this confessed when brought
Bankrupt and conquered to the stake to die.

The crust that balks the wolf may sometimes seem
Sweet as the manna in the wilderness;
'Tis when the soul forgets the flesh to stray
Where, in the realm of some harmonious dream,
It listens to the whispered words that bless.
And learns the charm that chides the world away.

February, 1903. *Louis A. Robertson.*

The Failure of Wit

Scene I.—Miss Kate McFlimsy, a society girl noted for her wit, with her mother, at the breakfast table.

Kate: Mother, I wish I were a fool!

Mrs. McF.: It's your own fault that you're not. You would be if you had inherited from your father's side of the house.

K. (reading note just arrived): Another invitation to dinner, from Mrs. Lion Hunter—"I want you, dear, to bring your bravest array of epigrams—the Earl of Toddlekins and that new novelist, Prudhomme Desert, are to be there." Do you wonder, mamma, that I wish I were a fool?

Mrs. McF.: I can't see why. No other girl receives so many invitations out as you.

K.: Because I can talk. I wish I'd been born tongue-tied or dumb. It's so hard to live up to one's reputation. When I was invited to meet that Spanish poet, I had to read up and memorize pages of his verse—I took two Spanish lessons in pronunciation purposely. Then when Miss Hunkle was here, I spent the whole morning over her novel, when the other girls were out on Tommy Millions's automobile.

Mrs. McF.: But, my dear, you will make a brilliant match.

K.: Rather would I stay unmarried until my dying day! Fancy having to talk epigrams to my husband!

Mrs. McF.: Well, if he should be Jimmy Peelin he could stand them, my dear. What a brilliant match that would be!

K.: Too late, mother. He was plucked before he was ripe, and he's been boxed up ever since.

Mrs. McF.: I thought he was looking for a wife.

K.: No, he's only running a bluff. Well, mother, I must study up now for the function. Hand me the dictionary, please, so I can memorize some of the foreign proverbs at the back. And where's that Pinero play I was reading? It may give me an idea for an epigram. Pity me, mamma!

Scene II: At Mrs. Lion Hunter's dinner; Miss McFlimsy with the Earl of Toddlekins at her right, Prudhomme Desert at her left. On the Earl's right is Miss De Flippe.

The Earl: Beastly climate here, don't you know.

K.: There's no climate so beastly but that one can forget it in a good dinner.

The Earl (suspending his fork for an instant): Just so—really—how clevah!

K. (as butler fills her glass): *Al buon vino non bisogna frasca*, you know.

The Earl (turning to Miss De Flippe): Who is Miss McFlimsy?

Miss De F.: She's one of our most cultured belles, a brilliant woman.

The Earl (soliloquizing): I suspected that she was one of those dreadful bores.

K. (to the Earl): I hear that you have been impressed by tne beauty of our women.

The Earl: Fine! Those Sadie girls—now, they're rippin' beauties.

K.: Oh, I meant the society beauties, not those of the stage.

The Earl: They're too clevah, don't you know. Keep your wits movin' too rapidly. Now, I hate to think.

K.: Oh, how charming! Now, we'll be friends. I'm so glad to meet someone who hates to think. The mental energy required to stimulate thought is a great tax on energy.

The Earl (suspiciously): She's chaffing me.

K.: I understood that you were devoted to literature. Who is your favorite author?

The Earl: The man that wrote "Billy Baxter" suits me.

Miss De F.: I love "Billy Baxter," too.

K.: Ah, you prefer light literature. Do you ever read the classics?

The Earl: Not so that you can notice it. (Turning to Miss De F.): I say, she's a dreadful bore.

K. (turning to Prudhomme Desert): Have any of your novels been dramatized?

P. D.: Oh, yes, I dramatized one for the Lingerie theatre. It was set to music, but the actors spoiled it. They insisted that the dialogue was too heavy for musical comedy and they substituted their own lines.

K.: What an outrage!

P. D.: That's what I said, but worse than that, the critics declared that it was better than the book.

Scene III: *In the drawing-room after dinner.*

Miss De F. (In a corner with the Earl): Did you enjoy the dinner?

The Earl: No, that dreadful bore, Miss McFlimsy, spoiled it. She's an awful talker.

Miss De F.: Why, she's regarded as the cleverest woman in society. Her epigrams are famous.

The Earl: I always feel sorry for a person who indulges in epigrams. I know they involve great labor.

K. (in a corner with her hostess): I enjoyed myself very much, but somehow I couldn't interest the Earl. I found Mr. Desert somewhat of a bore.

Scene IV: *The McFlimsy home.*

Mrs. McF.: Did you enjoy yourself, dear?

K.: No, it was a stupid affair. The Earl is a mutton-head. I couldn't get down to his level. I shall turn over a new leaf. The road to a brilliant match is too thorny for me.

—*The Maid.*

Passion's Problem

We who disdain to measure,
The brimming cup of pleasure
Must sometimes taste the dregs, dear,
Of bitter, haunting pain.
If all days were as this is,
And nights were made of kisses,
And you were Miss, not Mrs.,
Now would our love remain?

What e'er this love between us,
The gods with pity screen us,
'Twere better to love lightly
For only one is free.
And though we kiss and spare not,
To make you vows I dare not,
We laugh and say we care not,
A pair of fools are we. *M. C. Bourke.*

SAN FRANCISCO UP TO DATE.

In this century comfort and conveniences are among the principal requirements sought after by human nature, and in the electrical sphere San Francisco is not only holding her own but outstripping many of the larger Eastern cities. Most all of the new hotels and apartment houses are being equipped with every possible electrical convenience, from curling irons which are heated by electricity, thus doing away with any dirt, to the talking with one's friends in any part of the country. Every household uses the hot water bag; the electric heating pad more than takes its place, for all one has to do is to attach it to the electric fixture, turn the key, and the heat is in the pad. The electric chafing dish will be found always ready and light repasts can be cooked without the use of coal oil or alcohol.

The Standard Electrical Construction Company, Rialto Building, 120-130 New Montgomery street, have the contracts for practically all the larger buildings in the city, such as the St. Francis Hotel, Geary and Powell streets, the James L. Flood Building, Powell and Market streets, and the Mercantile Trust Building, on California street, all of which will be equipped with everything that comfort could wish.

A Novel Function

Society South of the Slot Entertained at a Recherche Affair.

That unique function—the appendix dinner—given by Miss Rosenstirn will no doubt serve as an inspiration to some of our hostesses who are eager to provide novel entertainment for their friends.—*Daily Paper.*

"Miss Pearl of Tehama street desires your presence at a Sir Richard Calmady dinner on Tuesday evening. *R. S. V. P. N. B.: Bring your crutches.*"

The receipt of this invitation roused the sated senses of society South of the Slot to something like interest. A Sir Richard Calmady dinner was something new. They had been present at two Foxy Grandpa luncheons, five Alphonse and Gaston teas, sixteen Brownie cotillions and a series of common fancy-dress affairs that had bored them to death. This dinner promised something quite different.

"But who's de cove?" asked Happy Hooligan, "who's de feller dat's christenin' de feast?"

There was a wild rush to the Free Library. Sally in Our Alley grasped the fact first—"He's a cove without legs," she said.

"Wot t'ell?" ejaculated Chimmie Fadden, and the rest followed suit.

They compared notes and found that those who had received the Pearl's cards were all minus some member of their anatomy. Weary Wraggles had lost an arm, Sally in our Alley had only two teeth in her upper jaw, Lily South-o'-Market had a wooden leg, Rose of Poverty Flat was shy of three fingers of her left hand, while Happy Hooligan had lost a thumb and half of one ear in a recent pugilistic encounter.

They gaped and gossiped, but none sent regrets.

The dinner as described in the daily papers was a most unique event. Society on the other side of the slot wept envious tears because its oracle had not thought of something as original. The Pearl found herself famous in a night.

The table was spread in a laundry which was arranged like a morgue. The dishes were spread on one slab, and another was used for the buffet. Crutches were hung about the walls. Surgical instruments were used instead of knives and forks, and instead of regulation glasses the beer was drunk from medicine glasses. Soap-dishes were the sauce-plates and wash-basins used for the soup. The napkins were towels of hospital size. A papier mache mannikin of life size was the centrepiece and ranged around it were bits of the human anatomy in pickle jars. Tom the Seal, being legless, was given the place of honor and addressed as Sir Richard Calmady.

The effect was so recherche that one guest with a sensitive stomach was immediately taken ill, and had to be carried to the receiving hospital before the fish came on.

The Pearl's dinner is still talked of in exclusive circles South of the Slot as being the most delicate and charming function that ever turned the stomachs of a whole tableful of guests. It was so refined that Officer Jones at its close ran the hostess in for assisting at an immoral exhibition, and the rest of the company for disturbing the peace.

—*The Society Reporter.*

Holmes tells us that "Boston is the hub of the Universe"; then it can be paraphrased that Livermore is the hub of choicest wines and Olivina is the hub of Livermore.

SPOHN--PATRICK CO.

A Paradoxical Parent

"Go!" said the mother; "and may I never see your face again."

The poor little thing, lying speechless upon her lap, shivered like a leaf, and then fell to the floor.

Instead of picking it up, the mother continued:

"Go! and let me not set eyes on you again—at least, not until a radical change for the better has taken place in your make-up. Go! and on no account come back to me as you now are . . . I love you as no other will ever love you; yet go! One ecstatic night, the lord of my life—its genius—begat you; yet go! You are bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh; yet go! Many a half-delightful, half-distressful day have I borne you beneath my heart and fed you with its best blood; yet go! One matchless morning, in glorious agony, I all unassisted, brought you forth into the light of day—formed by me from the void, stamped with my personality, mine! mine! and by no possibility another's! yet go! Of my breasts I gave you growth; I adorned you with artfully simple dress; I taught your feet a faultless measure, so that now you move as if to music heard by you alone; grace and strength I gave you; I bred you in sweet seclusion—yea, you are cloister-chaste. I—I unaided did all this. I alone am the author of this perfection; yet go!—the world shall share with me your flawless beauty . . . But stay! I am sending you forth to indifferent strangers. They may regard you critically, with far other than maternal eyes. They may even want to send you back post-haste to mother, my own, my precious one! Therefore I think I would better enclose a two-cent stamp."

So saying, the young lady literary aspirant stooped down and lifted up tenderly from the floor her—first-born poem!

Harry Cowell.

Lawyer—There goes my best client.
Jones—Has lots of litigation, eh?
Lawyer—Yes, she gets a divorce every little while.

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A Woman's Way

The soft, red glow of a reading lamp shed its light upon the figure of a woman, pacing feverishly up and down a luxuriously furnished apartment.

Outside, a man watched the shadow pass and repass the window, and with purring conceit, said to himself:

"She is restless tonight. How her eyes blazed when I praised Major Browning's pretty niece. By gad, she looked positively beautiful. A married flirt is such a bore, though, and one has to be so deuced careful. She is becoming too demonstrative of late; it is growing embarrassing."

The shadow on the curtain vanished and the man passed on. The white face of the woman assumed a look of desperate determination, the supple figure was held rigidly erect, and with feverish haste she took from her desk a sheet of note paper, uttered a low, hysterical laugh as she gazed at the linked monogram of her initial and her husband's, and shuddered strangely at her own voice as she said:

"This is the only course."

* * * * * * * * * *

Four hours later a prosperous-looking man ran lightly up the steps of a house on Fifth avenue. The lines that care had marked upon his features gave place to a smile of sweet expectancy as he entered his wife's apartments.

The first thing that attracted his attention was the dainty, blue envelope lying upon the table. Some premonition of evil made him hesitate to touch it, but mastering the unreasonable aversion, he picked up the note and, as he broke the seal, said:

"I am an old fool. If she is absent an hour it seems such a length of time that I always fear the indefinable 'something' has happened to take her from me, but I love her so well," and he touched the letter reverently because her hand had penned it.

"My husband,

I thought God was good when he gave you to me for a husband. I was poor in all but beauty, and because of that beauty you have given me the best love of your life.. I appreciate and humbly thank you for your many kindnesses and the knowledge of your overwhelming love makes me shrink from the confession that I am about to make, but I feel that I owe it to you, and your ever generous nature will pity and understand when I tell you that I love another as I thought no one could ever love, and the passion has absorbed every other interest in my life. I have struggled against it but it has grown to be a power irresistible. When I say that my affection for this man is greater than your love for me could have ever been, you may excuse my action when I go to him. Try to forget me, my husband, and may the God who will judge and punish my sin soften this blow to your confidence in

Maisie."

All night the man sat and stared in stunned hopelessness at the bit of blue paper. The red eye of the sun streamed across the luxurious fittings of the room before he stirred. At length he arose, with painstaking care placed his hat firmly upon his head, and with slow but steady step left the apartment.

* * * * * * * * * *

One year passed. Life ran on in its well-worn groove. One stormy night a man stood at a low window gazing absently into the street. The rain was beating against the pane, blurring his view of the hurrying pedestrians. Presently his attention was attracted by a woman, who, in wet and drabbled skirts, crossed the street from directly opposite his window. Something in her suppleness and grace caused a throb of pain in his heart and impatiently turning he walked to the other side of the room and gazed long and earnestly at a portrait.

"May God deal gently with her," he murmured.

There was a stifled sob; the man turned sharply round. A black-robed figure crouched beside a chair.

"In the name of God, why are you here?" he cried.

"Pity me, forgive me," she moaned, "take me back. I am so wretched, and this has been my one sustaining hope for so long, so long."

"He has mistreated you?"

"He has deserted me."

There was an unfathomable look in the man's eyes as he reached out his arms to lift the half-kneeling figure, then checking himself abruptly, he said: "Rest here until I return," and immediately left the apartment.

The woman sat where he had left her, with the hell of memory seething through her tortured brain. Presently she arose and passing across the room to where his smoking-jacket lay, hesitatingly reached forth a trembling hand and lifting the coat pressed it caressingly to her lips and bosom, rocking her body to and fro and crying softly.

Long hours afterward a servant knocked gently at the door, and discreetly concealing by his immobility of countenance the curiosity that had been aroused by the wife's appearance, handed her a message and respectfully retired.

It read as follows:

"I have killed the man who wronged you. When this reaches you I shall have left here, I trust, forever. Remain where you are and let it be your home. My life, my all, shall be devoted to your happiness."

For a moment the woman's figure swayed and seemed about to fall. The tenderness, contrition and humility that had but lately softened her features gave place to a look of intense hatred and wild dismay. "Oh, my love, my love," she wailed, "he has killed my love. Curse him, O God, and let me be the instrument of Thy vengeance!"

With a gesture of loathing she released the letter and watched it flutter to the floor; then, drawing her cloak about her, she went out into the night.

Mabel Porter Pitts.

A recent incorporation of much importance in the business world is that of the Hilbert Mercantile Company. This deal means the consolidation of the varied interests of Messrs. Hilbert Bros. and the Christy & Wise Commission Company, two of the best known wholesale houses on the Coast. C. H. Hilbert, C. M. Reynolds and Varney W. Gaskill are among the directors and the capitalization is $250,000. This new arrangement will permit of special attention being given to the Old Leaders, Ruinart Champagne (the President's favorite), Hunter Baltimore Rye and A. B. C. beer.

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Hoity Toity

"What have you got, Mike?" is the question propounded to Max Dill in the "Hoity Toity" poker game at Fischer's about the time that Lady Grafter has fleeced him out of all his money. "A wife and five children" was the reply, and it was eloquent of the situation so far as Mike was concerned. "Hoity Toity" sparkles with repartee of that sort. It is the breeziest skit that Edgar Smith ever wrote. There is a rapid fire of witticisms from the going up of the curtain to the final fall of the same. The bank scene is excruciatingly funny, and the three comedians—Kolb, Dill and Bernard—are intensely amusing in the scene in which they receive instructions in good form from George De Long. Mr. De Long feeds the comedians in this scene like a veteran of the burlesque stage. He is a capital juvenile and contributes his share to the gayety of the piece. Though the German dialect preponderates in "Hoity Toity," all the merry mummers are given a fair share of the work and the honors are pretty evenly distributed. Winfield Blake, in the role of General Steele, the American billionaire, gives greater satisfaction than in any part he has hitherto essayed, and Maude Amber's Lady Grafter is true to the name. But the most noteworthy feature of the production is the ensemble work, for which George Lask is deserving of great credit. There are some very pretty groupings, and some picturesque dancing, the feature of which, as usual, is the supple and somewhat acrobatic work of Flossie Hope. The music for "Hoity Toity" was written by John Stromberg, and it is interspersed with catchy tunes. Harry James is once more in the director's chair, and at all times he has the chorus well in hand. "Hoity Toity" is another artistic triumph for Fischer's, and it will probably establish a new record for the house.

Bernard Takes Mike's Place

People have become so used to seeing Barney Bernard as the Jew that they have forgotten that he can do anything else, so they were naturally somewhat startled Sunday night to see the Hebrew impersonator wearing the padded front of Max M. Dill. It was the last night of "Barbara Fidgety" and Bernard took Dill's part throughout the performance and did it so well that he almost broke up the show. His interpretation of the fat German's part was a weird combination of Yiddish and Harlem Dutch and he put so much unexpected "business" into the lines that not only the audience but the players themselves were convulsed with laughter most of the time he was on the stage. This curious bit of understudy was quite necessary on the part of the management. It seems that in the afternoon before the performance Dill's voice suddenly went crazy. He positively declined to perform, so George Lask turned to Bernard in despair. "Barney," he said, "how'd you like to be the Dutchman tonight?" "Are you joshing?" asked Bernard. "I wish I were," sighed the tired manager as he handed the book to Bernard. The latter took it home with him and when he returned at night he had mastered the lines much better than one would expect. Max Dill watched his understudy from behind the scenes that night and laughed louder than the rest. When he came off for the first time Dill clapped him soundly on the back. "Barney," he said, "it will serve you right if I am put on to do the Jew some time."

Barney as Shylock

I hear that an act from "The Merchant of Venice" is being rehearsed for Manager Friedlander's benefit, and that Barney Bernard is to play Shylock. He will be supported by some of the best available dramatic talent, and he will essay a serious interpretation of the part. Bernard is anxious to do the legitimate.

The Pros and Cons with Nance O'Neil

Among those who assembled about Nance O'Neil in the green room at the Grand last Friday night, to shower their congratulations upon the young star, was her mother, Mrs. Lamson. It was a great moment for the mother, who saw her younger daughter receive the homage of some of San Francisco's most prominent cits. Now that Nance O'Neil has won a place in the world her relatives are very glad to bask in the sunlight of her prosperity. Yet she received no encouragement from them when she was struggling to attain a foothold in her profession. Some day the life of Nance O'Neil may be written, and it will be interesting history. In some respects it is like that of "Magda," though with the love episodes left out. The Lamson girls, Lillian and Gertrude, had a hard childhood. If it had not been for strangers' help, they would have had few chances to gain education or anything else. I have heard that their dramatic talent was an inheritance, however, from their mother, who, had fate directed her to such a career, would have been a great actress. But from neither parent did the girls receive help in their aspirations. Lillian went upon the stage first and though she is clever and talented, not receiving the right kind of training she never attained any place in the stage world. She came hither as the star in "Blue Jeans," a buzz-saw melodrama, but that was her apogee. Gertrude, on the contrary, fell into the hands of the man who has made her what she is. There are critics who mourn in print over the fact that Nance O'Neil has been taught by McKee Rankin, and say what she would be if she had studied under Frohman or Daly. But as Nance O'Neil says herself, "Had I been with a New York manager I might have been wasting my years in society plays, I might now be acting in a Hall Caine drama like Viola Allen, I would never have been stimulated to the higher study." The story that lately appeared in one of the weeklies that in two years Nance O'Neil would have a new manager had no basis in fact. Nance O'Neil says while McKee Rankin lives she will never have another manager or teacher. What she is, she owes to him. He has taught her, not only how to act, but how to think out the parts she acts. He has roused her intellect, and she is growing in intellectual knowledge every day. A San Franciscan lately home from London tells me that, though London refused to grant Nance O'Neil fame, McKee Rankin was welcomed as one of the best American actors that had ever appeared tnere. It was conceded that Nance O'Neil could not find a better teacher. Yet in San Francisco, the general idea is that she would do greater things under another teacher. It is likely that London is right.

Nance O'Neil cleared about fifteen thousand dollars out of her ten weeks' engagement here. This money she purposes spending in staging her plays in New York, and making her Gotham season a success. A theatrical man who knew her when she first

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began her career says that Nance O'Neil deserves her good fortune. He remembers her when she used to come to rehearsal at the Alcazar, shabbily frocked and poorly shod, and often bringing her mid-day meal in a brown paper. Now the fat of the land is hers, and yet Nance O'Neil does not try to forget the old days.

From Norway to Ireland in a Night

The Gaelic League has not bothered Charles Erin Verner at the Grand this week, as it did Denis O'Sullivan during his starring season. But then "Robert Emmet" is a drama of one hundred years ago, and the League could not object to the representation of scenes depicting conditions as they were in the last century. "Robert Emmet" is not a bad play, as Irish melodramas go. But the company has not quite recovered from its strenuous labors in Nance O'Neil's sombre plays, and does not fit well into the Verner drama. From Norway during the Danish occupation to Ireland in Emmet's time was a big jump, and only Mr. Byers, Mr. Gardner and Miss Walker managed to make the leap successfully. On Wednesday night the star did not seem to be *en rapport* with his part, which went beyond his grasp at times. Instead of the scenes in which the great patriot figures being pregnant with tragedy they bordered on the farcical. Next week, the company will be more in the spirit of its work, when Verner will present a play that has never been given here, Dan Sully's "The Parish Priest." It will be the closing week of the Irish star's engagement. Maude Odell will shortly come to the Grand.

A Fitch Masterpiece

It is unfortunate that such a bad company as that at the California this week should have the spoiling of such a good play as "Lovers' Lane" thrust upon it. Clyde Fitch is in hard luck so far as his Western reputation is concerned. He has done some brilliant work but it is usually exploited in this city by mummers of exasperating mediocrity. It was so with "Captain Jinks" at the Columbia and it is so with "Lovers' Lane," one of the prettiest and most artistic little heart-interest, dramatic pictures of puritanical ruralism that has ever come this way. It ranks with "The Little Minister." In it several living, breathing characters are thrown on the canvas in vivid colors, and they lure you right into their little circle and hold your interest in all their affairs. Clyde Fitch has been turning out dramatic pot-boilers lately. He has been running his popularity into the ground with phenomenal persistency. His pieces are said to be following one another hot off the griddle as it were, and each is said to have marked a distinct decline in his powers of construction and his showing of wit. When you see "Lovers' Lane" you deeply regret that a man capable of such a masterpiece should descend to the character of work reported from the East this season. It tells the pretty story of the trials and tribulations of a young New England minister who has charge of a church in a little village inhabited by narrow-minded, puritanical people. It is a love story, daintily told and with exquisite finish. But the company with one or two exceptions is incapable of handling it. A notable incompetent is Mr. Leopold Lane, who excites the risibles of his audience by his tragic efforts to draw sympathy and tears. His stereotyped intonation starts the whole audience tittering, and then Mr. Lane looks over the footlights as though he contemplates jumping over and licking somebody. He probably would have done so Tuesday night if it had not been apparent that the tittering was unanimous. Mr. Macklin, the minister of the company, has the proper conception of the part but lacks the ability to convince. The most effective of the company is Lottie Learn, who plays the incorrigible minx in a most realistic fashion.

He Shocked the Clerk

Four or five years years ago, when Louise Royce, now of the Anna Held company, was playing an engagement at the Tivoli during her summer vacation, she arranged to have her son visit her. Accordingly one evening the tall, handsome youth arrived from the academy where he was a student. He went to the Baldwin hotel, where his mother was living, and when he asked for "Miss Royce" the clerk said, "Not in. She is playing at the theatre and won't be back till after eleven." "Very well," said the smartly attired youth, "I'll take the keys for her rooms and wait for her there. Send my baggage up, please." The clerk, dazed and shocked at the young man's boldness, coldly refused the keys, whereupon Mr. Royce haughtily left the hotel and marched straightway over to the Tivoli and related the whole matter to his fascinating mamma. "Did you tell the clerk that I am your mother?" Miss Royce inquired. "No, indeed—none of his business," said sonny. "Then go over immediately and tell him, you dear, silly boy," commanded the fond mother. "Miss" Royce is one of the most devoted of mothers and delights in telling of her fine grown-up son and his many good qualities. She looks too young to be the mother of any but a mere juvenile.

To Star in Comic Opera

Fritzi Scheff, the pretty, chic little mezzo soprano of the Grau forces, is to be starred next season under American management in comic opera. As there will probably be no grand opera in New York next winter, the little Austrian will probably have a big success in her new venture. Her manager, George B. Dillingham, plans to find in Paris a comic opera to suit his star. At a recent Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan Opera House Madame Scheff sang a little English song about having a little shadow which always followed her, something after the fashion of Mary's little lamb. The audience giggled and laughed outright, for they thought maybe little Fritzi meant her new spouse, who has joined the "Grand Opera Husbands' Club." Fritzi, by the way, has frequently been importuned to enter the comic opera field, but notwithstanding her thin voice she preferred to remain in the heavier atmosphere. Her sudden change of heart is a surprise, but as she has a husband now she cannot afford to be idle.

Mr. E. D. Price, the well-known theatrical manager, will arrive next week to take charge of the Alcazar and Central theatres for the firm of Belasco & Mayer. Price is one of the most experienced theatrical managers in the country and he has many friends in this city, for he occupied positions of responsibility in local theatres years ago. He has lately been the chief executive of William Brady's staff, and at one time he managed Richard Mansfield.

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Rialto Gossip from Gotham

Charles Richman will play Armand to Margaret Anglin's Camille in New York, when the Dumas drama is presented in the fall. This knocks on the head the theory of those who, when the play was presented here last season, asserted that it was Henry Miller's Armand that gave Margaret Anglin's Camille its inspiration. And by the way a correspondent writes me from New York that the Anglin-Miller romance has had another chapter. The story goes on the Rialto that when Henry Miller went abroad to ask his wife to let him have a divorce, he changed his plans and they had a reconciliation instead. The gossips have been busy with the romance ever since it had its beginning in San Francisco, and they feel that they have been defrauded of their rights because the conclusion has been changed. Richman, the new Armand, supported Miss Anglin during her starring tour in "Mrs. Dane's Defense." He is a handsome and magnetic actor.

The course of lectures given by Dr. W. R. Price of Tennessee, under the auspices of the Society of Psychic Research of this city, is attracting much attention. Dr. Price is a charter member of the first society ever organized for psychic research, which was formed in London about eight years ago. Dr. Price will lecture tomorrow night in Golden Gate hall on "Telepathy."

Kipling's "The Light that Failed" has been dramatized by Constance Fletcher and was produced last week in London by Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Robertson (Gertrude Elliott, sister of Maxine). It is said to have been as pronounced a success as "Mice and Men," their last season's success, which is now being played in New York by Annie Russell.

Eleanor Kent, formerly Mabel Love of this city, is now prima donna of the "Silver Slipper" company on Broadway, and is said to be giving a charming performance.

Ellie Ellsler has Julia Marlowe's role in the road production of "When Knighthood was in Flower."

Mascagni at the Tivoli

There will be a series of operatic productions at the Tivoli beginning March second, under the direction of Mascagni. They will take place on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday nights, and the operas will be "Cavalleria," "Zanetto" (for the first time here) and the "Hymn to the Sun" from "Iris," with chorus. There will be an orchestra of fifty people, and the operas will be represented with a big cast including Avedano, Caro Roma, Arthur Cunningham, Frances Graham, Marie Welsh, and others. The prices for the performances will be one dollar and a half, one dollar, and fifty cents. Seats for the first night will be on sale on Monday. "Iolanthe" will be the alternating attraction.

The Kilties' Band Programs

The Kilties' Band (Gordon Highlanders of Canada), numbering forty musicians and including a vocal choir of sixteen, six Scottish dancers, pipers, buglers, swordsmen and other features of a Scottish regiment, will give concerts at the Alhambra every afternoon and evening of the coming week. The programs of the band are varied and novel, and at every concert there will be a change of numbers. Prices for this engagement will be popular, ranging from fifty cents to one dollar, seats on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The programs for the opening day are: Afternoon—Overture, "William Tell," Rossini, Bagpipe Solo, "Caller Herrin," Pipe-Sergt. Ferguson, Scotch Fantasia, "Robert Bruce," dance, "Highland Fling," Master Eugene Lockhart; concert waltz, "A Toi," Waldteufel, part song, "Boys of the Old Brigade," Caldicott, Kilties Choir; Scotch Reel in costume, Kilties Famous Reel Dancers; Irish Selection, "Erin," Basquit, solo for trombone, "Columbia," Rollinson, Harry Hawes; scenes from "King Dodo," Lueders; tenor solo, "Mary," Richardson, J. Coates Lockhart; novelette, "In a Cozy Corner," Bratton, dance, "hornpipe," David Ferguson; march, "Cuban Independence," Henninger. Night—overture, "Sancho Panza," Williams, bagpipe solo, "The Pibroch of Donald Dhu," Pipe-Sergt. Ferguson; Gems of Scottish Song, Godfrey, dance, "Highland Fling," Master Eugene Lockhart; solo for cornet, "Inflammatus" (Stabat Mater), Rossini, Robert Gilliland; part song, "Scots Wha Hae," the Kilties Choir; Scotch Reel in coctume, Kilties Famous Reel Dancers; ballet music from "William Tell," Rossini, solo for Flute, "Paganini's Witches Dance," David Anderson; incidental music to "Henry VIII," Gorman; tenor solo, "Tell Her I Love Her So," De Faye, J. Coates Lockhart; sextet from "Lucia"; dance, "hornpipe," David Ferguson; A Hunting Scene (Characteristique), Rollinson.

Freeman and Lynn's Commercial Men's Mastodon Minstrels will give their last performances at the Alhambra this afternoon and evening. The company, composed entirely of traveling drummers, with Cassassa's band of twenty-five pieces and an orchestra of sixteen men, presents a high-class entertainment that will compare favorably with that given by any professional organization on the road.

Some Features of Next Week's Bills

The Tivoli will have "Iolanthe" next week, opening on Tuesday evening. This departure from the usual custom is occasioned by the appearance of the company in San Jose, where "The Mikado" will be presented, with Charles Williams in the role of Ko Ko. "Iolanthe" will have a good cast. The Lord Chancellor will be sung by Hartman, the Earl of Mountararat by Arthur Cunningham, Strephon by Edward Webb. For the part of Private Willis, the management has secured the services of Arthur Hahn, a bass singer with a splendid voice. Caro Roma is the queen of the Fairies.

"My Partner," the Alcazar's new bill, has not been seen in this city for years. It is the Bartley Campbell drama that made Louis Aldrich famous. The scenes are located in a mining camp and the plot tells of Ned Singleton and Joe Saunders, partners, in love with the same woman. One is a "beauty" man, the other a good fellow, physically plain. The heroine favors the attractive one, who repays her confidence by betraying her. The partners quarrel, and after dividing their gold separate. The villain of the play, concealed in their hut, beholds the division, murders Ned, possesses himself of the money and escapes. Joe returns to say a kind word to the partner he has left in anger. He finds him seated in a chair with his head bowed on the table,

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and it is here that the great scene of the play takes place. He addresses a touching appeal to him, and it is only at the end of it that he discovers he has been talking to a dead body. Hastings will of course be cast as the plain but sterling Joe, and Albert Morrison will be Ned. George Osbourne will be cast as a Chinaman. There will be an extra matinee on Monday.

Edith Lemmert, who has the role of Estrella in "Arizona" at the Columbia next week, is well known in San Francisco though she is a Los Angeles girl. She was the wife of Lawrence Hanley, with whom as co-star she gained her first theatrical experience. Dustin Farnum, who has the hero's part in the play, is also a favorite here. "Arizona" made a big hit on its former presentation at the Columbia and promises to be as popular this time. Prices for the Thomas play go back to the old standard, raised for Anna Held.

Alma Kruger, who made such a favorable impression here several years ago as leading lady with Warde and James, returns to us tomorrow night as a Belasco star. David Belasco is sending Miss Kruger and an exceptionally strong company to the California to present "The Heart of Maryland." The California will shortly give an elaborate production of the dramatization of Tolstoi's celebrated story, "Resurrection." It will be an exact reproduction of the play as now being given by Blanche Walsh at the Victoria in New York. This is the story, it will be remembered, that started to run as a serial some years ago in the *Cosmopolitan*, but was suppressed for some reason or other.

Ralph Stuart's engagement at the Republic ends tonight, and a season of farce comedy opens tomorrow. "Chimmie Fadden," with young Forrest Seabury as the star, will be the bill. Seabury made a hit in the title role of this play when it was produced in this city some time ago. He will be supported by a strong company.

Charles Erin Verner will present Dan Sully's great Eastern success, new here, "The Parish Priest," at the Grand for his second and last week. It is full of pathetic and exciting incidents, well sprinkled with comedy, and the company should be at its best in the Irish drama.

Le Quatuor Basque, direct from Europe, will appear for the first time here at the Orpheum. The organization is composed of a quartet of singers imported from the province of Basque, a territory south of the Pyrenees, and, in their native dress and singing the songs of their country in their peculiar tongue, they are said to offer a delightful and high-class entertainment. Reno and Richards, comedy acrobats, will appear after a tour of the world. Thomas J. Ryan and Mary Richfield will present Will Cressy's latest sketch, "Mag Haggerty's Father," which affords Mr. Ryan an unusually fine opportunity for his unexcelled character drawing. "Radiant" Florence Bindley, vocalist, instrumentalist and comedienne, and a great San Francisco favorite, comes back with a lot of new material. She is now known as the "Girl in the Diamond Dress," on account of a magnificent costume, covered with brilliants, that she wears in her act. Louise Montrose, late prima donna soprano of the Castle Square Opera Company, will sing for the first time in this city. She is said to have a charming personality and has made an unqualified hit in vaudeville. Lola Yberri, whose "Dream of the Dance" will introduce Egyptian, Japanese and French Empire dances, is on the bill; Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry will unload a lot of new songs and jokes in "A Skin Game," and Franco Piper will present his amazing banjo novelty act for his last week. There will be a special matinee Monday.

"Hoity Toity" will easily crowd Fischer's next week and for many weeks to come.

Maria Azpiroz, a girl violinist from Spain, will be a feature in the theatre at the Chutes next week. There will be a magnificent display of fireworks on Monday night. —*The Playgoer.*

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MUSIC

Sunny Pietro from Sunny Italy

Signor Pietro Mascagni must have forgotten his troubles for awhile last Tuesday afternoon, for he found himself a popular hero at the Alhambra theatre. The Italian composer could not fail to receive a warm welcome in this city for we have never been slow to applaud genius when it comes properly labeled. And we have been reading a great deal about Pietro Mascagni lately. His troubles with Eastern musicians and incompetent managers served to advertise him. For awhile he threatened to become an international question. He met with so many reverses that the King of Italy, it was said, expressed his sympathy by making him a chevalier of the Order of Savoy. I am inclined to doubt the story because the King is a level-headed fellow and knows what he is about. He knows that Americans are not responsible for the mishaps of a badly managed business enterprise. It would be more rational to consider the action of the King as a snub to the directors of the conservatory of music who recently dropped Signor Mascagni from his place as director on the ground that he was absent from the scene of his duties too frequently. Signor Mascagni came to this country for those American dollars which are popular in all circles in Europe, and being of an unpractical turn he met with reverses. As a consequence the adventures of the distinguished son of sunny Italy became familiar features of the news columns of the daily press. The fact is that Mascagni has been dividing interest with "Force" of late, and incidentally it should be remarked that like Jim Dumps he has been metamorphosed into Sunny Jim, for he bobbed up at the Alhambra with a face wreathed in smiles, and he was given a most demonstrative ovation. He is the typical Italian musician, fond of the adulation of the crowd but always affecting great modesty and gesticulating to indicate that it is somebody else who is deserving of the applause. He blamed it on the orchestra, and his courtesy was well warranted, for he surely had a fine aggregation of musicians under his baton. Of course he proved his efficiency as a director by securing a very good performance. Indeed he is an admirable conductor. Fully as sensational as was expected, he infused much life into his musicians, and brought out details in the intermezzo of "Cavalleria" which are usually lost in the performances by operatic orchestras. It was noticeable that he took a slower tempo for it than we have been accustomed to hearing. Schumann's "Traumerei" was played with exquisite delicacy, and in this selection the conductor's manner was in sympathy with the theme. He was perhaps more demonstrative in the "William Tell" overture than in anything else. His head wiggled until you began to fear that he would shake it off, and at a crashing chord the conductor acted as though in a fine frenzy. He has the knack of communicating his enthusiasm and his fire to the musicians, and as a consequence his auditors had their feelings played upon most pleasingly. But it is as a composer that we are mainly interested in Mascagni and he vouchsafed us the satisfaction of listening to some of his recent works, notably his music written for Hall Caine's "Eternal City" and a selection from "Iris." They reveal the familiar combinations and orchestral effects and not a little technical brilliancy. It is impossible to judge from the selections given the worth of the whole of which they form a part, for it is hard to determine whether the music grasps the theme. The "Hymn to the Sun" was enjoyable because it abounds with the Mascagni melodies. The "Eternal City" suite was not impressive. Authorities agree that Mascagni has been too industrious of late, and no doubt he was much fatigued when he wrote the music for Hall Caine's play. The artistic triumph of the afternoon was the Tschaikowsky symphony.

Tomorrow afternoon at two-thirty Mascagni will conduct a sacred concert program at the Alhambra, when Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be given in its entirety. There will be a quartet—Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, soprano, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, contralto, Mr. J. F. Veaco, tenor, and Mr. G. Wanrell, basso—and a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices, in addition to the full orchestra. Beside the "Stabat Mater," there will be given Mascagni's "Hymn to the Sun" and the intermezzo. In the evening the scene will be shifted to the Mechanics' Pavilion, where the orchestra under Mascagni's direction will play a program of popular music with several of the composer's own works. Popular prices, from one dollar to fifty cents, will prevail at the evening concert.

To Appear at the Tivoli

Mascagni is coming to the Tivoli a week from Monday night, and will direct a production of his opera "Zanetto" and scenes

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from "Iris" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." He will give four performances and the company will include Frances Graham, Caro Roma, Arthur Cunningham and Avedano. The Tivoli management is indeed to be felicitated upon securing the great composer.

The San Francisco Recital

The singing of Mrs. Josephine Clark was the most pleasing feature of the San Francisco Conservatory recital on Saturday evening. Mrs. Clark has a warm, rich mezzo which she uses with good effect. Her first number was Bellini's Casta Diva, a selection which was not chosen with due regard to the quality of her voice. Her proper field is the song. She did remarkably well with Grieg's "Sunshine" and Mascheroni's "For All Eternity," the latter with violin obligato by Nathan Landsberger. The audience would fain have had more of Mrs. Clark, but Mr. Bendix's stern but wise rule of no encores was not to be broken. The instrumental program was of a very serious order, no less than four concerto movements appearing upon it, Mr. Bendix at the second piano supplying the orchestral parts. Miss Josie Coonan, who played the first movement in the Beethoven Concerto in C minor, shows steady improvement. Miss Lydia Reinstein, who played the allegro movement of the Mendelssohn number, has vivacity and dash. Miss Amy Peterson's playing is always characterized by ability and intelligence. A Mozart movement fell to

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her share. Miss Emma Nelson was very successful with the Liszt Rigoletto Fantasie, the cantabile passages being especially gratifying. Miss Edna Drynan closed the program with the andante of Saint Saens' Concerto in G minor. Like the other numbers it was executed with fine technique. All the performers showed the results of sincere and intelligent study, and their work as a whole was marked by earnestness and thoroughness.

Lenten concerts will be among the attractions offered by Impresario Greenbaum. At the Alhambra on Monday and Tuesday nights, March ninth and tenth, concerts will be given by the Coronation Choir and Glee Party. This is composed of twenty members of the choir which took part in the coronation services of King Edward at Westminster Abbey last August.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt introduced Miss Mary Carrick to a number of their friends last Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday afternoons. On each occasion Miss Carrick entertained the guests by playing an exacting program of Liszt compositions. The professional critics and dilettante present all expressed themselves delighted at Miss Carrick's interpretation.

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Mrs. Johnson's Recital

A very pleasing program was presented at Mrs. L. Snider Johnson's song recital on Monday evening. Mrs. Johnson is well known as a church choir singer but this was her first appearance in recital. Her numbers did not lack for variety. There was a group of Schumann songs, for which her voice is well adapted, songs by Chadwick and an aria from Bemberg's "Jeanne d'Arc," a group of bright Old English Songs, the dainty Songs of Sleep by Clayton Johns, with Dr. Stewart's blithe "Out in the Open Meadow." There was nothing in the program beyond the singer's power to interpret, and that as much as anything else made the program so pleasing. Mrs. Johnson sings with feeling and expression, her voice being well suited to interpret the different moods of the composers whose works were chosen. Nathan Landsberger added to the evening's enjoyment with his violin solos, and Dr. Stewart accompanied both Mrs. Johnson and the violinist.

Waldemar Lind

A violin recital will be given next Thursday evening in Steinway hall by Waldemar Lind, who has recently returned from Europe, where he pursued a course of study under that most eminent Belgian master, Cesar Thompson. Mr. Lind, who is a Californian, is well known here in the musical world, having been one of the foremost local ensemble and orchestral players before his departure, and a member of the Fritz Scheel symphony orchestra. His line of instruction in violin playing has followed the methods pursued by Kreisler, Kubelik, Kocian and Wieniawski, to which has also been added the method of Cesar Thompson, this being severe as the classic German school taught by Joachim. Lovers and critics of the violin will have a treat next Thursday evening when the following program will be set before them by Mr. Lind, assisted by Mr. Arthur Fickenscher, pianist: Sonata (Allegretto ben moderato, Allegro, Recitativo—Fantasie, Allegretto poco mosso). by Cesar Frank, Messrs. Lind and Fickenscher; Concert No. 1 (Allegro energico, Andante, Allegro gioccoso), Christian Sinding; Etudes (Paganini-Thompson), Concerto No. 2, Adagio ma non troppo (Max Bruch), Airs Russes (Wieniawski), Serenade (Tschaikowsky), Passacaglia (Handel-Thompson).

The Coming of Kocian

Mascagni said of Kocian, the young violinist who will appear at the Alhambra in March: "He has hands like iron, but he plays as if they were feathers. Never has a virtuoso shown a more exquisite touch. His technique is superb, magnificent. But best of all, he has the great gift—soul. His playing is filled with temperament, with understanding. He throws himself into his work and makes it a living thing. His music speaks to you, cries out to you. It tells you of the beauty of the world; it tells you of its great sadness. You may not speak his tongue, you may never take his hand, and still you know his heart and know that he knows yours." Kocian will play here at the Alhambra on March third, fifth and seventh, two evenings and a matinee. The sale of seats for his recitals will open next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.s.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. E. F. Weihe, curator of the music section of the Adelphian Club of Alameda, gave an at home to the members of her section and their friends. The feature of the program was a paper on "Shakespeare in Music" by Mrs. George H. Perry.

Hugo Mansfeldt played on Tuesday for the Adelphians in Alameda, rendering a program of variety and excellence.

The program at the Music Teachers' Association concert on Monday night went off as scheduled, except for the omission of Arthur Weiss's numbers, the 'cellist being unable to be present.

Mr. Walter C. Campbell, who has for years been director and basso of Calvary church choir, has resigned that position and will leave on March first.

—*The Music Critic.*

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Southern Pacific Deficit

The Southern Pacific has just issued a statement of its earnings for December, and for the current fiscal year. The statement shows that the management is continuing the policy of spending every cent of available earnings on improvements and betterments. Notwithstanding an increase in gross earnings of more than $2,250,000 for the six months, these heavy betterment expenditures have caused a deficit of more than $3,000,000. For December the gross earnings of the Southern Pacific amounted to $7,972,000, an increase of $615,000 over the same month of the previous year. Operating expenses increased $597,819, reducing the increase in net earnings to $17,657. The balance earned over charges and rentals during December was $1,219,370. There was expended on betterments and additions $2,049,871, causing a deficit of $830,500 for the month. For the six months the gross earnings amounted to $45,983,000, an increase of $2,254,000 over the corresponding period of the previous year. Operating expenses increased $3,081,000, so that the net earnings for the six months decreased $826,044. The balance earned over charges and rentals for the six months ending with December was $7,703,900. There was expended during the same period on betterments and additions, $10,777,700. The net result of the operations was a deficit of $3,073,829.

An Unsafe Investment

The bonds of the United Railways company continue to drop. It is becoming pretty generally understood in financial circles that they are not a good investment. It is reported that the company has not made adequate provision for renewing the rolling stock and general equipment, and the prediction is made that unless the population of the city continues to increase rapidly in the next few years, the corporation will go into the hands of a receiver. Of course this prediction may be far-fetched but it is certain that the company is losing the confidence of investors.

Good Tone on 'Change

The market has been in very good condition during the entire week and the active interest displayed by investors has maintained a good steady tone and is keeping prices on a substantial basis. Buyers have divided their attention very freely among the listed securities and sales of the leading stocks have been both numerous and extensive. The present trade movement appears to be a healthy one, inspired only by the desire of people with ready money seeking suitable investment securities for investment purposes only. Sugar shares have been well represented in the week's business, and while in some instances the stock of one corporation has sold a little more freely than others, it is a noticeable fact that all are receiving some attention at the hands of buyers. The cause for the difference in the sales of these shares is not so much any neglect of one or another as it is to the fact that in some of the companies the stock is held closely within few hands while in others the holders are more numerous. This accounts for what might be termed general activity in one and quietness in others. Reports from the Islands all continue favorable and recent advices show that the estimate of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association made some months ago, announcing a crop of 355,000 tons for the four Islands upon which the plantations are located, was not excessive. The largest producing plantation is the Ewa Company, which produced a crop this last year of 38,000 tons. The next largest is that of the Oahu Company, which yielded something over 26,000 tons. Prices have shown some improvement and both the crop prospects and the market outlook for the coming year are reported to be auspicious. The Hawaiian Commercial shares have met with a fair demand and shown a stronger tendency during the last few days. At present $46.75 is readily bid for the stock but there are few holders willing to sell at less than $48. Hana Plantation remains steady at $4.50 to $4.75. Paauhau has also shown a little stronger tone and sellers have raised their asking price to $17. Hutchison is selling in a moderate way at $15.75 and $20 is bid for Onomea with no sellers at less than $25. Spring Valley Water shares have developed an advancing tendency and $87.62 1-2 is bid for round lots with few offers to sell at less than $87.87 1-2, with most holders asking $88. Contra Costa readily brings $65.25. There has been some little movement in Giant Powder stock but there has been little change in the price of shares. At present $65.75 is freely bid for parcels, either large or small, and there are no offers to sell. Gas and Electric shares are becoming one of the most popu-

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lar securities, doubtless because of the fact that electricity is now recognized by everybody as the coming motive power. San Francisco Gas and Electric has fluctuated somewhat during the past few days, the price ranging from $43.25 to $44, but with little changing hands at the latter figure. Oakland Gas, Light and Heat Company's shares are meeting with an enlarged inquiry and buyers have raised their bids to $75.62 1-2 without bringing out much stock. Pacific Gas Improvement remains steady at $34.25 to $34.50, and Equitable Gas is a little easier, the best recent bid being $3.12 1-2. The bank stocks, which are usually very steady, and fluctuate but little, have all developed a little stronger tone, but as these shares are held within comparatively few hands, transactions are necessarily restricted. Oceanic Steamship shares drag along very slowly with offers to sell at $16 and no buyers. Alaska Packers remains steady at $155.87 1-2 and Pacific Coast Borax is wanted at $165, with no sellers.

One of the leading notes of interest on the street is the proposed buying of the shares of capital stock of the Bay Counties Power Company by the California Gas and Electric Corporation. It is stated that 85 per cent of the stock is now pledged in favor of this transfer and will be deposited with the Mercantile Trust Company, by May 1st, 1903. For each $100 share of the Bay Counties Power Company the holder will receive $83.33 1-3 in bonds of the California Gas and Electric Company and one-half of a $100 share in the latter corporation.

The First National Bank, which is the fiscal agent of the United States, has cabled from Honolulu for $400,000 in silver coin, to continue the redemption of the old Hawaiian silver coinage. The $50,000 which was sent to Honolulu on the steamer *Ventura* has been exhausted. Some controversy has been occasioned by the presentation of mutilated coin for redemption, and samples have been sent to the Federal authorities for a decision.

Whitney in Tonopah

There is a good deal of talk of opening an exchange in this city for the sale of Tonopah and Alaska mines that can be guaranteed as *bona fide* propositions. The project is seriously suggested because of the large number of "wild cat" mines, especially in the Tonopah district, that are being advertised and that cannot pay any dividends because no work has been done on them. William C. Whitney, the New York multi-millionaire, recently secured a controlling interest in the Tonopah Mining Company, which owns all the best producing mines in the new mining camp, and he proposes to push development work rapidly. The Mizpah alone is capable of producing millions.

—*The Financier.*

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San Francisco, January 27, 1903.

Marcel Wille Esq.,
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Tuesday, Nov. 30.
Boxing.

Yesterday morning a great concourse of people flocked to the Wormwood Scrubs, about four miles from Tyburn Turnpike, to see a pitched Battle, for twenty guineas a side, between a Jew, of the name of *Black Sam*; a person not much in the habit of fighting, but who has long been considered an adept in the art of sparring; and a young man, a boot-closer, well known as a pugilist. *Tom Jones* seconded *Black Sam*, and *Seabrook* seconded his opponent. At one o'clock, the ring being formed, they set-to, with the odds six to four in favour of the Jew. The battle consisted of thirty-two rounds, and never was witnessed more severe fighting. The *First Round* the Jew hit the Boot-closer a violent blow on the nose, from which the blood gushed out; it appeared also bent, and he fell to the ground. The *Second Round* was in favor of the Christian. On the first set-to he gave the Jew a knock-down blow; however, the odds still continued on the side of *Black Sam*. They continued the battle until about the fourteenth or fifteenth round, without any material odds on either side, although much hard fighting had taken place. The *Sixteenth Round* the Jew feigned a blow at his opponent with his left hand, but struck with his right, and hit him a severe blow on the right eye, which caused it in a short time to swell and close, and he was never able to recover the sight of it during the remaining part of the Battle. The odds at this time, the same as at starting. Notwithstanding the Boot-closer had lost the sight of his eye, he continued to fight hard, and in the *twenty-fifth round* had the odds in his favour, having placed a severe blow on the Jew's right eye, which also closed, and they were now considered on an equality. The *thirty-second round*, which was the last, they both seemed determined to decide the fate of the battle; each fighting in a most savage and ferocious manner: the Jew, however, being the strongest, followed his opponent up, and placing a blow under the Boot-closer's chin, knocked him down, which finished the battle. After this severe contest was concluded, the Boot-closer lay in a state of total insensibility, and could not be moved off the ground for near an hour. This was thought at first to have proceeded from the great fatigue he had undergone, but at late as ten o'clock last night he had been attended by a Surgeon, and great doubts were entertained of his recovery. The Jew was also much beat. —*The Reader.*

"How much lies in laughter, the cipher key wherewith we decipher the whole man."—*Carlyle.*

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LETTERS

Morgan's Poetic Ancestor

It has become quite commonplace and matter of course to have descendants and collateral relatives enjoy a reputation, literary or otherwise, on the strength of what their forbears have done, but it is not often that the tide sets the other way. There is something quite unique and oriental, therefore, in the resurrection of the poems of John Pierpont, who "flourished" as the old school books used to have it, before the middle of last century. John Pierpont had the supreme felicity to be the grandfather of J. Pierpont Morgan, and though he attained to no great heights of literary fame in his own day, after the Chinese fashion of honoring those whose descendants have done great things, the poet is coming in now for a due meed of praise. Some of the older generation may recall a few of the Pierpont effusions, as they were of the blend of sentiment and jingle which used to appeal to the compilers of school readers. The subjoined is one of the best, as well as one of the best known:

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The pilgrim fathers,—where are they?
  The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
  As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
  When the "Mayflower" moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
  And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,
  Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
  To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
  When the heavens looked dark, is gone;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
  Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile,—sainted name!—
  The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
  In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
  On the hillsides and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;—
  But the pilgrim,—where is he?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest:
  When Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
  Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
  On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
  Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:
  It walks in noon's broad light,
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
  With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
  And shall guard his ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the "Mayflower" lay,
  Shall foam and freeze no more.

Mediocrity in Literature

The *Critic* contains a most interesting discussion of the status of the novel at the present time, participated in by those authors whose opinions should have weight with the reading public. The discussion is the fruit of Benjamin Swift's recent paper, "The Decay of the Novel." Mr. Swift thinks we are in a bad way because of the mournful mediocrity of the average novel. He deplores our lack of a Thackeray, a Dickens or a Scott, and reiterates the old cry,"There were giants in those days." So there were, but it is only because there were also pigmies and dwarfs that the giants attracted notice. It is true, and lamentably true, that we have an enormous quantity of poor, weak and trashy novels poured out on us every year, and that in spite of their poverty they are enormously popular, but this argues nothing. The average of every age is mediocrity. Mediocre novelists write

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Notice to Creditors

Estate of John J. Smith, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Alfred L. Smith, Administrator of the estate of John J. Smith, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, Alfred L. Smith, at Room 498 Parrott Building, No. 825-855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

ALFRED L. SMITH, Administrator
of the Estate of John J. Smith, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, January 24th, 1903.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administrator,
Rooms 497 and 498 Parrott Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

Estate of Joseph Alvis also known as Joseph J. Alvis, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Alvis, also known as Joseph J. Alvis, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, Frank Alvis, at the offices of Lent & Humphrey, Rooms 167-168-169 Crocker Building, Corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

FRANK ALVIS, Administrator of the
Estate of Joseph Alvis, also known as
Joseph J. Alvis, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 7th, 1903.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 167-168-169 Crocker Building,
San Francisco, California.

Estate of Margaret Lovett, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executor of the last will of Margaret Lovett, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at the law offices of Joseph E. O'Donnell, 460-461-462 Parrott Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOMAS F LOVETT, Executor of the
last will of Margaret Lovett, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 14, 1903.

JOSEPH E. O'DONNELL, Attorney for Executor.
460-461-462 Parrott Building.

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for middle-minded readers. The writers could do no better if they would, and the readers would have none of them if they did. Mr. Swift and others who adopt the pessimistic view seem to forget that to a large percentage of the devourers of poor fiction, the class who read nothing else, reading is a new pastime. Even the outside of books is a novelty to them. They are in the mental situation of little children who are pleased with the highly colored toy books which relate the history of Cock Robin and the House that Jack Built. It is not the degeneration of the mass of readers, but the generation of a new class of readers that swells the average of the novel readers. There may be a smaller proportion of readers of the best books to what there was a generation or two ago, but not in proportion to the whole population. As to the idea that authors subordinate their genius to money-getting, that might be so in any one case, but if a writer has it in him to do good and original work he will do it in spite of himself. Undoubtedly there are manufacturers whose work is as machine-made as if it issued from a mill, but the fault is not with the times. There are, in every trade, profession and calling a number of artisans who can never become artists. In some instances they have mistaken their calling, but in others, and perhaps this is more often the case, they possess a certain mechanical facility which they put to use. They are not peculiar to this age or to any other. They live their brief span, strut across the stage, and are gone. In literature, more than in any other of the arts, there is a "survival of the fittest," but it is nonsense to profess that because the fittest survive, all were equally fit. Let any man of sixty years or upward, who has been a reader of current fiction in his adult years, recall the books and authors who were the sensation of the hour, and make a list of those which were hailed as immortal. How many of them are left? If there were any practical means of preventing the mediocre writers from writing, and the mediocre minds from reading, so that only the best minds addressed the highest intelligence, then would we have a race of intellectual giants, but as long as public schools continue to superficially smatter all that come to them, and feed them all alike on spoon-meat literature, we shall be confronted with the spectacle which grieves Mr. Swift. It is an unfortunate fact that brains cannot be created by act of legislature, and minds are not to be picked up on the bargain counter. No one who has the capacity for better things need waste time on Hall Caine or Marie Corelli, or the host of smaller luminaries, but to expect these embryotic intelligences to appreciate the good things that lie ready at hand to them is to demand more than the Creator himself has done. In the course of time all tadpoles become frogs, if they survive long enough. We cannot hasten the process of evolution.

The *Bookman* is calling attention to the "neglected centenary" of Harriet Martineau, but the *Bookman* has not given any conclusive reasons why we should concern ourselves with either the Martineau centenary, or seventy-five per cent of the other centenaries. It is a fad of the moment, and any excuse will do to hang a celebration on. Harriet Martineau was a figure in her own time. She possessed abundance of egotism and self-assertion, and although she was almost totally deaf, she insisted upon going everywhere, seeing everything and hearing all that went on. She provided herself with an ear-trumpet, into which some one of the company was obliged to shout all the conversation, and while there is little question that Miss Martineau herself enjoyed it, one cannot but suspect that the rest of the company was, to put it mildly, a trifle bored. She was taken up with the fads of her day, one of them being mesmerism, and if she were living now she would probably be a shining light of Christian Science, Theosophy, or some modern cult. She visited the United States in 1834, having gained a considerable literary reputation in England, and her two books which resulted from her sojourn in America, "Society in America" and "A Retrospect of Western Travel," were in pleasing contrast with the caustic criticisms of Mrs. Trollope.

There is what the French consider a veritable literary deluge in that country, and it is given out that so many books are already under way that the capacity of the publishing houses is exhausted, and several of them have announced that they will not accept anything more until 1904. This may or may not be the case, but we can imagine such a report going forth from America. Not only would publishers accept anything that they thought worth the risk, but they would enlarge their capacity, and new firms would spring up like mushrooms, in a night, if they thought there was a chance to gain a foothold.

—*The Bookworm*

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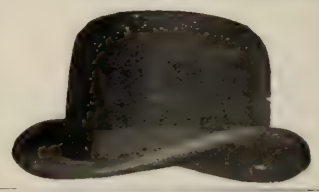
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A Prejudice in Paradise

There is a story in the current *Lippincott* of a miner who was refused admittance to Heaven. St. Peter said he had let one miner in, and he was prospecting in the golden streets and making a mess. The miner volunteered to get the other fellow out, on the condition that St. Peter let him in. He looked over the wall and called to the first man, telling him of the fine prospects in Hades. The result was that the other man vamosed from Heaven, and the new applicant got inside of the gates. This is reminiscent of a very old tale which recounts the reason why there are no Spanish saints in Heaven. The reason given in this legend is that the Spaniards smoked so incessantly that they made the Blessed Virgin's head ache. St. Peter set to work, by order, to devise some legitimate means for banishing them. Finally he gave notice of a grand bull fight to take place outside the walls, and all the Espanolas went out to see the show. Then he closed the gates, and when they sought admission they were refused. "If you prefer a bull fight to the joys of heaven," said St. Peter, "you must abide by the decision."

And, grown wary by experience, he admitted no more Spaniards to Paradise.

From Crawford's "Cecilia"

The judgments of society are rarely quite at fault, but they are almost always relative and liable to change. They are, indeed, appreciations of an existing state of things, rather than verdicts from which there is no appeal. The verdict comes after the state of things has ceased to exist.

A woman who is not really in love, generally likes a man less after he has fallen hopelessly in love with her.

Lamberti: Women are only human animals, like ourselves. The chief difference is that they do all the things we are sometimes inclined to do, but should be ashamed of doing.

Lamberti: It is very well known that people who talk of suicide and think of it a great deal, often end in that way.

Kant says somewhere that when a man turns from argument and appeals to mankind's common sense, it is a sure sign that his reasoning is worthless. Similarly, when women can find nothing reasonable to say against a fellow-woman who is pretty and well dressed, they generally say that she looks like an actress.

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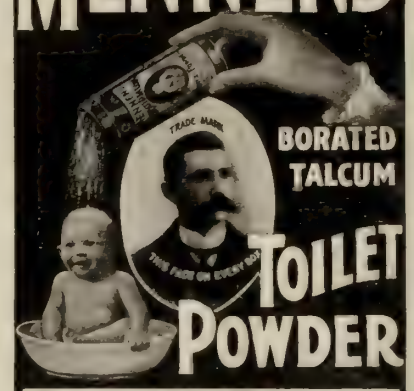

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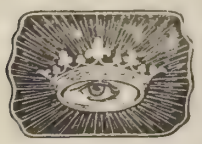

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, February 28, 1903

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The Charter Busters

The Iroquois Club having resolved that Mayor Schmitz violated the organic law of the city in destroying the non-partisan character of two commissions, will institute legal proceedings of some sort. At this time the club is undecided as to what action should be taken. Perhaps it would be well to go to Sacramento and persuade the Legislature to pass an act by which it would be possible to remove a Mayor for deliberately violating the organic law of a city. That Mr. Schmitz has faith in the power of the Legislature there is no doubt, for he sent his henchman, Abe Ruef, to Sacramento to rush through a piece of legislation to enable him remove two commissioners who have been adjudged guilty of disloyalty to His Honor. What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander. Mayor Schmitz has been adjudged guilty in the Court of Public Opinion of disloyalty to the people of San Francisco, and if he were removed in disgrace it would be a wholesome warning to future Executives. There is not the slightest doubt that he violated the charter in substituting a Republican for a Democrat on the Police Commission, and in doing so he struck a blow at one of the fundamental principles of the city's organic law. Moreover, his action was taken in the interest of a representative of corrupt machine politics, a man who is notoriously manipulating affairs of the government on the strength of his influence with Mayor Eugene Schmitz. The Mayor may plead that he merely followed a precedent laid down by no less an authority than that brilliant reformer, James D. Phelan, but no man is justified in selecting bad precedents for guidance. It is true that Mayor Phelan violated the charter. He assumed that his reputation as a reformer was such that he could kick holes in the charter every few minutes without a protest being made, but he is no longer of that opinion. When the Freeholders were at work on the charter Phelan was on the rostrum preaching the glories of civil service and of a non-partisan government. His sincerity was not questioned and he was elected to start the charter on its way. He began by blowing holes in the civil service provisions, and when Public Works Commissioner Mahoney, a Republican, resigned, Phelan showed his contempt for the non-partisan feature of the charter by appointing "God-bless-you" Maguire of the Phelan-McNab Democracy. Phelan was merely building up a political machine, just as Schmitz is now doing in a bungling sort of way, and he has been on the Peoples' blacklist ever since.

That Fresno Rate Case

Judge Kerrigan rendered a decision in the Fresno rate case last week favorable to the Southern Pacific Company, and he was promptly denounced by the enemies of that corporation. *Town Talk* is not an enthusiastic admirer of railroad methods. It has always deplored the railroad's activity in politics, and has never hesitated to warn the public against judges and other officials who had proved themselves tools of the big corporation, but honest judges are not so numerous that we can afford to diminish their number by rushing to the conclusion that a judge is dishonest because he found a flaw in the law which precludes the enforcement of the law against the railroad company. The law-makers and not the courts are responsible for flaws. It is the business of the courts to find them even though their discovery works harm to the State. When a judge begins resolving technicalities in favor of the people, and distorting the law for the purpose of achieving justice, he becomes unfit for the position which he occupies and a menace to the community. It requires considerable moral courage to interpret the law as it is, and it is not always the upright judge that is quick to decide against a powerful corporation. Judge Kerrigan has long enjoyed a reputation for honesty and integrity in this community; the bar has had confidence in him ever since he became a member of the judiciary, and he has never been involved in any of the scandals that have from time to time bobbed in judicial circles. As he has done nothing to justify adverse criticism, except to render an opinion in favor of the Southern Pacific Company, which opinion has the merit of sound reasoning and a logical conclusion, we cannot acquiesce in the criticism of those dailies that questioned the motives of the court. It is possible that the opinion is not sound law, but in view of Judge Kerrigan's past record we feel that public confidence in him should not be shaken merely because he decided a case in favor of the Southern Pacific Company. It is not improbable that that corporation is right once in a while.

Dangerous Business

District Attorney Byington is dissatisfied with the law relating to recalcitrant witnesses. It is not severe enough. Witnesses are not sufficiently awed and intimi-

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dated by the prospect of going to jail for contempt of court. In the opinion of our District Attorney a witness should be given the alternative of answering questions or being branded as a felon. He has therefore formulated an amendment to the code and sent it to Sacramento for enactment by the Legislature. The purpose of the measure is to make it a felony for a person to refuse to answer a question which a court has adjudged material and relevant. We have not been informed as to the maximum punishment which Mr. Byington thinks should be meted out to recalcitrant witnesses, but we should not be surprised to learn that nothing short of the death penalty would satisfy him. Heretofore judges have managed to conduct litigation successfully without any other power than that of punishing for contempt, and it has never been thought advisable to go further. It is the consensus of opinion in the legal profession that the courts are vested with sufficient powers to maintain their dignity and to enforce respect, and a proper measure of obedience. It would be hazardous to increase those powers. Judges have frequently commanded witnesses to answer questions that had no bearing on the issue, and the only purpose of which was to ventilate private affairs and subject people to disgrace. It should not be possible for a man to be branded as a felon merely because he refused to comply with the whim of a judge. There are officials who are constantly seeking to modify the fundamentals of law to meet emergencies and cover special cases. They are engaged in dangerous business and should be discouraged.

Roosevelt's Latest

President Roosevelt is now advocating a new form of strenuousness. He has started a crusade against Malthusianism. Our Rough Rider President is a believer in all-round strenuosity. He is very much worried over the only genuine "infant industry" which needs plenty of nursing, and which receives no benefit from a protective tariff. "Get children: the more the better!" is the advice which President Roosevelt gives American parents. He deplores the non-productiveness of the American mother and he asserts that the spread of Malthusian principles in the United States is threatening the ascendency of the native Anglo-Saxon-American race. He further contends that married people are not patriots if they have no children. Of course he does not include those who have good intentions. He refers to those that restrict the production of infants, and he says that those who have none, or very few children, must be suspected of ingratitude towards a government that has allowed them to marry, to acquire a competency and an opportunity to perpetuate themselves in a host of offspring. He considers the wasting of the opportunity treasonable, for it implies an intention to deprive the nation of future workers and defenders. President Roosevelt is not unduly alarmed. Nor was he the first to take note of the indifference of American men and women to the fundamental principles of sexology. The evils of malthusianism have been preached from the pulpit but there has been no organized effort to awaken interest in a question which is of the greatest moral, social and political importance. If it were not for the hundreds of thousands of immigrants arriving every year, there would be a most pronounced and alarming decrease in the country's birth-rate. The notion unfortunately prevails in some circles that a large family is suggestive of vulgarity, and that is in a measure responsible for what is mistaken for Malthusian principles. Organized effort is needed to effect a change of sentiment and President Roosevelt is well equipped for leadership.

Applying the Religious Test

To the observer at long range it looks very much as if the opposition to the seating of Mr. Smoot, the Senator-elect from Utah, was an attempt to apply a religious test, a thing which the Constitution directly and specifically forbids. Mr. Smoot is an Apostle, or Bishop of the Mormon church; he is not, and never has been a polygamist, so the objections which resulted in the unseating of Roberts a few years ago could not be urged. No charge was made against either the public record or private character of Mr. Smoot, and he was objectionable only because he was a Mormon. It was pointed out that no other denomination had ever put forward one of its clergymen as a representative in Congress, and that to permit Apostle Smoot to take his seat would be tantamount to advertising to the young men of Utah that ther only hope of political advancement was through the church. Why that inference should be drawn is not apparent, but in the matter of nominating ministers for political offices, does any one question for a moment, that if it were not for the certainty of the jealous opposition of other sects, which would combine to insure defeat, anything would keep the pulpit sensationalists in the background? As a matter of fact, Apostle Smoot probably represents his constituents more perfectly than the average Congressman, for his election was by acclamation, and apparently lacked the sack and boodle elements which generally play so large a part. Whatever one may think of the unwisdom of selecting a prominent churchman of any denomination to a seat in the national Senate, there can be no greater objection to a Mormon as a Senator than to a denominational preacher of any sect drawing a salary as chaplain. However much we may acknowledge the need of our legislative bodies to be prayed for, the members of any sect would be quite within their rights to object to the presence of a clergyman of any other sect officiating in a religious capacity. It is well to let sleeping dogs lie. There are a good many things tolerated in this world because it happens to be nobody's business to object. We accept with complacency the spectacle of the Masonic order officiating, as a matter of course, at the laying of all public corner-stones, and there has been as yet no protest against the opening of every assembly short of a ward club meeting by prayers from some Protestant minister. If we are going to have all this elbowing and loud lamenting because a Mormon, who has equal rights under the Constitution with any descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers, has been elected to represent his State, it may come out that those who are complaining because they imagine their toes are trodden on are taking up altogether too much space.

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The Folly of Encouragement

Hobart Chatfield Taylor makes a humorous suggestion that writers should establish ateliers, as artists do, and take pupils to whom they can communicate their methods. It would be a good way to add to incomes, and in time would make some schools famous. The idea, in seriousness, would not be so bad if the worst point about literature now, the literature of poetry and fiction, at all events, were not imitation. Colleges and universities teach the mechanics of composition, albeit in somewhat lame and halting style, but it is beyond their capacity to supply thought or originality. When the whole question of style and method has been threshed out, and the last word has been said, the fact still remains that the sole reason for writing a novel is to tell a story, and if no story has been told the work has been futile. Immaculate grammar and impeccable orthography are of no avail if there is no soul in the thing. If there is a story, it will live in spite of the spots and patches on the garment in which it is clothed. Mr. Taylor's suggestion is not entirely new, for it is only a brief while ago that our Mr. Morrow had two or three factories running, day and night, on both sides of the bay, and he conducted, in addition, correspondence courses in the gentle art of novel-writing, but his efforts have had no perceptible effect upon the local output. What is really wanted, and wanted badly, too, is something in the nature of a discourager. When the microbe of authorship finds lodgment there is just one effective form of treatment, and that is cold shoulder and cold water. Anything short of utter condemnation is sure to be taken as fuel to feed the fires of vanity. There is no danger that any harm will come of drastic measures. If the victim really has a spark of the real fire, he will not be discouraged, and the reams of paper which he will commit to the flames will be so much practice—scales and finger exercises which will give him strength, suppleness and sureness, toward the final result. On the other hand, admiring friends and adoring relatives who give praise out of season are as ill-advised as a gardener who coddles a thistle in a hot house. Someone has lately said that the first three novels of any author should be looked upon as practice work, and never given to the public. One could look on with complacency while a good deal more than the first three effusions of the average literary aspirant were effectually put beyond the possibility of reaching any eyes but their author's.

The Universal Tip

The question of tip-giving and tip-taking has been brought up again in connection with the comments of a Washington correspondent of the practice which he says prevails in the capital, of dealers in provisions making substantial gifts to servants in order to stimulate trade. Of course the servants deny taking bribes, and the merchants indignantly assert that nothing of the kind is offered by them, but while discussions of the morals of tipping are always confined to the gratuities offered to waiters, cabmen and servants, and regarded as a somewhat unwarranted special tax, it might surprise some of those who are most indignant at the imposition if they were to take stock of the situation, and note how often they themselves accept tips, albeit not called by so plebeian a name. It is almost a mania at this time, to obtain something more than the purchase price of any article. There are the "trading stamps," in all their variety of value and color, and there is scarcely a retail store that does not deal in them. The tea and coffee stores offer premiums of varying value with each purchase, and the newspapers not only stimulate advertising by the lure of cheap jewelry and bric-a-brac, but they include "art supplements" with their Sunday editions. Merchants and stock brokers treat their good customers to dinners and theatres, and within the last three or four years we have seen bakers, butchers, grocers and liquor merchants leaguing themselves together against the Christmas gift imposition. Even the churches have fallen into line, and advertise not only salvation, but good music and seats free. Common sense ought to come to the rescue and prove to people that in the long run these things cannot be given away. It is possible that the "trading stamps," which represent a ten per cent reduction on cash purchases, may cover the interest, bad debts and bookkeeping of the credit system, and it may be that people who invariably pay cash are induced to take their custom to some special firm, but in the long run, convenience of location or other minor factors will enter as largely into the problem as the posession of a prize. One can hardly imagine people inserting unnecessary advertisements in order to carry home a ten-cent match safe, and as to the "art supplements," the number of them which can be seen lying in the gutters on Sunday morning hardly makes an argument in favor of their appreciation, but still, the custom must pay or it would not be kept up. The probabilities are that if tipping were to be suddenly stopped, the middle class householder would experience a sense of loss quite as keen as the waiter, when his accustomed perquisite has been withheld. But the attitude is an undignified one, and no better than that of little children who will go blocks out of their way to patronize a bakery which will give them a stale ginger snap as "lagniappe" when they are sent for a loaf of bread.

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The Saunterer

The Fairs and Their Millions

It seems as though the Fair heirs are never going to be permitted to spend their money in peace. They have had contests on their hands ever since the death of James G. Fair Jr. Upon his death his share of his mother's estate was claimed by his brother Charley, and there was more or less litigation over that. Then came the death of James G. Fair Sr., followed by what appeared for a time to be endless litigation, and now comes the trouble over the estate of Charley Fair. And it is by no means certain that when it is disposed of that mysterious child whose existence was vaguely vouched for by a local attorney will not bob up. However the probability is that the Nelsons will never prosecute their claims against the estate, for to do so they would first have to surrender all the money they received under the terms of the compromise. It is said that they have tendered it, but the tender is regarded as a mere bluff. From an authentic source I have received some interesting information which inclines me to the opinion that the Nelsons will never go into court to prosecute their claim. Should they appear to be in earnest their tender would be accepted, and then they would be taking more than a gambler's chance, for the evidence in the possession of the Fairs regarding the Trouville tragedy is almost conclusive of the claim that Mrs. Fair died first.

The Settlement

Since the tragic death of the Fairs in France a great deal has been written about the family of the dead woman and concerning the settlement made by Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Vanderbilt with the relatives of their sister-in-law. The impression has gone forth that the unsophisticated Mrs. Nelson and her sons and daughters fell into the clutches of the cunning lawyers representing the Fair estate, and were threatened and cajoled into taking a small fraction of what they were entitled to. The fact is that though it was the theory of all concerned that Mrs. Fair died first, yet her mother, brothers and sisters were given her entire estate. Under the law the heirs of Charley Fair were entitled to the estate if it could be proved that he survived his wife. But his heirs agreed that they wanted nothing belonging to Mrs. Fair, though she had received everything that she possessed from their brother, and they contended that her heirs were not entitled to any of their brother's property. The Nelsons and Smiths were fully apprised of their rights and of what they could claim in the event of its being proved that Mrs. Fair survived her husband, but they acquiesced in the views of the lawyers for the Fair estate, and were glad to accept what was offered, a sum in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand dollars.

A Cold-Blooded Crew

The relatives of Mrs. Fair cared very little about the details of the tragedy in France. They were mostly concerned about the money. They wanted it and they wanted it as soon as possible. One of the brothers arrived one morning looking like a tramp, and he insisted that he be permitted to get away on the evening train. The lawyers had to rush things to accommodate him. It was hard to persuade old Mrs. Nelson to remain for the funeral of her daughter. When the private papers of Mrs. Fair were opened the only tears that were shed fell from the eyes of her friend, Joe Harvey. The cold-bloodedness of the sordid crew was shocking throughout their stay in this city. But that they entered into the settlement in good faith is believed by the attorneys of the Fair estate. The lawyers who are now representing them were in communication with them almost from the day of the tragedy, trying to persuade them to claim the whole estate, but they had no thirst for litigation. It has probably since been pointed out to them that it would cost them nothing to assert a claim and tie up the estate in the hope of forcing another compromise, but when it comes to giving up all the money that they received they will probably decide to quit.

A Few Side Lights

The attorneys for the Fair estate are not worried over the talk of newly discovered evidence regarding the tragedy. They have the evidence taken at the inquest, and it supports the theory that Mrs. Fair was killed first. Indeed, it warrants the inference that she was dead before Charley Fair reached the ground. She was hurled against a tree and her skull was crushed, whereas he went fully fifteen feet farther and struck the ground, his death resulting from concussion of the brain. Many facts have been brought to light concerning the Fairs since the tragedy. For instance, it was learned that both Mr. and Mrs. Fair were at the gambling tables in Trouville until three o'clock in the morning of the day of the tragedy. Mrs. Fair was having some superb gowns made in Paris with which she contemplated creating a sensation in New York, and she was anxious to get back to Paris to keep an engagement with her modiste. And by the way her plans contemplated something in the nature of a social triumph in New York. Before going to Europe she leased a handsome residence in Fifth avenue near the Waldorf-Astoria hotel, at a yearly rental of ten thousand dollars. She caused all the most costly of the furniture and ornaments in her Riverside drive residence to be transferred to the Fifth avenue house, the fitting up of which was completed on the day of the tragedy. It is said that among other things she intended engaging, permanently, a table in the very centre of Sherry's restaurant, and vieing with the Four Hundred of New York in the matter of splendor of personal adornment.

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The Vanderbilts' Withdrawal

The announcement that Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. had decided to withdraw from the Hotel Fairmont enterprise occasioned a deal of surprise. Her action is susceptible of interpretation far from encouraging to Mr. Herman Oelrichs, who fathered the project. It is evident that a hitch has occurred somewhere, but this is the first indication of a break in the business relations existing between the Fair heirs. It is surprising because the project involves something in the nature of sentiment, and surely Birdie Fair, that was, is not entirely devoid of that quality. Moreover, as she has the Vanderbilt as well as the Fair millions behind her, her withdrawal could not have been prompted by fear of serious losses. In the old days Birdie Fair was known as the most generous member of the Fair family, and after her mother's death nearly all her income from her mother's estate was disbursed for charitable purposes. It was about that time that currency was given to the rumor that she contemplated becoming a nun. Today there is not a more popular young woman in the New York swim than Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. She is noted for her amiable and diplomatic qualities. Though the father and mother of her husband are separated she enjoys the confidence and affection of both sides of the house.

A Modest Plunger

The probability is that it was young Mr. Vanderbilt who threw cold water on the Fairmont hotel project, for despite his great wealth he is not inclined to take chances. His temperament is quite antithetic to that of his cousin, Reggie Vanderbilt, who bucked the tiger to the tune of sixty thousand or so in Canfield's notorious gambling house in New York. He was at Ingleside one day last week, and plunged to the extent of a five-dollar piece on one of the races. He watched the race from the club house and took his loss complacently, but when it came to betting on the next race he fumbled in his pockets for awhile and presently drew out a silver dollar. He hazarded that sum on a four to one shot and won. He discussed betting in the club house as one who regarded it as a great evil. He was told of a young man who lost four hundred dollars on the preceding day, and he appeared to be greatly horrified.

The Spreckels Sway

The members of the Gus Spreckels's party were not bidden *bon voyage* with so much reluctance as one would imagine from reading the gush columns of the dailies. The truth is that their departure gladdened the hearts of mammas and debutantes. As one of our society girls expressed it, "Mrs. Gus fascinated all the married men, Lurline monopolized all the eligibles and Miss Lawlor took the overflow." At every function Mrs. Gus, Lurline and the inevitable Miss Lawlor were the centre of a throng of admirers. They always held absolute sway over the men. Among the most devoted of Miss Lawlor's admirers were Harry Holbrook, Ned Greenway and Dr. Harry Tevis. At the party given by Dr. Tevis in honor of Miss Spreckels his devotion to Miss Lawlor was so pronounced as to occasion comment. Mrs. Grundy actually voiced the suggestion that their engagement would soon be announced. Miss Lawlor expects to spend considerable time in London this winter, and to sing in fashionable drawing-rooms.

Horst and Von Horst

Louis A. Horst has been paying the penalty of prominence. As Baron von Horst he had the entree to our best society, and he was getting along swimmingly until that fatal moment when he determined to become a social leader temporarily. As soon as he took the centre of the stage and the calcium was thrown on him, then the curiosity of the spectators was aroused. Inquiries as to his past began to pour in, and I undertook to throw some light on the subject. I discovered that he was a brother of E. Clemens Horst of this city, and that he did not on all occasions bear the title which won him so much attention from our local matrons and belles. The *Examiner* followed up my story but failed to shed any additional light on the subject. Of course society was startled to learn that there was some doubt as to the genuineness of the von Horst title, but the circumstance of the baron's having a brother who signs himself plain "Horst" does not necessarily prove that the prefix "von" is fictitious. It was just as easy for one brother to drop a section of his name as it was for another to acquire a prefix and a title.

Belongs to the Family

Baron von Horst stoutly maintains that there is no sham about his title. He says that it has been in his family since the twelfth century, and that it is surely not his fault if his brother doesn't care to avail himself of the privilege of figuring as one of the German nobility. The fact is that the baron has credentials which confirm his statements. He has, among other things, a passport on which he traveled through Germany, and which shows that he was recognized by the German government as Baron von Horst. He acknowledges that he has not always been known as Baron von Horst, but he explains that he doesn't use the title for business purposes. In other words, he has a dual capacity—social and business. He has been known in business as plain Louis A. Horst, but when capering nimbly in the ball-room he flaunts himself in the full pride and panoply of his title. The baron has been very much humiliated by the manner in which his good offices in behalf of local society have been misinterpreted.

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FOR ORIGINALITIES

How Ade Was Coaxed

The story comes to me from Chicago that George Ade's old-time friends object to his dramatic ventures and are coaxing him to do less for the orchestra and more for the printer. There is no doubt, however, that Ade can make dollars in comic opera where he made dimes in fables in slang—and he is not the poorest paid author in the United States by a large jugful. Ade has always written more or less stuff for the stage, but his first lucrative piece was the "Sultan of Sulu." It took some coaxing on the part of managers before he would attempt the job. His past modified failures had made him a bit leery about tackling another libretto and he was getting so much easy money from the Fables that the wolf was not exactly yapping at the door. But there came a day when he got a good idea which he imparted to his friendly persecutor at the box office. The theatrical man went away up in the air with excitement, and when he saw Ade the next day at the Chicago Athletic Club he took him around to the bar and floated some golden dreams that set the humorist to thinking. He described the fortunes that had been made from the mediocre book of "The Belle of New York," gave some figures from the box receipts from the New York run of "Florodora," and finally departed, leaving Ade in an uncommunicative but thoughtful frame of mind. Two days later the manager received at the hands of a messenger boy the following characteristic sentence in the fabologist's handwriting:

"I can use the money.

"George Ade.."

Ade, although an indefatigable worker, finds time enough to maintain his reputation as a good fellow among the Bohemians of Chicago. His headquarters is the Chicago Athletic Club, where he may be seen almost any afternoon in the company of a select crowd of writers and newspaper men to whom the goddess Fortuna has also been generous. To this coterie money has come easily of late and they dispense it as only good fellows know how. But Ade does not limit his society to the scribbling set alone. He has the quality of making himself liked that brings him into close contact with all classes. Ade has been often called the most personally popular man in Chicago.

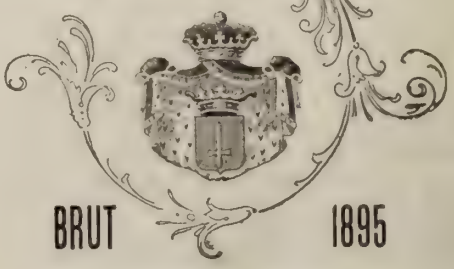
Interesting Coincidence

I see that the "Kempton-Wace Letters" are to be brought out anonymously. What the object is, the publisher alone can tell, for here, on this coast, at all events, it is well known that the volume is the joint production of Anna Strunsky and Jack London, and the interest which attaches to the authorship is quite as great as any which can be stimulated by curiosity from anonymity. A brief while ago two stories were published almost simultaneously, with plots which were virtually identical, one written by the late Frank Norris and the other by Jack London. In the "Kempton-Wace Letters," Herbert Wace is made to maintain the argument that love is a conventional veneer of civilization, and that in the future it will not sway the minds of men and women. Frank Norris, in "The Pit," has put into the mouth of one of his characters the sentiment that the novel of the future will not be a love story, but will deal with the great enterprises and movements of the world. In Mr. London's novel, "A Daughter of the Snows," St. Vincent, who is the unworthy lover of Frona, while popular with all the women, is not a favorite with the men. Elsewhere, in "The Pit," Cressler remarks to his wife, while discussing Laura and her matrimonial future, that it is the man's man who makes a good husband. Small points, and of no importance whatever, except to those that revel in coincidence.

Mrs. Atherton's Hero

Gertrude Atherton has followed up "The Conqueror" with a selection of Hamilton's Letters, her object being to still further sanctify—one might rather say deify—their author. It is not unlikely that Mrs. Atherton has succeeded in awakening new interest in Hamilton, but only those who have time for a full and free investigation of all the facts and legends concerning him, and can read Mrs. Atherton in connection with other authorities, and those who are willing to take her account as gospel, will be apt to give further concern to anything she may have to say. After reading "The Conqueror," one feels that the author would be in full accord with that Spanish biographer of Christopher Columbus, who asserted his solemn belief that had there been no American continent in existence, God would have created one rather than that the sublime faith of the explorer should be disappointed. Evidently Mrs. Atherton is of the opinion that the Revolution and all the early struggles of the Republic were especially brought about in order to form a fitting field and background on which this one man might play his part. For that matter, if we are to take her view of the case, it is the genius of Hamilton to which we owe all that has ever been accomplished in any direction of progress. One always has to make concessions to bias and partiality in writers of history or biography, but Mrs. Atherton goes so far, in shearing every other statesman and soldier of the time of his pinions, as to suggest the thought expressed by one of the village worthies in "Adam Bede," who after they had spent a profitable hour in belauding the British and belittling the French, remarked that if the latter were really so weak and insignificant, there was no great honor in defeating them. "In the land of the blind the one-eyed man may be king."

DUC DE MONTEBELLO CHAMPAGNE



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They Believe in Spooks

The Psychical Research Society, of which Professor Price, now lecturing in this city, is a notable representative, goes in for a scientific investigation of ghosts and all sorts of supernatural happenings. The members are, or think they are, entirely free and open-minded. Their idea is to prove the truth or falsity of the stories with a supernatural background. There is a bunch of bigwigs among the Psychical Researchers. The most important, perhaps, is Andrew Lang,, though I believe Annie Besant, the disciple of Madame Blavatsky, is also a member. Andrew Lang has written several books on the subject, "Cock Lane and Common Sense" being the best known of them. The Associated Spook Seekers think they have established the existence of some genuine waifs and strays from the other world, and perhaps they have. They had one medium, a Mrs. Piper, in their ranks, in whom they placed great faith. She was not an ordinary materialist of the Sunday seance order, but believed in herself as much as the Psychical Researchers believed in her. But quite lately, within the last year or so, she has turned her back on the whole thing, and says that she was deceived, self-hypnotized or something like that. She is convinced that she wasn't under supernatural guidance.

Thought Ambrose One of Them

Some months ago the Society instituted an inquiry among the high heads to ascertain how many people really wished for another life. They wanted to get at the bottom of the idea that the belief in a future existence is a natural outgrowth of the universal wish for eternal life. Ambrose Bierce poked some of his satirical fun at them. He contended that it was absurd for them to think that they could determine anything by their researches. He said that when he was writing the most improbable stories his brain could weave a member of the Psychical Research Society had written to him for "further particulars." He added that he thought if they couldn't see the palpable invention in his tales they wouldn't know a spook if they saw one. But the society is in a vigorous condition, in spite of the skeptics.

Found His Wife in Oakland

Oakland solons are discussing the singular ups and downs in the life of William A. Richards, who has just been appointed by the President to succeed Binger Hermann as Commissioner of the General Land Office next month. Richards is well remembered throughout California. He came out here from the East as a hustling young man and for ten years, between the seventies and eighties, he tried his level best to make a go of it here; but sickness and the failure of his investments finally bowled him out and he went back to Colorado to get on his feet physically and financially. Within five years he was Surveyor-General of Wyoming and within ten years he was Governor of the State, with all sorts of holdings in cattle ranges and mines. However, he got one prize out of California and that was his wife, Miss Harriet Hunt of Oakland. He was twenty-six years old when they were married. Later Richards left Oakland and went to San Jose and there, in 1879, he was elected county surveyor on the Sand Lot ticket. It was in following up the ideas of surveying he learned while in California that he landed in the lucrative office of General Land Commissioner.

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

A New Engagement Announced

Informally, to the friends of both families, the engagement has been made known of Miss Ailene Ford and Mr. Louis Pierce. The marriage, I hear, will take place very soon and will be followed by a bridal trip to Europe. Miss Ford is the only daughter of the Charles Fords. She is just out of her teens and is a real beauty, not the kind that is exploited in the dailies with no pretensions to the title. She has never formally made a debut in society, but has gone about a good deal with her parents. They live at the Occidental and Mr. Ford is prominent in clubdom. They are cultured people, inclining toward ultra-Bohemia in taste. Mr. Pierce is tremendously wealthy, having inherited a fortune from his father who died a good many years ago. He is related to the San Jose Pierces, who own a big slice of Santa Clara county land. One of the three Pierce brothers, senior, died recently. He was a bachelor and left a million or two.

Mrs. Chaperon (who assists aspirants for a consideration): My dear Mrs. Gotrocks, will you invite Miss Oneslip Gay to your next dinner?

Mrs. Gotrocks (who has just succeeded in living down a past): Oh, I couldn't, you know. One has to be so careful whom one receives nowadays.

Mrs. Chaperon: But she's at Mrs. Pedigree's tea today.

Mrs. Gotrocks: Really? Well, perhaps I can manage a card for my next crush.

The Reason Why

It has been currently reported that Abe Ruef and Gavin McNab were going to establish a law partnership, but I have been told that the negotiations to that end were abandoned long ago. Ruef is a shrewd fellow and he would not accept McNab as a partner unless he was sure that the latter could "make good." Ruef is now doing a very lucrative business through his political connection with Mayor Schmitz, whereas McNab has lost his grip. When Phelan was in power McNab had many clients. He was employed by police officers to hypnotize Phelan's police commissioners, prize-fight promoters employed him to exercise his persuasive powers on the Supervisors and also on the courts, and occasionally he secured a probate case, thanks to the vigilance of the coroner's deputies, but those good times have passed. It is true that he is on the payroll of the United Railways company, but when it becomes apparent that his political power has vanished he will not hold that job, for he would never be retained on account of his legal ability. So Ruef, who is in touch with current events, could not be induced to take McNab as a partner.

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Some Matrimonial Tangles

The divorce of the Baroness de Fontenillart from her husband leaves Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr. with few undivorced relatives. The baroness was Miss Mimi Smith, his mother's sister. His mother was divorced from William K. Vanderbilt Sr. and married Mr. O. H. P. Belmont, and that affair caused a big sensation, for up to that time Mrs. Belmont was the dominating figure in New York society. Her marriage with Ollie Belmont, himself divorced, caused another sensation. Her other sister, Mrs. Fernando Yznaga came to this State to procure a divorce from her husband and was the lioness of society. Later on she married George Rives of New York. Fernando Yznaga remarried and his second wife divorced him to marry Count Bela Zichy. Then young Mr. Vanderbilt's sister, Consuela, married the Duke of Marlborough, the son of divorced parents. However unhappy marriages are not inherited, as Ibsen would have us believe, for the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and the Willie Vanderbilts Jr., though on all sides the products of most unhappy domestic conditions, dwell together in pleased content.

Salaaming to the Vanderbilts

There has been keen rivalry between Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and Mrs. Walter Martin in the matter of paying homage to the Willie K. Vanderbilts. Mrs. Spreckels is not more than a nose ahead in the race, which has been of absorbing interest to society. She is an old family friend of the Fairs and was one of the bridesmaids when "Tessie" married Hermann Oelrichs. She has had the Vanderbilts at dinner several times. They were guests on one occasion at one of the French restaurants, and Mr. Phelan, Miss Joliffe and the Walter Martins were also present. Mrs. Spreckels looked handsome that evening and Mrs. Martin was sweet as usual in white, but Mrs. Vanderbilt is so smartly attired at all times that she makes all others look dowdy. She wore a wonderful gown of white lace with a white hat, a dog-collar of pearls and diamonds, and several ropes of pearls twisted round her neck. Her hands were covered with diamonds and rubies. Mrs. Vanderbilt looks her age, which is about twenty-seven years, and her husband looks not more than nineteen or twenty, though he is twenty-five. The evening of the Mardi Gras the same party, with the Frank Carolans added—for Mrs. Frank is a great friend of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs—dined at the Spreckels's and attended the ball in a body.

If Anna Would Lecture

Anent the dowdiness of women in the presence of Mrs. Vanderbilt, I have heard it suggested that it would be a great boon to the women of provincial cities if Anna Held would lecture in each one she visits on "Clothes and How to Put Them On." It is admitted in Paris that styles come from the stage, and it is not surprising in view of the fact that only women of artistic temperament are successful on the stage, and that they devote more attention to the art of looking beautiful than to anything else. Though Anna Held is not a great actress she knows how to dress well, and she also knows how to impart the knowledge, a fact exemplified by the stunning Sadie girls, each of whom had the benefit of her tutelage. Be it known that when Mlle's husband, Mr. Ziegfeld, engages chorus girls he does not select them for their style and carriage. Of course they must be tall and good-looking and know how to dance and sing a little. But it is Miss Held who transforms them into the swagger Parisian friends of "Sadie." She herself selects the style and colors of the gowns they wear and as for the cut, it must be the same as little Annie's own clinging frocks. The fit must be flawless. But even the figure to fit is molded under her artistic directions. For she not only tells the girls what corsets to wear but teaches them how to put them on. It is not more than one woman in a thousand who understands this difficult art, and Anna Held is a past grand mistress of it. Elizabeth White, the Susan B. Anthony of the last Dressmakers' Convention in New York, declared "right out in meetin' " that every time she went out she saw hundreds of women whom she longed to drag into doorways and teach how to get into their corsets.

Teaches Them to Walk

But not to digress from Miss Held's capability in the art of "looking stunning," she does not stop at the gown and corsets. She teaches them how to walk. To paraphrase "Tommy Atkins":

> She takes them from the city or the farms,
> And drills 'em and dresses 'em up so neat;
> She teaches them to sway their graceful arms
> And how to walk and where to put their feet.
> It doesn't matter what they were before,
> Or what their parents fancied for a name,
> Once they join the stylish chorus and wear creations for us,
> We call them Stunning "Sadies" just the same.

After they become Anna Held girls, they are models of style and grace that American society women might do well to imitate. They have one defect—that awful swinging of the arms. Perhaps Anna has not read Gertrude Atherton's anathema of that very "bad form" habit.

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Ysadora Duncan's Great Hit

Ysadora Duncan, the Californian dancer, has at last made her big hit in Europe. She always said she would, and she is a girl of indomitable pluck and energy. I remember meeting her in New York shortly after she graduated from the hands of Marie Bonfante, the teacher in things terpsichorean. At that period she was getting practical experience under Augustin Daly and just beginning to branch out as a parlor fad in society. Later Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and others took her up and she became a great success. In those days she was thoroughly lyrical, all spring, all girlishness. She was no sylph then, by any means. She hungered for good rare roast beef far more than for sunbeams and the odor of flowers. She had a sturdy pair of limbs and beautiful feet, none too small, but in exact proportion to her body. "And I'm glad they're not small," she used to say, "for if they were I couldn't do my work." She fairly bubbled over with enthusiasm for her work and declared that her future lay in Europe. Time has proved she was right. Even then she showed shrewd business sense. I believe she still continues to be her own business manager.

Her Studies of the Nude

Even at that time she planned to go in for ancient posturings and dances rather than to follow the French high-kicking school. All the while she was making careful studies of "clotheslessness," as some people might term it, to accentuate the curves of the human body. She tried everything in the diaphanous line in order to get the most beautiful effects. Her rooms were literally stuffed with photographs of fine figures from life. On the walls hung alto relievos of antique statuary, arms, busts, legs, torsos, feet and hands in all imaginable postures. She practiced at her art for hours at a stretch and as faithfully as Paderewski on the piano. She danced with her whole body, not with her legs and feet. Her aim was a rhythmic movement of the body. She used to say that as her legs and feet did the main work they must be uncovered while the body breathed the spirit of the dance—harmony in motion. And now, according to press despatches, the German Empress has engaged Miss Duncan to teach her daughters to dance and enthusiasts in Berlin are going to build her a theatre costing two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Her Father's Great Hobby

In a way Ysadora Duncan has come by her ideas through heredity for her father, J. C. Duncan, was given to things classical. He was one of the California pioneers and came to his financial end through the disastrous smash of the Pioneer Bank. He made several trips to Europe and adorned his home here with antiques and works of art. Greek art was his hobby. While other children of Ysadora's age were listening to fairy stories her father was reading to her passages about Greek life, games and dances. Long afterwards, in New York, she herself confessed that as a little girl she used to stand before the nude statues in her father's house and try and imitate their postures. But all that life ended when her father went down in the crash of the Pioneer Savings bank. It was one of the most disastrous of bank wrecks for many poor families were ruined in its fall. Duncan was its president. He went into hiding and it was well he did, else something serious might have happened to him at the hands of the raging depositors. Detective Lees finally located his hiding place in a Kearny street lodging house. Lees went to a room and demanded that Duncan appear. He was assured that none in the place knew where the bank president was. Lees walked straight up to the bureau, pulled it from the wall and revealed Duncan crouching on the floor. The interior of the bureau had been removed to afford him a hiding place.

North German lady, graduate of German Normal School, gives German Conversational and Literature Lessons. 2130 Bush.

Miss Modish—It's the fad now to have your monogram or initial worked on your shirtwaist.

Miss Cynic—About half of our set will have the letters scarlet, I suppose.

A Panic in the Smart Set

There was a big slump in the list of those receiving with Mrs. Eleanor Martin Tuesday last. It was the occasion of the reception in honor of Baroness von Schroeder, and the failure of many of the most fashionable of the younger element to materialize was significant. Society is cowardly when it comes to expressing an opinion or to help some one out. Tuesday Baron von Schroeder was to have been restored to his high social position which he so proudly occupied before the libel suit, but society became somewhat panicky, and Mrs. Martin with all her prestige couldn't get the situation well in hand. It happened that an epidemic of headaches broke out in the Burlingame set, and then some of those invited suddenly recalled previous engagements. Mrs. Carolan, Mrs. Gus Taylor, Mrs. Will Taylor, Mrs. Russell Wilson and Mrs. Henry T. Scott were among those that were "unavoidably absent." However all the personal friends of the Baroness, who is a very charming woman, and of Mrs. Martin, were in attendance. But with the younger element absent the tea was not a very lively affair.

(Preliminary Announcement)

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Fate Overtakes the Breckenridges

News of a most startling character comes to me from Paris, of a shocking denouement to the honeymoon of the Jack Breckenridges. Though I have been unable to verify it I am assured by what I believe to be competent authority that, unfortunately, it is well founded. According to my informant the worst misgivings of those that protested against the marriage of Addie Murphy and Jack Breckenridge have been verified. It will be remembered that the parents of Miss Murphy were opposed to the marriage because of the suspicion of a taint in the blood of the Breckenridges, a suspicion that received verification in the suicide of Lloyd Breckenridge, and in the more recent mental collapse of his sister Florence. Jack Breckenridge had betrayed traces of eccentricity that were far from encouraging to those who were concerned about his welfare, and therefore when Addie Murphy eloped with him it was generally felt that the union was a rash and ill-fated one for both.

The Startling Climax

However, the young people were apparently very much in love and during their honeymoon in this city appeared to be most congenial and happy. Shortly after their marriage they started on a tour of the world, and a few weeks ago they were heard from in Paris, whence came the news that both were seriously ill. Mrs. Murphy, the mother of the bride, was communicated with by cable and she immediately started for Paris. Nobody appeared to know anything definite as to the nature of the illness that had seized the young couple, and news pertaining to the case was religiously withheld. Meanwhile the friends in this city of young Mrs. Breckenridge have been curious to know what had happened. According to the story which reached this office early in the week, she is suffering from an acute attack of Bright's Disease, and her condition a week ago was critical. And it is related that the excitement of the trip and the illness of his wife had such a disastrous effect on Jack Breckenridge that it was deemed advisable to remove him to a sanitarium in Paris. This action was probably taken at the instance of his mother, Mrs. Fred Sharon, who resides in Paris.

A Chinatown Travesty by Irwin

I heard this week that Wallace Irwin will make his first "sure enough" appearance as a dramatic writer at the Theatre Republic, which is to open as a first-class minstrel and travesty theatre on March fifteenth. Irwin, I understand, is under contract and salary to furnish all the travesties, topicals and reviews on which the theatre will specialize. It will be the policy of the house to open the night's performance with a minstrel turn, make the second act an operatic satire on some phase of local life, and to close up with a short, snappy travesty on some show which is running at the time or is still fresh in the minds of the San Francisco audiences. Irwin has prepared a first week bill which is characteristic of his whimsical pen and will contain several sensational features. The local show will be called "Chop Suey" and will be a musical Chinatown farce with a highbinder war as a motif. Jo Kane, the German comedian of "The Belle of New York" fame, will take a leading comedy part, that of a Chinatown guide, while two sporting hayseeds from Fresno will be impersonated by William Keller Mack and Charles J. Stine. Pearl Wilkerson will be Bow Leg Shin, the president, chaplain and resident physician of the Ping Pong tong, while Sydney A. Harris will play the leading juvenile role, that of T. Fumigation Daily, President of the Board of Health. Marie Lamp Adelman is the prima donna of the company and Claudia Rogers is the soubrette. The whole show will be a running satire on municipal misgovernment of the Oriental quarter, the bubonic plague scare and highbinder methods, but the grand climax of the piece will come when Mayor Schmitz, Chief Wittman and Sergeant Conboy appear to settle the Chinese question in a startlingly original manner. Wallace Irwin has written all the lyrics, topicals and choruses and the score will be by Leo Bruck.

They Both Wanted to Know

Nance O'Neil and Ashton Stevens had a passage at envelopes last week and came out with honors about even. I do not know what Mr. Stevens's reviews had done to arouse the sarcasm of the large tragedienne but at any rate a note came by messenger to Mr. Stevens one day, and it read as follows:

"By what divine right does Mr. Stevens consider himself a dramatic critic? *Nance O'Neil.*"

Mr. Stevens sent back his reply by the same bearer. It read:

"By what divine right does Nance O'Neil consider herself an actress? *Ashton Stevens.*"

The McCreerys Get More Riches

By the death of Mrs. Lawrence Kip in New York a large fortune comes to the Richard McCreerys. Mrs. Kip was the widow of Colonel Lawrence Kip, son of the late Bishop Kip. She inherited the business ability of her father, Peter Lorillard, but none of his generosity. Her son, Lorillard Kip, died several years ago, leaving her with only one child, Edith, who became the wife of Richard McCreery. The McCreerys will inherit several millions from Mrs. Kip.

W. S. Porter, of the Associated Oil Company, entertained a party at Byron Springs on Sunday and Washington's Birthday. In the congenial company were Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Chanslor, Mr. and Mrs. Burton E. Green, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Buck of Vacaville, and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Parcells of Oakland. Among others now at Byron are A. S. Walker, Miss Agnes E. Walker and Mrs. A. C. McFarlane of Honolulu, Colonel C. H. Maddon, Captain W. F. Taylor and Thomas Denigan of San Francisco.

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The Mardi Gras Ball

The proprieties were strictly observed at the Mardi Gras ball Tuesday night. It has been clearly demonstrated that our society and club men are perfectly tame even when they are masked. Last year when they wore their own faces they were as harmless as Adgie's lions, and this year they failed to shock anybody. Several of society's most exclusive young women went away disappointed. One of them remarked that she had fondly expected to have at least one good story whispered into her ear, but that she heard nothing which she would be afraid to repeat to her grandmother. Comparatively few of the men availed themselves of the privilege of masking and at least a third of the women went unmasked. The latter stood around in their own faces until the grand march began. Then, their identity having been fully established and the possibility of any indignity being offered them having been wafted away, they donned demi-masks and proceeded to the ball-room. The women that went *in cog* covered their faces, it is true, but were so liberal in the display of neck that there was no mystery about their identity. The neck and shoulders constitute a distinct exhibit for identification purposes in many instances. For example Ethyl Hager has a neck and shoulders that you never could be mistaken about. And the same is true of Marie Wells. I believe it was Theodore Wores who said that Marie's shoulders were the only perfect pair in society.

Some of the Features

As it has been demonstrated that masks are harmless perhaps next year the directors of the Hopkins Institute will go a step further and substitute punch for circus lemonade before the supper. And then, perhaps the genuine carnival spirit will not be held in check until the wee sma' hours. Those that lingered until three A. M. had a taste of joy unconfined, for when the wine was in some of the gay spirits went in for a wide-open ball.

The decorations were worthy of all praise, and the people in the boxes formed a show in themselves. Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt had to stand a deal of rubbering. Mrs. Jim Flood, too, in her box in the upper gallery, was stared at a good deal. She was in a white evening gown, with a jeweled aigrette in her blonde hair. Mrs. Joe Tobin looked stunning and picturesque in powdered hair. Her butterfly costume was beautiful. Pearl Landers was a dainty Nedda and Mrs. Latham McMullin's Christmas costume was unique. Mrs. Adams, one of Oakland's prettiest matrons, wore a bridal gown of spangled tulle, the train carried by her little girl, in pink. Her sister, Mrs. Poore of Berkeley, was St. Valentine's Day, in a stunning costume of red and white. Miss De Young also went in a Valentine costume. One of the most novel conceptions, and which at a Pavilion masque would have won its wearer a prize, was Miss Colburn's Wild Oats. Harry Stetson and Walter Martin were among the men in hunting pink. Dr. Genthe and Fred Greenwood wore handsome costumes, but their tights were not exactly smooth fits. Amedee Joullin was magnificent as Robin Hood. Miss Therese Rooney was one of the sprightliest and prettiest girls at the ball. She wore a gorgeous Chinese dress and was very effectively disguised.

"We hardly find any persons of good sense save those who agree with us." —*La Rochefoucauld.*

How about the Olivina wines in sense of taste?

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This is the first year the Mardi Gras ball was not graced by a queen. Mrs. Pat Finigan was the first queen, Mrs. Alice Chittenden, the second, Miss Marian Froelich the third, Mrs. Arthur Barendt the fourth, Miss Joan Hadenfeldt the fifth and Mrs. Guiseppe Cadenasso the sixth. Miss Ethyl Hager was to have officiated this year but she was seized with stage fright at the prospect.

Society Shocked by Swells

In strong contrast to the polite behavior of the people at the Hopkins Institute was that of the guests at the Hager home on the occasion of the Yellow Kid ball. The very *creme de la creme* of our elite were invited by Miss Ethyl Hager to her little function, and there were no rank outsiders, and yet so boisterous did a few of the guests become at one stage of the festivities that their hostess was impelled to "call them down." The conduct of a few of the swells almost provoked a stampede, and it excited such severe criticism that it will be a long time before the echoes of that ball die out. It was at the supper table that the bars were taken down and that the promotion of gayety was begun in earnest. The leaders of the merry rout were those highly resplendent aristocrats, Mrs. Gus and Mrs. Will Taylor, familiarly known as the "Hopkins twins," and they had the enthusiastic co-operation of Mrs. Walter Martin.

A Sanguinetti Scene

Those three gay young matrons established a record for breezy boisterousness at the Hager ball. They were in most exuberant spirits when they began the fun by throwing bread missiles at the other guests. For awhile everybody enjoyed the fun, but presently the pelting became a

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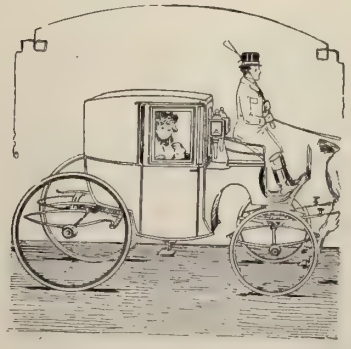

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little too lively, and objection was raised when the gay matrons began throwing articles of food that caused damage to wearing apparel. Miss Hager's "Zaza" gown was ruined in the sport, and Addison Mizner's coat was badly stained with butter that had been hurled at him. Dr. Zeile and George De Long also suffered some damage and presently a halt was called by the hostess. Walter Dean remarked that evidently somebody imagined that it was in order to give an imitation of a Sunday night scene at Sanguinetti's. It was unfortunate that the merry function should have degenerated into "rough-house," for it has occasioned more or less unpleasant discussion. The three merry matrons meant no harm, their only purpose being to stimulate gayety. The "Hopkins twins" are the two most unconventional young women in society, and no doubt they feel that the smart set of San Francisco is beastly slow.

The Climax

However, I am informed that as lively as the Taylor matrons made the party, it was not until Mr. Walter Martin threatened to become a little gay that the hostess called a halt. The hilarity had reached its height when that rollicking young man seized a siphon bottle, stood up and prepared to spray his hostess. Thereupon Miss Hager announced that if he pressed the trigger she would be impelled to request him to leave the house. And then became apparent that the fun had assumed a serious aspect. Explanations followed. Of course Mr. Martin was only joking. He had not the slightest intention of giving his hostess a bath. But he is a most realistic actor.

Raphael Weill had a birthday on Tuesday, which he celebrated by giving a dinner at Marchand's.

Was It Music, Heavenly Maid?

Because many women went into ecstasies over Pietro Mascagni it was inferred that they had gone music mad; that the great composer had charmed them with the fascinating harmonies that poured forth at the instigation of his magic baton; that the personality of the man appealed to the souls of his feminine auditors because they instinctively felt that he was the incarnation of the divine melodies that floated on the air, intoxicating and enrapturing them. Having heard the *sotto voce* remarks of women all around me at the first concert I went away with an entirely different opinion. It would probably require the boldness of a Walt Whitman to tell the whole truth about it, but candor compels me to take a more prosaic view of the matter. The fact is that the physique of Mr. Pietro Mascagni appealed to women fully as much as did the soulful harmonies that emanated from his orchestra. As soon as he appeared there was a flutter among the women and they began talking about the beautiful curves of his back, his massive, well-rounded shoulders and even his—yes, his legs—as though they were attending an art exhibition instead of a concert, and were voicing their impressions of a flesh and blood Apollo Belvedere. If the inspiring influence of music alone were responsible for the hysterics of feminine enthusiasts, isn't it strange that they never mob one of their own sex on the concert stage? And isn't it singular that they plunge into raptures only when the performer is one of the Paderewski or Mascagni type? When William Muldoon was doing his living picture stunt some years ago, the thrilling effect that he had on women was akin to that wrought by the beautiful Pietro.

The Mobbing of Peixotto

The women that mobbed Mascagni were no more demonstrative than were those that attended the warm reception given to Ernest Peixotto at the Sketch Club in California street, last Saturday afternoon. The guest of honor, being unaccompanied by Mrs. Peixotto, was at the mercy of the art-loving ladies; and from the mercy of fair women Heaven is powerless to defend a man of note, especially an artist. As for the police—! A wife, as is abundantly shown in the case of Mascagni, is a man's natural protector. A notable should find it profitable to pay his wife big pin money to go about in his behalf, green-eyed and with an obvious dagger at her belt. In all seriousness, to find a hundred different suitable answers to a hundred different (and indifferent) compliments, requires a genius which cannot reasonably be expected of a man who has great talent in some other direction. And to remain silent is out of the question; for here silence gives consent which is almost certain to be construed into overwhelming conceit. Let *les belles dames sans merci* who besieged the defenseless little artist but recall how they puzzled over their several pretty speeches, and then think of his case who had perforce to reply extempore to each one with something equally pretty! No wonder Mr. Peixotto intends to depart for that dear Paris where artists are as common as blackberries and honors are divided and easy. Conspicuous for a short time among the few men present was Dr. David Starr Jordan.

Mascagni in Bohemia

The Bohemian Club would not of course let Mascagni go away without adding him to the list of their distinguished "guests of honor." The Italian maestro was therefore entertained at a big dinner this week. The two Grahams—Jimmy and Donald—Dr. de Vecchi, Amadee Joullin, Giuseppe Cadenasso and several other Bohemians familiar with either the French or Italian tongue were present. Mascagni, by the way, is not the only great Italian the club has dined in state. One of the finest affairs the Bohemians ever gave was in honor of Tomasso Salvini.

People with pasts used to give memorial windows to churches to salve their consciences. Now they give memorial libraries. It costs more, but the salve is thicker and leads to newspaper notices.

A Papal Anecdote

Apropos of the Pope's jubilee, celebrated a few days ago, I am reminded of a story told me recently by a Cath-

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olic clergyman who had just returned from a visit to the Vatican. There is nothing that that cheery old dignitary of the Vatican enjoys more than felicitating himself on the fact that he is a youth in all but years. The story is by way of illustration. A favorite Cardinal was dining with the Pope one day, and after the removal of the dessert the guest drew from his pocket the manuscript of a dissertation on a religious theme, and proceeded to read, but stuck fast at an illegible word. The Pope insisted on his handing him the manuscript, and deciphering it at once smilingly remarked:

"You see, my dear friend, at your age a man should always wear glasses. Do buy a pair. For myself, I rarely need them."

The Cardinal is sixty, the Pope well over eighty.

It is easy to be witty at another's expense. But genuine humor does not have to resort to personalities to point the witticism.

Newhall Grilled

A writer in the Oakland *Tribune* has been pointing out the absurdity of the interference of San Francisco business men in the matter of the appointment of a Harbor Commissioner, a subject on which I commented several weeks ago. Incidentally the *Tribune* writer drew a few impressionist sketches of George Newhall, the Police Commissioner, who presides over that body, in glad rags, and who is popularly regarded as one of our leading cits. Mr. Newhall inherited wealth, and as he is a prominent clubman and chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, people of humble circumstances regard him as a great financier. Mayor Phelan gave verisimilitude to the fiction by enlisting his services to start the Charter on its way. Now comes the Oakland writer to dispel the illusion. After telling the story of how the "business men" got together and insisted that a San Francisco business man should be appointed Harbor Commissioner, subsequently indorsing a Salinas politician for the job, he added that there was a chance for them to get Dr. Rowell on the Panama canal commission. About that time, "It was found that that pompous ass, George Newhall, had indorsed for the place Hugh Craig, an insurance solicitor, who didn't have a dead man's chance."

Merely Crass Stupidity

Next San Francisco had an opportunity to get a Commissioner of Commerce, the biggest thing in the country for the city and its harbor. "But," says the Oakland man, "the unconscionable Newhall hemmed and hawed and sent off to Los Angeles asking if they did not have some good man for the job down there. It's a wonder he hadn't asked Seattle. The stupidity of that over-blown windbag is past all belief, and people are coming to the conclusion that it is stupidity and not venality which causes his crookedness on the Board of Police Commissioners. You should have heard Congressman-elect Gillette cursing Newhall for an ass of asses." The Oakland man evidently sprinkles his pen with cayenne.

A Quarter of a Century Married

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ackerman celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage last Tuesday night, and entertained two hundred of their friends. They received a great variety of silver. The Ackermans have one of the most beautiful residences in the city. One of its features is a theatre with generous seating capacity. Tuesday night the guests were entertained with a fine musical program.

Jones—Did you find a girl to suit you, at the employment office?

Mrs. Jones—I found one that I appeared to suit, for she accepted the position.

Art in Trade

Art is in hard luck when Martinez, who had such vogue in Paris and who was thought by many to be the foremost artist in this city, has been obliged to accept a position in a lithograph establishment. His only studio work is done on Sundays. Martinez is of the impressionist school and he makes everything in subdued tones.

A Story from Gotham

Fulton Berry, the Fresno raisin grower, was sitting in the conservatory of a New York hotel one day recently, when a colored servant came along with a watering pot. In the course of his labors he sprinkled some water on the Fresno man's legs.

"Here, what do you mean?" exclaimed Berry.

The darky jumped back.

"'Scuse me, sah," he apologized, "I thought you was a century plant."

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Friction Between the Army and Society

The tabbies of the Army and the Mrs. Grundys of San Francisco society are in the throes of a merry war, which only by courtesy could be called civil. Time was when the army set kept itself frigidly aloof, and then there was no ground for criticism on either side. But the army people have been hand and glove with the local smart set ever since the Spanish-American war, which seems to have broken down the fence that formerly reared itself between the opposing sets. The present kick comes from the army side. The wives and daughters of the Presidio officers say that it's an indication of bad breeding to invite their male relatives to all the functions in town while *they* seldom get a card. On the other hand the ladies of civil life say that the reason the army wives and daughters fail to receive invitations to society's balls and dances is because they are so remiss in the matter of calling. "A first call *must* be returned," say the etiquette-encased grandmammas and matrons who will not fall into the London fashion which abolishes calls completely.

A Typewritten Declination

On one occasion two society leaders from town called upon a dozen army officers' relatives. But three of the calls were returned. On another occasion the wife of a recently arrived army officer of rank was called upon by a lady of equal standing in civilian life. The army man's wife being out, a visiting card and note of invitation to an entertainment were left for her at her hotel. The invitation was declined in a curt typewritten missive and the card received no notice whatever. But it is generally acknowledged, in the most hidebound circles, that there are a few women in the army who always do the correct thing. Those are Mrs. J. B. Rawles, wife of the commanding officer at the Presidio, Mrs. John Chamberlain, wife of the Inspector-General in the Philippines, Mrs. D. D. Wheeler, wife of the recent chief Quartermaster of this Department, and the Misses Terry, who do the honors for their brother-in-law, General Hughes, at Fort Mason.

Bread Upon the Waters

The vexed question of to call or not to call must be exceedingly difficult to answer when it has passed into a Sunday supp symposium. There are a few ways of settling it now and forever. One is, a man who has been invited to dine at a house where he knows a dinner call is expected, to send regrets. If a hostess wants the return of a call from her guests, she is not dispensing pure hospitality. She is casting her bread upon the waters with the idea that it will return with perhaps an invitation to her daughters to go to the the theatre. Everybody knows calls are bores. The average mortal, man or woman, considers an afternoon tea a bore. Why not agree to let formal calls die out? There should be no such things as social obligations. Common courtesy should be a sufficient stimulus to social intercourse.

Lieutenant Howland will depart early next week with the Twenty-fifth regiment, for the Philippines. He has been the most popular of the military beaux this winter. He expects to win the title of captain in the Orient, and if successful he will be in greater demand than ever on his return.

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Are Shoulder Straps to be Tabu

Is San Francisco society about to rise in revolt against the rule of the army and navy? I should not wish to say anything rash, but it looks as though some members of our smart set are getting tired of shoulder straps and stripes. A few weeks ago a bud was heard to ask, "What's the matter with the papers, that you don't see anything in them any more but pictures of lieutenants and highbinders?" And I have heard the same murmur from other sources, too. In comparing these notes I find that in no other city are army officers accorded the prestige which they enjoy in San Francisco. It is more than equally so with the navy. At Newport and other fashionable Eastern resorts the man with the brass buttons is only knee high, if he is in things at all. This is largely a matter of wealth, as well as of family, for a lieutenant cannot keep a yacht on a lieutenant's pay. Furthermore, the European superstition that a man must be of aristocratic birth because he has rank in the Service, is all tommyrot in this democratic land of ours. The washerwoman's son and the banker's son are admitted alike into Annapolis and West Point, and although the chances are in favor of a man's being of good birth, there are plenty who graduate from these places and occupy a good place in society who, in the European sense, are rank outsiders. All of these things, then, are being taken into account by some of our more snobbish members of the smart set with the probable result that in the future more discrimination may be shown in picking out winners for the cotillions.

The Social Boom

Another one of our society girls has gone on the stage —so the dailies have said—and joined the Anna Held chorus, which, they tell us, is a remarkable achievement. To what particular clique in society she belonged, the dailies failed to tell us, and as I had never heard of her in society I imagine that she moved in some euchre club set. One of the few genuine representatives of swell society in this city that ever took to the footlights was George de Long, now of Fischer's theatre, and I never heard of his getting any booming by reason of his social prestige. Yet his social standing has never been impaired by his connection with the stage, even though it has been in a somewhat humble capacity. He is invited everywhere by our very smartest hostesses. He was at the Spreckels ball, and he has been at almost every big function pulled off since his return to San Francisco.

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One of the Genuine

Miss Virginia Drew Trescott, who comes to the Theatre Republic next week in Tolstoi's "Resurrection," is a lady with a social past, but she makes no effort to exploit it for advertising purposes. A few years ago she was "Mrs." Trescott, the wife of a very wealthy citizen of one of the Sound cities of the Northwest. Having some of the blood of the theatrical Drew family in her veins she naturally developed yearnings for a stage career, and she came to this city in the hope of getting a start. She had some influential friends among the members of the Century Club, and through their influence she was enabled to make her debut in a modest part at the Alcazar. Her work was of a promising character, and she resolved to perfect herself in the dramatic art. Since then she has met with considerable success. For a time she was Frederick Warde's leading lady.

Lawyer—Madame, you say that your husband beat you black and blue.

Mrs. D. Vorseeker—Yes, sir.

Lawyer—Well, madame, show your bruises to the court.

Mrs. D. Vorseeker—Si-r-r!

Sustaining Her Record

The very latest report from Paris is that Mrs. Alice Ballard McDonald Rix O'Leary has separated from her young husband and that there is to be a divorce. The report is almost incredible because it was only a few weeks ago that I heard of their intense devotion to each other, and of the harmony that prevailed in their Parisian menage. But Mrs. O'Leary is a genius and eccentric. She has had three matrimonial experiences. Her first husband was a Mr. McDonald, by whom she had a son. Her second was Mr. Rix, who was divorced to marry her and who, after he was divorced by her, was reunited with his first wife, and the latter now speaks very highly of her. And more remarkable is the affection entertained for her by the daughter of the Rix's who lived with her during her brief marriage with Mr. Rix. Mrs. Rix is now about forty years of age and her husband is in the early thirties. She is such a brilliant woman and graceful, sparkling writer that it is unfortunate that she has not made some contribution to literature less evanescent than her journalistic work. When living at Belvedere she wrote a novel, the manuscript of which was lost in a fire that destroyed her cabin, and unfortunately she had no copy of the work.

Why Von Holleben Lost His Job

The rivalry between champagne agents causes friction in the highest diplomatic circles as well as in the smart set of this city. Dr. Von Holleben, Ambassador from Germany, who caused trouble in the Venezuelan affair and who was supposed to have been recalled in consequence thereof, was, it now appears, involved in a disgraceful scandal over the christening of the Emperor's yacht, *Meteor II*. A German firm of sparkling wine manufacturers, through an agent in Milwaukee, offered him twenty boxes of wine if he would use one bottle as an advertisement at the launching. To this he agreed but he failed to "make good," for Alice Roosevelt selected a French wine for the christening. The next day the Milwaukee man wired a complaint to Von Holleben who promptly replied that the German wine was to have been used but that a representative of Moet & Chandon, a French firm, had fraudulently substituted a bottle of their wine. The agent of the German firm caused this statement to be published, and he was sued for libel. During the trial the facts as to Von Holleben's conduct were brought out. Judgment was rendered in favor of the plaintiff and the story soon reached the ears of the German Emperor who recalled his Ambassador.

Crowding the Mourners

The craze for dramatized novels has become so great that it is not considered premature to discuss the dramatization of a novel before it is issued by the publisher. The New York *Sun*, in alluding to the fact that Denis Kearney is the latest public character to be immortalized in fiction, being the hero of Mrs. Older's novel, adds, "Report says that Mr. Kearney is pleased with the portrait, and that his daughter who is upon the stage is eager to play the heroine's role in a dramatization of the book."

Biggest Railroad Compromise

The large number of railroad disasters during the last few months have set curious adjusters and interested attorneys to speculating on the probable sums the big local transportation companies will pay out to satisfy the various demands for personal injuries. There is a wide disparity in the figures of course, for each case is built on its

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own particular merits and unless a person is thoroughly familiar with them it is a difficult matter to guess the mark the jury may agree on. I recall a case in court where an engineer was killed and a fireman very badly injured in a San Jose smash-up. The same jury heard both cases and exactly the same set of facts was submitted in each instance, yet the fireman got a verdict of five thousand dollars damages while the family of the engineer got nothing. The fireman had stuck to his cab while the engineer had jumped when he saw the collision was unavoidable. The railroad attorney argued that the engineer would have escaped if he had not jumped. Contrary to general opinion, the company is always seeking chances to compromise if the figures are not too stiff for the injuries received. The biggest amicable settlement on its books, that I can recall, was in the case of Colonel Harney who was the president of the Pioneer Woolen Mills. He was killed about twelve years ago while going over Tehachapi. Somewhere up in the clouds a freight car broke loose and tore down the mountain side. The Colonel happened to be standing out on the platform. The runaway battered into the rear car and the colonel was caught between the smashed platforms. For some reason the company was exceedingly anxious to settle at once. Even before the funeral a compromise was agreed on and the widow was paid thirty-two thousand dollars.

Female Looters from New England

Mrs. Hearst does not believe in fencing in her garden. The posies in her Berkeley home bloom within touch of the passer-by but the choicest flowers are never touched. The sidewalk is fringed with lemon and orange trees that are now bearing fruit. The small boys resolutely stick their hands in their pockets when passing by, for Mrs. Hearst's house is a sacred spot in Berkeley. But the other day some New England females were visiting the university, and of course they wanted to see the home of the fairy godmother. They were charmed with the novelty of seeing fruit trees bordering the sidewalk and laden with ripe oranges and lemons. One of them went into a neighboring house to borrow some sugar and the other went on a foraging expedition for glasses. Presently they were comfortably seated on the edge of the sidewalk making lemonade with lemons plucked from the trees. The indignant and amused glances of the passers-by did not in the least disturb them. When they had satisfied their thirst they helped themselves to the choicest oranges. The lady who had donated the glasses did not relish the use to which they had been put and she told the Eastern women as much. "Why, it was just as good as any you could buy!" protested one, "and think of being able to get it for nothing like that!"

CLEANING THE TOWN WITH COMPRESSED AIR.

The new method of house-cleaning, as exploited by the S. F. Compressed Air Cleaning Co., 701-703 Claus Spreckels Bldg., bids fair to put the old time styles out of business. Now one can have his home thoroughly cleaned from cellar to garret, carpets, furniture, draperies, decorations, ceilings and wall—everything that can collect dust and germs—without trouble or inconvenience in a few hours. No dirt left behind; everything cleaned up spick and span. A postal to the main office will give full particulars.

This cold weather, grip is warded off by taking Chapin & Gore's whiskies.

Sons in the Army and Navy

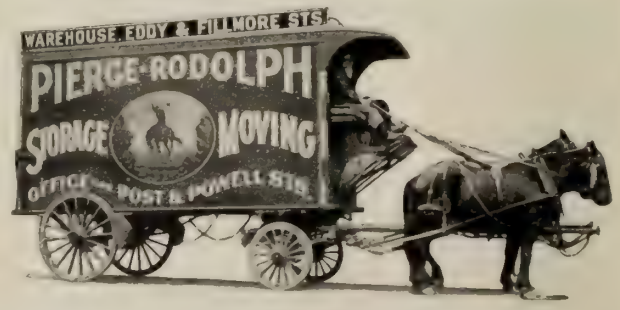
A son of Paul Neumann, a recent graduate from Annapolis, will sail for Central America today to join Admiral Glass. Young Neumann was ordered out here to join the *New York* but the ship had already left for Central America. Another Neumann boy, who went to London a few years ago to study medicine, became an enthusiast over the Boer cause. The result was that he gave up his medical course to fight with the patriots. Their mother recently returned from Mexico, where she visited her mother, who is of that country. Since Paul Neumann's death his widow has spent much of her time abroad, where her younger children are being educated.

He Landed a Prize

After a somewhat pyrotechnic career in this country the Earl of Yarmouth has succeeded in capturing an heiress. The Earl was on the stage in New York and proved himself a very bad actor, but he never intended to perfect himself in the mummer's art. The sole purpose of his trip to this country was to hypnotize an heiress, and he succeeded. The principal distinction of his noble house is that a bold ancestor was the original of Thackeray's Lord Steyne in "Vanity Fair." Of the same individual we are told by Byron that when he was very old it was his custom to sit on the balcony of his London house and make eyes at the milliners' girls.

Engagement Reported from Paris

A correspondent writes me from Paris that there is a rumor in the American colony of an engagement between Miss Alanna Marmion and Mr. Joseph O'Sullivan, brother of "Neely" O'Sullivan. Miss Marmion is a great-granddaughter of the late Rear Admiral David S. McDougal. Her mother was formerly Carrie McD. Van Voorhies of this city, who in the latter seventies was one of San Francisco's most beautiful belles. Her father is Medical Director R. A. Marmion of the navy. She is with her grandmother, Mrs. D. McD. Van Voorhies, studying vocal music in the French capital, and Mr. O'Sullivan is having his voice cultivated.



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The Man in the Moon

Dear Janet wears a corsage low,
(Just to be in it),
A gorgeous half moon all aglow,
(She needs to pin it).
Now part of the pin is in the lace,
But most of it is above that place,
And wouldn't it be a great disgrace
If the moon had a man within it.

M. C. Bourke.

The White Rat's Nest

Every boarding house table has its butt and ours had the White Rat, a pale-faced little man with sharp features. Pretty Mrs. Zenas, who was our wit and beauty, gave this name to him when the landlady let out the fact that one of his eccentricities was a pet white rat which he kept in his room much to her disapproval. She railed at him frequently, but he essayed no repartee. He may have been in the mental state that would have caused a normal person to blush under her chaffing, but apparently nothing could bring the color to his face. His name was Peter Butler and he was a bachelor.

But though he was a single man himself he did not utterly disapprove of matrimony, for one day he brought home a spouse for the white rat. Had he been a rank unbeliever in the dual existence the white rat would have been doomed to live unmated, for Butler had its interests very much at heart.

Not long after Mrs. White Rat was given to him, the thoughtful rodent perceived that the bureau drawer which they occupied, was, so to speak, an unfurnished flat, and while it was well enough for a careless devil of a bachelor, it was entirely too bare for married quarters. Clearly it was his duty to find some furnishings. He hastily inspected his master's belongings, but found nothing suitable.

A hole in the wainscoting gave him access to the next room, where he encountered a small band of elastic that for some inexplicable reason appealed to his fancy. He conveyed this back to the drawer and Mrs. White Rat approved. Essaying once more he found in the same room another bit of cloth very much similar to the first one. Then he made his way to the room further on and by those mysterious byways which are known only to rodents, explored the entire premises.

Next morning not one of the lady boarders appeared at the breakfast table. One of the men said that his wife was a trifle indisposed, someone else's wife had neuralgia. The landlady looked worried.

Butler enjoyed that breakfast because Mrs. Zenas was not present to poke fun at him. Before he left he went back to his room to take a farewell look at his pets. When he opened the drawer he almost fell back in amazement, which very soon turned to mirth. And no wonder. The white rat had put together a nest made up of garters looted from the lady boarders. The butt at last had his secret joke on his persecutors. But he could not keep it to himself.

That evening he invited a few of the male boarders who were least objectionable to him up to see his pet. He pointed out the unique couch that the white rat had made.

The men grinned of course and gave vent to such expressions as, "Well, you old scoundrel. And we thought you were bashful! All from friends of yours?"

Butler made no reply except in chuckles. He was enjoying for the first time in his life the pleasure of being regarded as a rake, which is something more or less coveted by the average man. He all but flushed with pleasure and accepted the tribute silently.

But Mr. Zenas's eye dwelt curiously on the buckle of one of those little circlets with a hazy notion that he had seen it somewhere before. Suddenly he caught it between his finger and thumb and jerked it from the drawer, scattering a miscellaneous collection of garters, the female white rat, and at least a dozen offspring of exceedingly tender age.

There was a monogram on that buckle Y. Z., and as those were not common initials, it seemed highly probable that they stood for Yvonne Zenas.

There was something more than annoyance in the eyes of Mr. Zenas when he turned on the quaking Butler. Zenas's clenched fist was raised and a catastrophe was imminent when someone suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, look!"

Issuing from the hole in the wainscoting appeared the industrious builder of the nest. He was dragging behind him a circlet of incredible diameter, truly a garter of colossal size. The men looked from the ruined habitation to the little gatherer of material and one by one burst into shouts of laughter. Zenas laughed loudest of all.

"Even the landlady is forced to contribute," he observed. Our landlady is a dame of generous proportions from which fact he drew his conclusions.

"Well," observed another, fingering what he recognized as his wife's property. "We married men can return to our wives their—what belongs to them, but I am led to believe that Miss Halstead has also been levied upon." Miss Halstead is a spinster of uncertain age. "Now while most of the property can be returned without embarrassing anybody it seems hardly fair that she should not have back her—er—belongings, but who the deuce is to do it?"

"Let's leave them all here," suggested Zenas. "They have been replaced I believe. But Butler, you must stop that hole. Heaven knows what articles of apparel your rat will fancy next."

But Butler left the house as soon as he could arrange it. He took his pets with him, also the nest.

W. O. McGeehan.

Illustration Essential

Managing Editor: "We must have a front page picture tomorrow, to accompany the Honduras story, showing the scenes of great activity at the arsenals and naval stations."

Assistant Managing Editor: "But there isn't any unusual activity at the arsenals and naval stations."

Managing Editor: "Well, we must have a picture showing that there is unusual activity. How can we get up a war scare without pictures?" —*The Office Boy.*

Love's Lament

Cupid drooped his pinions fair;
"Why thus change my name?" he queried.
Answered maiden, debonair,
In accents wearied:
"Love, put jealousy away,
Though I change your name, don't sorrow;
Love is love—though Jack today,
And Joe tomorrow."

Mabel Porter Pitts.

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And Return Home on the

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

11.25 P. M. and are at home in

TIME FOR BREAKFAST

Ask for the Valley Folder

Southern Pacific

Mardi Gras

Vanity, Vanity, love, and insanity.
Patches, and wigs, so fine,
Out in the dark enkindled a spark,
And the fires of passion and wine.
Vanity, Vanity, smiles and urbanity.
No mask can hide my love.
Shaking I tremble, nor can I dissemble
When taking my lady's small glove.
Alack, alack, we wander back
To loving, three centuries ago;
In costumes quaint, with patch and paint,
No knight so fervent, I trow.
With high disdain she mocks my pain,
In rustling stiff brocade.
I sadly mourn for this lady highborn
And long for a humbler maid.
Was life so fleet, was bliss so sweet.
Was woman a caprice then?
Did she learn her part to steal the heart
From lonely, guileless men?
Vanity, Vanity, love, and insanity.
Silken hose may depart,
Emotions may range and fashions may change,
Unchangeable human heart.

February, 1903. *John Roberts.*

The Modern Cinderella

Scene I.—A bal masque given recently almost anywhere in San Frisco. There is no prohibition against the men masking, and as a consequence there is more incog and more gayety than has been seen at the art school for these many years. Less than half of the men are clad in the conventional dress clothes and there are several people in the room who cannot recognize each other. In the unknown class is a Gayety Girl whom the majority of the men in the room have drawn a ring around and who, at the rise of the curtain, is throwing her toe at the chandeliers just to show that her hose are fast colors.

Petrucio (to Lothario, who stands outside the group)—Jose! wasn't that a sky-scraper?

Lothario—That kick's nothing to the one that will be coming when Mrs. Wealtherton sees her. Who is she?

Petrucio (whispering something into Lothario's ear)—They have a way of getting in, you know.

Lothario—Who brought her, do you think?

Petrucio—Some young thing, I suppose. Society's barriers are never so close that a traitor can't smuggle in an enemy once in a while.

Lothario—Well, pray for me, old chap. I'm going to take her down to the punch bowl.

The Crowd.—Bully kick! Do it again!

Ladies in the Distance—What can Mrs. Wealtherton mean by inviting such a person?

Dresden Shepherdess (waltzing with her partner close to where the masculine group and the Gayety Girl are holding forth)—Charles, come here!

Mephistopheles (leaving the bunch)—Yes, dear.

Sapho (to Carmen in another part of the room)—And who is the Gayety Girl, Mrs. Wealtherton?

Carmen—Don't speak of it, Mrs. Brannigan. She has been a great source of annoyance to me during the whole evening. I am sure she must be a—person, for I have nobody of her kind on my invitation list. Mr. Cotylian has arranged this evening for me, and I'm sure he must have been very careless to have allowed such a slip. Oh, here he comes now. I will ask him about it. (To Cotylian, who approaches): Oh, my dear Mr. Cotylian, can that be Mrs. Bannerly over there in the Gayety Girl costume?

Cotylian—No, Mrs. Wealtherton, Mrs. Bannerly has not yet arrived. The Gayety Girl must have slipped in without my notice, for I did not see her enter.

Mrs. Wealtherton—I fear she is a—person who has gotten in through some carelessness. Would you be so dear as to find out who she is, and if she is a—person, have her removed?

(*Cotylian turns away with an air of determination.*)

Scene II.—In another part of the ball-room.

Napoleon (to Julius Cæsar)—The Gayety Girl upset the punchbowl.

Pierrot (to Cadet)—Willie Cole's wife won't do a thing to him.

Cadet—Why? the Gayety Girl?

Pierrot—Yes, didn't you see him?

Cotylian (returning to Mrs. Wealtherton)—Nobody seems to know anything about the Gayety Girl. She is nowhere to be found. The servants say that she has already gone.

Mrs. Wealtherton—How strange!

Lothario (returning to Petrucio)—My, but she is a wild hawk! Gad! what a scandal there'll be in the papers tomorrow morning. I lured her into a cozy corner after she had kissed every man in the room and upset the punchbowl, but just as I was about to take her mask off for her she tore away from me and disappeared into a dressing room. She left this trophy, though. (Showing diamond studded garter.) It has the initials "V. B." on it—that ought to be enough to identify its owner.

Petrucio (examining garter)—Yes—that ought—to be enough—to identify her. I gave that garter to my wife last Christmas.

Scene III.—A newspaper office.

City Editor (to assistant)—Make a two column second page freak of that jewelry and clothing theft. Rush the photograph to the engravers, as it is getting late.

Assistant (*sotto voce*)—I thought that only actresses had the privilege of losing their diamonds for the papers. (He writes the following headlines):

CONFIDENTIAL MAID STEALS DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY.

While Mrs. Banning Bannersley is Preparing for the Bal Masque Her Maid Steals Costume and Jewelry and Disappears.

Thief is Supposed to Have Fled to Seattle Where the Police Have been notified.

The Tale of the Club

You *say* your wife believes you were dining at the club.
You *think* she would not doubt your word, *no, never.*
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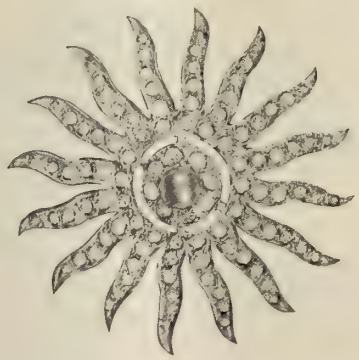

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STAGE

Thomas's Virile Drama

Augustus Thomas licked an editor in an Eastern town last week for referring to him as "Miss Thomas." If one had any doubt as to the masculinity and virility of Mr. Thomas, the play which is now on at the Columbia would dispel it. "Arizona" is a forceful drama, abundantly supplied with the atmosphere of the frontier settlement, and the characters and the story are handled in a manner that proclaim the familiarity of the author with the life that he depicts, together with his intense sympathy with the manners and customs of the people engaged in the upbuilding of our frontier communities. No American play ever met with such success in London as that which has attended the long run of "Arizona" in the British metropolis, and after seeing the play, being gripped by its strong story, and entering into the spirit of its theme, one can readily understand why it appealed to the Britishers. The members of the "Arizona" company make it evident that Broadway hasn't a monopoly of all the competent newcomers in the country. The company doesn't bear the Broadway hallmark, and it includes no matinee heroes or world-famous stars, but it has talent of a high order. J. W. Cope, who plays the rough and ready rancher, is a character actor of rare ability, and the Lieutenant Denton of Dustin Farnum is artistic, for though the role is that of a somewhat stilted hero there is nothing stilted in the acting of Mr. Farnum. He has sufficient temperament and magnetism to reach the dizzy height of a matinee idol some day. Miss Agnes Muir is a vivacious Bonita, and she is charming enough to make Denton's devotion plausible.

Saldierna's Return

One cannot fail to remark the improvement in the *entr' acte* music at the Columbia tnis week. And when you discover that Genaro Saldierna is in the leader's chair playing his little fiddle it becomes easy for you to understand. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the familiar rear elevation of Genaro Saldierna, for when I last saw that talented musician he was directing a big musical production at the New York theatre on Broadway. That was a year ago, and Saldierna was then regarded in New York as one of the best musical directors in the country. Saldierna is well known in local musical circles, and the Columbia management should be congratulated on having secured his services. Patrons of the Columbia may now enjoy the music between acts.

Iolanthe at the Tivoli

The San Francisco Operatic Society of amateurs used to count "Iolanthe" one of the favorites of its repertory. It is one of the lightest of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and requires nothing ambitious in vocal flights. The comedian has the best chance to distinguish himself, and Hartman does his very best as the Lord Chancellor. Cunningham has a good song and Arthur Hahn, the new member of the company, makes a favorable impression. "Iolanthe" is full of bright wit and the music is charming, if not so catchy as that of "Pinafore" and "The Mikado." A good many inquiries, by the way, have been made as to when "Pinafore" is to be put on. Old as the hills, there are still some of the younger generation who have never heard Josephine sing of her sorry lot, or Buttercup tell how she mixed the babies up. "The Yeomen of the Guard" and "The Gondoliers" are still in reserve.

Campbell's Classic

The revival of "My Partner" at the Alcazar brings back to memory the early struggles of Bartley Campbell, the playwright. He was one of the first American playwrights to demonstrate that American theatrical managers were not in touch with the public pulse. He carried the manuscript of that play from theatre to theatre for years before it was accepted, and when it was produced it proved a most lucrative success. It was the forerunner of the numerous mining camp dramas that were the vogue twenty years ago, and though it is somewhat old-fashioned, it has in it the elements that thrill and awaken heart interest. The Alcazar stock appears to advantage in the play, and the strong situations are well handled. Ernest Hastings and Albert Morrison as the partners were in congenial roles and Alice Treat Hunt was a charming and most effective Mary Brandon.

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Ebert the Liliputian

Franz Ebert, the liliputian comedian, possesses a knowledge and love of music by no means in proportion to his size. The diminutive member of Anna Held's company spent his last afternoon in San Francisco at the Mascagni concert. It took him some time to obtain entrance by reason of his stature. There was a big crowd about the entrance and a long line of ticket buyers storming the box office when Ebert reached the Alhambra on Sunday afternoon. He stood around for a quarter of an hour or so before he succeeded in making his presence known. However he finally succeeded in gaining his ticket of admission. Ebert is a wonderful little fellow and some day a play should be written up to his talent. When he came here with the Liliputians there were others to share his starship, and on this latest trip he had not much chance to distinguish himself.

Sam Friedlander's Benefit

The big demand for seats for the Friedlander testimonial next Thursday afternoon leads the management of Fischer's to suggest to all persons who intend to take advantage of that opportunity

KOCIAN, Violinist, Alhambra Theatre, Next Week

to get twice their money's worth in genuine amusement, to speak early for seats. It is easy to get good ones now, but on the afternoon of the performance laggards will be lucky if they can secure standing room. The program has a most enticing look—the first act of "Hoity Toity" considerably enriched, the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice" with Barney Bernard as Shylock, Miss Adele Belgarde as Portia and Mr. Paul Gerson as Antonio, and some specialties as yet unannounced. It must have been gratifying to Fischer and Rebmann, who are getting up this entertainment by way of token of their appreciation of an able manager, to have the best talent now in the city come forward so unanimously with tenders of assistance.

The illness of Charles Erin Verner on the opening night of "The Parish Priest" gave Fred Butler a chance to show his capabilities. Mr. Butler assumed the leading role on short notice and made an unqualified success.

Mrs. Pat Campbell will play a short engagement at the Columbia in April, appearing in Sudermann's "The Joy of Living" and possibly repertory.

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The announcement that we are to witness a production of a dramatization of Tolstoi's novel, "Resurrection," at the Republic in the second week of March, is a surprise, for we are usually vouchsafed the pleasure of seeing a play only after it has run a season or two in foreign parts. The first performance of "Resurrection" took place in London and in New York last week.

Features of Next Week's Bills

The line of ticket-buyers at the Tivoli did not diminish on Wednesday from nine o'clock in the morning until it closed at night. The four Mascagni performances will by no means be sufficient to satisfy the demand for seats. The program for the four nights, Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday, will be the same —the "Tannhauser" overture, the Prelude, Dream and Intermezzo from Mascagni's opera "William Ratcliffe," the opera of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and the Hymn to the Sun from "Iris." Caro Roma will sing Santuzza, Bernice Holmes Lola, Avedano Turiddu and Arthur Cunningham Alpho. "Iolanthe" will be the alternating opera.

"Under the Red Robe" is not a play entirely new to us but Maude Odell, who will begin her starring engagement at the Grand in the Stanley Weyman romantic drama, should invest it with new interest. Miss Odell is an American actress and a favorite in the East. Gorgeous court costumes and fine scenery will be features of the production.

"Arizona" goes all week at the Columbia, to be followed by Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes." The advance sale for Gillette will open on Thursday morning.

Memoirs of Maggie Mitchell and Alice Kingsbury are revived by the announcement of "Fanchon the Cricket" as the Alcazar's next attraction. The last time it was presented in this city was at a benefit to Alice Kingsbury Cooley, the onetime star taking the title role herself. Alice Treat Hunt, on whom Ashton Stevens has set the seal of his approval, will be the Cricket. Sydney Grundy's "Sowing the Wind," which Henry Miller, Viola Allen and Isabel Irving once presented to us, will be the piece to follow.

At the California tomorrow night melodrama will reign supreme with the coming of the powerful New York play, "The Fatal Wedding," one of the big successes of the season, a heart interest play, pure and simple. It will be followed by the big Mormon play, "Corianton," which has been the subject of such wide discussion.

Tomorrow afternoon David Traitel's "Lord Strathmore," founded on Ouida's novel, comes to the Republic, with a special company of players headed by Virginia Drew Trescott. The press has been liberal in its praise of the company and its interpretation. For the second week of the engagement Miss Trescott will be seen as Maslova in Tolstoi's "Resurrection."

"Hoity Toity" has been pruned to two acts, ending at eleven o'clock. It is packing Fischer's every night.

The DeForrests, whirlwind dancers, will begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum. They are said to be better than ever this season. The Andraessen brothers, hand to hand balancers described as gymnastic marvels, will make their first appearance here. They are known as the "Danish Midshipmen" and are expected to interest local athletic circles. The Orpheum has brought out all kinds of performing animals, from Webb's seals to Lackhart's elephants, but it is said that nothing approaching Farmer Jones and his troupe of educated musical pigs has ever been seen here. Le Quatuor Basque in new selections, Reno and Richards, comedy acrobats, Louise Montrose, the dainty singing and dancing comedienne, will remain. Thomas J. Ryan and Mary Richfield will appear for the last times and Florence Bindley, the "girl in the diamond dress," will introduce new specialties, including a solo on the xylophone.

Maria Azpiroz, the little Spanish violiniste, has created a musical sensation at the Chutes. She will be heard in new selections next week. —*The Playgoer.*

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NEXT—"Resurrection" as now being played by Blanche Walsh in New York

MUSIC

The Personality of Mascagni

Maestro Mascagni, musician of parts, big, theatrical, magnetic, is a proof, pleasantly convincing, of the power of personality. Without that subtle something which our ignorance calls personal magnetism; without that fire of feeling which makes the atmosphere vibrant, melodious, and intoxicating as of a day in early spring: to undertake the baton's almost impossible task, of blending into beauty and making one the many musicians who composed Will Greenbaum's "Monster Symphony Orchestra," would have been no better than an attempt at artistic suicide. But the man has just enough of the god, the clay sufficient of the infinite fire, to make Mascagni love the impossible, and carry with a high hand to a successful conclusion an undertaking whose largeness appeals especially to an American audience, with its national fondness for a "big show" and its (alas!) indifference to the less obvious but more exquisite "fine effects." Mascagni's music is modern; the man himself is modern, almost American. Compositions such as the "Cavalleria Rusticana" give pleasant pause to the bustling, work-worn crowd of our electric life and thrills to the bent backs of the brain-fagged children of an unclassical age. We are too busy making money to make nice distinctions, to have *finesse* of feeling, in music, in literature, or in life. The maestro himself must have noticed, not without amusement, that accelerated movement and increased volume of sound (regardless of musical merit) called forth additional applause, and that crescendo seemed to be of itself a prime cause of acclamation. To be able to compose and play the tunes that people will dance to, and yet for art's sake to forbear, requires a self-control almost superhuman. Artistic reserve, perfection of form, nobility and purity of theme and treatment, personal humility, exaltation of art: these things are so very divine and sacred that the public will not profane them by paying for them. The spirit of our times calls into being an art appropriate to it and rejoices in the work of its own hands and calls it good. This is the day of the young, a democratic, indiscriminate day. Fine discrimination has never been in any time or land the *forte* of the many and may very readily become a fault of the few, making appreciation narrow and over-nice. The public is not seeking for those *recherche* effects which find the very centre of feeling and linger forever in the memory, and which are never recalled without emotion. The maestro, no doubt, wishes that all men were hunters of hidden beauties, but like a wise man makes the most of things as they are. What he made of things musical as they are in San Francisco was a marvel, and a proof, as I said before, of the natural magic of personality. But it is at least allowable to wonder what music Mascagni would compose and love to lead, could he make audiences to order.

When Mrs. Abbey Cheney taught music in this city she advocated the idea that the body should be trained as well as the hand and arm of the pianist. When she made her pupils study Delsarte in connection with piano technique she was looked upon as a faddist. But perhaps she was right. Look at Mascagni as he leads, and note how every motion of his body is in harmony with some movement of the composition the orchestra is rendering. Scheel used to move his hands and arms only, chiefly the hands, but every muscle in Mascagni's body is on the alert. If no sound came from the instruments, one could understand the spirit of the music by Mascagni's motions. And, apropos of Mascagni, think what a memory the man must have to direct whole programs without a note of the score before him.

We have had choruses drilled here before, for oratorios and choral concerts, but never one brought near to perfection on such short notice as the one that sang "Stabat Mater" on Sunday. The shadings were something out of the ordinary, especially considering the few rehearsals. The singers were gathered from the Loring, Von Meyerinck and other clubs, with a sprinkling of "unattached." The quartet, particularly Mrs. Northrup and Signor Wanrell, did admirable work. In the Inflammatus it was surprising how well the soprano's voice carried above the volume of sound from orchestra and chorus. In the orchestral numbers that formed the second part of the program the "Funeral March" of Chopin was the *piece de resistance*. It has never been played just like that before in this city.

The Fahey-McGinty Recital

An audience that filled Mauzy hall to the doors welcomed Miss Zita Fahey at her debut concert given in connection with Mr. E. V. McGinty on Tuesday night. Miss Fahey and Mr. McGinty are pupils of Joseph Greven and this concert was the tenth in a series of concerts given by Mr. Greven's advanced pupils. Miss Fahey's voice is of fine quality and she sings with dramatic expression rather beyond what one would ordinarily expect in so young a girl. Mr. McGinty also sang his numbers very acceptably. The program was divided into sacred, concert and operatic selections and in full was: Duet, Oh wert thou in the cauld blast, Mendelssohn; A Night in old Judea, Adams, Bendictus, Giorza, Mr. McGinty; "Save me oh God," Randegger, "Abide with Me," Liddle, Miss Fahey; "The King of the Winds," David, Sapphic Ode, Brahms, Mr. McGinty; Creole Lover's Song, Dudley Buck, My Desire, E. Nevin, A Song of Spring, Neidlinger, Miss Fahey; Under an Oak (Prince Ananias), Herbert, To the Evening Star (Tannhauser), R. Wagner, Mr. McGinty; Dost thou know (Mignon), A. Thomas, Gypsy Song (Carmen), Bizet, Stride la vampa (Il Trovatore), Verdi, Miss Fahey; Duet, I would that the love, Mendelssohn. Miss Fahey was particularly good in the operatic numbers, the Trovatore selection being her best number of the evening. The final duet was also well sung. Mr. Greven accompanied his pupils.

Kocian Next Week

Tho Bohemian virtuoso, Jaroslav Kocian, the phenomenal violinist whose performances in New York, Chicago and Boston have never been equaled, will give concerts at the Alhambra this week. Kocian is touring under the direction of Mr. Rudolph Aronson, the discoverer of that other famous violinist, Kubelik, who studied under the same masters as Kocian. Aronson arrived in the city early this week. Miss Julie Geyer will appear with the violinist, and Franz Spindler will be the accompanist. The programs include the most difficult and important works in violin literature. The sale of seats is now in progress at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; prices are seventy-five cents, one dollar and one dollar and a half. The matinee on Wednesday has been especially arranged so that professional musicians occupied at the theatre Saturday afternoon may have at least one opportunity of attending. Tuesday evening's program will include the Paganini-Wilhelmj concerto in D major, Sevcik's "Fantaisie Boheme," a d'Ambrozio canzonetta, romance by Svendsen and Wieniawski's Scherzo Tarantelle. Miss Geyer will render a Schumann Novelette in E, a Rubinstein valse and Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnol." On Wednesday afternoon Kocian's numbers will include the familiar Saint-Saens Introduction and Rondo Capriccio, which all students will enjoy, a Dumka by himself, a Tschaikowsky Scherzo valse, and Paganini's "I Palpiti." Miss Geyer will include Joseffy's Csardas in her numbers. Thursday evening there will be a Paganini Adagio and Rondo, a concerto by Vieuxtemps and other good things. The Saturday matinee will include Ernst's concerto F sharp minor.

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The Clever Kilties

It's a novel entertainment that the Kilties are giving all this week at the Alhambra. If you haven't seen them you've missed a treat. They are to wind up their engagement with two performances tomorrow. The Kilties play anything from Mascagni's intermezzo to "Annie Laurie," and they are a well-balanced organization under skilled leadership. William F. Robinson is one of the best bandmasters that ever visited us, and though he isn't as sensational as some that we know, he has the knack of inspiring his musicians, and he directs them in a manner that compels performances of a high order. The Kilties give an entertainment that never drags, for the program is spiced with variety. It is interspersed with bagpipe solos, reel dancing, glee singing by a chorus in kilts, and some folk-song singing by a brawny Scot with a pleasant though untutored tenor. It is a marvelously disciplined organization, and the way those kilties work together to produce ensemble effects is truly admirable. You forget their knees while being charmed by their music.

A Clever Pianiste

There is no escaping the personality of Miss Elise Cellarius, the young pianiste who made her debut on Saturday evening last. Nature has been very kind to her, endowing her with beauty, self-possession and a strength very uncommon in one of her years. One does not expect such virile interpretation from a young girl whose dresses clear her ankles. Her power and freedom are remarkable. Her best number was the Moszkowsky Barcarolle, which was studied under the composer himself. Her Pirkert piece for the left hand alone was a remarkable *tour de force*. The pianiste's own composition, "Oriental Love Song," was a good bit of composition. One would have wished for a little more poetry in the group of Chopin studies, but it would be very unfair to cavil. Miss Cellarius has ample time before her and the school of Life in which to learn. Miss Aimee Cellarius assisted at the recital and played her group of selections in a finished manner. Both of the young ladies received an ovation from the audience.

Coronation Choir Glee Club and Concert Party

A novelty here will be the Coronation Choir, Glee Club and Concert Party, composed of singers who took part in the Coronation Services of King Edward VII at Westminster Abbey in August of last year. The party is composed of three boy sopranos, two male altos, three tenors and three bassos, assisted by Madame Marie Hooton, the English contralto, and Mr. Dudley Caustin, the entertainer and reader. The organization has just completed a tour of Canada and is en route to the Australian provinces. The company will be here but two days, giving concerts at the Alhambra Monday and Tuesday nights, March ninth and tenth. The programs consist of glees, madrigals and other styles of songs, with solos by various members of the organization. This is the first time that a choir of this kind has appeared in America and being the Lenten season will no doubt appeal to many who would not attend other forms of entertainments. That the Choir is authentic is vouched for by letters from Sir Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, and the Bishop of Toronto. Seats for the concerts, at one dollar, seventy-five cents and fifty cents, will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Wednesday next.

Miss Mignon Judson, a pupil of Edward Xavier Rolker, has been singing in concert quite frequently this season. Miss Judson's voice is a rich contralto, which she manages well. She is a member of the First Presbyterian church choir, the other members of which are Miss Beulah George, one of H. B. Pasmore's pupils, Signor Michelena and Harry H. Barnhart.

The next Zech symphony concert will take place at Fischer's on March twelfth, when among other works will be presented the familiar "Russian Wedding" symphony by Goldmark, Slavonic Dance by Dvorak, a suite by Mr. von der Mehden of this city and Mr. Zech's symphonic poem, "The Rivin."

Zelie de Lussan will give two more recitals here during the latter part of next month. De Lussan closes her tour in Butte City, Montana, and will return here especially for these engagements. She will present entirely new programs and may be induced to give a performance of "Carmen."

Wenzel Kopta will give a violin recital before the Saturday Club of Sacramento on the nineteenth of March. He will be assisted by Cantor Stark, who will sing among other things Schumann's "Two Grenadiers." —*The Music Critic*

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A Friend in Need

Sketched from Life.

Once upon a time there lived a man who had a good friend. They had been schoolmates and college mates, and their acquaintances called them Damon and Pythias because they were always inseparable.

Damon was a bookkeeper and he worked so hard during the annual stock-taking that he fell ill. He did not worry, however, for Pythias offered to substitute for him in his absence.

Finally Damon recovered from his sickness, and notified the firm that he was ready to return to work.

"I am very sorry," wrote the head of the commercial house, "but your substitute has proved so eminently satisfactory that we feel we cannot make a change just now. He has agreed to retain the position." But he did not add that Pythias had also agreed to accept a salary somewhat less than that given to Damon.

During Damon's illness, he had fallen behind in paying the interest on the mortgage on his little house. It had to go at a sacrifice, and who should step in and take advantage of the forced sale but Pythias.

"He *is* my good friend, after all," said Damon to his wife, "this is his delicate way of helping me out. He will return me my papers and my position together."

But Pythias failed to make good his friend's faith in him.

Damon's ill-luck followed him into his domestic life. His wife became weary of being poor and sued for a divorce on the ground of failure to provide. And, in the course of time she took a second husband—Pythias.

When Damon heard that he gave up the unequal fight against fate.

And the cynical onlooker, who had doubts of everything in existence, said, "That's what you can count on in this world when you put your whole trust in a 'friend.' You can thank God when it doesn't happen, which is once in a thousand." —*The Cynic.*

A NEW OAKLAND NEWSPAPER.

A new evening newspaper, the Oakland *Herald*, is to appear early in March. It will be devoted to the interests of Oakland and Alameda county, and will be metropolitan in equipment, with its own building, a new Goss press with color attachment, a battery of linotype machines, stereotyping and engraving plant. The publishers intend sending a free sample copy of the paper for two weeks to every person in Alameda county. Branch offices will be maintained in Berkeley and San Francisco. The San Francisco office is in the new Mutual Bank Building on Market street. F. J. Stuart is Business Manager.

WANT 7,200,000 BOTTLES.

Enormous Order for Product of a Pittsburg Concern.

Pittsburg has won another signal victory over foreign competition. A deal has just been closed which places an enormous order for bottles with a firm in this city, the largest of the kind in the history of one firm. Were the bottles to be placed end on end they would make a string about 1,500 miles long, from New York to Chicago and then back to Pittsburg.

William Lanahan & Son, Baltimore, Md., proprietors of Hunter Baltimore Rye, awarded the Pittsburg concern the contract for furnishing 50,000 gross of bottles during the year 1903. There are to be shipped fifty gross per day, and no less than three car loads per week. It will require 156 cars to carry the product from Pittsburg to Baltimore, or four ordinary freight trains.

Each bottle is twelve inches long. There will be 7,200,000 bottles, which will make a line of bottles about 1,500 miles long. Assuming that there are an average of thirty-two drinks to the bottle the order will have a capacity of 230,400,000 drinks, or about three drinks for every person in the United States. In all there will be a capacity of 1,440,000 gallons in the 7,200,000 bottles. The above speaks volumes for the popularity of Hunter Baltimore Rye.

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A New Lighting Deal

The management of the Equitable Gaslight Company has announced that a proposition has been made by Reuben H. Lloyd and Garret W. McEnerney, by which shareholders of the corporation are requested to deposit their stock in escrow, giving an option to purchase at $5 per share for ninety days. If the majority of the stock is deposited Lloyd and McEnerney will put up $75,000 to bind the purchase; at the end of ninety days, if the purchase is not completed, on payment of $75,000 more the option is to be continued for a further period of ninety days, and if at the end of that time the stock is not taken, the $150,000 is to go to those who have placed their shares in escrow. At present there are 138,820 shares of the Equitable Gaslight Company outstanding; of this 87,500 is now held by a pool which was to terminate on March 1st. This stock will be placed in escrow under the foregoing agreement, and probably the same will be done with a large proportion of the 51,320 shares now outside the pool. As the amount to be paid by the parties wishing to purchase is so large in proportion to the total price of $694,100 for the outsanding shares it looks as though the sale would be quickly consummated. The purchasers insist upon a controlling interest and would be satisfied with that, but the directors of the corporation have insisted that all shareholders shall have an equal right to dispose of their stock if they so desire at the $5 a share offered. As a result of the announcement which was made on Tuesday, there was a strong demand for the stock on 'Change, and some 620 shares were sold at from $3.50 to $4.25. The ruling figure for the shares for some time has been between $3 and $3.25.

Lively Week on 'Change

The volume of business at the Stock and Bond Exchange during last week was very good and generally speaking prices have been maintained at a very satisfactory standard for the selling element. The demands of investors have been more than usually widespread and less confined to the leading securities than for several weeks past. The stability of the market is also shown in the fact that buyers have been more disposed to meet sellers' views as to prices. This has not only facilitated transactions but has added to the activity and interest in the market conditions. Although the channels for the best class of investments on this coast are somewhat narrow the local industrials and other securities are attracting more attention than ever before. For many years investments in these stocks have been largely confined to the capitalist class and a large proportion of the business has been done in New York. These Eastern investments are still a large factor but the local investments by the medium class people and persons who have accumulated a small savings account, seeking profitable investment, now constitute one of the principal elements in the financial life of the city. The local market furthermore is not so easily influenced by the ups and downs in New York as in former years and there is a steadily growing tendency on the part of San Francisco to stand alone, being subject only to the fluctuations incident to actual changes in the monetary standing or industrial activity of the corporate stocks listed here. Quite a notable advance has been effected in Giant Powder shares. This stock has advanced about $5 per share from the ruling rate of about a week ago and from present indications it does not look as though any great quantity could be purchased even at the advanced figures. During the last three weeks over 600 shares of this stock have changed hands, some of it being cash sales while quite a considerable have been at 30, 60 and 90 days. At present $71.50 is freely bid for it but there are few holders willing to sell at less than $72 and some are holding for still higher figures. Spring Valley Water shares have developed a good measure of strength and some round lots have changed hands at the present current rates. This stock has fluctuated but little during the past week and the closeness of the bidding price to the asking figure shows that there is but little difference of opinion on the subject of values. There are ready buyers at $87.25 and there is no doubt that $87.50 could be obtained without much trouble. Probably one cause of the showing of strength is the unofficial announcement that the March dividend will be paid as usual. For many years this stock was one of the steadiest on the list and the fluctuations from year to year were confined within a few dollars, the price usually ranging from $98 to $101. This was the time when dividends were a certainty every month, and the stock became very popular for investment of trust funds because of the certainty of its earnings. During the last two or three years, however, the occasional omission of dividends has weakened the character of the stock and that is the cause for the price dropping below the $90 mark. Contra Costa Water shares are in demand at $65, but there are few holders willing to sell at that price. According to street rumor a deal of considerable proportions is contemplated in gas stocks. For some time there was an effort to consolidate the Equitable Gas Company with the San Francisco Gas and Electric Corporation but for some reason or other the negotiations could not be perfected. Since that time there has been talk about a renewal of the proposition, but in a slightly different form. The San Francisco Gas & Electric Company have their gas mains laid all over the city, while the Equitable Company's mains are in certain districts only. In these sections where both companies operate there has been a sharp competition in prices and the rate war between the two corporations has been so active that neither has made much money. The offer of Lloyd and McEnerney is the first move in the direction of settling the lighting fight, but the time and the character of the next move is the question which is now puzzling holders. It is evidently a strong combination that is backing the enterprise but whether or not it is the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company is the question which is causing anxiety. If that corporation is backing it rate differences will soon be compromised, but if some other corporation or syndicate is back of the movement, the probability is that the contest over gas rates will go merrily on as heretofore. Oceanic shares are almost entirely neglected and a few days ago $5 was the best bidding price with $15 asked. Of course there were no sales and in fact there are practically no buyers. There was a fair amount of business in Hawaiian Sugar shares but values showed no material improvement although holders were not disposed to part with their stocks in large parcels. Alaska Packers' shares were held steady at $156.50 with bids at $155.50 refused. Bids for Firemen's Fund were raised to $320 but holders held out for $335. Offers for Bank shares were brisk and high but no quantity of any one institution was brought out. A bid of $202.50 for California-street Cable Company failed to attract a holder. In bonds trading was of greater volume than for some weeks past, with sales mostly confined to the electric power and railroad securities.

Financial Notes

Rumors are current that parties connected with the Realty Syndicate of Oakland are contemplating the establishment of a bank at Emeryville.

The Merchants' Exchange Bank, in liquidation, has paid a dividend of $2 per share to stockholders and the Sierra Lumber Company, an asset of the bank, has paid 40c. per share. The bank has paid up $98 to the stockholders. —*The Financier*

The March number of the *Pacific States Investor* has an interesting article on "Gold Mines, Ancient and Modern," which would indeed seem to establish the point made by the author, that there is nothing new under the sun. The question whether the mines of Solomon were located in the valley of the Nile (in which the gold mines of the Pharaohs of Egypt are being reopened), or in Rhodesia, South Africa, which also boasts of a modern and ancient gold field, is made the theme of a well-written story that makes the reader regret that it is not longer. In the editorial column the pending strife in Central America is dealt with in an intelligent and conservative way, with the prediction that the trouble will be short lived and self-limiting. The usual versatility is noted in the number and variety of the topics editorially handled, and which have contributed so markedly to the success of the paper.

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Tony Foster on Women

(From "The Wooing of Judith," by Sara Beaumont Kennedy.)

Ugly women are apt to be comfortable in their tempers; it's your pretty ones that dice with the Devil for a man's happiness and peace.

'Tis a wise man who knows when to see and when not to see. I have thought mayhap that was the secret of Solomon's success with so many women—he knew just the right moment to shut his eyes to keep from learning the deceitfulness of his wives.

I have often wondered why Providence should have been so sparing of metal when making a woman's heart; enough went into her tongue to give it a keen edge; but her heart!—no steel or flint or sand; just a soft, pudgy mud-pie that any man can dent with his finger.

A woman is always turning—turning her tongue for a stab, or her silly, soft heart for another dent. (Apropos a worm turning.)

It's not looking at a woman that sours a man, but it's summering her and wintering her, and eating the victuals she cooks.

Woman was made out of a cross-cut clay wet up with an April shower, and dried in an April sun.

For me, the test of a woman is in the mischief she makes. 'Tis said the devil went into the ark holding on to the tail of the ass; but I misjudge the book that's writ in is wrong. According to my belief, he went in bunched up in Mistress Noah's apron strings.

A woman's mind is not only without fastenings, but it is run-down-in-the-heel through too much shifting.

Women were God's first fools, and He never changed the pattern.

A woman's like a cat, you never know which way she'll jump; just as like to go backwards as forwards, or up as down. —*The Reader.*

Samuel Salt's Sayings

(From "Adam Rush"):

A merchant always watches the clerk who watches the clock, and the fellow who quits a job before he is through soon has no job to quit.

Well, there is more in us than we think, as Travers said when he sat down on a pin-cushion.

There's no hope this side of the grave for the man who knows it all—on the other side the Devil don't want him—the Lord won't have him.

A young man who really wants to get along must do some thinking—not only for himself, but for the man who hires him.

Sugar draws flies and politeness brings customers, but don't overdo it. For too much sweetness is worse than the measles.

When in doubt go to church, for there's nothing that lets a man think better than a long prayer and a slow sermon.

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LETTERS

The Flame Series

"The Humpback, the Cripple and the One-Eyed Man" is the bizarre title of a booklet by Lionel Josephare, which constitutes number two of the Flame Series. The purpose of the volume may be gleaned from a single sentence in the preface: "Poetry can contemplate physical misery and lose none of its elemental grandeur, if it is true and intrinsically divine." The contents display the same originality of epithet, not always indeed well chosen, and the same defiance of conventionality which have marked the other published work of the author. The sufferings of the workingman are the theme of Mr. Josephare's muse, and it is in no light and lyric mode that she sings. "The Sovereign in the Street" is the subject of one of the longer poems; it and the one whose title is given to the booklet form the bulk of the collection. If anybody is looking for something merely pretty he should carefully avoid the present work; if he has strong convictions on social subjects and likes them forcibly expressed he will find much in it to chain his attention. [Published by A. M. Robertson.]

The Elizabethan Drama

In connection with the approaching production of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" by the English Club of Stanford University, Elder and Shepard have issued a booklet which should prove very valuable to all who contemplate seeing the revival of a seventeenth century drama. The booklet is entitled "On Seeing an Elizabethan Drama" and contains not only a general description of the theatre of the period, but an epitome of the plot of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," the text and music of the songs so freely interspersed amid the dialogue, and a satirical extract from "The Gull's Horn-Book," by T. Deckar, which instructs a gallant as to his behavior upon the stage of a playhouse, the station then most sought after by fops who wished to attract attention to themselves and their fine clothes. Those who are not students of the history of the drama can not possibly realize, without the aid of some such text book, how wide a gap lies between the theatre of our day and that of Shakespeare or Beaumont and Fletcher. For mechanical execution the book resembles those of the Elizabethan era, and is illustrated by several wood cuts and ornamental initials. On the whole it is a worthy piece of bookmaking and is a credit to the publishers.

Paul Potter is working on a dramatization of "Pendennis," but it looks like a thankless task. However, when the comic pictures in the Sunday supps can be staged, it looks seriously as if some one could be induced to dramatize the weather predictions. There has even been a proposition to dramatize "Sir Richard Calmady," though the author, Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet) has refused to consider the proposition. As she truly remarks, by way of one objection to the undertaking, they would have to resort to a dime museum to find a subject physically fitted to take the part of Sir Richard. It is the day of the dramatized novel, however, and the rule seems to be, "make hay while the sun shines," and apparently anything will do to make hay of. The "Pendennis" play is for Hare, the English actor.

Artistic bookbinding has reached a considerable height of late, and some of the daintiest things in art bookwork have been shown at the bookstores that make a specialty of that sort of thing. A very unique specimen of art bookbinding was received by Mr. George. T. Bromley the other day. It is the poem he has so often recited, "When the Cows Come Home," and the work on it was all done by hand. The pages are daintily printed in pen and ink, and illuminated in colors, and the illustrations are photographs in harmony with the text, referring to passages in the verses. The book was done by the Misses Miner of Oakland.

A New York bookseller's catalogue contains this announcement: "383.—Napolean. From Cassica to Dr. Helena, edition de luxe. Publisher's price, $4.00. Our price, $3.15." It is not unlikely that in other respects the volume compares favorably with the announcement. Editions de luxe, as a rule, appeal to the class who judge books by their covers. I believe it was Dr. Johnson who said the best editions were those which could be held in one hand and read by the fireside. With very few exceptions, outside of those which treat of art subjects and are copiously illustrated, editions de luxe are a delusion and a snare to the ordinary purchaser. To others they are snobbery and affectation.

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & Co. are most effective.

Here is one of Lady Bulwer's stories of the "society lady." During a pause in the conversation a lady, who is wisely left nameless, whispered to Lady Bulwer: "Who is this Dean Swift they are all talking about? I should like to invite him to one of my receptions." "Alas, madame," responded Lady Bulwer, "he has done something that has shut him out of society." "Dear me! what was that?" "Well, about a hundred years ago he died."

—*The Bookworm*

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Notice to Creditors

Estate of Joseph Alvis also known as Joseph J. Alvis, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Alvis, also known as Joseph J. Alvis, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, Frank Alvis, at the offices of Lent & Humphrey, Rooms 167-168-169 Crocker Building, Corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

FRANK ALVIS, Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Alvis, also known as Joseph J. Alvis, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 7th, 1903.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 167-168-169 Crocker Building,
San Francisco, California.

Estate of Margaret Lovett, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executor of the last will of Margaret Lovett, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at the law offices of Joseph E. O'Donnell, 460-461-462 Parrott Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOMAS F LOVETT, Executor of the last will of Margaret Lovett, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 14, 1903.

JOSEPH E. O'DONNELL, Attorney for Executor.
460-461-462 Parrott Building.

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Small Boys' Trials

[The two Baronidis boys who were drowned in the marsh at Stege, Berkeley, the other day, belonged to that family of clever children who used to contribute to the *Examiner's* children's page. They are the only children who, East or West, ever showed in their letters a particle of brains or originality. This little essay, which I have preserved for some years, was written by one of the boys. I decided at the time that if ever I saw a book with Baronidis on the title page I would read it with the expectation of getting some good of it.—*The Gleaner.*]

THE TRIALS OF SMALL RELATIVES

CHARLEY ALWAYS GETS NEW CLOTHES, WHILE JOHNNY HAS TO WEAR THE OLD ONES OF HIS BIGGER BROTHER

(*Written for the Christmas "Examiner" by Norman J. Baronidis of Berkeley, who has attained the wise age of ten years.*)

A few weeks ago "The Examiner" offered a prize for the best composition on "Brothers and Sisters." A nice little boy, who wrote a very nice little piece, won the prize. The essay said how nice it was to see brothers and sisters so polite and loving to each other, giving up to the older ones and never, never quarrelling. And so it would be, only I never saw any that didn't. I think the boy that's all alone in his family is much the best off. If he wants some one to play with he can always find some of the neighbors' children, and if they quarrel, why, they can go back to their own homes and not bother him. If he is the oldest of a lot of brothers and sisters he is expected to look after the younger ones, and if his little brother gets hurt coming home from school his mother says: "Why, Johnny, I thought you'd look after your little brother better than that." If he is younger the older ones boss him, or try to, anyway. I am sure Fauntleroy wouldn't have been half such a good little boy if he'd had a whole lot of brothers and sisters bothering around after him. Just fancy him crying: "Dearest, make Marmaduke stop pinching me. Look out, I'll tell dearest on you!" I guess she'd have been only plain "mother." He wouldn't have had such a good time down at Mr. Hobbs's store, neither. He'd have had some of them brothers and sisters after him, and Mr. Hobbs would have chased the whole gang away. There's another thing. When a boy is all by himself his clothes always fit him. He don't have to wear his big brother's old overcoat because—"It's too small for Charley and just fits you, Johnny dear." Charley grows out of his things so fast he has to get new ones and let Johnny wear out the old ones. If Fauntleroy had lots of brothers and sisters he wouldn't have been dressed up so nice. There wouldn't have been enough stuff in his mother's velvet gown to make suits for all of them, like Mrs. Errol did for Cedric. I have read a story about the real Fauntleroy, the one the book was copied from, and it said that when he saw his new little brother that came suddenly one night he said: "Frow him in the fire." I wouldn't want to do that, but anyway one boy is plenty for one family. His mother has got time to read to him, tell him stories and play with him when he wants to play. When I grow up I am going to have just one boy of my own, and I'll see that he has a good time.

NORTH SHORE

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WEEK DAYS (holidays ex.)—6:45, †*7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 11 a. m.; 12:20, *1:45, 3:15, 4:15, †5:15, *6:15, 6:45, 9:00, 11:45 p. m.
7:45 a.m. week days does not run to Mill Valley.
SUNDAYS AND LEGAL HOLIDAYS—7, †8, †*9, †*10, 11, †11:30 a.m.; †12,30, †*1:30, 2:35, *3:50, 5, 6, 7:30, 9, 11:45 p. m.
Trains marked (*) run to San Quentin. Those marked (†) to Fairfax, except 5:15 p. m. Saturdays. Saturdays 3:15 p. m. train runs to Fairfax.

THROUGH TRAINS
7:45 a.m. week days—Cazadero and way stations.
5:15 p. m. week days (Saturdays excepted)—Tomales and way stations.
3:15 p m. Saturdays—Cazadero and way stations.
Sundays and Holidays—8 a. m., Cazadero, etc.
Sundays and Holidays—10 a.m. Point Reyes, etc.

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Again, there is the Home at Glen Ellen. It was intended for feeble-minded and idiotic children, for whom there was no provision. There were a number of little children, some only eight or nine years of age, confined in the State insane asylums, where they were thrown into contact with the adult insane, and where there was no proper means of caring for them. The asylums were over-crowded, and the children had to be discharged. The Glen Ellen institution was designed for them, and was at first known as the Home for Feeble-minded Children. But the "children" long since disappeared from the designation, and apparently, from the Home as well. Today, nearly one-third of the male inmates have to be shaved, and at the present moment one of the charges under investigation is the unauthorized removal of two "girls," who have been put to domestic service. The "girls," it appears, are aged, respectively, twenty-four and twenty-five years. The Juvenile Court means well, but there is always danger that these courts may become the adjuncts of associations for the prevention of family discipline, and made instrumental in filling homes and refuges which draw State aid per capita for their inmates. That was the immediate and first effect of their establishment in other cities, where they became the stamping grounds for professional busy-bodies and recruiting stations for public institutions. In New York a perfect reign of terror was instituted, and parents in the tenement house districts hardly dared send their offspring on the simplest household errand, lest they be called upon to show cause why they should not be deprived of their guardianship.

Roosevelt and the Navy

The naval appropriation bill reported by the Senate committee on naval affairs provides for the construction of four more battleships and two armored cruisers. The sentiments of the Senate are evidently in accord with those of President Roosevelt, who has begun to take a deeper interest than ever in naval affairs. He believes that the safety of the country and the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine are dependent to a great extent on a heavy increase in the navy within the shortest possible time. He is making every effort to attain that end, and he has been advocating the adoption of a ship-building program that will provide for laying the keels of at least ten battleships every year for a term of years sufficiently long to bring the fleet somewhere near the standard of naval strength maintained by other Powers. The report of the Senate committee was undoubtedly inspired by the President, for it is in harmony with his policy. At a cabinet meeting last week it was disclosed that he had become concerned over the slow progress of war vessels under construction, and he directed the Secretary of the Navy to ascertain if there was not some way in which American warships could be built as quickly as those of European countries. He was also concerned over the deterioration in the quality of big gun target practice. He had examined reports which showed that the gunnery efficiency that existed when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy had fallen off to a marked degree. At his instigation orders were issued to three naval ordnance experts to observe and report on the target work of the North Atlantic Battleship Squadron. Moreover it was decided to keep the squadron at target practice in the Gulf of Mexico for the next three months. At the same time orders were wired to Rear-Admiral Glass of the Pacific Squadron to begin a systematic course of target practice. The squadron had just arrived at Acapulco, Mexico, on its way to Honduras to protect American interests, and Admiral Glass was instructed to indulge in as much target practice as possible on his run from Acapulco to Amapala. So it is evident that the President is of the opinion that it is essential for this country to be prepared for an emergency, and that it behooves us to have a navy strong enough and efficient enough to deter any foreign Power from becoming too bold in the discussion of an international question.

Why Married Women Shouldn't Teach

"Dorothy Dix" has been taking up the cudgels in behalf of the poor, downtrodden married women, whom the New York Board of Education has very sensibly decided are no longer to keep possession of class rooms and draw fat salaries. "The Crime of Matrimony" is what Dorothy chooses as a title under which to set forth her disapproval.

> Fortunately, no such cruel fate awaits the schoolmaster who marries, and so we are left with the puzzling conundrum to answer of why matrimony is a crime in a woman, and a virtue in a man, since they have got to marry each other.

The puzzle is much less of a poser than the Dorothy Dixes would have us believe. Marriage does not debar men from pursuing their accustomed callings because it imposes no new duties which are incompatible with those already existing. When a man has taken unto himself a wife it does not devolve upon him to keep her hosiery darned, her house in order, or to have her meals ready on time. He is not set apart by nature for the function of bearing and rearing children, although, as Bartle Massey said, "It had better ha' been left to the men." Despite the opinions of the advanced women, the fact still remains, and it will take another generation or two to uproot it, that the reason and justification for marriage is the establishment of homes and the reproduction of the race. No one can carry on two opposing industries at the same time and be successful in either, much less both, and the invariable outcome of the married woman's engaging in gainful occupation is the wreck of the home. Dorothy objects to the argument that the married woman should be debarred from teaching on the ground that she has a husband to support her, because that is to degrade the public school system to the level of an eleemosynary institution, in which physical need is a higher qualification than intellectual ability, but she scarcely shifts the point, for if on the one hand the married woman is not to be debarred because she has a husband to support her, she should not be admitted merely because she has a husband to support.

The Success of American Women

In Washington the other day, an Austrian woman remarked that if she could be born again she'd marry an

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American husband. It is the theory of foreigners that the supremacy of the American woman at home is due to the courtesy, gallantry and humility of the American husband. They do not give the American woman credit for achieving supremacy by the force of her own personality, and yet the success of the American woman abroad is significant. Her influence is felt in more than one of the courts of Europe. Mrs. George Cornwallis West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill, in an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that American women are occupying many of the seats of the mighty, "and," says she, "the most carping, jealous critics cannot find fault with the way in which they fill them. In the political, literary and diplomatic worlds they more than hold their own." And she contends that their success is greatly due to the wonderful adaptability which they display without at the same time losing their individuality. Lady Randolph Churchill is herself an example of the "adaptability" of the American woman. She is now a leader of British society, and she exercises a powerful political influence in London. An American woman is the wife of the Chief Executive of India and rumor sayeth that he owes much of his success to the diplomacy of his wife. The influence of American women is felt in the court of Berlin, and the wives of some of the most active politicians in France are natives of this country. The chief characteristic of the American woman is her versatility. Her individuality has been fostered from childhood and she has enjoyed greater freedom than is vouchsafed the girls of Europe. Consequently she becomes far more companionable than her European cousin, and being ambitious her active mind plans successfully the conquest of obstacles.

The Terrible Microbe

Dogs, cats and birds are to be excluded from the German Emperor's palaces because of the chance of their conveying infectious diseases. In these microbe-ridden times the world is growing more nervous every day, and a little more than half the time is spent in safeguarding against deadly germs. As a consequence kissing is going out of fashion, pussy is feared because she may have caught the Bubonic plague from the last rodent she tackled, the parrot is ostracized on account of a cough which may disseminate tuberculosis, and the canary's sneeze is charged with having introduced influenza into the family. It is becoming a terrible bore to keep in touch with all the precautionary measures against contagion. To the wise the unfumigated 'phone is a deadly weapon, and it is the height of folly to use an unsterilized knife or fork. The ubiquitous microbe is ever on the alert to enter the human system, and the great, all-absorbing problem of the day is to anticipate the bacillus at every turn. In view of all that modern science has revealed concerning the facilities for infection, it is impossible to comprehend how God's benighted creatures of a few generations agone managed to accumulate on the face of the earth.

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Progressive Public Education

The plans for the latest new school house contain provision for an emergency hospital. This is in line with "modern progress," and quite what should be. Little by little at first, but lately with rapid leaps and bounds, the public school department has undertaken or had thrust upon it all the duties of home and church. It is an exemplification of the old adage about driving the willing horse. At first it was elementary education, the three R's, but gradually all else has been added, until the three R's have been jettisoned in order to make room for the flourishes and fandangoes. Food, clothing, baths and medical attendance have been added to simple housing. People who are today paying taxes to maintain elaborate brick and stone, steam-heated and decorated school houses can recall their own pilgrimage to the seats of learning, where the village carpenter, or the parents themselves made the desks and benches, and each child carried his billet of wood for fuel. No Legislature ever convenes without a bill presented providing for free text books, and there is always an undercurrent of agitation on the subject of free luncheons. Kindergartens and "day homes," that in England are known as "minding schools," provide clothing to be worn during school hours; it is only one step further to do as much for primary pupils in the poorer districts, and once the wedge enters, it is but a question of time when the public will be taxed to furnish a school uniform. Some of the new school houses have already been provided with expensive bathing facilities for the use of the athletic teams, and Director Roncovieri is anxious to see the system extended. New York provides a corps of trained nurses to go about and tie up cut fingers and apply dabs of vaseline to bruised shins. And so it goes, from day to day and from week to week. There is so much to be done in the matter of washing, feeding and clothing children, teaching them their prayers, if they learn any at all, coddling, coaxing and nursing them, that there was only one thing left. Now we are to be equipped for that. It is but a short half-step more to having the children born on the school premises, and the teachers acting as monthly nurses to the mothers.

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The Saunterer

As It Is Lent

What a sorry spectacle is presented by the old dame of society whose ceaseless energy as a hostess is hastening her footsteps toward the grave, and who declines to submit to Time's ravages gracefully. I have in mind no one in particular; society is full of them. I doubt whether the up-to-date dowager, the old lady who feels the clutch of Time upon her person and resorts to art to conceal the calamity, is really one whit happier than her predecessors who at fifty wore caps and found in the ambitions of their younger contemporaries the greatest interest of their contented lives. Youth is the halcyon period in a woman's life, but there are compensations for the old party who has the strength of mind to be and to look herself in an age notoriously artificial and meretricious. Few, however, are there, who do not prefer to urge their maids and dressmakers to heroic efforts to assist them in simulating about thirty when the lights are carefully shaded. It is as though they hope to continue indefinitely the opportunities for winning admiration, and perhaps, even love. Now that the Lenten season is on it would be well if some of them would begin thinking of their God and a future life.

The Vanderbilts Were Bored

Society was very much shocked over the sudden departure of the Willie K. Vanderbilts. Some of our society folks imagined that they were going to stay a month or six weeks just to be entertained. The fact is that the trip to this city was made purely for business purposes and that they would have left sooner if they could have wound up the financial affairs that engrossed the attention. They regard conventional and formal social intercourse as a dreadful bore, and most of their time here was spent in dodging entertainments and making excuses for not attending functions. They are going abroad shortly and will be accompanied by Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs.

They Were There

Since the departure of the Vanderbilts it has been stated in the dailies that they did not attend the Mardi Gras ball. Those that said they saw them in the Spreckels box were told that they were mistaken. It is not a matter of vital importance whether they attended or not, but as I reported that they were there I felt that I could not have been mistaken unless I was the victim of an hallucination. The fact is that the Vanderbilts accompanied the Spreckels party to the ball and after a brief session in the box declared their intention to procure masks and appear on the floor. Thereupon they left the building and never returned. The supposition now is that they had no intention of wearing masks, and merely wanted a pretext to get away.

Why the Vanderbilts Withdrew

The withdrawal of the Vanderbilts from the Hotel Fairmont project is still the subject of comment. I have learned that though they were not enthusiastic over the project from the financial standpoint, their main purpose was to segregate the family fortunes. When the death of Charley Fair occurred and the prospect of renewed litigation arose they came to the conclusion that it was not wise to have big fortunes involved in such a way as to invite entanglement. It is the intention of Mrs. Vanderbilt to separate the interests of herself and sister as much as possible. She was willing to stand by the hotel venture while it appeared as though they would have the money left by their brother to spend on it, but now that there is likelihood of that fortune being the subject of a contest she deems it advisable to withdraw.

They Want Legs

"Frawley went away from Manila thoroughly disgusted," a San Francisco newspaper man writes me from Manila. " 'They won't stand for anything,' said Tim, 'but comic opera or burlesque. Legs will do the trick. It's too cursed hot to listen to the woes of the heroine or the rhapsodies of the hero. The audience perspires and goes out for a highball during the most thrilling moments. It is my honest belief that Manila wants legs. If the Lord spares me to return to San Francisco, I shall organize a funny show to take to Manila in the fall, the leading feature of which shall be legs. You see, there's a great lack of these ornamental parts in Manila, and the expatriated American, as well as the Englishman and the German, sighs for the shapely sights that dazzle his eyes and dizzy his brain at home. I'll give them legs galore. With twenty of the beauties I can find between New York and San Francisco I can put on a show in the Philippines which will coin money. I shall emulate James Neill and have a crest, but instead of a melancholy heraldic device, I'll have legs rampant on a field of gold.' "

Eva and the Mayor

Though the Frawleys left Manila with thin purses, they all agreed they had had the time of their lives. The pretty women of the company had no cause for complaint of the niggardliness of their countrymen in Manila, and more than one merchant and army officer has a sad debit in his ledger due to entertainment of the fair histrions. Eva Dennison carried away more trophies than did any

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FOR ORIGINALITIES

other, and on the day of their departure she had at least six touching farewells with gallants, each of whom thought himself the favored one, and pitied his rivals. Miss Dennison's most ardent admirer, and the one who seemed closest to her heart, was "Major" Brown. Brown is one of the unique characters of the American colony. He is the wine tout for the branch house of a Jewish firm, and is himself of Barney Barnard's type. Brown is stout, very stout. He has not seen the lower button of his vest in seven years. He is not handsome, but his victoria and horses are the finest in Manila. He paid desperate court to Eva from the outset, and what with wine, carriages and flowers *ad lib.*, and little suppers a-plenty, he set a merry and expensive pace for those others made mad by the charms of the handsome actress. When Christmas came there was a wild rush by the johnnies to offer something at Cupid's shrine which would eclipse the gifts of odious rivals. Some sent curios and others tokens of gold, but Brown was Foxy Grandpa and guessed the feminine mind well. His simple oblation was a string of diamonds which made the tributes of silk and metal look like thirty cents.

Flirted with Grant's Grandson

Miss Dennison might have had a grandson of General Ulysses S. Grant at her feet had she cared or been more diplomatic. Lieutenant Algernon Sartoris, whose mother was Nelly Grant, fell a victim to her burning stage glances but the fever left him when he found that a plebeian wine agent, whose efforts were usually directed toward speeding the festivities in Sampaloc—the tenderloin of Manila—was premier attendant in my lady's train. Sartoris met Miss Dennison after a performance. The lieutenant was carrying a swagger stick made of a stingaree's tail and strikingly trimmed with antique silver. Now if there's one thing dear to the youthful army officer in the Philippines it is his swagger stick. It is half the length of a walking stick, and usually has engraved on it the initials of the owner and the insignia of his company and regiment. Miss Dennison saw the Sartoris stick, went into ecstasies over it and it was promptly presented to her. Subsequently he invited the lady to partake of a bird and a bottle, but found that she had a previous engagement with Major Brown. So it was for several days. Sartoris found himself ever trailing fat Brown, and finally gave up the chase.

Sartoris Weary of Soldiering

By the way, Sartoris is apt to create a sensation in the United States Army. He wants to get out. He's been a soldier only a year or so but he is disgusted with the life and his prospects. Sartoris is a curious chap. He's about twenty-five years old and has spent most of his life in London. He has never earned his living but has only a small estate. He is a strange mixture of impulsive boyishness and grim blue devils. Witty, well-educated and highly cultured, the descendant of the warrior-president is a puzzle even to his intimates. His mother has found him hard to manage and a year or so ago a nice berth was found for him as an infantry lieutenant. He was full of martial spirit at first but chafed bitterly after months in a miserable hole in one of the Philippine Islands, cut off from all luxuries and even comforts, and with no society or sport other than dark-skinned Filipinos and monotonous cockfights. He lost forty pounds and was sent to Manila on sick leave. There life took on a roseate hue again, what with the club, the theatre and the pretty women and good fellows of the capital. When his leave expired he cabled to the Secretary of War his resignation. This was promptly refused, and then Algernon expended large sums in besieging by wire all his influential relatives. He cabled Brigadier General Fred Grant and his mother that it was "imperative" he be released from the army, and he openly stated that if not allowed to resign he would take flight to Hongkong and refuge with the British authorities there.

"I am a British subject," said Sartoris, "and shall claim the protection of the flag."

Marooned in Manila

Secretary Root consulted with Roosevelt, and then with the Grant family. They begged him to keep their dear boy in the army. Out of it, they did not know what to do with him. Sartoris groaned and protested but in vain. He swore that he would be attacked with melancholia, and made dismal prophecies of his filling a padded cell or a suicide's grave. As a last effort he cabled Root:

"See family. Must get out."

The next day Sartoris was prostrated by a wire from headquarters in Washington:

"Saw family. Stay in."

Sartoris had expressed his intention to go into Wall street when made a civilian again, and he also has completed a novel which is sure to make him famous. It shows keen insight into the foibles of society and the dialogue is especially brilliant. He is a handsome fellow and looks so much like Lord Kitchener that he is called "The Sirdar" by his brother officers.

Mrs. Will Crocker's Raven Rampant

The bird of ill omen that always croaks when Mrs. Will Crocker speaks of entertaining was noisier than usual this season. Mrs. Crocker intended to entertain for her niece, Elsie Sperry, and Miss Bourn whose parents are great friends of the Crockers, but the raven croaked "Not this year." Deaths in the family prevented Mrs. Will Crocker from showing the measure of her hospitality last year, and this winter her little boy took the scarlet fever.

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Just as he was on the convalescent path, and his parents were packing trunks for a trip to Southern California, the youngest child took the malady. Though she is not so seriously ill as was her brother, the Will Crockers' plans have again been upset. And the Princess Poniatowski had appendicitis, supplying another note in the gloomy bird's chant.

The Morgans Were There

All our society people are not reluctant to make concessions to conventionality. There are the Morgan girls, for instance, who were eager to attend the de Lussan musicale at the Horace Hills. They were invited but as they are not quite out of mourning they hesitated before accepting, for they did not like to shock society. Finally it was suggested that they could attend the concert and hear the singing without being seen, by ensconcing themselves in the linen closet at the head of the staircase. With the understanding that they should have the freedom of the closet they accepted the invitation. However they did not escape detection.

By the way Zelie de Lussan finds that society concerts are worth while. She received four hundred and fifty dollars for singing for a woman's club in Sacramento, and I believe that she received about the same sum from the Horace Hills. Society people no longer feel that they confer great honor on professional vocalists by inviting them to their homes and then expecting them to entertain. Professional singers that have paid out good money for their musical education do themselves an injustice when they furnish entertainment at private houses without charge.

"That face of old Newrich is what I should call an empurpled visage."'

"'Yes, verily a case of bearing his blushing honors thick upon him, but principally upon his nose."

Glad-handing the Lions

The club rooms of the Spinners in Kearny street were crowded with visitors at the reception given in honor of the Peixottos on last Saturday afternoon. The attention of the women was divided between the Peixottos and Bertha Runkle, who came in late in the afternoon, a radiant picture in black velvet. Grace Llewellyn Jones, a picturesque figure in white with a strikingly artistic coiffure, paid her respects to the Peixottos and was much admired. Gelett Burgess, once the *motif* of so many functions of this kind, was scarcely noticed among the crowd of other notables present, and he quickly made his exit. By the way I hear that Burgess is going East the latter part of this month. Boston, where he has quite a coterie of admirers, is to be his home for the next few years.

"Us" and Their Chronicle

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins is no longer with *Munsey's Magazine,* of which she was one of the sub-editors. She is doing independent work for various publications. Her "Chronicles of Us" is running in one of the magazines and its characters are drawn from life. The author's sister, Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, and Gelett Burgess, are some of "Us," the others being members of a bright little bohemian clique in New York.

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

The McCreerys Separated

Last week I reported that through the death of Mrs. Kip the Richard McCreerys would come into a large fortune, and now I hear that the McCreerys are separated. Domestic infelicity runs in both the McCreery and Lorillard families. Mrs. McCreery is a Lorillard, her mother being the daughter of the founder of the great tobacco house. Mrs. Kip, the mother of young Mrs. McCreery, was the wife of Lawrence Kip, son of Bishop Kip. She was the sister of Pierre Lorillard, the most extravagant of New York millionaires.

New Decorative Idea

Something entirely new in decorations was introduced at the card party given last Saturday night by the Samuel Bissingers at their home, corner of Jackson and Buchanan streets. The rooms where the card tables were placed were all decorated with cards of every kind, size and description. Immense festoons of cards were strung from every side, and along the walls wherever possible were fancy cards and colored posters. The Bissingers, by the way, have been doing a deal of entertaining this winter, one or two of the affairs being in honor of their niece, Miss Elizabeth Bissinger. Theatre parties and dinners have followed in rapid succession.

Morpheus and Bucephalus

Many of the winter's debutantes are simply sleeping since Lent began, while others are trying to counteract the ill-effects of over-dining by constant exercise. Long walks are a fad again, and those girls who belong to the San Francisco Riding Club are practicing strenuously for their riding exhibition which will be a post-Lenten affair. Those who are doing the best work in practice are Miss Holbrook, Miss Lucie King and Miss Callahan.

Buckley-Stanton

Lewis Edgar Stanton, Contracting Freight Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, located in this city, and Miss Mabel H. Buckley, daughter of Mrs. Edward P. Buckley, were married last Monday by Reverend William K. Guthrie at the First Presbyterian church. They have gone to Southern California and Mexico on their honeymoon.

Miss Virginia Gibbs, who has been ill for several months, is better and able to go about. She is one of the younger Gibbs girls, all of whom look so much alike that it is difficult to tell them apart. They are generally known as "Mrs. George Gibbs's nieces."

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The Naval Kissing Bug

Hero Hobson, in his lecturing tour of the West, is expected to include San Francisco in his itinerary. The Hero will probably be lionized, but he has determined to bar kissing. Hobson has been kissed in and out of season, and he says he doesn't like it. He is not striving for a record such as General Sherman enjoyed. The naval lion lately gave his version of the kissing business, and it seems likely enough. He said that when he landed in the United States after the war was over he was met by members of his own family. Some of them were so injudicious as to resort to public osculation. Then the whole assemblage followed suit, much to the Hero's disgust. He couldn't do a thing, however, but submit. Everywhere he went other silly women started the same performance, and that was how poor Hobson got his reputation.

Flowers and Jewels Galore

Though it took George Newhall a long time to decide upon quitting bachelordom, now that he is engaged he is proving himself the most devoted of lovers. Not a day passes without his fiancee receiving some token of his affection and devotion. Violets and roses are sent in abundance to the Taylor home in California street, and gifts of jewels are of weekly occurrence. Miss Taylor has received several beautiful rings and pins from Mr. Newhall, and on St. Valentine's day he sent her a superb crescent of diamonds. The pompous man of commerce is quite a different sort of chap in love.

Mizner to the Rescue

An amusing scene occurred in a Jackson street car the other day. The car was crowded, and seated on opposite sides were Addison Mizner and Horace Platt. A pretty girl of ample proportions entered, and Mr. Platt with his usual gallantry began to writhe in an effort to extricate himself from the narrow space in which he was wedged, his laudable purpose being to provide the young woman with a seat. He succeeded in getting to his feet, but Horace Platt's figure is of fashionable leanness and his seat wasn't wide enough to accommodate the average well-nourished woman. However he offered it most graciously to the pretty girl and she looked at the few inches of bench in dismay. Thereupon Addison Mizner, broad of beam and debonair, who had been watching the scene, arose and tapping Platt on the shoulder said, "Crawl back into your crack, Horace, and I shall give the lady a seat." And Mr. Platt meekly obeyed.

The Passionate Poetess

The Poetess of Passion who is expected here next week will be entertained by the literary set. It is said of Ella Wheeler Wilcox that she has lived down the effusions of her passionate past, and has done some good things recently. Though she has done some good things she has permitted her pen to drivel so much that she can never hope to live down her present. She is a relative, by the way, of the W. P. Morgans of this city, and it said that Ella Morgan was named for her.

The Crimmins Heir

The arrival of the Crimmins heir last Saturday caused great rejoicing in the Cole household. It is understood that Lieutenant Crimmins's father, John D. Crimmins, of Tammany, will testify to his appreciation of the birth of his grandchild in a most substantial manner.

They All Welcome Carrie

"Good Morning, Carrie," sings the cheerful gutter snipe as the Smasher from Kansas swings down the line with a reporter at her elbow to tell her where to go, and suggesting the best manner to rough things up a bit and get arrested. The San Francisco hoodlum has not had so much fun since election and Carrie, in spite of her grudge against the demon rum, is utterly impervious to joshing and greets it all with a cheerful smile. In fact she has found the San Francisco public unexpectedly good-natured, and in the average case she has been invited into saloons instead of being driven forth with force and arms. All up and down the line the Rum Fiend has been suspiciously cheerful at the invasion of Carrie. The fact is that the saloon men appreciate the advertising. A Geary street saloon keeper told me this week that a visit from Carrie was better than a column display in the Sunday papers. Carrie had wiped off the bar with her Bible a few hours before, and as a consequence people thronged the place to see the real broken glass left by a real temperance cyclone from Kansas. Now, to bring an extra crowd of from fifty to five hundred people into a saloon in an evening means an increase in trade of from ten to a hundred drinks, for the crowd that follows in the wake of Carrie is not a temperance gang—not by many a bumper. The saloons that have been Carrienationed have taken pains to get their names and addresses in the papers, and I am told that a reporter was offered a large bribe not to forget a certain place which had fallen prey to the wielder. "Gee!" remarked a rum dispenser when he heard of Carrie's arrest, "it's a shame to put so good a woman in jail. Why, in my opinion she's underpaid. She came into my place last night and gave a free lecture that increased my business seventy-five dollars' worth for the evening. The saloon men of this city ought to chip in and give the old girl a

Distributors in every town on the coast

regular salary to keep up the good work, for she's the best stimulant to trade that has occurred in the liquor business for many a moon."

That Crimmins Baby

How fantastic are the tricks Madame La Bavarde seeks to play with our society people. Referring to the visit of the stork to the Crimmins home she deliberately trifles with the sex of the baby. Among other things she suggested that the little "heiress" should be christened "Margaret" after the mother. Mrs. Crimmins's baby is a boy, and despite his tender age would no doubt resent quite lustily any effort on the part of Madame La Bavarde or any other meddlesome person to change his sex. He will probably be christened Martin.

The Breckenridge Tragedy

It was rather a strange story that appeared in the despatches Thursday, of the accident that happened to young Jack Breckenridge in Paris. Overcome by a fit of vertigo he fell from the second story of the Hotel d'Abbe and received only a slight bruise on his back. He did not even lose consciousness. The last I heard of Jack Breckenridge he was in a sanitarium in Paris, but it now appears that he recovered from the mental disorder from which he was suffering. However, the attack of vertigo suggests that he is far from being in sound condition. The friends of young Mrs. Breckenridge, whose romance came to such a tragic end in Paris, are eager for news as to her condition, but the reports that have been received are meagre and vague. No doubt the relatives of both Breckenridge and his wife desire to keep the sad details from the public.

Generosity Not of the Rich

The parishioners of St. Brigid's church in Van Ness avenue are rejoicing with their pastor, Rev. Father Cottle, over the prospect of the completion of the sacred edifice. The work of constructing the church was started about five years ago, and a halt was called owing to the lack of capital, about the time the basement was completed. A temporary roof was then spread over the basement and beneath it services have been held ever since. There are several millianaires among the parishioners and one or two of them have made handsome contributions to the fund for the completion of the church but the others could never be prevailed upon to "loosen up." However Father Cottle has perfected a financial plan whereby sufficient money is to be raised and the work on the building was lately resumed. He has announced that it is the poor and not the rich that have volunteered to defray the cost of completing the work.

An Indignant Sculptor

There has been a clash between art and commerce in the Bohemian Club. One of the merchant princes of the club, a gentleman who is known as an art connoisseur and a patron of art, has given serious offense to Bobby Aitken, the distinguished young sculptor who rattled the dry bones of the local art world a year or so ago. The merchant asked Aitken to make a bas-relief of his daughter and the sculptor gladly consented to do so. When the work was almost completed and the artist was putting on the finishing touches, the merchant asked him to send in his bill. He was well satisfied with the work and was ready to pay for it. Aitken, so the story goes, said that he had no intention of charging for it; that he wished to present it to his friend.

"I cannot consent to that," said the patron of art. "Art should be encouraged in the club, and the best way to do it is for those that have the money to buy the works of the artists. I insist that you send in your bill."

Aitken thought the matter over. He would have charged, ordinarily, one hundred and fifty dollars for the bas-relief, but as his patron was a fellow member and an officer of his club he decided to cut the price in half. He sent in a bill for seventy-five, but much to his amazement he received an indignant letter telling him that the price charged was exorbitant. The merchant prince expressed a willingness to pay twenty-five dollars. Hence Aitken's indignation. I have been told that he has decided not to surrender the bas-relief.

It is reported in an Eastern paper that since Mlle. de Lussan's arrival in this city she has received the attentions of a well-known society and club man who lost his heart to her upon her visit several years ago; also that there are rumors that his faithfulness will at last be rewarded. How about that mysterious Brazilian millionaire to whom the charming singer was supposed to be engaged?

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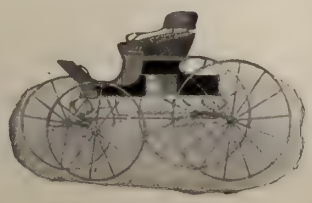

(Preliminary Announcement)
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Cupid in California

Cupid, it seems, has been making free of the Stanford University quad. Nor does the sanctity of the Library itself, that holiest of holies, suffice to overawe the gracious god. In all his notorious nakedness he passes to and fro "forninst" fair co-eds and brawny footballers, coming between them and their books and throwing them into a pink study instead of a brown one. The scamp must go warily, a god in disguise, or else get his wings clipt. So says President Jordan. Now it seems to me that the learned doctor is thereby placing himself in the position of locksmith. Can it be that the head of one of our great universities is not aware of the divine discipline that lies in the intensive study, according to the source method, of the human heart? No man or woman can be truly cultured until he or she has known the liberal education of love. A university is a place to fit one for life. From that greater university no one may graduate until Cupid shall have signed the parchment. Put a stop to love-making! I can see you doing it, Mrs. David Starr Partington-Jordan!

Cupid Abroad

In the quaint school-town of Portarlington, Queen's county, Ireland, there once lived the venerable old maid, the Very Reverend, the Dean De Puritan. Now it had pleased Providence to place in the aforesaid town two boarding-schools and but one Episcopal church. The good, the very good, the goody-good dean would not have caviled at the divine ordering of things, had it not been for the fact that the schools were of different sexes. That was the thorn in the faultless flesh of the Dean De Puritan. Of course boys and girls alike had to attend both services of a Sunday. But no love-making, not if the dean knew it. Accordingly, by means of a black curtain he divided male from female; male from female divided he them. Did he detect but a glance at the curtain, and he would forthwith pound on the pulpit and spout fire and brimstone. But he counted without his Cupid. It was his holy habit to catechise the girls on Tuesdays and Thursdays and the boys on Wednesdays and Fridays. One wet Wednesday the dean forgot to remove his galoshes in the hall of Arlington House (for so the boys' school was named), and being very punctilious, returned thither from the class-room to do so. Arrived there, he was astonied for the space of two seconds to behold a crowd of young rascals scrambling for his silk "topper." Seeing his reverence, his very reverence, these lost souls vanished with a yell, leaving the "topper" and a regular theatrical snow-storm of *billet-doux* on the floor. Cupid had made a letter-carrier of the Dean De Puritan. The chaste brow, the sacred frosty hair, of the would-be bishop had for years had nothing between them and countless cross-shaped kisses and confessions of flamelike love but a slim band of leather. My dear Doctor Jordan, remember the Dean De Puritan.

The Gunn-Woods Wedding

Miss Kate Gunn had her choice of going abroad for an extended trip or marrying, and she chose the latter. Her wedding with Mr. Woods will be one of the first Hymen functions after Easter and will, I hear, be a large affair. "Everybody" will doubtless receive a card, as the Gunns have lived here all their lives and know every one in town. Miss Gunn has chosen Miss Bender, Miss Bruce and Miss Hooper as her bridesmaids. The bride-to-be is a very popular, attractive brown-eyed girl.

A Treacherous Tunnel

Tunnel Nine on the Shasta route, which has cost the Southern Pacific three or four comfortable fortunes in the endeavor to keep it open, is right at the best trout-fishing water on the Sacramento river. Any afternoon in the month of June you are sure to meet Charley Gould, the former Fish Commissioner, or Walter Mathews, the Oakland architect, or John Cadman, the insurance man, close by the hoodoo tunnel. Ex-Congressman Glascock and Claiborne, the Stockton banker, know the lay of the land and Emil Nusbaumer, the Oakland lawyer and politician, is at home in its pools and eddies. The road at this point is convenient for fishermen but it is a bad piece of engineering. The mountain through which the tunnel runs is full of springs which rot the timbers. It is the most uneasy bit of ground in California and is constantly sliding and shouldering. It has caved on the tunnel several times. The road should run on the other side of the river at this point. Not only was it bad judgment to dig a tunnel through this slippery hill but the cost of two expensive bridges might have been saved. It is true that some hard digging through rock would have been necessary on the other side, but tunnels now cost less and bridges more than they did some years ago. This road has nearly doubled the capacity of its bridges on the Shasta route in the past five years, putting in a complete new set, and there is something like twenty of them in forty miles.

A Newspaper Strike Settled

The Newspaper Reporters' Union, which was organized in this city some months ago by a few enterprising spirits in the downtrodden profession, has fallen upon evil times. Several of the leading members employed by the *Examiner* and *Post* have lost their jobs, and others that were working on other papers are finding that there is such little demand for their services that it is somewhat difficult to eke out an existence. The officers of the union have concluded that the newspaper proprietors have entered into a conspiracy to squelch the organization, and there have been rumors of strikes and other direful things. It has been hinted that Organized Labor would be likely to call out all the printers, pressmen and other mechanics employed on the daily papers, and leave the local journalistic field to the weeklies until the great Newspaper Trust came to its senses and duly recognized the Reporters' Union. One day it was reported that Mr. Hearst had been

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notified that a big strike in the *Examiner* office was imminent, and that it was suggested that if he didn't come to the support of the Union his Presidential boom would be seriously damaged. And it was said that he immediately sent out orders over the longest leased wire to the effect that every man on the *Examiner* staff should join the union.

Sentiment Against Unionism

The probability is that if Mr. Hearst ever issued such an order he would precipitate a much more serious strike than could occur through the efforts of the union. The fact is that the best newspaper talent in town is not in sympathy with the project to unionize journalists. There is a preponderance of sentiment among reporters against being organized as though they were teamsters or hodcarriers. The men of ability in the profession do not care to be classed with the "skates," and they feel that theirs is a profession in which no uniform rules fixing compensation can be made to apply fairly to all concerned.

Their Eloquent Noses

The announcement of the approaching marriage of another of Lord Rosebery's daughters reminds me of the story told of the mother of the girls. She, as is well known, was Hannah Rothschild, of the famous Jewish bankers' family, who have controlled the finance of the world during the past century. On one occasion, when the daughters were arraying themselves for some function, she gave them a keen look and said, "You are all Christian in your dress and all Christian in your manners, but, my dear girls, you can't rub out your noses, and they are all Jewish."

Peggy's Pompous Husband

Sweet Peggy Primrose, the younger daughter, has always been much beloved for goodness of heart. In some ways it was a distinguished match she made in marrying Lord Crewe, but people felt sorry for her when they heard some of the tales of this nobleman's haughtiness. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for a time, and no one was more strict in requiring deference than he, at the functions of state. As he was a widower during the time of his occupying the position, he called upon a married sister to assist him in doing the honors. And it was told of him, as an altogether over-exacting piece of haughtiness on his part even for that clime, that he required his sister to go out from his presence backwards. The London press considered this as really overdoing the matter.

The Earl of Rosebery is an admirable man. He represents the best thought in politics in England, being neither too conservative, nor too radical in his opinions. He takes great interest in the welfare of his country from a broad point of view. One of his epigrams is worth remembering. "How can you expect the poor to be anything but wild beasts if you give them nothing but lairs to live in?"

She Boosted the Withrows

Lady Sibyl Primrose, the fiancee of Charles Grant, has played the part of the good fairy to the Withrow sisters of this city, who have been very successful in London. She studied music with one and sat for her portrait to the other. A number of San Franciscans are familiar with Lady Sibyl's face, for Miss Withrow brought the canvas out here and exhibited it. Lady Sibyl Primrose is the only English woman who has any fame as an after-dinner speaker. Her toasts are so witty and graceful that she is in great demand at dinners. Apropos of the position the Withrows occupy in London society I have just heard some amusing stories of the attitude their dear old puritanical mother took when she learned the ethics of the smart set. It is considered a privilege to receive a card to Mrs. Ronalds's Sunday-afternoons and to refuse it is almost like neglecting a royal invitation. But Mrs. Withrow would not set her foot in the charmed door when she learned Mrs. Ronalds's romantic past in which the tuneful Sir Arthur Sullivan figured conspicuously. Nor could the old lady be dragged into any drawing-room where the blot on the family 'scutcheon was in the public eye. As the Withrow sisters are safely of an age where mother's apron-strings are a useless appendage, they could make their way chaperonless.

Lady Granville Gordon's Ostracism

It was stated in the despatches from London a few days ago that notification had appeared in the *Official Gazette* to the effect that Lady Granville Gordon's presentations at the royal court had been canceled. This meant that she would not be permitted to appear at any drawing-room or other social function given by the Queen. In other words it meant social ostracism. And it probably means also that the Queen is beginning to sit up and take notice of the looseness of London's smart set's morals. The revelations of the Hartopp divorce case were of a startling and shocking character, but even that *cause celebre* has been surpassed in indecency by the recent confession

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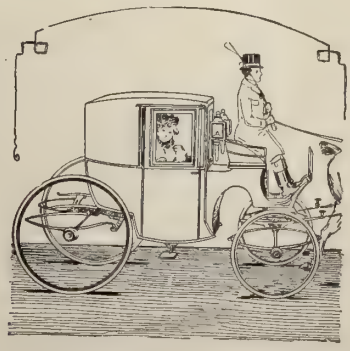

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of Lady Gordon in a case brought before the courts to obtain the custody of her child. Lady Granville Gordon was formerly the wife of her present husband's cousin, Eric Gordon, who divorced her and obtained an order for the custody of the only child. She immediately married Lord Granville Gordon, but refused to surrender the child to her former husband. When an attempt was made to enforce the order she re opened the case by putting an extraordinary story before the judge. She swore that the child was really Lord Granville's, and she declared that she had been Lord Granville's mistress before and after her marriage to Eric Gordon. She even testified that her relations with Lord Granville were resumed immediately after her honeymoon with Eric Gordon. But most astonishing of all was the statement that her husband occupied an adjoining room, assenting to the entire arrangement. Lord Granville is a brother of the Marquis of Huntley and a brother-in-law of Earl Lansdale. After hearing such testimony there is no reason for any one to imagine that Pinero's plays are overdrawn.

"What is Colonel Promoter doing now?"
"If you said whom is he doing now I might be able to answer."

Mascagni Was Ungracious

To an Italian friend the other day, Maestro Mascagni confided that he never knew how much he was appreciated in this city until Monday night when the press and public applauded a comic opera production of his classic tragedy, "Cavalleria Rusticana." It was really a heart-rending affair, but the people knew that the Tivoli management was not to blame, for it could not be expected in the midst of its comic opera season to produce Italian grand opera on the spur of the moment. It was rather ungracious, however, on Mascagni's part, to utterly ignore the singers when indicating by gesture to whom credit was due for the performance. He came before the curtain with the principals, and when he was greeted with a storm of applause he leaned over and indicated with his hand that it was the men of the orchestra who were entitled to the credit. To be sure it was, but there was poor Avedano, the tenor with the lost register and the pinched note, with his legs encased in Napoleoni's purple hose, as contrite a looking artist as ever apologized for a rash venture. He had gallantly tried to fill an emergency and was entitled to praise for his courage. I have always known that dramatic tenors were rare, but never did I realize how scarce they are in these parts until I heard Avedano demonstrating his inability to be heard above the orchestra's most pianissimo passages.

Millionaire Cowell

It is said that the half-demented individual who pumped a little lead into millionaire Henry Cowell on the latter's ranch in Merced county was probably laboring under an hallucination. Probably he was. And it is quite as probable that he wasn't. Indeed it is quite probable that he had some very great grievance against the millionaire, and that his rash conduct was the result of protracted brooding over what he considered deep wrongs. No man can accumulate wealth as Cowell has accumulated it without giving many people the impression that he has wronged them. Henry Cowell is one of the strictly unsentimental class of millionaires. He conceives the joy of living to be the accumulation and hoarding of money, and to him the greatest ill that flesh is heir to is the heartache that accompanies the signing of checks. Henry Cowell is one of our modest millionaires. He indulges in no luxuries, is never guilty of ostentatious display and wears clothes that are spotted. He is no doubt as honest as a millionaire can be, but he is tight-fisted and drives a hard bargain.

His Business Methods

Henry Cowell is worth a paragraph or two because he is an interesting type of the sordid materialist with a dollar-mark for a soul, and for the additional reason that notwithstanding his great wealth he is comparatively little known. Cowell belongs to the Russell Sage class, a man of good morals, perhaps, and a high respect for the law, a great capacity for accumulating riches and none for the enjoyment of it. Not long ago he confided in a friend that his income had amounted to one hundred thousand dollars a year for twenty years, and for a much longer period and without cessation he has been plodding away as though he believed that a day's rest meant final retirement to the Poorhouse. He owns eight enormous ranches, and he visits them every month probably to see whether they have shrunk. He is the largest producer of lime and cement on the coast, and he tells with great gusto how he has frozen competitors out of business by lowering the price. He relates that he secured for fifteen thousand dollars a plant that cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, by the simple process of lowering prices to a ruinous figure, and that he got all his money back in a few weeks by putting the price at an exorbitant figure.

Execrated in Santa Cruz

However those are good, clean, business methods, according to the commercial ethics of the day. But nowhere are Cowell's methods so well known as in Santa Cruz county. The figure of Henry Cowell which, by the way, is

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strikingly reminiscent of that of C. P. Huntington, is familiar to the residents of the seaside town where he resides and where his family formerly lived. And the people of that town execrate Cowell, for it was not many years ago that they organized mobs to tear down fences that he had erected across roads which he had suddenly discovered were his private property. The people of Santa Cruz have many grievances against Cowell, and they tell stories of how he acquired ranches by foreclosing mortgages which of course he had a perfect right to do. But people are unreasonable, especially in small towns, for when they have a millionaire resident, instead of being proud of him and pampering him they actually expect him to be a public-spirited citizen, and to encourage business by extending time on mortgages. They're sore on Cowell because he was always Johnny-on-the-spot when a mortgage was due. And they say that although he owned half the timber land in the county, if one of his employes took home a stick of wood, and Cowell found it out, he would deduct the price from the man's wages. It is by such methods that our rich men grow richer. No doubt many stories of Cowell's charity could be told, but unfortunately they have never been recorded.

Miss Keith of Boston who has been much entertained since her visit to her sister, Mrs. Daniel Kane, will soon return to her home in the East. She is a pretty, attractive girl, and has made herself much liked in that conservative Episcopal set in which the Kanes move.

It's To Be Pulled Off

In spite of the croaking tabbies, and the mumps-afflicted little brothers and sisters of Gladys Merrill, her marriage with Harry Bates has *not* been indefinitely postponed. Though any number of things have occurred that would seem to have permanently hoodooed the union of these two devoted hearts, the determined efforts of two good mothers to make their offspring happy have been successful. And so next Wednesday, D. V. or without, so long as the pastor is there to officiate, the Merrill-Bates wedding will be solemnized in the First Congregational church. It will be a large wedding with bridesmaids and all the et ceteras, and there will be a reception afterwards at the Merrill home. Lenten marriages are not considered out of place in the church to which the bride and bridegroom belong.

Miss Spinster—Why do you wear that key in your watch-charm?

Tom Bach—It's my latch-key, and I wear it as a symbol of independence and a token of freedom.

The Wheels of Fashion

Notwithstanding that this is Lent some of our society folks are looking forward with glad expectancy to the arrival of several social lions from the East. Among those expected are the George Crockers, the Seward Webbs and Mr. Harriman, the railroad magnate. Lent is not as fashionable here as it is in New York. Several of our most conspicuous swells have made their appearance at the Mascagni concerts. Though they are having grand opera at the Metropolitan in New York, the gleaming shoulders, tiaras and famous necklaces have gone into retirement for the season. The upper servants of the great families, stiff, prim and demure, are to be found in the private boxes of the mighty. The world of fashion in New York abjures the devil and all his works openly, at least, though there may be cakes and ale in private. It is quite different in San Francisco, for here many of the elite ignore tradition on the subject of Lent as a time for sackcloth and ashes, for quiet and thought. The wheels of fashion are always whirling.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a small luncheon at the Palace Wednesday. At another table Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Duval were entertaining Dick Tobin, Maurice Duval, the handsome young brother just out from France, and several ladies. Mrs. Duval, in spite of her illness since her marriage, has regained her rosy complexion and looks as fresh as ever she did.

"I should imagine that Jones could easily win fame as a writer of fiction."

"Why do you think so?"

"He's such an artful liar."

Phelan Broken Down

There will be a large colony of San Franciscans in Santa Barbara during Lent, for it is growing popular as a resort for people with that tired feeling. James D. Phelan has hied himself Southward to regain his health. Too many entertainments, big dinners and late suppers sent him to bed for several days and his physician told him that he was so run down he would get pneumonia if he didn't quit the giddy whirl. Little Jimmy didn't need a second tip.

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The Irrepressible McDonald

It is most surprising to learn that "Doctor" Arthur MacDonald, the so-called patho-social investigator, who is not unknown in this city, has been taken seriously by the United States Senate. He succeeded a week ago in having a bill reported by a Senate committee, which provides for the establishment of a laboratory for him, for "the study of the abnormal classes," under the supervision of the Attorney-General. "Doctor" MacDonald does not possess the certificate of any recognized college, nor is he given recognition by men of science. His fad is the investigation of abnormal femininity, and in the prosecution of it he entrapped young girls and married women by means of personal advertisements leading them to the disclosure of their most intimate affairs of the heart and of sexual propensity, and subsequently publishing their confidences in a book which appealed to the prurient and which he sold for fifty cents a copy. He also manipulated school boys and school girls with tape-measures and testing devices, ostensibly for the purpose of obtaining data for scientific generalizations concerning the relation between physical conformation and moral or intellectual character. His conclusions prove him a fraud. Yet his statistics have been published at the expense of the Government. They establish more than anything else the propensity of the "Doctor" to exercise his anthropometric energy and psycho-psychical curiosity upon girls rather than boys and especially upon girls of sixteen or over.

A Universal Tongue

The perennial discussion of the necessity for a universal language shows signs of activity once more, but the probabilities of such an invention ever being put to practical use are as far-off as ever. It is one of the fondest theories of scholars that something of the kind is urgently needed, and from time to time an effort is made to supply the blank. Thus far, all these artificial languages have failed in the same place. Notwithstanding their beautiful simplicity and perfection, they somehow never get into use. Volapuk, an invention of Sir Thomas Urquhart, seemed, twenty years ago, to be making progress in the right direction. Its grammar was of the simplest and most perfect description, and it construction so mechanical that it almost went of its own accord. Something like a score of grammars and dictionaries were published, and clubs for the study of the language and the encouragement of its use sprang up all over the world, yet today there is not known to be a solitary individual who makes use of it. One of the humors of the study, when Volapuk was in the height of its vogue, was the flourishing club located at Walla Walla in Walla Walla county, of what was then the Territory of Washington—and there wasn't a W in the new language.

Kocian's Love Affair

The newspapers are making much of an alleged intent on the part of Pauline Astor, only daughter of the supersensitive multi-millionaire, to elope with Kocian, the violinist. A lively managerial imagination may be responsible for the gossip. Assuredly the tale lost nothing in the telling. A romance of this sort, it is evident, is, for a virtuoso, as good a bit of business as is a timely divorce or two, or a burglar-and-diamond story for an actress. There are no doubt in San Francisco many young ladies with unspent pin-money in their purses who, though they would not for love of music go to hear the artist, would for the love of love buy box seats to see the beautiful boy beloved of the heiress to the Astor millions. Poor rich Pauline! Money, that is as an unscalable wall of gold between a girl and her heart's desire, making her a prisoner of wealth, is a most provoking form of poverty. Surely Kocian can support a wife, and were Pauline but poorer, she might be richer in happiness. As things are, the young lady's people seem to think that in marrying an artist she would be making a most lamentable *mesalliance*. What a comedown fate in all probability has in store for her: from the Bohemia of her dreams with the heavenly Kocian to Humdrumdom with a pasty duke.

In the Matter of Mesalliances

Now, to my mind an artist, as such, in view of his joy-giving gift, is, in this vale of tears, the superior of a duke as such. For with the possible exception of a prince, who, or rather what, is so dull, so joyless, as a duke? Moreover, to my way of thinking, an artist as such is more than a match for a millionaire's daughter; he is a catch. It is intrinsic worth, personality, not extrinsic wealth, mere possessions, that counts in marriage. To be an equal mate for a great musician, a woman should come with some gift in her hand that is hers by a right rarer, diviner, than that which title deeds bestow: some beauty of face or form or character, some grace or charm of person—an exquisite culture it may be, or a genius for goodness or

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appreciation. Of Miss Astor I know nothing, save this good, that Kocian found her fair and loveable, and that she seems to have eyes, ears and a heart—"a heart of music." Miss Astor, it may be, is music itself made manifest in the flesh, fit mate for any man, even an artist; but this, if it be the happy fact, is a reality far removed from reality, a matter of fine fact, not a matter of millions. *Mesalliances* are made between men and women who are in themselves unequal, not between those who have unequal possessions or occupy so-called unequal social positions. To maintain the ecstasy of love, to prevent feeling from falling into the sere and yellow leaf, requires a skill equal to that that goes to the making of a great musician. Let Miss Astor marry Kocian and keep him indefinitely delighted, and by so doing she will prove herself worthy to be an artist's wife.

The Goodmans Divorced

The rumor that a divorce was recently granted Mrs. Minnie Goodman from Arthur Jule Goodman, familiarly known as Arthur Jule, the clever water-color artist, formerly of Cincinnati but now of London, is verified by Mrs. Goodman herself. Mrs. Goodman is best remembered here, in her old home, as the wife of Frank Unger, the versatile Bohemian who has been luxuriating of late years in the capacity of major-domo to rich women. Only those who know Mrs. Goodman and have come under the spell of her genial personality can understand her latest domestic rupture. Arthur Jule is one of the most charming of men, and they two understood each other perfectly. To the outside world it will always be a mystery, but to those who understood Mrs. Goodman it is not hard to explain.

Unger Wooed and Won

When Minnie California Buchanan graduated from Mills Seminary she was an heiress to fifty or sixty thousand dollars. She was a fascinating and popular girl and in those days with handsome Frank Unger led the germans given by the fashionable Southern set. Like Dorothea in "Middlemarch" she had splendid ideas of helping the man she should marry, and Frank Unger persuaded her that, with her by his side, he would achieve grand things. Their marriage was a failure. Frank Unger, in the role of "good fellow" and dashing cavalier, dissipated his wife's fortune. To support herself and little girl Mrs. Unger took to writing dramatic criticism for the *San Franciscan* and *Ingleside,* weeklies that enjoyed an evanescent prosperity with Harry McDowell and Arthur McEwen as leading contributors. Later she went to Paris and met the delightful Arthur Jule. He found in her the inspiration of his life and was so fond of her little girl that she was persuaded once more to give to a man her womanly courage and enthusiasm in the achievement of great things.

Mrs. Atherton's Characteristic Exclamation

Arthur Jule followed the Californian woman to New York and it was there they were married. I recall an amusing incident of the marriage. Gertrude Atherton was among those invited to the ceremony and after she had received a cordial greeting from her old friend exclaimed, with her characteristic frankness:

"Going to marry one man!"

"Well," said the bride-elect, half apologetically, "the law permits only one at a time."

For awhile the Goodmans worked together, Arthur Jule illustrating the magazine work of his wife. Then they went back to Paris and plunged into the art world. In telling of her experience one day, Mrs. Goodman remarked, "For ten years Artie held my hand while I gave every thought and idea to furthering his interests." Later on in London, their delightful lodge in St. John's Wood called "The Wigwam" was a centre of gayety, fashion and art. The most interesting people were to be found there, traveling Americans, and artists from the theatres and studios. Meanwhile Mrs. Goodman was writing dramatic criticism for T. P. O'Connor's bright weekly, *M. A. P.*

The Drifting Apart

So long as Arthur Jule devoted himself to his art for art's sake his wife strove to aid him. But finally he went back to lithography, and devoted himself to commercial affairs. His wife appeared to think he had no more need for her. At any rate they drifted apart, her whole sympathy going out to her daughter, whose genius was beginning to loom on the horizon. Gladys Unger was working in the Parisian studios and doing amazing things. One day when she was but eighteen she produced a play. The mother immediately concluded that Fate was pointing its finger. She resolved to give all her sympathy and support to her child. Off she went to Paris and there she has been keeping house for Gladys ever since. And now Gladys Unger the Californian girl is the youngest dramatic writer who has arrived. Her curtain-raiser, "Edmond Kean," is said to be a brilliant piece of work. The speeches of Kean are remarkable for their sonorousness and beauty.

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The Frenchiness of the Maid

Apropos the Goodmans I am reminded of a story told by a friend who visited them not long ago in London and who was on intimate terms with the artist and his wife. The story suggests the laying down as a maxim that if a woman employs a French maid she should be prepared for French results. Jule was engaged at the time of the occurrence in painting drop-curtains for London theatres, and he was also making sketches of theatrical stars. One day he returned home with an excellent likeness of a petite artiste whose greatest histrionic talent reposed in her nether limbs. And those, Jule had neglected, his time being limited. However he finished his work at home and the next day the friend who is responsible for the story called. Mrs. Jule was out but her maid, the French one, let the visitor in, and the latter stood admiringly before the sketch on the easel, to Marie's intense delight. When she could repress herself no longer she said:

"I tink is gran'. Mrs. Jule, she pose for ze legs."

Gossip of the Service

Colonel J. B. Rawles, who will retire from the service in the autumn, has announced his intention of becoming a permanent resident of this city.

Among the recent promotions to the rank of Major-General was that of Brigadier-General Henry C. Merriam, who was in command of the department of California during the war with Spain. Mrs. and Miss Merriam became quite popular in society during their sojourn here. The latter is now the wife of a wealthy Denverite.

The news of Captain Thomas Gillespie Carson's engagement with Miss Alma Nickerson has been received by the San Francisco friends of the gallant groom-elect. Captain Carson, familiarly known as "Kit," was stationed here before the war with Spain and he made a brilliant record in Philippines. His fiancee is the daughter of Captain James D. Nickerson, U. S. A. retired.

Military Monterey

The importance of Monterey as a military town is to be greatly increased. The Jacks family recently deeded more land to the Government so that the size of the reservation could be increased, and fifty thousand dollars are to be added to the one hundred and twenty-five thousand ordered spent in the erection of the cantonment buildings. This week Major-General Hughes detailed Lieutenant-Colonel Heap of the Engineer's Corps to make a survey of the new land. There are two regiments of infantry at Monterey and I believe that a squadron of cavalry and two batteries of artillery are to be added.

Kimball Shifted

Captain Amos W. Kimball, who has been quartermaster at the Presidio for four years, though supposed to be stationed there only temporarily, was greatly surprised a few days ago when ordered to the Philippines. Officers are seldom permitted to serve as quartermaster at the Presidio for more than two years, and the length of Captain Kimball's service was a surprise to everybody unaware of pull of his father, Colonel Kimball, at Washington. The latter was only recently retired as a Brigadier-General. Captain David G. Stanley will succeed Captain Kimball as quartermaster.

Was She a Partello?

Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, who has achieved great social success in the Courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg, was referred to by Madame La Bavarde the other day as a daughter of the Partellos of Washington, D. C. Her friends in this city, and they are numerous, have always thought her to be the daughter of G. Frank Smith, who was once a law partner of the late Frank Pixley. But probably Madame La Bavarde has been keeping tab on births and knows a thing or two that nobody ever suspected.

Languid Lady Herbert

One of the California girls who is part and parcel of the diplomatic life in Washington, has written an amusing account of the manner of Lady Herbert, wife of the new British Ambassador. Her account is out of joint with the newspaper gush over Lady Herbert, who is a daughter of the match-making mamma Wilson who secured Cornelius Vanderbilt for a son-in-law against the wishes of his fam-

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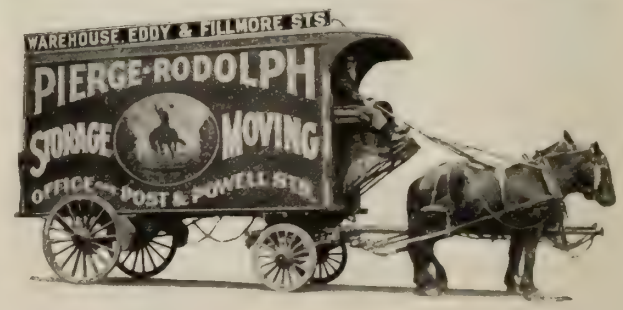

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ily. Lady Herbert is "awfully English, don't you know," writes her critic, "and adopts the lazy, languid, bored air whenever she talks to one of her sex which is My Lady's privilege. She is the most punctilious person in Washington in matters of etiquette and any affair at the Embassy has the importance of a function. When Lady Herbert gives a dinner-party she always dresses to match the decorations, quite a novel idea. There was none of this formality about Lady Pauncefote, and there is none of the English homelike hospitality, which was the keynote to the Embassy in the Pauncefote regime."

Lynch's Klondike Dinner

They are still chattering in clubdom of Jere Lynch's dinner to the Klondikers. It made a genuine hit. It is said that of the company at least four were millionaires who never put on a dress suit in their lives, nor did they do so on that evening. It was like a chess problem to seat them so as to minimize the danger of rough-house, so many are the little differences existing between these financiers of the frozen North. Edgar Mizner solved the problem successfully and during the evening the spirit of peace and harmony prevailed. Louis Sloss easily carried off the honors as the wittiest of the post-prandial spellbinders. The decorations were very picturesque. A little log cabin on the table with its single door and window and a candle within was an artistic conceit, and realism was imparted by a snow scene gleaming in the electric lamps. It was a color gem and I understand that Gordon Ross is now reproducing it on canvas.

Mardi Gras Aftermath

The one function which Miss Bertha Runkle has attended since her arrival here where she was not mobbed was the Mardi Gras ball. She was a fascinating Columbine in black and gold, but her connection with the wide-selling "Helmet" being concealed by reason of her mask, she escaped lionizing. She scarcely wandered from her Pierrot's side, Pierrot being Gelett Burgess. The latter's idea of harlequin humor was to prod passers with his playful wand in the least protected parts of their anatomy. At the ball the matrons were decidedly the belles, Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. Reilly, Mrs. Follis, Mrs. de Ruyter and Mrs. Buckbee. Mrs. Alexander Keyes was very stunning in her oriental style of princess gown that harmonized with her eyes. Adah Howell, with her fluffy blondness, was a charming Highland girl and had a train of admirers. The "Hopkins twins" succeeded in fooling everybody and their costumes were not even mentioned in the dailies the next day. They were costumed as country gawks, though their pose was rather that of the tough girl of the Bowery made popular by Ada Lewis. They wore gingham frocks and hay-colored wigs, and they carried out their disguise to the detail. One of their intimate friends said to them:

"Really, I can't tell whether you are men or women."

"Oh, we're *men,*" laughed the country girls with one voice.

Amedee Joullin's Lincoln green and buckskins had, I am told, done him good service before, when he sang the Outlaw Chief's role in "Bluff King Hal," when the Stewart-O'Connell opera was presented for the benefit of the Art Association. An incident of the ball that shocked the prudes occurred at supper when a daring Rough Rider girl calmly sat and smoked a cigarette.

Her Reason

Mabel—Did you stay long at the Climbers' tea?

Mrs. Cynic—I should say not.

Mabel—I suppose there wasn't anybody there you knew very well.

Mrs. Cynic—On the contrary, I knew most of them too well. —*The Maid.*

TO THE GRAND CANYON

The Grand Canyon of Arizona has been characterized by the globe trotter as the most wonderful of all things on earth. David Starr Jordan, Joaquin Miller, Lummis, Stoddard and other notable writers have told of its beauty. Miller says, "a sabre thrust in the red bosom of Mother Earth." The Nippon-California Tour Company, a California corporation, operating "Detrick's Tours," has made it possible for the citizen of California to visit the Canyon in perfect comfort. Personally directed tours will leave San Francisco at stated periods, and the success that has attended the company's business in the management of excursions from the Eastern cities to California and the Orient is a guarantee that everything will be done in first class shape.

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Sons of the Speculators

A SOCIAL SATIRE.

Virtue is the fear that the other man will get rich first.
(The suggestion is original.)

Murray Wilton's father possessed the desire, peculiar to the world, but in himself intense, to make money. This every-day impulse points each man a different path. The consequence is that the world presents the appearance of a flock of sheep running in wild directions down the side of a mountain.

The point to be remembered about Elijah Wilton is, that he not only wanted to get rich but he got rich. He turned round and broke through the crowd of descending sheep till he reached the top.

Ordinarily this completes the tale. But the story-teller is such an unconventional individual that he always investigates a man's method.

Elijah was cashier of a bank in Ohio. This gave him a great advantage, because twenty-five years ago the Chicago pit haughtily ignored the budding cities of Southern Ohio. In the security contempt confers, Elijah planned a corner on wheat which should take place in Chicago. He owned the brains but not the capital. However, the bank vaults were full. He stole the funds, temporarily should he succeed, criminally should he fail. He plunged. He succeeded.

While the air yet trembled with the infernal roar that rose from Chicago, and Wilton was deified on the mountain-top, another man burned with the anxious fever of gaining riches. He was cashier of a second bank in Wilton's town. He knew that he had the genius, before him were the funds. The mere sight of millionaire Wilton taunted him. He planned, he stole, also for better, for worse, and he plunged.

And his computations were more subtle than Wilton's—only, the eyes of the Chicago sheep, watching the Ohio town, made it the central metropolis of the world. Orders placed from there were tabulated. With a frantic alarm of joy the Chicago speculators singled out Earnet de Vandray when he tried to corner the market, and the herd trampled him to death. He spent seven years in the penitentiary.

There was a note of triumph in his ruin.

His defeat was the social sarcasm of Wilton's success. It would live while Wilton lived, and it would not die should de Vandray die.

De Vandray's sentence was the ruin of Wilton's honor. It was the harsh, cynical laugh from fate. These men were brothers, and the blood of one damned the other. Though de Vandray failed, he was the man who succeeded.

From fear, which we argue is the spring of virtue, the Wiltons walked on the street with de Vandray when he came out of the gaol, and were among those who loaned him the money to start all over again in New York.

Though Wilton lived to be eighty, he felt on his money the taint of theft and greed.

One scintillating evening on Broadway, in spring, Murray Wilton met Reginald de Vandray.

Reginald climbed into Murray's cab. While slowly driving through the theatre-throngs, the two young clubmen spiritedly discussed the sales of stock. Their conversation was not commercial —it was that froth of talk which crests the tide of pleasure-loving New York. Her business is her dissipation and her dissipation her business. She is Monte Carlo to the most, and earnest in subtle things. She lacks French freedom—but it is possible to be both decent and indiscreet.

The young men drove to the apartment of Murray's mistress. He had inherited largely his father's wealth and Agnes's surroundings testified to a lavish expenditure. But if ever a woman merited luxury the beautiful girl who reigned over Murray Wilton queened her fortune. In a moment the passionate eyes of Reginald de Vandray were on fire, and only Murray's confidence in both the girl and the man prevented him from observing that he had lost both comrade and mistress.

It is bad taste to steal a man's mistress, or stolen fruit. She is the soul of his originality, his poetic impulses, his uniqueness, his sensuous self. The robbery insults his conceit, violates his inspirations, and is a crime committed against his characteristics. So much the more vicious is this irregularity than the offense would be were she his wife. The last breaks only a brittle law, the first injures sentiment.

But love has been a long time a moral cripple. If she limps in one limb she will limp in both.

All during the evening the glances of Agnes and Reginald were tiny flames of fire. Thus the strength of youth, eager for achievement, loves to waste itself, and calls each step that crumbles a victory. But the common glory of fire and love is in their flame. And when it burns it brands, and where it brands, there is ruin.

The next day Agnes could not be found at her apartment. Murray was frantic. On the following day she called at his office and said, "I am married."

"Whom have you married?"

She blushed and hung her head.

"Whom?" he demanded.

"Reginald de Vandray." Married!—the mocking term of our world's convenience.

And Murray, the mocked, the wrecked, the husk of a man, haunted by the perfume of his lost love's memory, resolved on revenge. He would place Reginald de Vandray beneath a howling, terrifying mob of madmen, the speculators of the pit; forced to that depth from which his father crawled.

And de Vandray, the man to be ruined, resolved on ruin.

To whom would the battle be? Wilton was richer than de Vandray.

And the woman, the bauble which was a prize, the trifler of empires, the golden apple, was moved to become an actor in this contest of her lovers. The hoarse horror brewing in the pit, the strenuous seething of the street, where the western allies of Wilton were exultantly planning to destroy Reginald de Vandray, infused energy into her voluptuousness, and for an hour she was not that effete parasite, known in romance as the Queen of Hearts. At evening she went to see Murray Wilton. "I have returned, I repent!" she cried, flinging herself into his arms.

What emotion she must have felt at that moment stupefies a moralist. Traitor to the arms that enfolded her, she was true to the arms of ruin, but most faithful to that promiscuous nature through which men fought for her. Her fidelity was after all only to her fickleness, which blinded her, when she believed she was in the service of Reginald de Vandray.

And she urged Wilton to continue his destruction. And she

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found out the means thereof. And her information she imparted to Reginald de Vandray.

Flushed with victory, the combatant in whose hands a new weapon was placed, rushed in the morning from his bed to the pit, certain of that brilliant stroke by which the weaker overthrows his pack of enemies. And as he triumphantly entered the exchange a singular accident befell him. Amid the hum of instruments speaking despatches, the voices of the speculators, the calls of telephones, the hurry of messengers, he was gloriously repeating that wonderful word, that golden key, which would crown him victor, dazzle the world: "Go short of St. Paul, go short of St. Paul!" It was the sincere whisper at morning light of the beautiful Agnes. It was the solving secret of this seething tumult. It was the vision of genius which defeats its enemies.

And suddenly he decided not to use it. A queer sense of honor grappled him by the throat and conquered him more than could Wilton; he was downed, and he didn't care for the heaps of gold, the tinsel of distinction, so much as the sterling sense of personal integrity. He was heir to that man who had come from the penitentiary, whence he had gone for a social indiscretion, not to the one who went in. The spirit of the gambling speculator had fallen from him.

Dazzled by the phenomenon, he believed that he had lost his courage, manhood. The market opened—the day of de Vandray's ruin. He went to a booth and telephoned Agnes what he had decided. He couldn't hear her answer. Then he went to his broker's office and sat still. His opponents were perplexed over the state of the market. Their game was putting up no defence. They consulted. What was the trick? The contest was momentarily suspended. Not till noon had they concluded to run de Vandray to cover.

At twelve Reginald received a messenger, panting. He had not waited for the elevator. "Your father," he read, "dying at the apartment of your mistress, entreats that you ruin the son of the man whose victory defeated his, your own worst enemy." The writing was in Agnes's hand. Compunction faded from Reginald's mind. He stepped up to his broker.

"Begin to sell St. Paul," said he.

It was his own stock. Wilton, too, was selling it. In the great crash of St. Paul that day, while Wilton's allies were crying victory, the news crept round that Reginald de Vandray was a rich man.

Saved—and by the devoted deceit of a woman. Only in his arms she confessed her lie, that his father was well, waiting to extend his congratulations.

She confessed to him her folly, and her last words were words of love.

The final speech of Lies is always honey. Her love was the confession of the betrayer of the betrayed. He grew cold in her embrace. When she cried "love," it seemed to echo "death." And each warm kiss was a drop of stolen blood.

The maid who entered the apartment in the morning found a beautiful woman alone on the bed, strangled.

Paul G. Clark.

Living Up to Her Reputation

Scene, boudoir of Miss Social Lionne. Miss Lionne, in a striking suit of pajamas, reclining on a couch. Opposite her, her bosom friend, Miss Kitty Imitator.

Miss L.: Well, tell me, Kitty cherie, what was said of me at the Mardi Gras ball.

Kitty: Would you really care to hear?

Miss L.: Yes, better know the worst at once.

Kitty: To tell the truth, dear, you didn't carry off the honors. Society was bitterly disappointed. They expected something new.

Miss L.: Well, I had worn my chandelier costume only once. What did they expect?

Kitty: At the least, Mr. Goop told me, a group of candelabra in full blaze.

Miss L.: There's no pleasing our sated society. I wish I'd gone as Cupid.

Kitty: Well, I may as well tell you that Mrs. Fly fancied that was the costume you'd chosen, and she's wild because *she* didn't wear that disguise.

Miss L.: She! She couldn't have filled the tights. Never mind, I will give a Gods and Goddesses party at Mi-Careme, and then she can try what she can do as Little Blind Love. I shall go as the Armless Venus myself, or as Hercules.

Kitty: It's hard, dearie, to be original these days.

Miss L.: You bet it is. Why, I have worked like a horse since I made my debut to keep the social ball rolling in new ways. My heart gave out the first season but while taking the rest cure I managed to work my brains a bit. Remember my Children's Dinner?

Kitty: Yes, indeed, particularly those sweet pink socks you wore. And I remember what a hit you made at the Millions' *bal masque* when you went as a yacht in full sail.

Miss L.: I flatter myself I did carry away the cake on that occasion.

Kitty: Also at that other fancy dress affair where you went as a Plumber's Boy, and carried a kitchen stove on your shoulders.

Miss L.: No other woman in our set has the muscle for that feat. But the thing is now to do something to keep up my reputation. Being Lent, nothing is possible.

Kitty: You might hire Kocian to play for a table full of guests at a fish dinner.

Miss L.: No, I've done with that sort of thing. Any one can do that—there's no originality in it. My *metier* is originality. Give me originality or give me—social oblivion. Hand me the *eau de cologne*, Kitty, my head aches. I feel a great idea coming.

Mops her brow with cologne.

Miss L. (after a long pause): Ha! I have it. I'll give a dinner—it'll have to be fish, of course, and the guests lobsters. We'll all dress in fish scales—I'll be a crab myself. Mrs. Slush Saylor, who is so thin, can come as a shrimp. And I'll have the sailor boys come and sing their chanties. No—I'll do better. I'll have a big swimming tank and the women will be mermaids and the men fish. We'll have a table set around the edge of the water, and we'll jump in and take a dive between courses.

Kitty: Won't it be rather cold?

Miss L.: I hadn't thought of that. Perhaps we could wear rubber costumes and divers' caps.

Kitty: You *are* clever, dear.

Miss L.: That's right. But you see I must do something to efface the impression of the Mardi Gras.

Kitty: I hear that the reporters shed tears when they saw you—they had hoped to get a column out of your costume alone. And there was a special staff of artists there to sketch you.

Miss L.: Gently, dear. But I'll not disappoint them again, if I have to go as Trilby posing to the life classes.

—The Sycophant.

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

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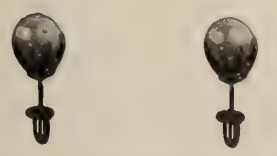

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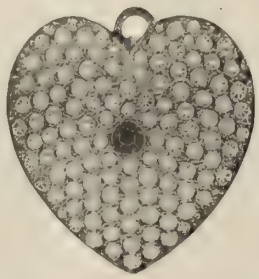

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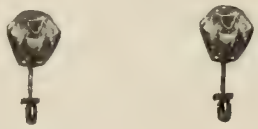

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STAGE

Mascagni at the Tivoli

The Tivoli has scored some great triumphs in its time but none greater than that achieved Monday night, when Pietro Mascagni stepped to the front of the stage and raised his baton for the "Tannhauser" overture. In the years to come the Tivoli management may point with pride to the fact that the popular Italian composer was among the many great musicians that have appeared within the walls of the Eddy street opera house. And if ever in those years to come the spirit of "Doc" Leahy should care to probe the dust of the historic past his fondest delight shall probably be in digging up memories of last Monday night's triumph, scored in the presence of perhaps the most brilliant social audience that ever witnessed a Tivoli performance. Such was the eclat of the occasion that it is most unfortunate that the performance itself was not of an artistic character. The instrumental performance was of course superb, and under the spell of the Mascagni influence the operatic old guard raged joyously, but when it came to the singing and acting of Mascagni's own "Cavalleria Rusticana," the little band of Tivoli singers utterly failed to rise to the grand occasion. Their efforts were more tragic than the opera itself. It is a sad story, for we should like to have sent Mascagni on his way with pleasing impressions of the musical culture of San Francisco. He was undoubtedly pleasantly surprised at the ability of our musicians and the enthusiasm of our audiences, and it must have unnerved him somewhat to preside over the mangling of his own opera. It was all very unfortunate for, as *Town Talk* has been saying for years, the Tivoli has done more than any other institution to foster musical culture in this city, and it has given some most artistic performances of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Indeed one of the best ever given in this city was that of the Italian singers a few months ago, when Montanari, Collamarini and Agostini were in the cast. Perhaps the worst was that of Monday night. Fortunately Mascagni's enthusiasm pervaded the audience, and the work of his orchestra was hailed with gleeful bravos from the throbbing enthusiasts. So great was the enthusiasm that the people were not inclined to be captious in their criticism of the singers on the stage. Such was the glory of the occasion and so eager was everybody to felicitate Mascagni that they didn't even think of what his feelings must have been when he heard the pitiful strident outbursts of Avedano and that awful duet between Santuzza and Alfio. Somebody got off the key, and both seemed intent upon preventing their voices from blending. Nobody will deny that the quality of Caro Roma's voice is delicious, but Santuzza is not a role in which she could acquire fame under the most auspicious circumstances. She was uncertain at times, and failed to give phrases the proper accentuation, errors that were plainly the result of unfamiliarity with the score. And worse than all, she sang the role in English, while even Cunningham with his rich Celtic brogue had mastered the Italian. How strange that a woman with the name of Roma should be the only one of the principals who didn't know the Roman of her role! Cunningham's Alfio was the only artistic feature of the performance. Bernice Holmes was the Lola of the cast and she got off the key even before she came within sight of the audience. Her acting was as limp as her singing. Notwithstanding the tragedy of the performance the comedy element was not lacking. It was supplied by Mrs. Mascagni, who sat in the audience but who joined her husband as often as she could, and who must have been greatly disappointed that she was not called before the curtain. However she rushed behind the scenes with Pietro and stood in the wings while he bowed with his hand over his heart. She could be seen by only a few hundred of the people in the audience. I should say that Mrs. Mascagni wields the baton in the family circle.

A Grandson of Wallack

The coming of a grandson of Lester Wallack to join the Alcazar company revives memories of that famous actor. Only a few of those who acted in the Wallack stock companies are now living. Edgar L. Davenport is one, also J. H. Stoddart. Some of the brightest stars of the stage world were in Wallack's companies—Rose Coghlan, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, E. Holland, Harry Montague, Charles Coghlan, E. A. Sothern, Dion Boucicault, Charles Wyndham, Rose Wood and Laura Keane among others. Wallack was born in New York, but had his education in England. All of his people were actors, so the Alcazar man comes naturally by his dramatic ability. Lester Wallack played with Charlotte Cushman in England and after he returned to this country he made his debut as "John Lester" at the old Broadway theatre in New York. He used to tell a story of how as Sir Charles Coldstream in "Used Up" he was called upon to stamp his foot angrily. On the night of his first appearance, when the foot-stamping episode occurred, his foot struck a trap door, which opened and he fell through up to his shoulders. The audience was delighted when he extricated himself and went on with his part. It was the next year that he appeared in "Monte Cristo" and the following year he wrote his first play, a dramatization of "The Three Guardsmen." "Rosedale" was not written until 1863. It was Wallack, by the way, who introduced Boucicault and his Irish dramas to the New York public. Though a failure was predicted, the contrary happened. A grandson of a man with a reputation like Lester Wallack's is rather handicapped, by the way. To live up to the reputation of one's forefathers is the hardest thing many young actors and actresses have to contend with. Ethel Barrymore said her name helped her, but Sydney Drew found his the reverse.

Though Maggie Mitchell's name is coupled with that of Fanchon the Cricket in the minds of most Californians, they also remember Alice Kingsbury, afterward Mrs. Cooley, and the mother of Frank Cooley. Alice Kingsbury played "Fanchon" for fifty-six consecutive nights in this city in 1866 or thereabouts, and her Cricket was a most charming creation. She was a Kentucky girl, but came to California and afterwards made her home here.

A Song With a History

Those two colored comedians, Cole and Johnson, who were at the Orpheum two weeks ago, are coming to the front as the most popular composers in the country. Their song "Under the Bamboo Tree," is being whistled all over the country, and they have written another song, "On the Congo," which is one of the big hits of "Nancy Brown," the new musical comedy now running in Broadway. And by the way, another hit in the same piece is a song written by a colored man named Shepard N. Edmunds. The song has quite an interesting history. The father of the author was a Tennessee slave who became a body servant of President Lincoln, and he heard the latter use the famous phrase, "You can't fool all the people all the time." This phrase was the maxim on which the old man raised all his children, and it is the keynote of the song.

Dicka Cool, who made her debut at the Republic in "Chimmie Fadden," is Mrs. Ward in private life. She is a daughter of

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Dr. Russell Cool by his first wife, Dr. Lou Cool. Both of her parents took unto themselves new partners, the mother only recently. Mrs. Ward was also divorced after the briefest of wedded life, and her husband later died in Siberia. Her mother's two step-daughters—Mrs. Havens and Mrs. Eng—are prominent in Oakland society.

Miss Trescott in "Strathmore"

Virginia Drew Trescott will no doubt he seen and heard to better advantage in Tolstoi's "Resurrection" than she was in Virna Woods's dramatization of "Strathmore." Miss Trescott's art is somewhat immature, but she has talent and temperament which even the vicious dramatic school which has left its traces on her work could not irreparably impair. She is a good elocutionist and with proper training and experience should become a most successful actress. However no actress could do justice to herself in "Strathmore."

Miss Trescott's tendency to elocutionize reminds me of a story told by a young actor of his first professional engagement. He applied one day for a small part in John Drew's company which was about to open rehearsals in a new play. Arriving at the hall where the players had assembled he inquired whether Mr. Drew was there. The actress to whom he addressed the inquiry said that Mr. Drew had not arrived. To her he imparted the nature of his business and thereupon she proceeded to give him some advice.

"The first question Mr. Drew will ask," she said, "is whether you can recite. Tell him no. He may insist that you know something, and pretend to be anxious to hear you, but be firm, for if he finds that you recite he will conclude that you are an elocutionist and he won't listen to you."

When Drew arrived he did just as the actress had predicted, and he almost persuaded the applicant to show what he could do. Fortunately he resisted Mr. Drew's most persuasive appeals and was engaged. The recitation habit is responsible for many a bad actor. Nearly all dramatic teachers are afflicted with it.

The Typist's Approval

On the same principle that a man must be truly great to be a hero to his valet, so must an author be genuinely clever to claim the interest of his stenographer. Indeed the lady at the keyboard is the first critic and often the one most dreaded by the man who writes for a living, for her criticism is the one which usually gives a hint as to how a piece of work will be received by the great public, whose judgment is not based on the higher criticism. This week two young women were busy hammering out the libretto and cue-books of Wallace Irwin's new burlesque, "Chop Suey." The girls were at work in an office adjoining that of Manager Oppenheimer at the Republic and several times during the afternoon the theatrical promoter noted a cessation in the clicking of the machines and heard the stenographers indulging in a prolonged giggle. This sounded good to his ears, and at length he visited the scene of trouble. "What's the matter?" he inquired, "isn't it funny?" "Funny!" chortled one of the maidens, "why, if you would give me as funny stuff as this all the time I wouldn't mind working overtime." And by such tokens as these the management of the Republic is beginning to look toward March fifteenth with a happy smile.

The minstrels whose voices will lend eclat to the new Republic venture that opens March fifteenth are Richard Jose, the contra tenor, Sidney Harris, baritone, Harry Sylvester, tenor, Al T. Dickinson, basso, and Carl Cameron, tenor. The end men and comedians include William Keller Mack, Charles Stine, Jim Ryder, Harry Conlon and George Clifton. Peurl Wilkerson will be interlocutor and Leo Bruck will be the orchestra leader. The burlesques, "Chop Suey" and "Padlock Holmes," written by Wallace Irwin, will serve to introduce Joe Kane, the clever German comedian, Marie Lamp Adelman, Claudia Rogers, Myrtle Rosedale, Birdie Starrat, Maude Maguire and Genevieve Ward and a chorus of twenty-five "Chop Suey Girls" in Chinese costumes.

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Features of Next Week's Bills

Ida Conquest who was John Drew's leading lady during his last visit here and who has been here several times since her first hit as the lame girl in "The Dancing Girl," is Gillette's leading lady in "Sherlock Holmes." Gillette will be well received at the Columbia on Monday night. His last season here in "Secret Service" was one of the most successful shows ever given in this city. Gillette is inimitable and his Sherlock Holmes is said to be one of the best things he has ever done. The play is founded on a hitherto unpublished incident in the career of the great detective and Mr. Gillette has introduced into it some of the most thrillingly realistic situations known to the stage in years. Especial attention is called to the fact that during this engagement the curtain will rise at eight o'clock precisely each evening. Late comers will not be seated until the end of the first act.

The Grand will give a magnificent revival of the strong romantic play of the Napoleonic wars, "The Countess Valeska." Miss Maude Odell will have the title role. The play is one in which the interest is sustained throughout every one of its four acts, and is built upon the vicissitudes of war, which intervene to separate and to finally reunite the Polish Countess and her soldier lover. The situations are strongly defined, and the action breathes of the martial condition of the days when war sounded its wild alarms in all parts of Europe. The incidents are all laid in the vicinity of Friedland, and take place during and previous to the famous battle, from which Napoleon emerged as master. In one of the acts he appears attended by his marshals and suite.

Tolstoi's powerful drama, "Resurrection," taken from his story of the same name, will be given at the Republic beginning tomorrow afternoon. The drama is now being successfully produced in New York and London so San Francisco is fortunate in having a metropolitan success simultaneous with its presentation in the two great cities. Virginia Drew Trescott should do well in the role of Maslova, in which Blanche Walsh achieved a triumph in New York. Prices will be raised for this production on account of the expense entailed.

Nobody should miss seeing "Sowing to the Wind" which at the Alcazar will be given its first presentation in this city at popular prices. It is one of Sydney Grundy's best plays, and abounds in charming situations and clever dialogue. There is a good moral to it, too, that old saying about "The sins of the fathers," etc. Ernest Hastings will have the role which Henry Miller created in the American production, and Alice Treat Hunt will have Viola Allen's part. Oza Waldrop, who has returned to the company, will have the ingenue role that Isabel Irving played in the Baldwin presentation of the play. "Mlle Fifi," next.

"Corianton," which will be the California's offering, is a story of ancient America, a romantic and quasi-religious play. It is based upon the struggles of two prehistoric tribes for supremacy and introduces many spectacular features. Though called a Mormon drama, its author denies that he wrote it with purpose to win converts to his Church. The play comes from Salt Lake direct.

The S. R. O. sign at Fischer's is getting to be a well-whiskered chestnut, for it is always staring the people in the face with its usual smile. "Hoity Toity," the last season's output of Weber & Field's, has tested the enlarged capacity of the theatre every night. Olive Vail, the new soubrette, will sing "Cherry Blossoms" as her opening song next week. "Helter Skelter" is in rehearsal. We're gradually catching up to New York.

There will be four more Mascagni performances at the Tivoli, "Cavalleria" and the hymn from "Iris" will be given with some changes in the orchestral selections, Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday nights. "The Mikado" will alternate, with the same cast as before. Zelie de Lussan in "Carmen" will be the attraction near the end of the month.

Lillian Burkhart will receive a rousing welcome at the Orpheum. Of the many who have turned to vaudeville she is undoubtedly the most successful. Refined comedy is her forte and she comes with a little company of players well worthy to support so eminent an actress. Her opening offering will be "Fifty Years Ago," by Hubert Henry Davies, a former San Franciscan now in London. The Salambos, well remembered here as fire eaters, come with a brand new act in wireless telegraphy and electricity. Briefly, it illustrates how electricity is generated in the body and transmitted by means of glass tubes into electric and arc lighting, and also shows how the electric force is transmitted from the Salambos to objects held some distance away, in explanation of the mystery of wireless telegraphy. Musical Dale, one of the most expert campanologists of the day, is another favorite. Rice and Walters, acrobatic grotesques, will appear in "Bumpity-Bumps" for the first time in this city. The comedian of the team is the best clown seen in vaudeville since the days of George Caron, and all his fun-making is legitimate. Dave Nowlin, the "merry mimic," will make his first appearance here.

Farmer Jones and his pigs will be at the Chutes, with Pickert and Whippler, character dancers, Dalton and Lewis, in an amusing comedy sketch, and Delia Richardson, soprano, Fay and Morton, comedy club jugglers, and Goto's Japanese troupe will be features. The amateurs will appear on Thursday evening.

—*The Playwer.*

MUSIC

[*Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.*]

The Brilliant Kocian

First it was Gabrilowitsch, then it was Mascagni; it is still Mascagni, but now comes Kocian, and Pietro must look out for his laurels. "I don't believe that Paganini himself at nineteen could do any more wonderful work," declared a local virtuoso, after the audience at the Alhambra Tuesday evening had bravoed the young Bohemian, booted the barn floor and burst many a goodly pair of gloves. There lives in our musical midst a child who can make on the violin music that is music. I don't believe that Kocian himself at twelve could do any more wonderful work than does she; yet this darling of a dozen years was in despair. "Kocian can play some, yes; but did you hear the lady?" was the compliment Miss Geyer got from a San Franciscan musician of no mean repute. "What's the matter with Spindler?" asked one accompanist of our city. "All that hard stuff in his fingers, and not a speck of print before him!" And so it went. But to come back to Kocian. Wonderful work for a boy of nineteen! There you have it, both the praise and the—blame. Were the work less wonderful, it might be more musical; were it less brilliant, more beautiful. For music is not a diamond, but a dream. Yet even the classicists who heard Paganini played as they will not hear it until Kocian comes again, and the difficult artificial double harmonics of the Sevcik number done in an off-hand manner and with an occasional toss-back to a refractory, fifteen thousand dollar love-lock, are enthusiastic in praise of his technique. Let a boy who *will* display his ability have but the genius of a Kocian and he may almost any day become a man who can make eternal music, undying in the memory of men.

Kocian will give a matinee today at the Alhambra, his program being: Concerto—F sharp minor, Ernst; Impromptu, Chopin, Traumeswirren, Schumann, Miss Julie Geyer; Cavatina, Cui, Hoeka Modrooka, Sevcik; Gavotte from Suite, Rubinstein, Miss Julie GeGyer; Danse des Sorcieres, Paganini. Kocian, by the way, has been entertained largely during his visit, chiefly by Henry Heyman to whom he brought letters of introduction. On Sunday there was a breakfast at "The Family's" club-rooms followed by a drive to the Cliff, Park and Presidio. Tuesday night after the concert there was a charming little supper at Henry Heyman's home, when a number of musical friends of Kocian were the guests. Kocian is not so good-looking on the stage as he is in his pictures. He is very blond, with a moustache like Paderewski's and long hair that falls into his eyes when he becomes excited. He stands awkwardly, but he may get over that when he is older.

The De Witt Testimonial

As a testimonial to Mr. J. de Witt, stage director of the Tivoli grand opera company, the pupils of Mr. J. Greven and members of T. D. Herzog's ensemble class will give an entertainment in the Alhambra theatre next Wednesday night. A program of rare excellence will be given. "The Magic Flute," Mozart's beautiful opera, will be given as oratorio, with Madame Lenore Greven sustaining the difficult soprano role, the highest ever written for soprano. The "Rigoletto" quartet will be another feature, also the famous sextet from "Lucia" with chorus.

The Kilties' Band will give two farewell concerts to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon and evening at the Alhambra at popular prices of fifty cents and twenty-five cents. In the afternoon the program will be made up specially for young folks, and the evening will be devoted principally to standard melodies and Scotch music. The choir of the band will sing a number of the famous Scotch glees and the best soloist of the band will have important notice.

Chamber Music Concerts

A test of true art is its power of permanently possessing us. There are people whom it is very pleasant to meet once, but whom we exhaust at a sitting; books which we read eagerly enough, but never dream of rereading; pictures which, seen today for the first time, take hold of us, but which tomorrow we pass indifferently by; music which moves us for the moment, but which to remember makes us ashamed, as of a meretricious thing. On the other hand, we have our infinite, inexhaustible friends; our books which we reread with added delight; our pictures which we can neither pass nor behold unmoved; our music which is as sweet in the memory as in the ear, which repetition robs not of its joy, in which is felicity forever. I am minded of these things by the perpetual pleasure afforded me by the Beethoven numbers on the artistically arranged programs of Mr. Henry Holmes's chamber music concerts held in Heine hall. Beethoven's music is ever ennobling and has the eternal charm. And Mr. Holmes is a true artist; hearing him for the twentieth time is more happiness than hearing him for the first. The Beethoven number on the program was the violin solo, Romance in F. op. 50. The music is a masterpiece of a master; the bow was in the hands of a master, the fiddle the finest in San Francisco, and Mr. Fred Maurer was at the piano. The Romance may very readily be made or marred by the accompanist, and it is needless to say that Mr. Maurer did not mar it. The result was a thing of beauty. Miss Parlow played her solo in such a manner as to make one go into the hazardous business of prophesying. If by the time the young artist has doubled her twelve summers, she has not a place among the world's foremost fiddlers, then I will cease consulting the spirits in matters of music. Mr. Holmes announces a new series of concerts commencing April seventh at Heine hall.

Concert Company on Tour

The Pasmores, Mary, Susan and Dorothy, assisted by Miss Beulah George and Miss Zueletta Geery, have returned from a very successful concert tour in Nevada. Everywhere they played they were cordially received, though they came unheralded. In Winnemucca, though they had to play eighteen numbers, just doubling the nine numbers (including Haydn's trio in G. No. 1) on the program, even then the audience was not satisfied until Miss George had dismissed them, as it were, with "The Holy City." At Wadsworth, Reno and Carson the reception accorded them was equally warm, if not quite so demonstrative. Prof. Philip Krall, who is the recognized leader in musical matters up there, is leading the movement for a return tour. The Pasmores, assisted by Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner, Miss Anna Moore, Miss Zueletta Geery and Mr. H. B. Pasmore, will give a concert in Assembly hall, Stanford University, next Thursday evening. On this occasion Mrs. Gardner will sing the famous aria, "Gli an gui d'inferno," from Mozart's "Magic Flute," with a cadenza that takes in the high G, the "Eiffel Tower G" as it is dubbed by the Parisians; Miss Moore will sing Mr. Pasmore's newest song, "O that we two were maying," and the Pasmores will play for the first time Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, op. 49.

The curator of the Music section of Alameda Adelphian has been fortunate in securing Dr. H. J. Stewart to address the members of the club in April. The Adelphian is in a most prosperous condition and the Music section has provided many good things for the year's programs. Prominent in this section are Mrs. Charles W. Philpott, president of the Ladies' Social Circle, Miss Louise Maguire, Mrs. H. A. Hebbard, Mrs. George H. Perry and Miss Maud Cohen, the curator. Mrs. Perry is curator of the lately organized Shakespeare section for the study of the Bard of Avon's works.

There's a deal of talk about a new symphony orchestra to be a permanent establishment, and of a great leader to come from the East. In the meantime the Zech symphony orchestra is at hand and next Thursday afternoon will be heard at Fischer's. The constant and thorough rehearsing by Mr. Zech of his players is making itself felt and noticed at each concert. The advance in smoothness is a remarkable feature. The program will include Goldmark's "Russian Wedding" symphony, Mr. Zech's new composition, "The Ravin" and an original suite by Von Der Mehden of this city.

Mark Hambourg, the brilliant pianist who made a successful appearance here some years ago, is coming back here on his way to Australia and will give recitals.

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has the honor to announce that beginning with November 1, 1902 the Piano Department of the Von Meyerinck School of Music will be in charge of the distinguished Pianist and Composer

MR. FRED. ZECH JR.

Mr. Zech will have the assistance of Miss Marie K. Mills in his departments
Full particulars as to terms etc., can be obtained at the School or will be sent by mail upon application to the Secretary.

Waldemar Lind's Debut

At Steinway hall, Thursday evening, February twenty sixth, Waldemar Lind, a local violinist, who studied abroad a few years under Caesar Thompson, made his debut on the concert stage. Mr. Lind, unfortunately, selected a program of much difficulty. Although he rendered the numbers with praiseworthy skill, it was obvious that his performance would have been much more pleasing had he played selections of less intricacy. His intonation is good and his bowing like that of nearly all Caesar Thompson's pupils is particularly admirable. He was probably heard to best advantage in the Paganini-Thompson etudes and the Passacaglia by Haendel-Thompson. The other numbers on the program were a Concert by Christian Sinding, Concert No. 2 by Max Bruch, and the beautiful Serenade by Tschaikowsky. All the numbers except the first were played entirely from memory, quite a *tour de force* in its way. Arthur Fickenscher accompanied at the piano in an unsympathetic manner, often completely drowning out the tones of the violin by his fortissimo playing.

A Story About Jenny Lind

Waldemar Lind, by the way, is a cousin of Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale who warbled to our grandparents under the stage managership of Barnum the Great. And not long ago I read a story about that famous singer that shows how her memory is kept green in the hearts of those who knew her. It was fifty years ago, when Jenny Lind was singing in New York, that she accepted an invitation from the young midshipmen of the U. S. frigate *St. Lawrence* to visit their ship. On the appointed day when the diva went aboard the frigate the captain recognized her. There is a strict etiquette observed among a ship's officers, that when one of the messes—the captain's, ward-room and steerage (the midshipmen's)—is entertaining a guest none of the others must intrude. The captain called his orderly and ordered him to say to the gentlemen of the steerage mess that he was going ashore and his cabin was at their disposal. However, the luncheon was served in the steerage, and the company only adjourned to the captain's cabin for coffee.

"Ask her to sing something," whispered the paymaster's clerk.

"I'll thrash you if you dare!" returned one of the midshipmen, under his breath.

The ward-room officers had guests, too. They brought up guitars and sat on the poop-deck above, singing "The Suwanee River" and other popular songs.

"How pretty!" cried Jenny Lind, with enthusiasm, clapping.

When at last she was leaving, she paused on the step between the carved sides of the gangway. Looking up at the floating stars and stripes, she said:

"I wish to salute your flag."

Uncovering her head and holding her hat in her hand, she began to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." As she sang the first verse every officer and every man came silently on deck. When she had sung the song to the end, deafening cheers rang out from the *St. Lawrence*, and were taken up by every ship near by. Steamers blew their whistles, and every man within reach of that thrilling voice knew that he had heard one of the most inspiring songs in the world sung as he would probably never hear it again.

Coronation Choir and Concert Party

The Coronation Choir and Glee Party, composed of the leading singers who took part in the coronation services of King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Westminster Abbey last August, will appear at the Alhambra next Monday and Tuesday nights. The company was organized by Mr. Branscombe, one of the leading tenors of the choir, for a tour through the British colonies, and has just concluded a successful tour of Canada. It is now en route to Australia, and this will be the only city in the United States in which this company will appear. The party consists of six boy sopranos, male altos, and the usual quota of tenors and basses, and Madame Marie Hooton, a London concert contralto, who will appear as soloist. Mr. Dudley Caustan, an English entertainer, will appear in humorous musical selections, sketches and monologues. The program for Monday night will include: Madrigal—The Pleasaunt Monthe of Maie (1784-1854), William Reade; part song, "O Hush Thee My Babie," Sir Arthur Sullivan; The Yeoman's Wedding Song, Poniatowski, Mr. Hilton; Ailsa Mine, E. Newton, Mr. Branscombe; "O Dry Those Tears," Tereso Del Riego, Madame Hooton; quartet, Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw, William Shore; The Swallows, F. H. Cowen, Master Hubbard; Old Scotch song, "Doun the Burn," Robert Crawford (1695), Madame Hooton; "Oh, Oh, Hear the Wild Winds Blow," T. Mattei, Mr. Hilton; vocal waltz, "Blow, Soft Winds," Charles Vincent; Scotch song, Mary of Argyle, Nelson, Mr. Coward; humorous musical sketch, Mr. Causton; part song, The Dawn of Day, Samuel Ray (1828). Tuesday's program will be different. Seats for the concerts run from fifty cents to one dollar.

—*The Music Critic.*

ALHAMBRA

WEDNESDAY EVENING, March 11, 1903

GRAND TESTIMONIAL

—Given to—

Joseph de Witt

Stage Director of Tivoli Grand Opera Co.

—By—

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—Assisted by—

T. D. Herzog's Ensemble Club

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Lucia Chorus and Sextet

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The Flurry in Gas Shares

The feature of the week, and in fact one of the most notable events in the Stock and Bond market for some years past, was the excitement in Gas stock shares. It is well known that for a long while there has been sharp competition between the several gas companies in this city. For many years the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company, which is really the successor of the old San Francisco Gaslight Company, established by Peter Donohue more than forty years ago, held undisputed sway in gas production. Its stock seldom varied more than $1 or $2 from $100 a share, and so sure were its monthly dividends that it was always regarded as one of the safest and best securities for the investment of trust funds and money belonging to the estates of widows and minor children. But with the growth of the city and the rapid development of the electric light conditions changed for the old company and troublesome rivals entered the field. A few years ago the Equitable Gaslight Company was organized by a local capitalist for the express purpose of selling gas to consumers at $1 per thousand cubic feet. The new company at once commenced active operations and was soon supplying gas to the district east of Stockton and east of Fourth streets, which was one of the most profitable sections of the city for the old company. Of course this competition naturally forced rates down. The old company which had been getting $1.70 and even more recently $1.25 per thousand cubic feet, in order to retain its clients was obliged to cut to 75c, and with the growth of the Equitable Company the 75c. rate had to prevail in all sections where the new company's mains were laid. Shortly after the Claus Spreckels building was erected the owner complained that the two tall smokestacks at the electric light power-house on Jessie street, east of Fourth street, belonging to the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company, were a nuisance, in that the smoke discolored the gray stone of the new Spreckels building and made it uncomfortable for tenants to open their office windows. A request was made that smoke consumers be attached to the two tall chimneys, but the officers of the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company curtly refused to remedy the evil complained of, or in fact do anything in the matter at all. It was then that Claus Spreckels said he would organize and equip a gas and electric company, which would run the old company out of business. Forthwith the Independent Light and Power Company was organized and construction commenced at once. The plant now is very extensive, with the finest and most modern equipment both for gas and electric lighting to be found anywhere on the continent. This new company has been and is making heavy inroads on the patronage of the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company, and wherever its mains are laid the old company, in a vain effort to retain patronage, can only charge from 50c. to 75c. per thousand cubic feet. Recently, within a few weeks, a new factor entered the field. Two well-known attorneys, Reuben H. Lloyd and Garrett W. McEnerney, representing powerful financial interests, at present unknown, made a flat offer of $5 per share for all the shares of the Equitable Gaslight Company that should be placed in escrow within the next ninety days and if necessary with an extension of another ninety days, at the same time putting up a bonus of $150,000, which in the event of their failure to comply with the terms of the option should be forfeited to the stockholders of the company. Almost simultaneously with this it was given out, unofficially, that an option had been secured on the stock and plant of the Independent Light & Power Company, on the basis of a $7,000,000 valuation. The uncertainty of the identity of the capitalists seeking to acquire these properties caused some people to believe that the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company was the power behind the throne, and on the strength of this certain speculative interests commenced to boom the stock of that corporation, under the belief that if it acquired control of all its competitors there would be an increase in the price of gas and as a natural sequence a sharp jump in the price of shares. On the strength of this booming process, San Francisco Gas & Electric stock was forced upward from $42 to $58 a share. The latter price, however, was so manifestly top-heavy that it could not be sustained and the tumble commenced. The rumors and counter-rumors and publications in the daily papers compelled the San Francisco Gas & Electric directors to make some kind of a showing. This they did a few days ago in a letter to shareholders in which they stated that outside capitalists were engineering the deal with these other companies and that the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company was not represented in it. They request-

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ed shareholders, however, to place their shares of stock in escrow with the Mercantile Trust Company, there to remain for a period of one year, at the same time asking signatures to a power of attorney, permitting a sale of these shares of stock in escrow at a price of not less than $990 a share. Whether this means that the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company contemplates some re-organization scheme or will endeavor to sell to other parties for a stock and bond consideration in lieu of money remains to be seen. It is evident, however, that the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company will have to adopt some means of maintaining their existence against combined and powerful competition which seems to be threatening. It is reported on the street that Claus Spreckels, the owner of the Independent Power Company, is seeking to crush his rival by acquiring all these other properties and thus making it still harder than now for the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company to profitably supply gas and electric light to consumers. On the other hand it has been stated that Eastern capitalists are backing the offer, but whichever way it may be the outlook for the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company seems to be unfavorable.

Quiet on 'Change

Outside the deal in gas lighting shares described elsewhere the local stock and bond market has been quiet during the past week. This might be expected, since the excitement in gas shares was maintained at fever heat for several days and was the main topic of conversation and interest. As that flurry seems to have partially settled down, the situation has assumed more normal conditions, and other stocks are again receiving attention of which they were deprived during the excitement. Sugar shares have been selling fairly well, but mostly in small lots, and prices have been subject to unimportant fluctuations. Hana has shown some little firmness and $4.50 is freely bid but there is scarcely any to be had at less than $4.75, while many holders refuse absolutely to sell at less than $5. Hawaiian Commercial remains about steady but there appears to be a good strong undertone which keeps the bidding price within less than $1 of the asking figure. At present $47.25 to $47.50 may be considered the asking price, with bidders offering $46.50 to $46.75. Several round lots of Hutchison shares have changed hands at $15.87 1-2 and several more could be purchased at $16 if holders could be found willing to sell, but as this is a dividend paying stock, it is held largely for investment purposes, with little reference to the ordinary speculative fluctuations from day to day. Onomea is offered at $22, but this is regarded as a little too high and the firmness of holders prevents business. Paauhau is held well in hand at $16.50 to $17, and while there have been a few sales at $16.75 to $16.87 1-2 the offerings are very light. Makaweli is strong and in demand at $27.50, but there are no offers at less than $28.50, although possibly a bid of $28.25 might bring out a small parcel. Water stocks cut but a small figure in the week's transactions. Spring Valley was offered more freely and prices naturally receded. Liberal lots were offered at $86.62 1-2, but buyers were not desirous of paying more than $86.25, and only then for limited parcels. Contra Costa shares were also on the down grade, selling as low as $63.50. Values for Bank stocks were well sustained with holders backward in offering shares, despite the tempting offers from buyers. The flurry in some of the leading gas shares naturally hardened values for the stock of all the corporations listed. In general stocks there was no marked movement. Alaska Packers was sold at a slight decline while the favorable annual report of the directors of the California Wine Association held the rate for the stock of that corporation firm. Oceanic continued overlooked, with $10 the best bid obtainable. The stockholders of this company will soon be notified when they will receive the new stock at the rate of two shares for each share of old, in accordance with the increase of capital from $2,500,000 to $5,000,000, that was authorized at the annual meeting held on January 21st. After official announcement of the distribution has been made a meeting of the stockholders will be called for the purpose of authorizing a new bond issue. General trading in bonds has been very slow but values have been quite well maintained. —*The Financier.*

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LETTERS

The Lost Dauphin

Bernard Capes has just published a novel entitled, "A Castle in Spain," in which the lost Dauphin is made to figure. The uncertainty as to the fate of the unfortunate royal child has made him a frequent figure in fiction. Mr. Capes imagines him to have been taken from the prison in secret, the body of another child having been substituted, and the report given out that the Dauphin had died. He was taken to a convent near Talavera, in Spain, and the plot of the novel is made up of the adventures of the hero, who is sent, in the wake of Wellington's army, to recover the child. In this connection, a brief letter which was published in the New York *Sun* of February eighth, has more than a passing interest. It is signed "Henry Llewellyn Williams," and from the surname, "Williams," one may conclude that the author of the communication is connected in some way with the Eleazar Williams who furnished Mrs. Catherwood with the groundwork for the plot of her novel, "Lazarre." Mr. Williams gives his endorsement to the conclusion of the *Sun's* critic, who was unconvinced as to the reality of the claims of an American Dauphin. He says that during the two Restorations, those of Louis XVIII and Charles X, one Charles G. Naundorff, a watchmaker from Germany, prosecuted his claims to recognition as the son of the murdered king, but as the Orleanists had the funds, he received no recognition from the Royalist supporters. Jules Favre acted as his counsel, and was so convinced of the truth of his cause that he spent both time and money in upholding it. Charles Naundorff died, unrecognized and in poverty, and his son succeeded to the claim which, of course, it was futile to assert during the second empire. This son also died or disappeared, and so far as is known, the race ended. When Jules Favre was a member of the National Defense Committee, 1870-80, he found amongst the National Archives, positive proof of the genuineness of his client's claim, but as he was debarred from using in a private capacity information which reached him as a Cabinet Minister, he could only record his discovery. Naundorff's story followed the popular legend, in stating that the child who died and was buried as the son of "Citizen Capet" was one who was substituted by the connivance of Royalist sympathizers.

A prophet may be without honor in his own country, but surely local authors can enter no complaint against book-buyers in this city. The *Bookman's* list of the six best-selling books for the month of December is as follows: "Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom," "Seedy Gentleman," "Footprints of the Padres," "Philosophy of Despair," "Virginian," and "Blue Flower." The first four are local publications, and by local writers, for the fact that Charles Warren Stoddard is no longer a resident of San Francisco has not cut him off from us. The other two books are enjoying a high tide of prosperity, and deserving it much better than books of the hour usually do, yet they have been, comparatively speaking, relegated to the background. When Californian writers have anything to say that is worth saying, it is rarely that they can enter a just complaint of lack of recognition.

We are to have a new edition of the Carlyle letters and diaries, "containing much new matter, etc." Now, hasn't the world had just about as much tittle-tattle and gossip about the Carlyles as it can stand? What more is there that can interest any one? Don't we know how Tammas neglected to leave money for household expenses, and grumbled when the grocery bill was too high, or the dog next door barked, and all that? Is there anything to add to Jeannie's jealousy of Lady Ashburnham, and does it make any material difference if the details of another house cleaning are not quite clear to us? "Scotch thrift" was never so completely exemplified as in the cases of the Carlyles and Stevenson. It seems as if almost every week some excuse is found for publishing a new volume, or a new edition of an old volume, or a volume about some other volume. The whole thing is just one remove from charging an admission fee for the privilege of viewing the bodies.

A novel by Gwendolen Overton is promised shortly, and will be awaited with interest. Her "Heritage of Unrest" was an exceptionally strong piece of work, which attracted even more attention in England than it did in America. Although no hint of the plot of her new venture is as yet given out, the publishers assure us that "The Birthright" will surpass "A Heritage of

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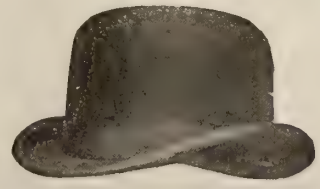

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Unrest." As a rule, these advance notices can be accepted as so much wind, the conventional "hot air" of the profession. There are perhaps as many as a score of writers in the English language of whom such prophecies carry even the shadow of fulfillment. Miss Overton ranks well up in the list.

The Literary Hack

"Maxwell Gray" has been taking a hack at the literary hack, and deploring the poor work which must result when jaded powers are spurred to accomplishment because the day's wages is needed for the day's sustenance. It is an old and oft-repeated tale, and we are all ready enough to admit that little good work is accomplished when the heart is not in it. For all that, some of the best writers we have ever known have been graduates of the "hack school." They learned to stick to their tasks and do their work, and their "hack" experience supplied in another form what Anthony Trollope declared to be one of the greatest aids to the production of literature—a piece of shoemakers' wax in the seat of the writing chair. Shakespeare was a "hack," producing his plays not for the joys of literature, but for the prosaic needs of daily bread. Dickens was another "hack," and Thackeray another. Sir Walter Scott "hacked" hard and persistently to pay his debts, and one might prolong the list indefinitely. There are very few who write and write anything worth reading, who are not spurred on by need in some form. No doubt there are, amongst the "upper circles," many who could produce masterpieces if they gave their minds to it, but the circumstance that they are emancipated from the need of earning their living is all-sufficient reason why they do not. It is all very fine to talk of "Art for art's sake," and working for the joy of work, but there is nothing to prove that the much-derided "hack" does not enjoy the labor of creation quite as much as he does the pecuniary compensation. On the other hand, it does not follow that a thing is good because the producer's egotism and self-satisfaction find it so. If "Maxwell Gray" and others who share her opinion are in the right, then the dilettante society amateur should distance all other writers, the artists and musicians should be relegated to the background, and only those whose efforts are not tainted by vulgar considerations of future compensation would accomplish anything worth while. As it is, it is just the other way. It is the spur of necessity which makes Pegasus a good steed.

The Reign of Fiction

Because there have been few phenomenal sellers, and less sensational advertising of novels of late, it is taken for granted in some quarters that the reign of fiction is over and people are going in for more serious reading. There is probably a modicum of truth in the idea. One result of the diluted wash of the "historical" novel has been to turn the attention of the best of readers of popular works in the direction of history and biography, but there is not the least danger that the reign of fiction is over. Story telling has endured since the beginning of time, and will probably continue until the crack of doom, but the sensational advertising has been in the nature of the exemplification of the old fable of the boy and the wolf. One after another, poor, weak, flabby, artificial books has been put on the market with great flourish of trumpets and beating of drums. Each in turn has been heralded as the greatest and best, and each in turn has shown itself to be unworthy of serious consideration. The cry of "Wolf! wolf!" has been raised so often that people have come to the conclusion that there is no wolf, and they are inclined to go soberly about their affairs without undue excitement. In the long run, "every herring must hang by its own head," and the assertions of publishers and the columns of advertising count for little. To quote President Lincoln's favorite aphorism, "You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

Edward W. Townsend (Chimmie Fadden) has two books under way, one of which is to be called "Lees and Leaven." The other is as yet unbaptized, but will probably be called "A Summer in New York." After "Days Like These," there should be no question about their reception.

Edmond Rostand is reported to be engaged on another poetical drama. Does it follow that it will be succeeded by another attack of insanity?

The *Book-Buyer*, the monthly literary magazine issued by the Scribners, makes its February appearance under a new name, *The Lamp*. —*The Bookworm*

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Other People's Ideas

From "The House with the Green Shutters," by George Douglas:

"Like most scorners of the world's opinion, Gourlay was its slave, and showed his subjection to the popular estimate by his anxiety to flout it. He was not great enough for the carelessness of perfect scorn."

"Strong men of a mean understanding often deliberately assume, and passionately defend, peculiarities of no importance because they have nothing else to get a repute for."

"It is only when a mind feels secure in itself that it can laugh unconcernedly at others."

"A coward always sniggers when insulted, pretending that the insult is only a joke of his opponent, and therefore to be laughed aside. So he escapes the quarrel which he fears a show of displeasure might provoke."

"Our insight is often deepest into those we hate, because annoyance fixes our thought on them to probe."

Tarmillan: "Man, it's an irksome think to write, and to be asked about it makes you squirm. It's almost as offensive to ask a man when his book will be out, as to ask a woman when she'll be delivered."

Allan: "It's the danger of the aphorism that it states too much in trying to be small."

Allan: "Courage is the great thing. It often succeeds by the mere show of it. It's the timid man that a dog bites. Run *at* him and he runs."

Tam: "There are various kinds of imagination. In its lowest form it merely recalls something which the eyes have already seen, and brings it visibly before the mind. A higher form pictures something which you never saw, but only conceived as a possible existence. Then there's the imagination which not only sees but hears—actually hears what a man would say on a given occasion, and entering into his blood, tells you exactly why he does it. The higher form is both creative and consecrative, if I may use the word, merging in diviner thought. It irradiates the world."

Johnny Coe: "A little ability 's a dangerous thing. To be safe you should be a genius, winged and flying, or a crawling thing that never leaves the earth. It's the half-and-half that hell gapes for. And owre they flap."

"The diversions of some men are merely subsidiary to their lives, externals easy to be dropped; with others they usurp the man. They usurp a life when it is never happy away from them, when in the midst of other occupations absent pleasures rise vivid to the mind, with irresistible call."

"There is nothing more vindictive than a weakling. When he gets a chance he takes revenge for everything his past cowardice forced him to endure."

"To bring a beaten and degraded look

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into a man's face, rend manhood out of him in fear, is a sight that makes decent men wince in pain; for it is an outrage on the decency of life, an offence to natural religion, a violation of the human sanctities."

* * * * * *

Lavinia: "A gentleman might some time offend you by telling you the truth about yourself or your friends. The thoroughbred never." *From F. Hopkinson Smith's "Oliver Horn."*

* * * * * *

From "The Benefactress," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden."

An independent nature, where there is no money, is a great nuisance to its possessor.

Pitying people and being pitied one's self are two very different things. The first is soothing and sweet, the second is annoying, and even maddening according to the temperament of the patient.

Enthusiastic philanthropists, casting about for objects of charity, seldom see what is at their feet.

Many are the friendships that have found an unforseen and sudden end on a journey, and few are those that survive.

"Peace at the last" is no good at all. What one wants is peace at the beginning and in the middle.

A woman generally adopts the peculiarities of the family she marries into, particularly if they are unpleasant.

Few people are more savagely proper than the still respectable relations of the demoralized.

There is a great difference between affectionate letters written quietly in one's room, and affectionate conversation that has to sound as though it welled up from the heart.

The rarest of loves is the love of a debtor for his creditor.

Self-pity is a very tender and tearful sentiment.

If we could all get outside of our bodies, even for one day, and simply go about in our souls, how nice it would be.

Relations are at all times bad enough. They do less for you and expect more from you than any one else. They are the last to congratulate you if you succeed and the first to abandon you if you fail. They are at one and the same time abnormally truthful and abnormally sensitive. They regard it as infinitely more blessed to administer home truths than to receive them back again. But so long as they do not actually break the laws, prejudice demands that they shall be borne with. —*The Gleaner.*

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The Monkey and the Chestnuts

A New Version.

There were once two women who were such warm friends that they would have followed the Scriptural precept. Each would have given her life for the other. With them friendship was more than a name. They were very fond of reading Ella Wheeler Wilcox and one of their favorite poems was "Maurine," in which appear such sentiments as :—

"Friendship is not friendship at the best
Till circumstances put it to the test."

These they loved, and quoted on all occasions.

It so happened that there came a man upon the scene. He made love to one woman on certain occasions, flirting desperately with the other at other times. Both women became more than a little interested in him, as was natural. There is no woman on earth who is not susceptible to flattery, if it is delicately applied. And there is no flattery more subtle than that directed at the heart.

One friend, who thoroughly believed the man adored *her*, discovered that her friend, the other woman, had in the process of flirting lost a bit of her cardiac organ to the man. Her own heart was only slightly dented. "After you, my dear Alphonse," she said to herself, and resolved to leave a clear field to her rival. "Better lose my lover than my friend," she reasoned, "for lovers grow on bushes, while friends happen but once in an eternity." And she quoted from E. W. W.:

"Time can heal the saddest hurts of Love,
While Friendship's wounds gape wide and yet more wide,
And bitter fountains of the spirit prove."

The other woman, meanwhile, who was desperately enamored of the man, noticed that her friend was also not averse to his attentions. She communed with herself, wept a little and prayed more, then "You first, my dear Gaston," she said to her soul. And the next time the man called, she was not at home.

Now the man had never been quite sure, up to this, which of the women he loved. They were both agreeable, to both he warmed on occasion, both were brilliant and beautiful, and it was hard to determine which were the more charming.

But when the one woman closed her doors upon him, he found it was she whom he loved the better. She could not have found a surer way to stimulate his growing passion. The result was he called one night, took her unawares and proposed to her. Fortifying herself with the thought of her friend's broken heart in the event of acceptance, the woman refused the man coldly and decisively.

He went away more angry than sad, and happening to meet the other woman in the street the next day, he asked her to dine with him. On the spur of the moment, she found no excuse to decline. They dined and he, stirred by the wine and her proximity, asked her to marry him. She had not seen her friend that day, and the spirit of self-sacrifice, heated by a touch of pardonable vanity that she was his choice, moved her to thoughts of her dear woman friend. She refused him.

The next day, the two women met, but they exchanged no confidences from a feeling of delicacy toward the man.

The man went his way. He still saw the two women occasionally but he no longer felt the same interest in them. He had met another woman, just as beautiful and brilliant, who did not conceal her *penchant* for his society. In the course of time they were married.

Then, and not till then, did the two women friends mention his name and their former regard for him.

"I refused him," said one, "but I thought he would marry you."

"*You* refused him? So did I," returned her friend, "but because I thought you loved him."

But instead of making closer friends of the two women this discovery struck a death-blow at the sentiment. Each was hurt in her vanity that the other should have imagined her heart could be broken by any man on earth. They never felt quite the same toward each other again.

Which shows that self-sacrifice is not always the right thing in this world, for most often the other fellow gets the benefit of it.

— *The Fabler.*

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Estate of Joseph Alvis also known as Joseph J. Alvis, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Alvis, also known as Joseph J. Alvis, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, Frank Alvis, at the offices of Lent & Humphrey, Rooms 167-168-169 Crocker Building, Corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

FRANK ALVIS, Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Alvis, also known as Joseph J. Alvis, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 7th, 1903.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 167-168-169 Crocker Building,
San Francisco, California.

Estate of Margaret Lovett, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executor of the last will of Margaret Lovett, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at the law offices of Joseph E. O'Donnell, 460-461-462 Parrott Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOMAS F. LOVETT, Executor of the last will of Margaret Lovett, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 14, 1903.

JOSEPH E. O'DONNELL, Attorney for Executor.
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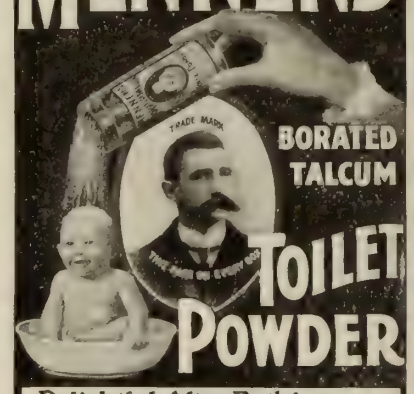

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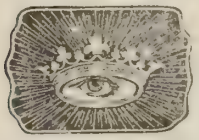

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, March 14, 1903

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THEODORE F. BONNET - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - Business Manager
1019 Market Street Third Floor Telephone South 735

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Hearst in Politics and Journalism

Mr. Hearst stated in an interview some days ago that he purposed devoting his time to politics, and withdrawing from active management of his newspapers. Perhaps Mr. Hearst is of the opinion that a candidate for President shouldn't have too many responsibilities on his shoulders. Being a man of good judgment he feels, no doubt, that it would be better for him to run on his merits than as the proprietor and editor of a string of newspapers. The most successful moulders of public opinion, editors who have created statesmen, have courted disappointment and chagrin by running for office. Silence is golden, but no editor has ever profited by the maxim. He talks too much through the columns of his paper, and he pays the penalty of his loquacity when, as a candidate for office, he makes a bid for popular favor. The most successful newspaper proprietors are usually men without political ambition. When a newspaper proprietor is seized with political aspirations he destroys confidence in his paper, for he can no longer resist the temptation to color its utterances. And even though his utterances should be perfectly honest they would inspire distrust. Exemplification of this tendency of human nature is at hand today. The Hearst newspapers are engaged in disparaging the present Administration. They are too adroit to openly attack the Administration, but they publish stories calculated to arouse prejudice against the President. They tell how he has increased the expense of living in the White House, and they do it in a way to convey the impression that he has imperialistic notions about the splendor that should distinguish the environment of the Nation's chief. They have aroused public sentiment in the South by frequent reference to Roosevelt's friendship for the negroes, and they have appealed to that sentiment which revolts at the lust of animal slaughter by publishing thrilling cartoons, and telling of the exploits of Roosevelt as a hunter of wild game. Even though Mr. Hearst were not a candidate for President his papers would no doubt be dealing in that same kind of anti-Administration literature, but being a candidate people are inclined to criticise his attitude and to charge him with indulging in personalities for selfish purposes. Already his zeal in dealing with the Republicans' dilatory methods in connection with the Trust fight is viewed with suspicion, and in fact his papers cannot make a move without its bearing upon his political aspirations being considered. It is therefore apparent that he is treading on extremely dangerous ground. And that he is not unaware of the fact is evident from his announcement that he intends to leave the management of his papers to others. No doubt he wishes to anticipate the reaction that would be likely to set in were the attacks on the Administration to become too severe. The situation is an extremely delicate one and will be watched with deep interest. Mr. Hearst is playing an extremely hazardous game, but he may be depended upon to play it with great skill. Those who admire him as a newspaper man and who appreciate him as a tremendous force for good in the field of journalism, fear that the task he has set for himself is one that may lead him to overreach, and there are others among his admirers who do not take his Presidential aspirations seriously. They believe that he is more concerned about his newspaper enterprises than he is about the Presidency, and that he has gone into politics merely for advertising purposes.

The Carmen's Demand

That branch of the local Labor Trust represented by the employes of the Street Railroads company has given notice of intention to demand higher wages in May next. Some months ago the street railroad men made certain demands for increase of wages and shorter hours which were refused. As a consequence they refused to work and after a brief "tie-up" of the system the differences between employer and employes were arbitrated and settled in a manner satisfactory to the latter. During that strike public sentiment was with the gripmen and the conductors, and that was why they had little difficulty in enforcing their demands. They are likely to face an entirely different situation when the proposition to raise their wages once more comes up for consideration. Indeed, should they insist upon having their wages raised in accordance with the notice given, the probability is that they will be met with most emphatic refusal, and that strenuous efforts will be made to operate the street railroad system without their assistance. In other words, a serious strike is imminent, and one in which public sentiment may not be with the workingmen. A clash between labor and capital under such circumstances should be deeply deplored. The enemies of labor are eager for something to occur that shall prove disastrous to unionism, and nothing more disastrous could occur to the labor organizations of this city, than a strike with popular sympathy on the side of capital. It is believed in financial circles that the corporation which owns the street railroads of this city is not in a sound condition; that it is not making sufficient money to keep the system properly equipped for the transportation of its patrons, and that it is going from bad to worse. If such be the case then of course it would be ruinous to raise the wages of its employes. However, the question is one that could be easily settled by arbitrators.

The Jesuits and Their Enemies

It is reported that the German Government has removed the ban from the order of Loyola, and that the Jesuits are to be permitted to conduct their educational institutions once more within the dominions of the Kaiser. It is remarkable what a vast volume of misinformation has been spoken and written on the subject of the Jesuits, and with what prejudice they are regarded even at this late day by people representing a cultured element of the public. There are people who have read that masterpiece of fiction, "The Wandering Jew.," and who have absorbed from its pages such a deep-rooted prejudice against the Jesuits that they are astonished to learn that such an intelligent man as Emperor William would menace the peace and quiet of his country by permitting those arch-conspirators to gain a foothold within his dominions. The real Jesuit is a far less romantic and picturesque person than he is in the hands of popular authors. The members of the Society of Jesus of the present day are for the most part quiet scholars engaged in teaching school, or writing books, or in prosecuting scientific investigation. They are not the scheming and crafty priesthood they are represented to be by Henry Seton Merriman in that absurd tale, "The Velvet Glove," and nobody ever hears of their engaging in politics. For a considerable time attacks have been made on the alleged doctrines of the Jesuit body, as though they were doctrines separate in themselves and distinct from Roman Catholic doctrines, and a great many attacks have been made with alleged quotations from writers, which in every instance have been shown to be misquotations. The most popular calumny hurled against the Jesuits is that they profess and practice the doctrine that "the end justifies the means," and that in pursuance of this atrocious maxim they have committed perjury, theft and murder. This belief is very general and it is vouched for on the authority of some distinguished theologians, and also of the Encyclopædia Brittanica. Yet it is strange that intelligent people should believe that the Jesuits should persist in spreading their nets before the eyes of those whom they wish to inveigle. Why, if they desire to impose on men, should they be at such pains to let all the world know that they are impostors, that all their pretense of sanctity is sham and that none should venture to sup with them unless provided with a very long-handled spoon? However the doctrine that the end justifies the means is said by those that attribute it to the Jesuits to be found in the writing of members of the Society. An examination of the writings of the Jesuits quoted by their enemies is sufficient to prove that they have been misrepresented, and that at the very outset of their treatises they teach as a fundamental principle that the end however good does not and cannot justify the means, if those means themselves are bad. In this connection it is interesting to recall that in 1850 Father Roh, a German Jesuit, issued a public challenge, offering to pay the sum of one thousand Rhenish guilders to any one who in in the judgment of the faculty of laws of the University of Heidelberg or Bonn should establish the fact that any Jesuit had ever taught the doctrine that the end justifies the means or any doctrine equivalent to it. That Emperor William has decided to remove the ban against the Jesuits is not surprising to those familiar with recent developments in various countries of Europe, that have tended to arouse sympathy for the scholarly men who have done so much for science and literature in recent years. In England especially has there been great reaction in public sentiment so far as the Jesuits are concerned. Only a little over a year ago representatives of the Society in London seized the opportunity to resent calumnies against it by instituting libel suits against certain newspapers, and in every instance they either obtained retractions or recovered judgment.

Tolstoi and Rockefeller

One cannot help but be amused at the indignation which is hurled at the head of the scion of the house of Rockefeller because of the views he has expressed in regard to the accumulation of riches. Mr. Rockefeller interprets the Scriptures to suit himself, which is the glorious privilege for which Martin Luther contended, and where people with nothing, or very little of the world's goods and gear, are in favor of a literal interpretation of the injunction to "sell all thou hast and give to the poor," he interpolates a modification—if "what thou hast" interferes with thy salvation. Where the fun comes in is that young Rockefeller is condemned for saying in words what the belauded Count Tolstoi lives in acts. Rockefeller dresses well and keeps clean. Tolstoi sports rags and is a fit subject for a Board of Health survey and condemnation, and there lies the chief difference between them. Tolstoi preaches the blessings of poverty and humility, but he takes good care to live within the reach of all he wants. Disciples who come from afar to worship at the shrine of the saint with the expectation of finding an anchorite and ascetic, voluntarily depriving himself of luxuries and devoting himself to the good of his fellow men, are disillusioned when they discover a luxurious home with a generous table, servants, carriages, and in short, all the belongings of a wealthy land owner. There is the count, in peasant blouse, to be sure, but it and the shoemaker's bench which are dragged into the foreground of every pen picture are mere stage properties. Rockefeller says plainly that gifts to the impecunious are pauperizing. Tolstoi withholds his hand and preaches the opportunities for brotherly love and Christian charity. Tolstoi's estate is behind the times, even in Russia, in the matter of useful improvements and what the poorest farmers in our country would regard as absolute necessities. Much is made of the theatrical exhibition of Tolstoi drawing water on a sled for domestic purposes, but when one of the huts of his village caught fire, and twenty houses were destroyed for lack of a fire engine, practical people discounted the value of the titled example. There were but three spades in the whole community, and one hammer, passed from hand to hand in turn, but Tolstoi did not take it upon himself to pauperize the unfortunates. On the contrary, he thought it all right. One solitary instance of "charity" is reported to us. A boy of fifteen or thereabouts, a cripple with but one arm, was taken to the Tolstoi castle to be fitted out with a pair of cast-off shoes and a gift of money. The shoes given him were too small for his feet, and full of holes, and the money was

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entirely forgotten. In fact, poverty, abstinence, temperance and cleanliness of body or mind are foreign to this faker. He is a mass of inconsistencies and contradictions, demanding results without effort, in every direction. If he were in America, where the ubiquitous reporter could reach him, and the snap-shot fiend "catch" him unawares, the bubble of his reputation would have been effectually pricked long ere this, and instead of posing on the top of the tower, like St. Stylites, he would be shown to be a hypocritical humbug, who parts with nothing but words. If our Rockefellers, Carnegies and condemned plutocrats generally were to place themselves actually in the position which Tolstoi occupies they would be mobbed. Where Rockefeller sees no reason why he should not hold on to his wealth and serve the Lord at the same time, Tolstoi turns his property over to his family, but enjoys all its benefits, and then falls back on poverty and humility as an excuse for parsimony.

The Talking of Triggs

Professor Oscar Lovell Triggs, of Dr. Harper's hustling university, is once more attracting attention to the institution by saying things that excite derision. If Professor Triggs were not a member of a university faculty his utterances would escape attention, but as he is a college professor he is given a hearing, and in view of what he has said from time to time one cannot help wondering how he manages to hold his job. The presumption is that he finds it advantageous to pose as the panegyrist of John D. Rockefeller, for the latter has been so liberal to the University of Chicago that Dr. Harper probably vouchsafes him a voice in the management of the institution. Perhaps Rockefeller is responsible for Triggs. It was at a meeting of the Cook County League of Women's Clubs that Triggs gave to the world his very latest thoughts. The subject was "The New Man." "The present order of man will pass away," said Triggs. "There shall come a new humanity. Notice the passing of patriotism, which is merely an expanded egotism. Notice the new state of diplomacy. All this points to the new era when the social spirit will prevail, when the selfish, the egotistic motive will be gone. The business man will wish to share his successes with the rest of society." What a profound thinker is Triggs! His definition of patriotism is clever enough to pass for a bon mot at a pink tea. But isn't there something wrong with the culturine on which our college professors diet when they confound chauvinism with patriotism? What a fine institution for the training of American youth is that Chicago university in which the doctrine is set forth that to be patriotic is to be conceited; that love of country is merely self-love on an expanded scale! "Notice," says Triggs, "the passing of patriotism"! We should like to know where the passing of it is to be observed. Nothing has happened in this part of the country to indicate that patriotism is becoming extinct. Perhaps Triggs thinks that he has banished feelings of patriotism from the Chicago university by exposing its kinship to egotism. But hearken to the addle-pated academician on the subject of the "new humanity," and then marvel that such a man should be permitted to represent an American institution of learning: "The business man will wish to share his successes with the rest of society." In other words the earth is to become one vast Altruria, and the new business man will divide his profits among his customers, and everybody will share in the dividends of the big corporations. Triggs has beautiful dreams. We shouldn't be surprised to learn that the professor is a dope-fiend.

The Ideal Paper

Dr. Parkhurst, professional reformer, is in the throes of establishing an ideal newspaper. Thus far he has had only the easy part of the job, getting people interested enough to subscribe funds. By and by, when it comes to making the enterprise pay, it will be a different story. People are often willing to contribute out and out charity, and take their return in having their names associated with those of social somebodies, but when it comes to investing in a business enterprise, they look for cash returns. It is the easiest thing in the world to sit at an office desk and map out on paper an ideal daily or weekly. We are all willing to admit that much of the "news" which is published is of no value whatever to ourselves, at least, and we all know that the details of crimes and private scandals and peccadilloes are set forth with too much particularity. But we also know, and to our shame, that the paper which goes the deepest into these details, and gives most publicity to rumors and conjectures, is the most sought for. Any one can establish an ideal paper if he can control capital enough to back his enterprise, and he will find no difficulty in securing editors, contributors and reporters in accord with his views. He can exclude all the questionable advertisements, and readily fill their places with the best, but when he comes to look for ideal readers, he will find it another story. Some of the very ones who are most loud-mouthed in denouncing yellow sensationalism would be the first to complain of a lack of spice in their diurnal diet. The editors may not be deluged with letters from "Vox Populi" or "Publicus," voicing the complaint, but there will be some excuse formulated for patronizing the best sheet which most nearly conforms to the popular demand. Either the carrier arrives earlier in the morning, or the market reports are more satisfactory, or the editorial page is easier to get at, but down under it all the plain truth is that it dishes up sensations in more palatable form. The newspapers are as good as the people that patronize them, and the ideal reform paper will go the way of all spasmodic reforms. Either it will gradually relax until it cannot be distinguished from its contemporaries, or it will speedily suspend operations.

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The Showman

The world has been treated recently to some admirable fooling in the way of mediæval justice. Certain far-off echoes that have invaded this continent were concerned with the spectacular features of the trial of Colonel Arthur Lynch, M. P., for high treason. They seem to have left the general impression of a stage play with elaborate setting of costume and accessories. The judges were habited in red and wore those full-bottomed wigs, which on a rear view convey the effect of an old-fashioned beehive of a variety as much out of date as the wigs. Solemnly seated as the centrepiece of this delightful masquerade, their lordships, with their wigs flowing down their august backs, listened to the reading of an indictment altogether in character and calculated to keep up the illusion. This document recited that the prisoner, "not having the fear of God in his heart and instigated thereto by the devil," did commit divers and sundry offenses against the Majesty of Great Britain, to-wit, among other things being a British subject he had fought for the Boers. An American lawyer defending the prisoner would assuredly have asked for a non-suit at the close of the case for the prosecution, on the ground that the Crown lawyers had failed to prove instigation by the devil; but perhaps this was not permitted by the rules of the play.

The heavy villain of the piece, Colonel Lynch, was, we are told, "pale but polite." He seems to leave a sense of inadequacy. He was not what the dramatic critics call "convincing." Surely he ought to have hurled something—defiance, at least, if he had nothing else in reach. But perhaps his was the method of modern melodrama.

The play was played out to the end. Having convicted the prisoner of collogueing with the devil—pho! who said "devil"?—the bigwigs proceeded to sentence Colonel Lynch to be hanged. Of course the bigwigs knew and every man in the courtroom knew that no such sentence would or could be carried out. In that view it is to be regretted that they did not stick to the old form and sentence the prisoner to be hanged, drawn and quartered. It is a pity to spoil a romance because men have not the courage of their barbarism. These additional indignities done on the body of a traitor in a bygone day were meant, not to give pain to the offender, but pleasure to the spectators. It would have been a nice attention to the comfort and enjoyment of the audience had the bigwigs been permitted to produce the drama to its logical absurdity.

Melodrama is not a monopoly of British politics. We are perhaps lacking in the accessories of costume and a shivery, historical background, but, in default of better, the border drama exemplified in some recent elections of United States Senators does very well. Some of these presented a grim visage to satisfy the most bloodthirsty. In others the wrinkled front of villainy frowned and squirmed. There was always a sense of something going to happen. In Colorado there were pistols. In Delaware there was the wicked gasman. The audience in the gallery delights to boo and execrate the gasman who, notwithstanding these expressions of hate, has been giving a continuous performance for years, the Lord knows how many. He does not seem to be getting much nearer to his goal, if he has a goal other than that of every stage villain. Foiled again! Perhaps he likes to be the gasman.

From Utah they have sent a Senator to whom objection is made that he is an "apostle" of the wrong breed. The objection is somewhat confusing as a specification of constitutional disability, but the most inexperienced playgoer knows that melodrama never stops to explain. Action only is wanted, and the man who asks leave to stop and consider is clouted on the ear with the next catastrophe. The illusion is everything and that cannot be maintained if analysis is permitted. The great thing is to keep up the sense of something going to happen. Of course, there is always the comfortable sense that nothing does really happen. In Colorado nothing has happened and in Delaware nothing. It is doubtful if anything is likely to happen to the latter day apostle. That is the play—keep the people on the edge of comfortable expectancy.

* * * *

The attachment of the American people to the Monroe Doctrine gives the lie direct to the charge that our ideals are purely material and gross. It might be difficult to state in terms of legal tender what advantage accrues to the United States from the enforcement of the doctrine. Indeed, an illustrious colonel from Kentucky—a very picturesque personage—has engaged in a demonstration of his sense of the national impolicy in this regard and flouts with bitter gibe our attitude of international Providence assumed for the advantage of ungrateful neighbors, who suspect we are pursuing our own. It has been the consent of nations that altruism may not be recognized as a motive or justification for international interference, and hence the Monroe Doctrine and Mr. Hay's remonstrance in the case of the Roumanian Jews are something altogether new to diplomacy. It is perhaps for this reason that our disinterested efforts have made us the object of unworthy suspicion, even by the people for whose protection we exert ourselves. Nevertheless, these considerations, whether animated by Kentucky eloquence or impelled by shabby suspicion, do not weigh. We cleave to our historical doctrine with affection. It is part of our tradition, our reputation, and we must live up to its obligations. A reputation is something that entitles a man to engage in a fight, so the pugilists tell us. Diplomacy recognizes no such thing as a free fight. You cannot go to war and be respectable unless you have a *casus*. If this country is to be a world power we must play the rules of the game. Therefore, we have exalted the Monroe Doctrine to the dignity of a *casus belli;* but the other nations and Colonel Watterson treat it with contumely, as something scarcely respectable, because we cannot make money out of it.

The point is this: There is no people and no nation more malleable to the impulsion of an idea than the Americans. He fulfill obligations of our tradition, and there is no other country that would go to war on a point of logic. There is a certain, fine, romantic streak that runs all through the national life, and if we find that Uncle Sam feeds his soul, his glassy essence on the pie that mother used to make, we need not feel ashamed when some one tells us that this is merely an affectionate memory based on incipient facts. The Monroe Doctrine is pie that Mother made. —*Pop.*

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The Hearst Boom

Having launched the Hearst presidential boom and given the politicians all over the country something to talk about, James H. Budd returned quietly to town the other day and resumed the practice of law. I had a talk with the ex-Governor on the subject of Hearst's presidential aspirations, and he told me that Democratic sentiment in favor of the nomination of the young Napoleon of journalism was growing throughout the country. "It is only in California," he said, "that you hear of any objections, but that is quite natural. Never in the history of California did the people of this State get behind a Californian who aspired to high office at Washington. From Stephen J. Field to Justice McKenna the envious Californian croakers here made themselves heard whenever there was an opportunity to give signal recognition to a representative of this State. And as a consequence of the failure of Californians to stand together as do the people of Eastern States, California cuts not the slightest figure in national politics. So far as Washington is concerned California is more remote than the Philippine Islands."

He "Holds" New Yorkers

William Marion Reedy, the brilliant editor of the St. Louis *Mirror,* has been spending a few weeks in New York and from there he wrote a gossipy letter to his paper last week in which he stated that though much is being said in other parts of the country about the candidacy of men like Shepard and Parker, New York has a presidential aspirant in the person of William Randolph Hearst. Though he is not a Hearst boomer he has this to say of him:

> Mr. Hearst has been much maligned. He has been gay. He has liked the ladies and bought them diamond necklaces and things. He has, on occasion, "opened wine" most lavishly. But he has quit all that. He has become serious about all things, including himself. He has done some big things in his time here. He made a bet that he'd bring on a war with Spain and he won it. He supported Mr. Bryan in two campaigns and did so with supreme intelligence. He has exposed the efforts of Rockefeller, Archbold and others to dictate to the Senate its action on the recent anti-trust measure. He has been a brilliant journalist, as brilliancy is reckoned nowadays, and he has lived down, by sheer force of character, the bitter accusations that he, through the instrumentality of Caricaturist Davenport, brought about the assassination of William McKinley. "Willie" Hearst, as he is often called here, has made a bigger impression upon this great town than any young man who ever came here. Of course he had millions to start with, but how many men have come to New York with millions, only to drop the millions and scarcely make a ripple on the surface of things! Hearst has written himself large here, and he shows no signs of growing stale in his work. * * * Mr. Hearst interests New York, and has been doing so for some years. It is something for any young man to be able to do things that hold New Yorkers for awhile.

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The Fair Case

While Governor Budd was in the East he was retained as attorney for the relatives of Mrs. Charley Fair in the contest over her estate. Budd was formerly one of the attorneys for Charley Fair, but he never represented either Mrs Vanderbilt or Mrs. Oelrichs. He took no part in the settlement with the Nelson family after the tragedy in France. He says that the Nelsons are prepared to return the money they received, and he is positive that they will eventually be awarded the five or six millions left by Charley Fair. The settlement was made upon the assumption that Fair survived his wife, and that statement is contained in the papers drawn up at the time of the compromise. Budd asserts that the testimony taken at the inquest was to the effect that Mrs. Fair was alive twenty minutes after her husband's death. He also declares that there is an anatomical fact which cannot be obliterated, and which demonstrates that Mrs. Fair survived her husband. He declines to divulge what the fact is, but the probability is that to establish it it will be necessary to exhume the bodies. Those bodies are no doubt being carefully guarded these days.

McNab Perennial Candidate

When that perennial job-chaser, Franklin K. Lane, was beaten at the last election, it was hoped that the political quietus had been put upon him, and that he would cease from troubling for awhile. Not so, however. Mr. Franklin K. Lane is as chipper as ever, and he is seriously in training for the Democratic nomination for Mayor of this city. His sponsor is Gavin McNab. The impertinence of Mr. Lane is colossal. In the last campaign he solemnly repudiated Gavin McNab. McNab was an issue of the campaign. Lane felt that he could not be elected unless he convinced the labor unions that he did not owe allegiance to the kiltied boss, and on every occasion he proclaimed his independence and asserted that he was "no man's man." Everybody understood that the reference was to Gavin, but he didn't succeed in deluding everybody, for there were

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a few who knew that Lane and McNab were bosom friends, and that the repudiation was purely theatrical. There were others that doubted the sincerity of Lane, but they were reluctant to believe that McNab was so lacking in self-respect as to be willing to be repudiated fictitiously as though his was the cloven foot which honest men despised. However McNab discreetly remained in the background, and purposely refrained from active participation in the campaign in order to give verisimilitude to the attitude of the Democratic candidate.

Their Sores Not Yet Healed

No sooner was the election over than McNab emerged from his retreat and proceeded to groom his friend Lane for another contest. No longer do they attempt to veil the deceit of the late campaign. They have been hobnobbing at public banquets ever since the election and together they have been planning the next municipal campaign. McNab is no doubt willing to be repudiated again. He is as unblushing in his methods as ever was the unspeakable Buckley, who on many occasions instructed his candidates to go out and denounce him as a villain and a thief so that they might create the impression that they were nominated against his wishes. And meanwhile both McNab and Lane are complaining of those that did not support the Democratic candidate for Governor. Their complaining, however, is not half so bitter as that of the other candidates on the ticket, who received no support from the so-called standard-bearer. Mr. Lane made the most selfish campaign that was ever witnessed in this or any other State. It was a campaign for Lane and for no one else. He made no fight for the Democratic ticket. He completely ignored the Democratic candidates for Congress and the candidates for every other office. Mr. Lane foisted himself on the party once but he will find it somewhat difficult to repeat the performance.

Zelie and Jimmy

The tabbies are on the trail of Jimmy Phelan once more. Our bewhiskered bachelor millionaire with his income of a thousand a day is a shining mark for the tabbies. They have had him engaged to almost every available girl in society and one or two just beyond the fringe. But in each and every instance there was nothing doing, and in club circles, where a man's love affairs are public property, the tabbies have been laughed at. Jimmy's club acquaintances—he has no intimate friends—say that there never was a chance of his getting married and they hint vaguely at all sorts of mysterious things. However there are others who are equally confident that he is not immune to the matrimonial microbe, and they are responsible for the latest story concerning an *affaire d'amour* in which he is said to be involved. It was probably suggested by a hint in an item which I reprinted from an Eastern paper last week, referring to the attentions Zelie de Lussan was receiving from a San Francisco bachelor. It is true that Miss de Lussan has received many attentions from Mr. Phelan since her arrival, but the tabbies regard with more than ordinary significance the circumstance of his receiving her in his own residence. Heretofore it has been customary for Mr. Phelan to entertain visiting lions at one of his clubs, but Miss de Lussan was honored in the Phelan family domicile. They have also remarked that both Mr. Phelan and Miss de Lussan went to Southern California for a vacation, and they think that altogether enough has taken place to warrant the suspicion that an engagement will soon be announced. And yet those "wise guys" of the clubs, who know it all, wink the other eye and reiterate that millionaire Jimmy is as far from matrimony as ever.

The tabbies don't require much of a peg to hang an engagement on. They have viewed as significant the lingering of Lily Lawlor long after the announcement of her intended departure with the Gus Spreckels's, and they have remarked that she appears to have made the greatest kind of a hit with the other millionaire bachelor, Harry Tevis, who has been quite successful in repulsing Cupid notwithstanding the strategic moves of numerous matchmaking mammas. Miss Lawlor appears to prefer the company of Harry Tevis to the pleasure of a trip abroad.

Miss Clement's Defection

Laura McKinstry and Jennie Blair will soon find themselves the only ones left of that former coterie of brilliant bachelor girls in society. One by one they are forswearing their allegiance to spinsterhood. Kate Clement's engagement with Dixwell Hewitt, an ex-New Yorker now of our city, has been whispered for some time but until formally announced last Friday no one quite believed it more than a rumor. Miss Clement is one of the most independent girls in the Oakland and San Francisco swim, and because of her bright wit has always been a sought-for guest at dinners and luncheons. She is a wonderful conversationalist and raconteuse, and she numbers among her accomplishments flute-playing, being a clever musician, and hat-trimming, in which she is very skillful. She is a great friend of Mrs. "Joe" Tobin, and at one time imitated the latter's style of dressing. She exhibits French skill in making her own clothes and has even fabricated tailor suits on Mrs. Tobin's models. She has even successfully copied Mrs. Tobin's forty-dollar hats. So Kate Clement is decidedly more interesting than the ordinary society butterfly.

Dixwell Hewitt is an Oakland insurance man of middle age. He formerly lived in Redlands. He has been more devoted to clubs than to society, and he has been very busy making money. He is a brother of Mrs. E. H. Davenport and a cousin of Senator Hanna, the maker of Presidents.

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Will Go Abroad

Miss Laura McKinstry, by the way, will be greatly missed for the next six months. Under Mrs. Henry T. Scott's protecting wing she will see Europe, and it is prophesied will meet abroad her fate. Miss McKinstry shares with Kate Clement the eclat of being the most brilliant wit among our society girls. She is also inclined to churchgoing and charity, and her proteges will miss her as much as society. She belongs to the Southern set but is a welcome guest in all circles. Frances, the younger girl, who came out this winter, rather quietly owing to recent deaths in the family, is not such a wit as her sister but is nevertheless a charming girl. The charm of manner they both possess is an inheritance from their mother who, as Annie Hedges, was a beauty and belle of the 'sixties.

An Interesting Courtship

The engagement of Helen Dean with Frank King which was rumored recently seems more probable than ever, and their friends are looking for an early announcement. Miss Dean never goes anywhere unless Frank King is among the invited and of course that looks serious. Though King has no money of his own, the supposition is that he will succeed his father as a banker. He is a clever, manly young fellow, and is now learning the banking business. Some time ago it was thought that Baldwin Wood, son of William Wood the well-known attorney, would win Helen Dean, but he is now at Harvard and during his absence King has taken the inside track. As Helen Dean is probably the wealthiest of all the debutantes her engagement will be regarded as an important one.

Club Women Doing Politics

The political pot is once more boiling in the California Club. Mrs. George Law Smith is a candidate for reelection to the office of president, and it was decided at first to have a second ticket in the field "for mere form's sake," but now it appears that there is a well organized opposition. Hence there is considerable agitation and anxiety among the members of the club. Mrs. Smith was reported to have said last year that she "didn't have to lift a finger" to secure her election, but now it appears that to win out she will have to raise both hands.

Mrs. Smith's Pet Project

It's marvelous to what serious dissensions minor differences lead in clubs dominated by the gentle sex. The harmony of the California Club has not been disturbed by the election alone. Murmurings of dissatisfaction have been swelling in volume ever since that social session held last Tuesday, when a business proposition of considerable importance was rushed through in a manner that has provoked severe criticism. The club, it appears, is seriously trying to raise money to build a club house. Under Mrs. Lovell White's regime the stock was generously subscribed and with alacrity, but the collection of the money is quite a different matter. Many who subscribed with the idea that Mrs. White would engineer the project to a successful finish are no longer enthusiastic, and therefore payments are slow. But at the social session the other day a proposition to give a concert for the benefit of the club with Pietro Mascagni as the premier drawing card was submitted, and it made a great hit. It was presented in glowing colors, and the ladies thought that it had the true ring of easy money. But there were several conservative women present who didn't enthuse. Mrs. George Law Smith was a most enthusiastic advocate of the proposition, but when she called for the question she was surprised to find that some of the members failed to vote.

Why Mascagni Wouldn't Play

Mrs. Smith wanted to know the reason of the apparent apathy, and responses were promptly made. One speaker said she objected to so small a minority of the club's members disposing of so important a financial proposition. She protested against action being taken until all the members received notice. Nevertheless the matter was rushed through, and it is said that Mrs. Smith omitted the parliamentary courtesy of calling for the negatives. During the course of her remarks Mrs. Smith stated that the Women's Council had failed in the attempt to give a Mascagni concert in the Pavilion because the maestro didn't like the acoustic properties of the place, and also for the reason that he had misunderstood the nature of the proposed affair. He at first believed that it was intended to give the school teachers and school children a chance to hear his concerts at popular prices. When he learned that it was a scheme to enable the wealthy club women of San Francisco to enjoy the concert at fifty cents a head he was disgusted and called it off. This account of the matter brought a member of the Woman's Council to her feet. She was bristling with indignation and she denied the whole story. She asserted that the project fell through because the Mascagni management wanted to hog the profits. She said that the man-

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agement wanted one thousand dollars in advance and wouldn't allow the affair to be advertised until the very day before it was to take place.

Expecting a Fizzle

And now the members of the California Club who did not attend the meeting are muttering their disapproval of Mrs. Smith's conduct, in rushing through an important business matter at a social session. And they are talking about calling her to account for violating the law. They declare that she has involved the club in a financial tangle because a check for five hundred dollars must be deposited at once, to be followed in a week's time by a cash payment of five hundred before the sale of seats begins. Under the terms of the agreement the club shall not get any of the receipts until after seventeen hundred and fifty dollars shall have been taken in. This sum of course is inclusive of the cash and check deposit, which are to constitute a guarantee. The dissenters say that it is a beautiful scheme for Mascagni and that it is very likely to leave the club poorer in pocket though somewhat wiser.

It's Called Off

So widespread was the alarm occasioned by the members who disapproved of the action taken at the social session that on Thursday, after the foregoing paragraphs had been written, I learned that notices had been sent out to the effect that the concert had been called off. So fierce was the storm that had been raised that the ladies who had mothered the project became fearful of the possible consequences. It was evident to them that the members would not work in harmony for the success of the affair, and therefore they were reluctant to take any chances. There is urgent need for the restoration of the *entente cordiale* in the California Club.

The Timid Mascagni

Sauntering along the city's main thoroughfare early in the week, enjoying the inaudible music of spring and the winelike California weather, watching the while the unconscious comedy of the streets, I chanced upon the magnetic maestro, defenseless, without his body-guard, booting the bituminous rock, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. Now the comedy of it was, that he had no intention of crossing the street. He was merely avoiding the sidewalk. The dangers of bicycle, delivery-wagon, cable-car and man-killing automobile were as nothing to those which beset the dewy-eyed Italian on the street-space reserved for pedestrians. Oh, girls, golden and gray, here as in Italy and in Eden, man is no match for you at close quarters; here as elsewhere, in love's warfare, discretion is undoubtedly the better part of valor.

Bohemian Club Anniversary

The thirty-first anniversary of the Bohemian Club will be commemorated this evening. Whenever the members of the Bohemian Club wish to express their good satisfaction with themselves or with anything that might serve as a pretext for hilarity, they sit down to a "sumptuous repast." That is what some thirty odd surviving founders of the historic club are going to do tonight, and Hugh Burke, the veteran newspaper man, is to preside over the affair. There are not many of the old guard left and though the survivors are all well advanced in years not one of them has lost interest in the anniversary dinner.

Don't Like the Chef

So devoted are the Bohemian Club men to the stomach that they rank their chef as the most important functionary of the institution. When he fails to make good there is trouble. The members are now in open revolt against the chef and doubtless there will soon be a change in the cuisine. The members say that the money saved on a cheap cook is more than lost to the club because the members desert the cafe and bestow their patronage on restaurants where the cooking is of a higher order.

The Breckenridge Tragedy

News of that grim and tragic honeymoon climax in Paris continues to percolate through to the friends of the young couple in this city notwithstanding the efforts of relatives to hush the sad tidings. It was stated in the despatches that Jack Breckenridge's fall from a hotel balcony was accidental and the result of vertigo. There is another version to the effect that he was so melancholy over the prospect of being overcome by the affliction that played such havoc with the lives of his brother and sister that he deliberately sought to end his own life. Moreover it is said that he was severely injured by the fall. Other details of the sad ending of Addie Murphy's honeymoon have reached this city but they are too distressing for publication.

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The Crocker Clan

How pleasant it is to see the doors and windows of the old Crocker home in California street again opened to the light of day. The house was prepared a few weeks ago for the coming of some of the family on one of their rare visits to the coast, and on Monday last Mrs. C. B. Alexander arrived with the intention of making a visit of several months. Mrs. Alexander was accompanied by the Misses McCook, and as Mrs. George Crocker and her daughter, Miss Emma Rutherford, will soon be here, the probability is that there will soon be some entertaining in the old house. I understand that Mrs. Alexander will spend much of her time at Del Monte, to which place she has always been very partial.

Mrs. Samuel Sussman and Miss Marie Louise, her beautiful daughter, have returned from Paso Robles where they had spent a few weeks.

Miss Wilson, Philanthropist

Miss Martha Wilson, a wealthy Chicago girl, is expected in San Francisco next week and the Lenten maids who have been playing Lady Bountiful will have a chance to hear some good advice from Miss Wilson, who is a philanthropist with ideas of her own. She created a sensation in Chicago this winter by turning a frigid shoulder on society and going to work in the Bureau of Associated Charities. Miss Wilson reported for work at the hour when all her friends were enjoying beauty sleep and she was one of the last to leave. She refused the salary the other clerks received but she worked just as hard as though she were a poor girl earning her living. She was assigned the compilation of card catalogues containing the names of the poor families in need of relief. Finally the destitute, relieved and unrelieved were all tabulated and the heiress found that the close confinement had told on her health, so this trip to California is the antidote. She will adjust philanthropy to the "inside" ideas she picked up while working for the Associated Charities. The only wealthy San Francisco girl who takes philanthropy as seriously as that is Miss Hecht, the daughter of Isaac Hecht. Miss Hecht spent a couple of years at Berkeley studying sociology and kindred subjects. I believe she intends to devote her life to the intelligent redress of the needy.

"Your wife is a very shrewd woman."
"I thought so ever since she married me."

Mrs. Danforth Boardman has been kept very busy attending to sick relatives since the beginning of Lent. Both her mother and mother-in-law are afflicted. Mrs. Boardman Sr. has never quite recovered from her serious illness of last summer. She suffers from asthma and as a dry mountain air is essential to her comfort she will not take a house in San Rafael this year. Mrs. Salisbury has also been very ill but is now convalescing.

Gorman at the Helm

The Democratic minority has been badly in need of a head for a long time, and therefore Arthur Pue Gorman was welcomed back with open arms. With Gorman at the head of the minority the Democrats are not likely to be outclassed in the science of statesmanship and the game of practical politics. Senator Gorman is skilled in statecraft and politics, and he is one of the ablest leaders the Democracy ever had at the nation's capital. At times he has been regarded as an available man for the Presidency, but if he were not such a practical politician he would probably stand a better chance for the nomination. But the most serious objection to Gorman is his religion, and in this glorious country, of religious and other kinds of freedom, the brand of a man's theology is of great importance in politics. Mr. Gorman is a Catholic, and for that reason he would not accept the nomination, for he knows he wouldn't stand a chance of being elected. He knows that in this enlightened age bigotry is a factor in politics.

Schmitz and Casey

The supposition in political circles is that as soon as Governor Pardee signs the bill which augments the power of the city's Executive, Mayor Schmitz will retire Mr. Michael Casey to private life. I am of the opinion that he hasn't the courage to do so. Mayor Schmitz has no desire to incur the enmity of the people behind Michael Casey. The latter, by the way, is intent on building up a political machine of his own. He conjures up pleasant visions of himself running for sheriff on the same ticket with Franklin K. Lane, Gavin McNab's choice for Mayor. Strange are the bed-fellows made by politics. It was McNab that advised Mayor Phelan to put police officers on the trucks during the teamsters' strike, a circumstance out of which grew the Labor Party. And now McNab is booming Casey, leader of the Teamsters' Union, for sheriff.

Truxtun Beale left for Washington during the week. He will be married to Miss Oge in April.

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Memories of Adah Menken

Every now and then something occurs to bring up the name of Adah Isaacs Menken. It is not likely that the brilliant, erratic creature will ever be forgotten. The other day in New York Henry Gilsey's collection of Menken souvenirs was put on exhibition for sale. When Gilsey bought those photographs, he said that not for love or money could he be induced to part with them. Gilsey's fad was the collection of Menken photographs and letters. As the actress posed over two hundred and fifty times before the camera and one Birmingham photographer possessed at least one hundred negatives of her beautiful face, the size of the collection may be easily understood. The Gilsey collection contains the photograph of the adorable Adah and Algernon Charles Swinburne, and another with her head resting on the shoulder of Dumas the elder. The career of Adah Isaacs Menken interests Californians particularly, because she was very popular here when she appeared in "Mazeppa" and "The French Spy." Here, too, she met R. H. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr) whom she took for her third husband. She had previously been married to Alexander Isaacs Menken of Nashville, whom she deserted, and John C. Heenan, the prize fighter who deserted her. Later on she went to Europe with James Barkley, the gambler.

She Wrote "Infelicia"

In London Barkley paid the bills while the beautiful Adah dispensed hospitality to Dickens, Swinburne, Charles Reade, Fechter, the Dukes of Edinburg, Wellington and Hamilton and others as famous. Then later in Paris she had the elder Dumas, the Princes Jerome and Lucien, even the third Napoleon among her admirers. But in Paris she also found her finish. For three years her bones lay in Pere La Chaise with only a wooden board as headpiece. Her still devoted friends, Barkley and Ned James, finally had her coffin removed to Mont Parnasse and erected a granite monument over her. The verses "Infelicia," of which the Gilsey collection contains documents that seem to prove conclusively that they were Adah Isaacs Menken's, were edited by Dickens and translated into many languages. One goes:

I look along the columned years,
  And see life's riven fame
Just where it fell, amid the jeers
Of scornful lips, whose mocking sneers
Forever hiss within mine ears
  To break the sleep of pain.

I can but own my life is vain,
  A desert void of peace;
I missed the goal I sought to gain,
I missed the measures of the strain
That lulls fame's fever in the brain
  And bids earth's tumult cease.

Myself! alas for theme so poor!
  A theme but rich in fear;
I stand a wreck on error's shore,
A spectre not within the door.
A houseless shadow evermore—
  An exile lingering here.

Dickman Burlesques Mascagni

At the dinner given for Mascagni at the Bohemian Club, the stunt of Charley Dickman was the hit of the evening. During dinner a burlesque orchestra played burlesque music under the leadership of a burlesque Mascagni in the person of Mr. Dickman, whose make-up and mannerisms were true to life and greatly amused the guest of the evening. Dickman only recently recovered from the serious injuries he received in Monterey a few months ago, in a wrestling bout with Captain Savage of the Fifteenth Infantry. The latter is only half Dickman's size but by a clever trick succeeded in throwing his opponent. The fall broke Dickman's leg in three places. The artist expects to go to Paris in a few weeks for a long stay.

The Widow Tevis

Mrs. Hugh Tevis is up from Coronado where she left her parents. This most interesting of young widows continues to fool the tabbies, who have been trying to arrange matters for her. Mrs. Tevis is not a beauty, her carriage is not graceful nor her voice musical, but she has a fortune that would impart charms of powerful fascination to a woman of far less pleasing personality. Sometimes Mrs. Tevis wears black and sometimes she doesn't, but she always has a great many jewels on exhibition. Her widow's veil has been reduced to the little black chiffon veil that is now the mode, and she has been cutting quite a dash in a stunning black velvet suit.

A Star Business Manager

I don't know what inducements were offered by Belasco and Mayer to E. D. Price to come West and manage their concerns here, but I do know that when he was manager for F. F. Proctor in New York his salary was twelve thousand a year. That was when Proctor's Pleasure Palace had just been erected at a cost of a million dollars, in Fifty-eighth street near Third avenue. Before that Price had been Rice's manager for his Manhattan Beach attractions, and had directed the tours of "1492," "Little Christopher," Mrs. Leslie Carter for two seasons and Richard Mansfield for five. Few men in the theatrical profession have had such varied and interesting experiences as have marked the career of Mr. Price. He knows everybody of prominence on the stage in this country and in England, where he was for a time manager of the London Globe theatre. If he would only write down his reminiscences of early Californian theatricals they would make most entertaining reading. He it was who managed the old California in its starry days, and for four years he was associated with John McCullough. Mr. Price is a college man, having graduated from the University of Michigan thirty-three years ago. From college he went into journalism and thence into theatricals.

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His Distinguished Relatives

Lieutenant "Bobbie" Knox, who is among the military favorites in San Francisco society, is a relative of Knox, the famous hatter. Just what virtue might be argued as possessed by "Bobbie" on account of his kinsmanship with the well-known maker of "toppers" is a mystery but nevertheless whenever he is presented to a woman, his sponsor almost invariably says *sotto voce,* "Related to the hatter, Knox." And such is the fetich of supposed wealth and note that even though the gay lieutenant neither claims nor expects to inherit any of his relative's pelf, yet his consanguinity to the New York hatter has thrown a glamour over his prospects and added to his manly personality and the admitted fascination of brass buttons. All have combined to make the soldier quite a figure in local society.

The Lieutenant and the Lawyer

Knox Maddox goes about with the same people that "Bobbie" Knox mingles with and not infrequently the two are seen together. A society matron who has earned quite a reputation by her unintentional quips and maladroit sayings, knows both the lieutenant and the lawyer slightly, and has now and then mixed them up, calling the son of Mars, Maddox, and the pleader, Knox. A few days ago she eclipsed all her previous efforts. It was at a swagger entertainment and Knox Maddox joined a group of which the matron was the centre. Someone was about to present Maddox to her, when she shook him cordially by the hand and said, "Oh, I know him well. I hope you're well, Mr. Dunlap."

An Army Officer's Downfall

From a Manila correspondent comes a tragic story involving a handsome surgeon-captain of the army, an American woman and a beautiful Spanish senora. Captain Fred Barney was the central figure of the drama. For a brief spell he played the role of lothario, but as a consequence of his philandering he has shed his shoulder-straps and gone into obscurity, and as a result of the gossip his conduct provoked, Miss Harriet Lowery is returning to her home in Cleveland, a mental and physical wreck, while a passionate daughter of Spain mourns a lover's loss, solaced, however, by the memory of a vengeance sated to the utmost. Now that the players of the drama have made their exit the tabbies of the army post are seeking a new shuttlecock for the favorite game of gossip. Manila is the hotbed of gossip, and on fair shoulders in the Pearl of the Orient rests the responsibility for the wrecking of a woman's life.

Perpetuating a Spanish Custom

Captain Barney's downfall was the direct result of a system started by the Spanish conquerors in the Philippines ages ago, but ably perpetuated by Uncle Sam's boys in khaki. This time-honored custom is the taking of a mistress and living in dishonor until marching orders compels a separation. There are not wanting high authorities to defend this ancient usage, some saying it conduces to regularity of habits and discipline in countries where the sun seems never to set, and others alleging that it is the only effective way for the soldiers to master the native language. Certain it is that most of the bachelors of the army learn the language well and promptly. Barney and Miss Lowery were old acquaintances. She had a very good position in the Bureau of the Auditor of the Philippines, and was a pretty and vivacious girl. Barney was a surgeon of merit, debonair and ambitious to rise in the Army. Barney made love to Miss Lowery and she yearned for his heart, but when she found out that Barney was a lothario who spoke his affections wide, she bade him go, and for many months did not see him. Meanwhile Barney had begun to pick up Spanish marvelously. His teacher was Senora Teresa, a widow from Madrid, whose eyes were as black as midnight, and who became fiercely enamored of the Yankee medico.

The Widow's Fierce Attack

One day Miss Lowery fell sick. She was dwelling alone in a tiny casa on the outskirts of Manila, shunning society and her heart's hunger unappeased. She sent for Captain Barney to cure her fever. He prescribed and called again. The case was obstinate and often the surgeon's victoria waited under the dusty cocoanut palms while he ministered to his fair patient. He began to make less progress in the soft speech of Spain, and the widow felt the first tremor of jealousy. She doubted and believed by turn; persuaded by Captain Barney's explanation that he was busy with professional duties, and tortured by suspicion. One day she followed him to Miss Lowery's house and forced her way in. Teresa was like a tigress. She sprang on the American girl and in her jealous rage would have inflicted great damage had not Barney interfered. She then turned on him and left the marks of her white teeth in his flesh. Finally she was carried off by the police. The story became public and Barney left for San Francisco.

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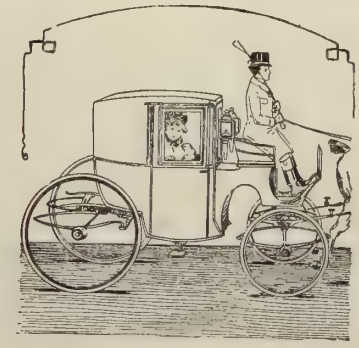

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A Tragic Climax

Meanwhile the story was being discussed all through the army post. Miss Lowery continued to fill her position until one day, a few weeks ago, without warning she drew a revolver and assaulted a clerk named Easthagen. She was arrested and then she complained of conspiracy to ruin her reputation. It was evident that her mind was unbalanced. The unfortunate woman begged to be punished for her effort at murder. She said that her soul had been stolen by scandal mongers. A board composed of Major Carter, Dr. J. Donelan and Dr. W. E. Murgrave were appointed to inquire into her condition and they found that she was not of sound mind. The prosecution was dropped and she left for San Francisco on the last steamer. Miss Lowery is an estimable young woman and she has many sympathizers in Manila.

An Immortal Lyric

The subject of the authorship of the "Punch in the Presence of the Passinjare" jingles is once more up for discussion in the East. Mark Twain was recently referred to in the New York *Sun* as the author of the jingles, whereupon Noah Brooks wrote to the paper and stated that Mark Twain never wrote or suggested a word or a line of the immortal classic. The fact is that they originated in the brain of Isaac H. Bromley, the brother of our "Uncle George" Bromley. A generous but misguided public has long credited Mark Twain with the honor of having written the so-called horsecar poetry and he has always observed a discreet silence on the subject. In the seventies Bromley wrote the true story of the inception and birth of the poem for *Scribner's Monthly.* It appears that one evening while riding to the *Tribune* office in a horse-car with his friend Brooks he suddenly exclaimed: "It's poetry, by George! Brooks, it's poetry." He pointed to the instructions to conductors posted over one of the windows of the car.

"What's poetry?" asked Brooks.

"Why, don't you see?" said Bromley; "the lines are all the same length and all begin with a capital letter. Doesn't that make poetry?"

How It Caught On

There was no resisting the argument and they proceeded to polish the lyric on the spot. It ran:

> The conductor, when he receives a fare
> Will punch in the presence of the passinjare,
> A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
> A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
> A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
> All in the presence of the passinjare.

The chorus, "Punch, boys, punch! punch with care," etc., was added by W. C. Wyckoff, the scientific editor of the *Tribune,* assisted by the late Mayor W. P. Handy. Next it was craftily hidden away one night in the "solid matter" of one of the inside pages of the *Tribune* without any signature or other indication of the associated authorship. The press of the country lighted on the work with its usual avidity. First it was copied as a bit of literary flotsam and jetsam, then it was parodied, imitated, set to music and hailed as the foundation of a rare and beautiful department of lyric verse. As Brooks says, "It took possession of the popular fancy like a nightmare, or we might say like an epidemic. As one of the historians of the period said, 'It was the one touch of horse-car poetry that made the whole world kin.'"

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

Lehr in Ladies' Hose

Since his marriage Harry Lehr has not sustained his record as a creator of sensations for the delectation of New York's smart set, and as a consequence his prestige has been on the decline. But the other day he produced a slight ripple of interest at Newport by making his appearance in public in girls' patent leather Oxford ties, with the regulation high French heel, and bow on instep. His hose were ladies' open-work drop-stitch silk embroidered in red flowers. The probability is that he also wore lingerie and that on his person were other exhibits that are usually regarded as symptoms of degeneracy.

The Burdick Tragedy

The mystery surrounding the death of Edwin L. Burdick of Buffalo was farther from solution than ever after the tragedy that ended the lives of Arthur Pennell and his wife. The violent death of Pennell at a time when suspicion was pointing in his direction was reminiscent of a murder mystery that created a big sensation in this city some years ago, in which a State Senator was involved. A woman had been mysteriously murdered, and shortly after the Senator was thrown out of his buggy and fatally injured. Thereupon the police ceased to look for the murderer of the woman. The work of the Buffalo police is very amusing. One of the theories is that the man was killed with a cocktail bottle and the police decided to search the sewers for it, as though they expected to find the murderer's name blown in the fragments. The bland innocence of the Buffalo police is similar to that of our own city. Most criminals are caught nowadays by stumbling into jail.

Circumstances of the Crime

The victim of the Buffalo tragedy was a wealthy man who had sued his wife for divorce. On the night of the murder the only persons supposed to be in the Burdick residence were the man's mother-in-law, Mrs. Hull, an aged woman, two servants and the children, the oldest of whom

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is a girl of fifteen. Mrs. Burdick was at Atlantic City. On the morning after the murder, Burdick, who was to have gone to his business early, did not appear at the breakfast table. Oppressed by fear that something dreadful had occurred, Mrs. Hull sent for the family physician, who found the body lying under a quilt on a sofa and covered with pillows as if to conceal it. On the head were three wounds and the skull was fractured. Neither Mrs. Hull nor the servants had heard a sound during the night, nor had they seen any one enter the house. A drawer in a bureau was found open and the papers in it were scattered about. This gave rise to a theory that the murderer had taken compromising letters away. Robbery was not the motive, for no valuables were missed. It was evidently a crime of jealousy, vengeance or desperation. The probabality is that it was committed by a man because it is not likely that a woman would beat a man's brains out. Whoever committed the deed took away the weapon with which it was done.

The police are of the opinion that a woman committed the crime, but the people of Buffalo suspected Pennell from the beginning owing to the fact that he was involved in the divorce suit. Hence they were convinced that his death was suicidal. The mystery is as dense at this time as it was when the crime was first reported.

Bitter Quarrel Among Churchmen

That's a pretty mess that has been stirred up in the Episcopal church by the Rev. William Bollard of Vallejo, who wants the Right Reverend William H. Moreland, Missionary Bishop of Sacramento, removed for violating canon law. It's too bad that churchmen cannot keep their troubles out of the newspapers. A row such as the one precipitated by the Vallejo minister is most discreditable to all concerned. It savors of a political rumpus and betrays a lack of Christian forbearance that is positively shocking. The Rev. Bollard's spirits were wounded because the Bishop alienated about forty members of his flock and consequently reduced his revenues. A nice thing for clergymen to quarrel over! And so bitter is the quarrel between the clergymen that an effort is being made to besmirch the character of Bishop Moreland. One should think that respect for the church should restrain Senior Warden Thayer from charging the Bishop with being a liar, but it didn't. He asserts that to magnify the work done in St. Luke's Dr. Moreland reported that there were nearly one thousand communicants, whereas there were not over seven hundred and fifty. Merely a bit of exaggeration on the part of the reverend gentleman, but now he is called upon to defend himself against the charge of having practiced vulgar deception.

His Residence Provoked Criticism

Bishop Moreland, by the way, has had trouble before. Some time ago he had a fine residence built in Sacramento, and at once he found himself the subject of adverse criticism. There were "knockers" in church circles in Sacramento who asserted that a Missionary Bishop should give good example by devoting his surplus coin to the aid of the Episcopal missions. Bishop Moreland, however, has other views on the subject. He thinks that a Bishop of the church should have a residence in keeping with the dignity of his office. And why not?

Mrs. Andrew B. McCreery, who has been passing a month in Paris, has gone to Italy to be present at the Easter service. Mrs. McCreery is the mother of Richard McCreery, who married Miss Edith Kip of New York. I hear that friends have brought the young McCreerys together and that the husband arrived in New York in time for his mother-in-law's funeral.

"Wine, cards and women are the world's three ways to ruin."
"Why mention wine and cards?"

The All Important Corset

The dressmakers are sitting in solemn convention once more, discussing some of the most sacred, interesting, fascinating and important of mysteries. And the ears of the feminine world are close to the ground, while profane man holds aloof and wonders. It appears there are to be no startling innovations in the near future. The line of beauty has undergone many modifications from the time of the "Grecian bend" of the seventies down to the "Kangaroo bend" of today, but the woman of fashion is not to be required to adjust her shape divine to any new wrinkles. There is something that she should acquire, however, and that is the knack of putting her corset on properly. The consensus of opinion at the convention is that this knack is possessed by not more than woman in fifty. It appears that everything in the matter of style depends on the adjustment of the corset. There is a way of getting into it, and distributing the flesh, that sets off a woman's figure to the greatest advantage. If she doesn't know the way no dressmaker on earth can make her look stylish. Miss White, the president of the convention, declared at the session some months ago, that she never goes out without meeting women that she would like to drag into a doorway and adjust their corsets for them.

Mrs. McCalla and her daughters, who have been passing the winter at the Richelieu, have gone over to Buena Yerba to remain for the summer.

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Woman Shocks Club Men

These are troublous times at the Cosmos Club, and a baby's first tooth is not more of an innovation than that now agitating the members. Ever since the club's foundation it has been the unwritten rule that womankind, lovely, and other brands, should be rigorously excluded from the sacred portals of the building dedicated to commerce and the army. About six weeks ago a prominent member of the club was taken seriously ill in the building, and, without asking leave of the governing body his physician installed a bewitching trained nurse from the Waldeck in his patient's apartments. Under her ministrations the invalid speedily recovered, but just as the fair handmaid of hygeia was preparing to vacate, another member was taken ill, so she stayed. He recovered just in time to yield his place to a third invalid. Miss Hygeia is still on deck at the club. The old-timers, headed by John O. D. Greene, do not approve of the club being transformed into a sanitarium, and the committee is now grappling with this momentous problem.

Our Boulevard System

For many years the military authorities at the post and Department Headquarters have made efforts to secure an appropriation for beautifying the Presidio reservation, their desire being to secure more picturesque effects in the reservation limits by establishing a more artistic system of landscape gardening. A small appropriation is now available and will be expended in furtherance of the plans of the authorities. Delightful as the drives in the reservation now are, in a few years there will be great improvement and the Presidio reservation will rank with the finest parks in the country. By that time San Francisco will have a system of boulevards extending from the Golden Gate on the north to Lake Merced on the South, including the drives of Golden Gate Park, the Presidio and the Ocean Highway, which will surpass any other in the country. And by the way it is to be hoped that the suggestion made some years ago that the Lake Merced tract be purchased by the city and converted into a public park has not been forgotten. The purchase of that property and the gift of it to the city would be a masterly achievement for one of our millionaires anxious to perpetuate his name.

The Rev. Hillis's Book

So we are to be vouchsafed a session with that aristocratic divine, Newell Dwight Hillis, who is known to fame as the successor to Henry Ward Beecher. A short while ago the Rev. Hillis was deploring the state of the book market and regretting that the price of books was falling. He was greatly in fear that books would soon be sold for fifteen cents apiece, "and then," he exclaimed, "God help us." The distinguished divine has a book on the market now, and fifteen cents would be a stiff price to pay for it, though it is catalogued at one dollar and a half. He calls it "The Quest for Happiness." Dr. Hillis is a success at delivering flowery sermons in which the embroidery covers the fabric, and his audiences sit in rapt attention to his words without concerning themselves about his ideas or lack of them. It is another matter to put his addresses into cold type, and have them analyzed in the process of careful reading. He blandly states, among other things, that all the great minds, from Homer and St. Paul down to Shakespeare and Browning, were children of exultant joy. How about Dante, Milton, Goethe and Carlyle? Incidentally he betrays a woful ignorance of the flora and fauna of South Africa, draws his simile of the resurrection of the body from seed rotting in the ground after it is planted, informs us that Handel composed symphonies, and that in the library of the Vatican there is a copy of the works of Dante written out in long-hand by Plutarch. The reverend doctor should refrain from rushing into print.

To banish the blues drink Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve bourbon or rye.

Versatile Willie

Emperor William is undoubtedly desirous of cultivating the friendship of this country. Not satisfied with presenting the statue of an ancestor to the country, sending over his brother as a token of esteem and having a German yacht built by an American firm, he has named a yacht the "Alice Roosevelt" by way of compliment to the President's daughter. The German potentate is surely a most adroit diplomat. Indeed he is a brilliant personage who, if he had been less versatile and more reposeful, might have been written down a genius. As it is public opinion is inclined to ascribe artificiality to a monarch who writes dramas, preaches on the Divine authorship of the Bible, paints, shoots, fences, photographs, sails his own yachts, plays ping-pong, composes operatic scores, plans a navy, dominates an army and designs his wife's frocks. Of late his versatility is exhibiting itself in a somewhat grotesque manner. Only the other day in discussing the Bible, he asserted with considerable aplomb that his grandfather was the mouthpiece of the Almighty, and he was prepared to prove it, no doubt having in view the canonization of William I. There may be a method in the Emperor's theology. Perhaps he hopes to induce the inference that he himself enjoys the benefit of Divine inspiration.

Connie's Olive Branch

The Countess of Orkney who, after eleven years of marriage, has presented her husband with their first child, is an excellent exemplification of the revised saw that reformed flirts make the best wives. There was a terrible to-do in London society when the young Earl of Orkney married Connie Gilchrist, who for years had been the intimate friend of the old Duke of Beaufort. A standing conundrum in the London clubs for years was, "What does K. G. mean after the Duke of Beaufort's name?" The answer was, "Konnie Gilchrist." Connie was for years one of the prettiest girls of the Gaiety. The Duke of Beaufort established her in a smart Hampstead house and later in

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a mansion in Manchester street. Then she met young Orkney, the scion of a noble Scotch family, who succeeded his uncle to the earldom in 1889. The wedding attracted all London, the ceremony being performed at All Souls' and the aged protector of the bride giving her away. The happy pair enjoyed a bridal tour of the continent. Of late years they have lived almost entirely in the country, the Countess being a daring equestrienne. She is a very amiable woman and though about forty now is said to be still very attractive.

The Murphys of London

According to the despatches from London, Madame Vincente de Dominguez is now holding the centre of the social stage in the British metropolis. And they state that she was "formerly Miss Helene Murphy of New York." The correspondents are no doubt unaware of the fact that she was originally from this city, where her father made his money in trade, being one of the founders of the dry-goods house of Murphy, Grant & Co. He was also a Marquis, the title having been bestowed by Pope Pius IX in recognition of his generosity to the Catholic church. Several of the Murphy children shook the dust of San Francisco from their feet years ago, and expatriated themselves. The eldest girl married the scion of a noble British house, a bona fide baronet. Samuel Murphy levanted to London to avoid a breach-of-promise damage suit threatened by a certain May Deering. He joined the British army and became a most ardent subject of the Crown. Some years ago he fought a duel with a Frenchman who had made disparaging remarks about Queen Victoria. Through this incident he achieved great notoriety, and he was again before the public when his ex-wife, who married Captain Jenner, son of the Court Physician, sued him for alimony. He swore that he didn't have a cent and that he gave the bulk of his two hundred thousand dollar inheritance to his brother Dan. Some years ago when the Murphy estate was involved in litigation the letters of the Murphy girls enlivened the prosaic court proceedings. Helene's letters established for her a reputation as a wit. Her satirical criticisms of San Francisco society afforded people a deal of amusement.

Rise of the Prices

Theodore Price, the New York broker who made five millions in cotton the other day, is the clever operator with whom the Crockers were associated at the time of the crash that wrecked the firm of Price, McCormick & Co. a few years ago. He is a brother of Walter Price, who worked as a reporter on local papers several years ago. The latter is now manager for Laidlaw & Co., the Wall street bankers, and he is also one of the most popular club men in New York.

One More Link

The marriage of Mr. Reginald Bonner of New York with Miss Effie Caesar, which took place last week, is another link in the chain connecting the Vanderbilts with San Francisco, for the groom is a cousin of Charles Bonner, Stella Locan and Geraldine Bonner, the novelist. His father made millions in Wall street, and the Bonners are among the Four Hundred of Staten Island where the Caesars always lived. Miss Caesar is the granddaughter of Captain Jacob Vanderbilt, the brother of the Commodore. The Jacob Vanderbilts were the first of the clan to break into society and for a time they looked down on the very rich Commodore and his family. The Bonners and Vanderbilts have been friends for three generations. The George Vanderbilts and Mrs. Schiefflin were at the wedding and gave magnificent presents.

Off to the Orient

Among the passengers on the *Siberia* that started for the Orient on Thursday were Dr. Woolsey of Oakland and New Clough, the well known newspaper man. They purpose making a tour of the Orient together, Woolsey as a Government medical inspector and Clough as a newspaper correspondent. Both are well supplied with passports and letters calculated to establish cordial relationship with officials in the Philippines and dignitaries in China and Japan. Clough is one of the most brilliant newspaper men in this country, and there is not a more facile or powerful writer on the press. He expects to spend a year in travel, and during that period he will do considerable important work for the Hearst newspapers, and some special correspondence for *Town Talk*. Incidentally he will gather material for a book to be published on his return.

Frank Unger writes to his Bohemian Club friends that he is enjoying the best yachting time of his life. The party left Charleston, S. C., about the middle of January and have since visited all the scenes of the late Cuban war. In San Juan they were entertained by Colonel Buchanan and other officers and had an automobile ride to Ponce, on the other side of the island.

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Passing of a Pioneer Teacher

There were many of Mrs. Etta M. Baumgardner's former pupils at her funeral on Wednesday, but not so many considering that before her retirement from the school department she had taught consecutively for over thirty years at the Denman school. She had an immense collection of photographs of her ex-pupils, many of whom after leaving school became prominent in the arts or professions or in society. Among them were Belle Brooks, the beautiful blonde who married Jack Reis; Charlotte Thompson, the playwright; Mabel Love, now Eleanor Kent of the comic opera stage; Irene Crowell, who married Alpheus Bull; Bessie Hooker, now Mrs. George Lent, and her sister Jennie; Lilian Harris, who married Robert McElroy; Ethel Corlette, the daughter of "Silver Pen," the pioneer of women paragraphers here, and who went abroad and into grand opera; Ailene Ivers, now Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson, one of the recognized beauties of the New York swim; Cora Thomas, who married Wakefield Baker; Cora Smedburg and the Hooper girls. Mrs. Baumgardner came to California in early days, on the same steamer that brought Cornelius Cole, later U. S. Senator from California. She had a fund of good stories that she used to tell her pupils, and she had a very nimble wit. A few months before her death she met at a reception one of her former pupils. The latter told her that she was now a space writer, being paid by the story and sometimes by the line:

"Oh, in the latter case," said Mrs. Baumgardner, "why not try and get in long words—tintinnabulation, for instance, should not be overlooked."

For Sweet Charity

There is one Lenten penance that a coterie of young society people delight in. That is making a dainty little sacque for every tot in the Children's Hospital to put on Easter morning. Laura Bates pioneered the idea several years ago and the custom seems to have a longer lease of life than most fads. The Hopkins girls, Caro Crockett, Mary Scott, Carrie Taylor and several other girls of that set were the original "Dorcases" who pricked their fingers on the little jackets. Most of the girls are married now and have bairns of their own but they still do this pretty bit of Lenten sewing for the sake of sweet charity.

A Sensational Episode in Church

On a fashionable avenue of our city stands a smart-set church, presided over by a young minister of parts. Thither of a Sunday flock fair saints and sinners, seeking grace in goodly gowns, worshipful as is the way of women. Lately, this magnetic man of God has lost considerable interest in adoring and adorable eyes by taking unto himself a wife. Last Sabbath, however, he had preached himself back again into his old place in the hearts of his hearers; a moving hymn had just been sung; and the congregation, awed and inspired, was awaiting the benediction. Suddenly, in the hush, a young man, impelled by religious excitement beyond the bounds of propriety, cried aloud: "Glory be to God—I have found him!" Such a breach of good breeding must not go unrebuked; a fellow guilty of such a gaucherie as that must be summarily punished! Accordingly, the modern interpreter of Love turned upon the primitive Christian and said, in accents appropriate to the words: "Put that man out." There was a stifling silence, in which Religion fled the place, shuddering. The atmosphere became that of a bar-room. But no man moved. "Mr. S——," bellowed the bully in the pulpit, addressing by name one of the church officials, "the service (divine?) cannot proceed. Show that man the door!" Silence again for insufferable seconds. Heedless of the ministerial mandate, Mr. S—— kept his place. So did every other man. "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!" What a blessing! The congregation dispersing gathered about the door. The young man whom God had moved to forget his manners walked quietly down the aisle to the altar rails and knelt there. The boor in office turned his back upon him.

What Would Christ Have Done?

From the foregoing it appears that the story on the Episcopal church told here by Booker Washington was not without foundation in fact. Of a truth, so long as the present incumbent keeps the pulpit and the peace, the "divine" drawing-room in Van Ness avenue is no place in which to find the gentle Jesus. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that a clergyman, in proving the rarity of Christian charity under the sun, is not about his proper business. Without asking, What would the rare Gentleman of Nazareth have done under the circumstances? would it not have been less vulgar, more tactful, better manners as well as better morals, to have raised hushing hands, pronounced the benediction sweetly and solemnly,

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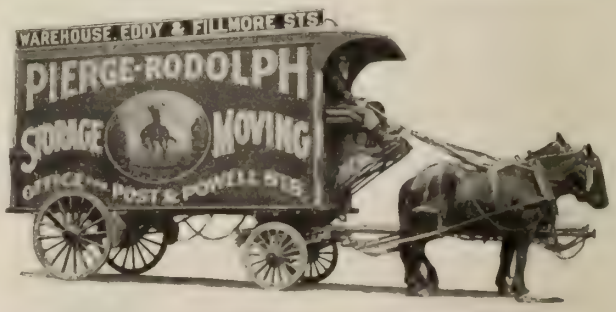

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and thus brought the young man to his senses (if that were so very necessary) and the service to a divine close? I do not wish to put myself into the same pulpit with the minister of parts, and I have already made use of two words which, though well on the soft side of the facts, may yet, coming from one condemning harshness, themselves sound somewhat harsh; but I must say this, that to me there is more religious inspiration in a meadow-lark's spring song than in the sermons of such Christian clergymen, and I think they made a bad bargain who last Sunday exchanged the sweet sunshine of God's gracious out-of-doors for the very dim religious light of that fashionable church on that smart-set avenue. If the young man really found Christ there (and for my part I believe that he did), it was for this very good reason, that Christ had come in with him.

Stevens Interviews Gillette

An interview between Ashton Stevens, dramatic critic, and William Gillette, actor and playwright, was to have been one of the star features of tomorrow's *Examiner*. Mr. Stevens's interviews with player folks are always highly entertaining, and I believe that he would have eclipsed his previous performances in his account of his chat with Mr. Gillette if it hadn't been for one thing. The interview took place in the thespian's dressing-room while the hawkshaw was waiting between acts for the plot to thicken, and Stevens secured material for one of the best newspaper stories that was ever written about a theatrical star. He was very much gratified over his success in eliciting such a breezy story from the communicative actor, but as they were parting Mr. Gillette remarked:

"Of course, nothing that I have said is for publication."

The dramatic critic opened his eyes in surprise.

"We were just having a little friendly chat," said the actor, "and of course I would not consent to the publication of anything that I have said. I have never been interviewed for publication."

That was all. Ashton Stevens has the story, but the *Examiner* readers are not to be regaled with it.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs are going to Colusa during the month of April to spend some time in the old home of Mrs. Tubbs, who by the way, recently inherited a million dollars from her father. She made her debut in society here at Mr. Greenway's dancing club, about ten years ago. There was great rivalry for her hand until Mr. Tubbs carried off the prize.

Final arrangements for the marriage of Miss Gertie Carroll and Mr. George Hall have been delayed by the very serious illness of Mrs. Carroll. She had a severe attack of pneumonia but is now convalescing.

Mrs. Theodore Smith is spending a season in Brooklyn and New York.

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In the Service

Colonel Charles R. Greenleaf, U. S. A. retired, and Mrs. Greenleaf, who now make their home in Berkeley, are preparing to welcome their only daughter who a few years ago became the wife of assistant Surgeon Henry S. Page, U. S. A. Doctor Page has been stationed at Fortress Monroe of late, but has received orders to report for duty at San Francisco. He will be stationed at Fort Mason. The coming of Doctor Page also means the departure of Doctor Newgarden, than whom no more genial and esteemed gentleman is to be found in army circles. He has endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact and will be missed by the officers and men at Fort Mason.

The Joe Tobins are at the Crossroads, Burlingame, for the early season.

The Rose

Light from rubies, caught and held
In each petal. From its bosom
Sweet, seductive perfume welled.

Careless, winged a butterfly,
Passes near the siren's beauty,
Loiters, trembles—flutters by.

Wheeling on uncertain wing
Back he flies, now unresisting—
Back to woo; to love; to cling.

He, replete with love, ne'er guessed,
Yesterday the bee was fondled
Close within that scarlet breast.

That tomorrow would be heard,
Not unwillingly, the pleading
Of impassioned humming-bird.

Mabel Porter Pitts.

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To Trouville by Balloon

Paul La Morlaye was most unhappy: Madame La Morlaye—the beautiful Helen, as she was called at Honfleur—had again refused him permission to go to Trouville, the pretext for the refusal being that he would ogle the women, and waste the family revenues in his ungovernable passion for gambling.

The situation was indeed trying. There on the quay was a superb boat, getting up steam, and almost ready to start. La Morlaye's handsome face clouded as he watched it: "Ah! if Helen would only be reasonable," he sighed, "in twenty minutes, after a most delightful voyage, I should land on that blessed shore of Trouville—in that beloved Casino." Then he sighed again, and looked longingly across the water.

Indeed when the weather was clear and bright he could see the gaily decked terrace of the Casino, and the gleaming streamers of its oriflambs; at night when the illuminations sparkled out against the dark blue sky, he fancied that he caught, notwithstanding the distance, whiffs of light music, in the ocean breeze, like the refrains of a gay quadrille. It was the torture of Tantalus.

Helen, however, had said no, and when Helen said no with a capital N there was nothing to do but submit—to remain at Honfleur, with no other distraction than the coming and going of fishing-boats, the principal industry of this sequestered little canton, varied at times by the arrival of bathers, who came to eat the traditional breakfast at Havre de Grace.

Poor La Morlaye had exhausted every possible argument to induce Helen to allow him to go to Trouville, and Lieutenant Rouflard, a dashing custom-house officer, the devoted admirer of Helen, had interceded many times with her to allow Paul to go to Trouville as often as he desired. He even added that these absences would afford him a truly personal pleasure.

Helen listened to Rouflard's arguments with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes. One evening when he had been unusually eloquent, she drew herself up, and said to him with a certain hauteur: "Your society, Monsieur Rouflard, is most agreeable, and you are the handsomest man at Honfleur, where officers are rare, but you must remember that I have pledged my faith to Paul; as long as he lives, you understand, I shall be a faithful wife, and I shall take measures to have him remain a faithful husband."

Rouflard bowed submissively. He secretly hoped, however, that the day would come when he would be in a position to exact duty from—the imperious Helen.

Meanwhile La Morlaye, sullenly promenading the quay, bit his lips, and tried to restrain his rage. His thwarted desire to go to Trouville had passed into a state of obsession. Suddenly he perceived a flaring poster which read:

"For the benefit of the Saint-Gervais victims, Monsieur Mazagran, the celebrated aeronaut, will make this afternoon an ascension from the public square at Honfleur. In the course of this ascension he will experiment with the aerial Salvor (his own invention), a certain parachute, which permitting him to open the valve, renders the balloon attractable, so that he can land wherever he wishes, with absolute safety."

La Morlaye read and re-read the poster. Evidently here was an unlooked-for exit from Honfleur. The sea, however, was inconveniently near, and the last balloon catastrophe was still fresh in the minds of many. Upon this occasion there was also a husband, who was unable to join his wife for many days. . . . Still, he did not meet death. There was consolation in that consideration.

At breakfast La Morlaye appeared distracted and preoccupied. Suddenly he asked Helen if she would accompany him to the Mazagran ascension.

"Willingly, dearest. It gratifies me to see that you are interested in scientific pleasures—so vastly preferable to those unwholesome ones at the Casino. Besides, Lieutenant Rouflard has offered me his arm. He assures me that the affair will be most interesting."

"Yes, it will be deucedly interesting," snapped Paul, "for the atmosphere has cooled and there is a spanking breeze from the sea."

At five o'clock all the inhabitants of Honfleur had assembled in the public square. Seated on chairs, in the first row, directly behind the enclosure reserved for the aeronaut, and marked off by a rope, were Monsieur and Madame La Morlaye, accompanied by Lieutenant Rouflard.

The Himalaya, held by ten sailors, swayed majestically in the air, while Monsieur Mazagran in an admiral's cap, his redingote brilliant with a constellation of unknown decorations, moved excitedly about, calling for his travelling companion, Monsieur Anquetil, who had begged to share his voyage.

Suddenly the crowd fell back, and a tall soldierly gendarme appeared.

"Captain Mazagran," said he, raising his hand, in military fashion, to his bicorned hat, "your expected companion, Monsieur Anquetil, requests me to tell you that owing to the violence of the wind, he prefers not to embark."

In a second, the crowd was in an uproar. Amid the general hubbub and confusion, which followed, hisses came from all sides for the delinquent Anquetil: "The coward! the wretch! the cheat! the sissy!" yelled the disappointed spectators.

Mazagran, standing erect, his constellation of unknown decorations blazing in the sunlight, surveyed the crowd, with the coolness of a melodramatic hero. Finally he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the situation is indeed vexatious. I had ballasted for two passengers. However, during the course of my professional career, I have never yet disappointed an audience, and shall not do so today." (Applause from the crowd.) Mazagran bowed profoundly.

After a short pause he asked, "Does anyone here present wish to accompany me? No? Very well, then I shall depart alone." He jumped lightly into the basket. With his left hand, he seized the small tri-colored flag, with which he intended giving the signal for departure. Just then he saw La Marlaye, who had leaped to his side. Pale and half breathless, like a man who had suddenly taken a grave resolution, he said excitedly: "Monsieur Mazagran, I shall accompany you."

"Paul!" screamed Helen, frantically waving her white parasol, "Are you crazy? Get out of that balloon instantly."

"Bravo!" shouted Lieutenant Rouflard by way of encouragement to Paul," it is a most brave act." "Let her loose," cried Mazagran. The sailors dropped the ropes. The Himalaya arose majestically in the air amid the applause of the crowd, while Mazagran waved his tri-colored flag, while Rouflard saluted Paul with his Repi, while the beautiful Helen swooned away at her husband's unexpected rebellion.

"I think," said Mazagran, to his new-found companion, as they shot skyward, "that we are going to have a fine voyage. Indeed, I should not be surprised if we slept tonight at Folkestone."

"Great God! Captain," said La Morlaye, turning deathly pale,

This cold weather, grip is warded off by taking Chapin & Gore's whiskies.

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"I do not wish to be exacting, I read your poster in which you declared that you would anchor wherever you wished. Anquetil was right. The wind is really violent, and appears to come from the land, which is probably propitious for a journey to Folkestone, but nevertheless, it is unquieting to me. I do not desire to experience the fate of the men in the Jupiter. I wish simply to alight at the Roches-Noires to go to Trouville."

"To Trouville!" excitedly exclaimed Mazagran. "Why it wasn't worth while for you to embark. Besides the Himalaya will be very much unballasted."

"I implore you to allow me to land," pleaded La Morlaye. "Ah! if you only knew the grave interests at stake. I shall lose thousands of francs, if I fail to keep my appointment."

The aeronaut turned, and closely scrutinized his companion's face. Its genuinely woe-begone expression conquered him.

"You did well to recall the catastrophe of the Jupiter," he said. "With this temperature, the ascension today is not without a certain danger. I have no right to exact from you an act of heroism. I shall permit you to descend."

They were just passing over Villerville.

Captain Mazagran opened the valve, and the Himalaya descended on an eminence, about two hundred metres from the Maison-Persane, the Princess de Segan's villa.

He cast the anchor near a tall apple-tree. La Morlaye slid down and took gaily the road which led to the promised land, while the unballasted balloon, with vertiginous celerity, shot vertically into the air and soon disappeared in the direction of the northwest.

Two days later, Lieutenant Rouflard called on Helen. He found her in tears.

"My dear Helen," he said tenderly, "I have distressing news. However, anything is better than the suspense in which you live. The papers have just announced that the Himalaya has been found without passengers, stranded on the coast of Dover. The basket contains only a few shells."

Helen sank back on the divan. "I am a widow," she sobbed. "Ah, my dear, dear darling Paul, who will ever replace you in my affections?"

"Will you not allow me, darling, to console you for the almost irreparable loss?" pleaded the handsome Rouflard, putting his arm around her waist. "Remember your promise, to intrust your happiness to me should anything ever happen to Paul."

"You unfeeling monster," cried Helen, withdrawing herself from Rouflard's embrace, her dark eyes flashing fire. "You encouraged him to go to his death."

"I?" exclaimed the astonished lieutenant.

"Yes, you. Didn't you scream 'Bravo'?"

"To be sure I did. But only to quiet your fears and to induce you to think that the voyage was without danger."

"Then I have wronged you," sobbed Helen.

Rouflard took her in his arms like a tender mother quieting her child to sleep. When he bade good-bye, it was as her lover and the guardian of her future happiness.

Ten minutes later, Helen opened the following telegram:

"Himalaya wrecked at sea. Picked up by the sloop Mary Ann, and taken to Trouville. Will arrive at Honfleur at three.

"Paul."

Promptly at the hour named, the gay La Morlaye, after a two days' variegated honeymoon at Trouville, entered Honfleur triumphantly on the arm of the brave Mazagran, amidst the lusty cheers of two rows of enthusiastic citizens.

That evening at dinner as Monsieur and Madame La Morlaye sat vis-a-vis, they scrutinized each other stealthily from out of the corners of their eyes: Paul persuaded that he had played an excellent joke on Helen, and Helen instinctively seeking to divine the cause of the changed expression on Paul's face.

—Adapted from the French by Beatrice Hastings.

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The next bottle of whisky you buy resolve to try the "Jesse Moore." You've heard it was the best; prove it by practical test.

Prominent among the names on the passenger list of the *Siberia* on her initial trip to the Orient were the names of the members of Collver's Foreign Tours. These Tours are operated under the Nippon-California Tour Company, a local corporation, which is fast coming to the front as an opposition and an active one to the older Tour Companies. General and Mrs. Blackmap, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus D. Roys, Mrs. C. F. Holt, Mrs. M. V. Wolcott, Miss F. R. Brewer, Miss E. E. Wolcott and others, prominent in Eastern society circles, figured under the escortage of Mr. L. L. Collver, who is the Eastern manager of the company, with headquarters at Boston.

Society Interviewer: "I suppose dinners in Washington, D. C., are much more elaborate than here.

Miss Shekels: Perhaps, but not so enjoyable. The guests take so much time disputing who's to go in first that, for my part, I was nearly starved when I got there.

Ernest C. Peixotto, illustrator and writer, gives in Sunset Magazine for March, "Italy's Message to California." The article is accompanied by seven full page drawings. Other matter of interest in the magazine includes, "Texas Petroleum Fields," by Professor Edmond O'Neill, of the University of Calfiornia; a paper on rain by Professor Alexander McAdie, of the United States Weather Bureau, and some striking drawings by L. Maynard Dixon illustrating "Bronco Harry's Cinch," an epic of the cowboys.

"I made a great sacrifice last night on the altar of friendship."

"What did you do?

"I attended Mrs. Swellum's musicale and listened to some third-rate music performed by some fourth-rate amateurs."

LONE MOUNTAIN'S WEALTH.

Lone Mountain is fast becoming the centre point of interest among Tonopah investors. Several good strikes have been made of late, that of the Princess Maude Gold Mining Company promising unusual results, the surface cropping running to very high-grade ore with excellent indication of "Gold" as the work progresses. This stock has just been put on the market and is a very good buy at the present time.

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STAGE

Gillette's Masterly Melodrama

"Sherlock Holmes" is polite and repressed melodrama. It is melodrama without the noise and the other accessories. The plot is as far from real life as a fairy tale, but it is one of the most plausible of improbable and impossible plays. All through it you are hoping for the thing to be done which would be the most natural under the circumstances, and when it isn't done it suddenly occurs to you that if it had been done, the development of the plot might have been retarded. And when you stop to consider that the play is the dramatization of one man, and an impossible man at that, you marvel at the achievement. William Gillette has blown the breath of life into Conan Doyle's wonderful detective, and he has succeeded in making him as interesting in action on the stage as he is in the book. And when on the stage he keeps the play comparatively sane even in its wildest and most impossible moments. Indeed the play has few lucid intervals, and yet it holds you. No matter how blase you may be, or how inclined you are to guy the villain or the hero in the ordinary blood-and-thunder melodrama, you cannot restrain yourself from seriously sitting up and taking notice as the plot unfolds itself. You follow the fortunes of the detective and the efforts to outwit him as you did the blood-curdling incidents of "Old Sleuth" in the days when Beadle's yellow-backed dime novels were your favorite literature. The success of the play is largely due to the skill of the company. William Gillette does not fit Sherlock Holmes any more snugly than does each of the other players the role he or she impersonates. Herbert Percy is Conan Doyle's "Doctor Watson" to the life, and Ralph Delmore is so peculiarly adapted for the James Larrabee of the play that one wonders whether the part was written for him. Ida Conquest has not much to do but she is sufficiently reposeful for the role of Alice Faulkner. Alida Cortelyou, as the wife of the beetle-browed blackmailer, gives a spirited performance, and has all the dash and grace that a woman should have to co-operate successfully with a rascal of the Larrabee order.

Hastings in an Old Role

When Henry Miller disguised his youthful beauty—that was a good many years ago—under the gray wig and wrinkles of Mr. Brabazon the matinee girls scarcely recognized him. It would have been the same thing with Ernest Hastings, had not the matinee brood seen him before under an old man make-up. Hastings does well with the part of Brabazon, which is the star role in "Sowing the Wind.' There's a deal of opportunity in the part to show one's command of expression, and the scene where he finds that the fair Rosamond is his own daughter is finely done. Miss Hunt is sweet and girlishly charming as Rosamond and Mr. Morrison is a bright and lovable Ned. The other parts are in good hands.

Oza and Her Hubbies

The third divorce of Oza Waldrop, the ingenious ingenue of the Alcazar, passed off as quietly as a shot-gun election in a Southern district. If any animosities were developed they have been decorously and discreetly draped with the veil of secrecy. The gentleman from whom Miss Waldrop was twice divorced previous to her trial trip on the troubled matrimonial seas certainly cherishes no resentment. He bought a big block of seats for last Monday night when she appeared as the frivolous Maude Fretwell in Sidney Grundy's sex problem play, "Sowing the Wind." His flowers were the fairest and most fragrant of those received by Miss Oza over the footlights, and he was the most demonstrative man in the audience. Her latest divorced husband was not present or represented by floral tributes, but his absence was not significant, for his predecessor knew her longer and it may be presumed has a finer appreciation of her sterling qualities as wife and artist. At all events he is somewhat imbued with the calm philosophy of the complaisant No. 1 in "The Husband of Leontine," which curiously enough goes next. In a thoughtful discussion of the divorce he amiably remarks:

"Divorce breaks the marriage but when one has been married and has loved a woman and lived with her, even if you have suffered it is all very well to be free again, but nevertheless you cannot help feeling a sort of sympathy for her, just as you would for a pet canary even if it had pecked you severely, and if one is kind-hearted it is not easy to refuse a lump of sugar."

Connoisseurs of perfect goods appreciate "Jesse Moore" Whiskey for its purity and delightful flavor. It is without a peer.

Corianton

"Corianton" at the California is an ambitious play founded on a story taken from the "Book of Mormon." The theme is well handled for dramatic effect and the situations, though not unfamiliar, are sufficiently thrilling and plausible to hold one's interest. The story in itself is a dramatic one, and it contains sufficient material to stimulate action. It affords opportunity for picturesque scenery of a novel character and the play is very well mounted. Orestes Bean, the playwright, has talent for the construction of climaxes, and he has told the story in crisp and

Eugenie Thais Lawton, the beautiful and gifted leading lady of the Central

dignified dialogue. Alphonz Ethier, in the leading role, makes a very favorable impression as an heroic actor. He has the temperament and a most convincing style.

Miss Odell's Second Week

Maude Odell's second performance is not receiving the attention it deserves. There is a pleasant plot of the old romantic order in "Countess Valeska" and those who enjoy a patriotic love-drama should be having just what they like at the Grand this week. The play is a strong one and interesting throughout. Although there are two plots the author has succeeded in working out both to a pleasing and unexpected end. The major action is military and is taken from the Napoleonic wars. Interwoven with this is a love affair in which Miss Odell and Herschel May-

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At 72 and 74 Murphy Building, 1236 Market St. 11 to 12 a. m.

all are the principals. During the four acts there are only two scenic changes, both in Valeska's castle. But the management seems to have spared nothing in making them beautiful and realistic. A Prussian Captain becomes separated from his regiment and seeks refuge with Valeska, his former love. There the courtship is renewed and the Captain (Mayall), disguised as the overseer of the place, plots against Napoleon who is resting there. He is discovered and sentenced to be shot, but escapes at the crucial moment while Valeska holds the sentry off. Maude Odell makes a handsome and interesting Countess and she has some excellent scenes in which to show her dramatic ability. The company does well with its several parts, Mayall being especially good as the Prussian Captain.

A Dainty Comedienne

Lillian Burkhart has received mash notes by bushels, has had charming poems written to and about her, and every year increases her popularity. Hubert Henry Davies wrote a playlet for her, with a heroine that could be impersonated by no one else but this particular vaudeville star. Miss Burkhart produced the playlet during her last season here and she still has it in her repertory. It is "Fifty Years Ago," and like its heroine, it still charms. It is a pretty playlet with a streak of pathos running through its comedy and Miss Burkhart interprets the heroine to the letter of the spirit. She received a warm welcome from the Orpheum audiences every night this week and the welcome will hold good through her engagement.

Hasn't Left the Stage

Since Katherine Bloodgood's marriage with Lieutenant Howard Hapgood Kipp of the U. S. Marine Corps, rumor has had it that she was going to Samar in the Philippine Islands to reside during the time Lieutenant Kipp was in charge of the naval station there. But Mrs. Kipp has not retired from the stage and Mr. Kipp has not even been ordered to the Philippine Islands, but is stationed in San Francisco in charge of the Marine Corps at that port. Mrs. Katherine Hapgood Kipp, as she prefers to be known since her marriage, has left the vaudeville stage but will hereafter appear in concert and oratorio work. Arrangements are now being made for a tour of the Pacific Coast States in a concert company now being organized for her. The only other member of the company selected thus far is Miss Blanche Rogers of Los Angeles, who will be pianist and accompanist, though it is likely that Miss Olive Mead, the celebrated New York violinist, will be selected from among the hosts of applications received. All the business affairs of this company are in the hands of Blanchard and Venter.

Triumph of a Californian

People that keep in touch with Eastern theatrical affairs have been reading a great deal of late about the success of William Norris, the comedian of "A Country Girl," the latest London musical comedy success. He is one of the coming stars of the theatrical firmament and will soon be heading a company of his own. How few local theatregoers that have been reading of his triumphs, know that he is a native of this city and that he went through the local Boys' High School not many years ago. His right name is William Norris Block and he is a nephew of James N. Block, ex-Tax Collector. After leaving school he was in business with his father who was proprietor of the Carmen Island Salt Works. He soon wearied of commerce and took to the stage, at first playing a small part in one of Frohman's companies. Like Edwin Stevens, who, by the way is now dividing the honors with Marie Cahill, Norris is remarkable for his versatility. He played Bepe with Otis Skinner in "Francesca da Rimini" and he created the hilarious roles of the Burgomaster and King Dodo in the musical comedies bearing those names. He made such a hit as Malchisedek Pinchas that Zangwill would have liked to star him in "The King of the Schnorrers," and now he is the hit of "A Country Girl," in a rollicking comedy role. Such has been the success of Norris that a musical comedy is now being written for him.

Frank's "Resurrection"

Alexander Frank's dramatization of Tolstoi's "Resurrection" did not meet with enthusiastic approval at the Republic. It is not altogether Mr. Frank's fault. Greater dramatists than Mr. Frank have endeavored to evolve a strong play out of the material in Tolstoi's novel and have failed. Henry Bataille, the well-known Parisian dramatist and financial backer of the Theatre de l'Oeuvre, dramatized the novel and though the play registered a long run, it was never highly praised. Michael Morton was the English adaptor for the London and New York stage and the critics have declared that the play is not from Tolstoi's novel. Their judgment is that the French dramatist took some old theatrical lay figures, dressed them up, gave them Russian names and settings and imparted to the plot a little of the atmosphere of the novel. However, the story is not one that theatregoers are likely to enjoy. Mr. Frank has utterly failed to make it enjoyable. Its heroics are of the maudlin variety and there is too much pulpit talk in every act. The story presents difficult barriers to the dramatist, for it is chiefly concerned with the study of a sinner's nature, the slow repentance of a nobleman who has seduced a good-looking girl of the people and the gradual uplifting of a fallen woman's crumbling morals. The play is not artistic and the company at the Republic is incapable of investing it with interest.

Olive Vail, the pretty girl who has come to swell the Fischer beauty force, is a Southern California girl. She is not an entire stranger to San Francisco, having been in the Tivoli chorus and with the Southwell comic opera company at the Grand for a season. Later she went East and had some experience in Anna Held's company. She is very young, and has the charm of all youthful beauties.

A Big Theatrical Fight in Prospect

The opposition to the big theatrical syndicate is growing stronger every day. Kirke La Shelle is the latest recruit of the Independent Booking Agency. He has several successful companies on the road, and he abandoned the syndicate because they forced his "Earl of Pawtucket" out of the Madison Square where it was doing an immense business. Weber & Fields with their new West End theatre have joined hands with the Independents and Stair & Hamlin, who lately secured a foothold in this city and who have a long chain of theatres, are throwing their doors open to the free lance theatres. The forces are massing themselves for one of the biggest theatrical fights that ever occurred.

Looking for Color

"The Earl of Pawtucket" must be very amusing, and a good fit for Lawrence d'Orsay's peculiar talent. There's one point in the play where the Earl, traveling *in cog*, and crazed almost by his efforts to catch on to the point of American humor, says "Even Charles Dickens couldn't understand them!" There are some catch phrases in the play that are already being quoted. One is "I've a telegram from Sarah—Sarah's better," which the Earl drawls deliciously. D'Orsay by the way, is in real life, as those who met him when he was here with the Henry Miller company can vouch for, as terribly British as his part, the Earl, calls for. An amusing story is told of him when he was working up the "atmosphere" of his role. The scenes of the play, be it known, are all laid in the Waldorf-Astoria. One day the actor thought he'd go to the hotel and secure familiarity with his stage environments. But, as he strolled over the hotel, observing everything minutely, the house detective came up to him and asked him for

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

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DIRECTION WILL GREENBAUM

MASCAGNI
AND MONSTER ORCHESTRA

2—Farewell Concerts—2

Next Tuesday Afternoon, March 17 at 3:15—
Beethoven's 5th Symphony, "Magic Fire," from "Walkure" Mascagni's "William Radcliffe," etc.

Next Friday Afternoon, March 20, at 3:15—

Testimonial to Mascagni

By Will Greenbaum and the Tivoli Opera House Management
Tschaikowsky's Pathetique Symphony and overture, "Solemnelle, 1812," with increased orchestra of martial instruments, artillery, etc. and Wagner's "Lohengrin," Vorspiel and "Ride of the Valkyries."

Reserved Seats—$2, $1.50 and $1.00. Seats on sale at Sherman Clay & Co's.

his card. It so happened that the actor had not one with him, or any other means of identity.

"I am a player, sir, and I don't wish to be disturbed by you," said D'Orsay to the detective.

"I am here to disturb people when they act like you're doing now," said the detective.

"Look here, fellow, I will have you discharged. I shall see if you have a right to bring one to public disgrace. See the people all staring at me. It's an outrage, sir."

D'Orsay gesticulated in true British style as his indignation reached fever heat. But the house officer insisted on Mr. D'Orsay seeing the manager. Of course it ended with Kirk La Shelle being rung up, and apologies set the whole affair right.

His Blood is Warm

After the opening performance of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" in Brooklyn last week, the veteran actor, J. H. Stoddart, was shouldering his way through the raging blizzard toward the ferry to return to his New York flat, when the manager of the company encountered him, and noting the snow-clad figure, said:

"Mr. Stoddart, you ought not to be out in such a storm as this."

The seventy-eight-year-old actor laughed sturdily.

"Why, my boy," said he, "I like it. Makes me feel like I was a boy again in the Highlands of Scotland. I never miss a chance to get out in a real good bit of weather. It warms the blood."

Denman Thompson and Geo. W. Ryer have written a new pastoral play, that has been well received in Philadelphia and other cities. It is called "Our New Minister," and contains the usual stock characters of pastoral dramas.

Blanche Bates, so rumor says, will be at the Columbia in "The Darling of the Gods" some time this year.

Features of Next Week's Bills

Of course *the* event will be the first presentation on any stage of Wallace Irwin's burlesques, "Chop Suey" and "Padlock Holmes," with the great minstrel first part in which will appear Richard Jose, William McDonald, former basso of the Bostonians, Sidney Harris, phenomenal baritone, and Harry Sylvester, tenor. In the burlesque the stars will be Joe Kane and Marie Lamp Adelman. It is expected, and there is no reason to doubt that the expectation will fulfill itself, that the new venture at the Republic will be a repetition of the old Standard success of Reed and Emerson. Those were the days when society women flocked to the Standard and munched peanuts in the gallery when they could not obtain seats downstairs. Prices at the Republic are to be fifty and twenty-five cents and the theatre will without a doubt be packed at its opening tomorrow night, and all nights thereafter.

The weberfieldian burlesque, which in a way paved the way for the Irwin travesties, is not losing in favor at Fischer's. The fourth week of "Hoity Toity" has seen packed houses every night, Olive Vail, the newcomer, receiving a warm welcome. "Hoity Toity," the best yet since "Fiddle dee dee," goes until the public will permit it to say good-bye. Then will come "Helter Skelter."

Charles B. Hanford's production of "The Taming of the Shrew" at the California will be interesting. Florence Roberts produced the play during one of her Alcazar seasons but it was not the elaborate production that John Drew and Ada Rehan

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Thomas Gallagher, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Gallagher deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the Estate of
Thomas Gallagher, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 14th, 1903.

FRANK McGOWAN, Attorney for Administrator,
Rooms 75-79 and 80 Chronicle Building.

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gave under Daly's direction. Mr. Hanford has gorgeous scenery and all the incidentals that go to make Shakespeare pleasing to the eye as well as the ear.

Two stars, Emmett Corrigan and Maude Odell, will jointly reign on the stage at the Grand during the production of the powerful Russian drama, "The Sixth Commandment." The play is new to San Francisco, although in the East it is a popular success. Mr. Corrigan, though a stranger here, has a reputation for high class artistic work.

"The Cipher Code," the Alcazar's new bill, has never been seen in San Francisco, but it made John E. Kellerd a star and won praise in New York, Boston and Chicago. Charles Klein, its author, collaborated in Warfield's "The Auctioneer," and De Wolf Hopper's "Mr. Pickwick," two of the best money-makers of the period. He is credited with a virile, vital play of Washington life, thoroughly American in atmosphere, and with all the romantic and picturesque interest which attaches to the adventures of a "gentleman criminal" of the type so fascinating in "Jim the Penman," "Raffles" and "Sherlock Holmes." Ernest Hastings will play this role. Juliet Crosby, always a favorite, reappears after two months' retirement, as a vivacious woman journalist. The pivot upon which the story turns is the theft of State papers for stock jobbing purposes and the unjust incrimination of tried public officials. For the week of March twenty-third there will be one of the mercurial French farces, so popular at the Madison Square, "The Husbands of Leontine."

There will be a special Mascagni matinee at the Tivoli today, and tomorrow night will be the last Mascagni performance. Next week will come "Pinafore," probably the most popular English comic opera ever written. Bertha Davis will be Josephine, Caro Roma will sing Buttercup, Arthur Hahn, Dick Deadeye, Cunningham the Captain, Hartman Sir Joseph, and the rest of the cast in proportion.

Gillette will continue in "Sherlock Holmes" this week's success. Especial attention is drawn to the fact that the curtain rises at eight o'clock precisely and late comers cannot be seated until the end of the first act. Effie Ellsler in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" comes next to the Columbia.

Admirers of physical perfection will have a feast at the Orpheum, when the six Glinserettis make their appearance. They are acrobats of Continental fame. The favorites Foy and Clark will appear in Will Cressy's charming sketch, "The Spring of Youth." Pepita Aragon, a beautiful danseuse from Barcelona, will be new, also Julius Tannen, who imitates Goodwin, Mansfield, Hopper and other actors to the life. Miss Burkhart will have a new skit, "a comedy of sentiment and slang" by Anna S. Richardson.

Murphy and Mack, Irish comedians, Gladys Van Antwerp, singing comedienne, the aerial Edwards's, May June ("Rag Time Liz"), the Paloma Ladies' Quartette in new and delightful selections, Farmer Jones and his porkers, Dalton and Lewis, will be Chutes attractions. —*The Playgoer.*

Kocian to Give One Farewell Concert

Manager Greenbaum has arranged to postpone the Denver concert of Kocian, the brilliant Bohemian violinist. He will give a farewell concert at the Alhambra next Monday evening. Kocian will play the Vieuxtemps E major concerto, one of the most difficult works ever written for the violin, and which has not been played here for many years, and the Bach Chaconne, the test of all great violinists, besides a number of brilliant smaller numbers. Miss Geyer, the pianiste, will play Chopin's Etude in F major and Brahm's Rhapsodie in G minor. Seats now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's; prices seventy-five cents, one dollar and one dollar and fifty cents.

There were 783 visitors to the Grand Canyon of Arizona for the week ending March seventh. It is developing as a fashionable thing to make a run to the "Eighth Wonder of the World."

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Beginning NEXT MONDAY—Last Six Nights—Matinee Saturday
Charles Frohman presents
WILLIAM GILLETTE
in his International success
"SHERLOCK HOLMES"
Last time Saturday March 21st
Monday March 23—"When Knighthood Was in Flower"

Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee March 15

A VAUDEVILLE CARNIVAL!
The Six Glinserettis. Pepita Aragon. Foy and Clark. Julius Tannen
The Salambos. Musical Dale. Rice and Walters. Dave Nowlin
and LILLIAN BURKHART with Her Company in
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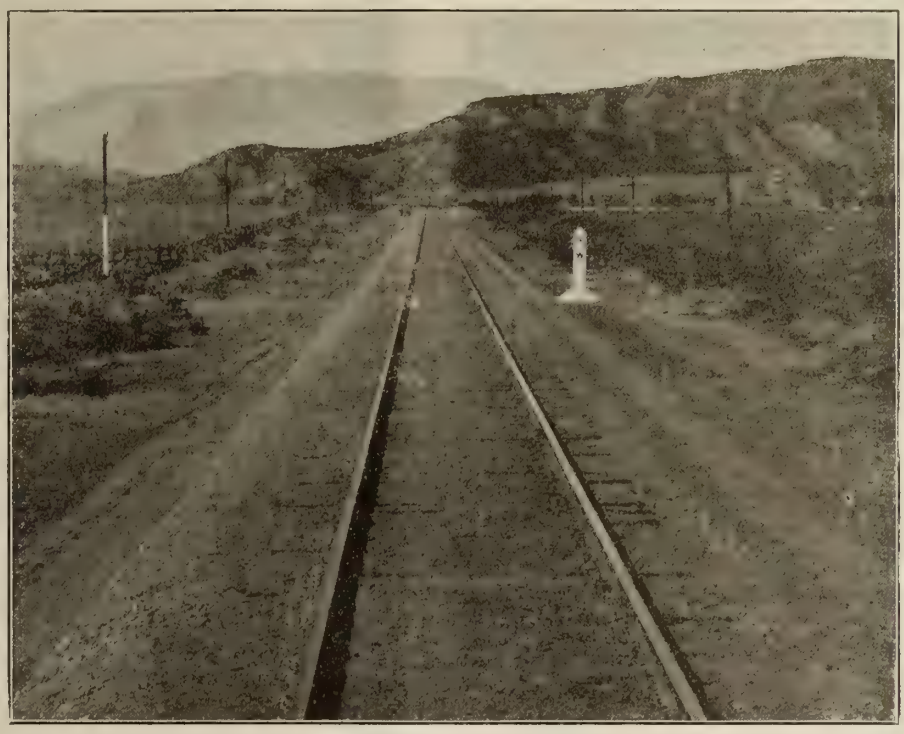

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Sherlock Holmes in Society

The Story of Mrs. Smartem's Jeweled Pin.

"I've come out here for a complete rest," said the great detective, "so I beg you will not bother me, Watson, with any of your conundrums."

He lighted his pipe and curled his legs under him, Turk fashion, squatting uncomfortably enough, I thought, on the rug before the gas grate.

"Very well," I answered. "I was just going to tell you about a queer case that came under my observation."

"Oh, go ahead, if you like," observed Sherlock, knocking the ash off his pipe-bowl, "I can't prevent your talking."

Unoffended, because I really wanted to know his opinion, I told him my tale of woe.

"It seems that Mrs. Swelter Smartem, one of the youngest and prettiest matrons in our society, was at a dinner shortly before Lent. She lost her jeweled pin there. It was a most elegant and costly thing, the gift of her husband, and she feels dreadfully about it. When the dinner began, it was pinned in the bosom of her gown, and attracted numerous envious glances. After the second dance that followed the dinner, it was gone. She would not have noticed its absence but everybody else did, and her husband insisted on a general search, and close questioning of all the servants."

Sherlock puffed away at his pipe for a moment.

"How many guests?" he asked finally, uncurling one of his legs and rubbing his foot.

"Twelve, men and women."

"Any man particularly devoted to Mrs. S.?"

"I don't know—why, yes, there's young Tom Pennilesse. He was engaged to her for two years before her marriage with Smartem, I'm told."

"Who danced the second dance with her?"

"As I heard the story, she didn't dance it—was in the conservatory."

"Alone?"

"No, with Pennilesse."

"Anybody see them there?"

"No—wait, I believe one of the guests did say she saw them —them were both looking down at the water. You know there's a miniature lily-pond there."

"Lost something, eh?"

"Mrs. Smartem said not."

"Who raised the hue and cry?"

"Smartem. Mrs. S. said she hadn't noticed her pin was gone."

"Pennilesse pretty poor?"

"Rather."

"Search the pawn shops."

With this oracular utterance the great detective closed his eyes, uncurled both his feet, and lay back in a meditation I could not disturb, so I left him.

I went away and worked on the case, or rather told a policeman to go at it. No results. Then I called on Sherlock again. He was playing marbles with the bell-boy and said my interruption was an impertinence. But he laughed, and sent the boy away.

"Wait, Watson," he said, without giving me a chance to say a thing, "I know you've failed. I, however, have been more successful. The pin is found."

I gasped with astonishment.

"Yes. This is how it was. When Mrs. Smartem and her ex-lover were in the conservatory leaning over and looking at the lilies and, no doubt, talking over old golf-games, her garter became unfastened. She wears the old kind—round clasp, jeweled buckle."

"How do you know?" I whispered.

"Oh, I know many things—psycho-telepathy and all that. Well, it dropped to the floor and fell into the water—food for the gold-fishes. Mrs. S. was horrified. What could she do? They tried to reach the thing with a stick they found in a flower pot, but impossible. Finally, they saw it was no use. 'What *shall* I do?' groaned Mrs. S. 'Pin it up,' suggested Tom. But neither had an available pin. 'Oh, take this,' cried Mrs. S., as they heard voices coming, 'I'll pin it up," and she grabbed her jewel from her bosom. While Tom stood as a screen in front of her, she hastily fastened up her stocking."

"But why didn't she explain?"

"Oh—well, a woman's reason, I suppose. Isn't Smartem a bit jealous?"

"Ah-h," I observed, understanding him, "and Pennilesse an old lover."

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," added the great detective, "but maybe Smartem isn't that kind of a thinker."

"You're a great reasoner," I said, and ordered up two hot Scotches on the strength of the discovery. — *The Parodist.*

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MUSIC

The Coronation Choir

The British music-lovers who like "Old Country" color in theirs got the worth of their money from the Coronation Choir. There was a certain Piccadilly-and-Strand air about the whole concert that must have been very pleasing to the provincially minded. The boys wore Eton suits, their cheeks had the proper pink, and their accent was all that one could desire; but their voices failed somehow to produce that "choir invisible" effect which causes us to shut our eyes and dream that we have done with death. The music the male quartet made was of the truly cosmopolitan kind, well blent, almost beautiful. "God save the *King*" had a strange and somewhat sad sound. The Coronation Choir sang it with the greatest good-will. The management of the Alhambra should see to it that musicians have not to make good against the hideous hissing and sputtering of electric lights.

Music for Shakespeare

The incidental music for Charles B. Hanford's production of "The Taming of the Shrew" was arranged or composed by Emil Mori, a Russian composer of prominence, who some years ago decided to cast his lot in America. The original portions of the music show, I am told by those who have heard them, great resourcefulness in catching the atmosphere of the dramas and in some cases old English airs, such as were used in Shakespeare's own time have been employed. This is the case with the banquet song in "The Taming of the Shrew," when the wedding guests are assembled. The melody is that of an old London street song whose words would probably offend modern ears polite. There is a legend to the effect that Queen Elizabeth ordered that it be sung and played, as a mark of derision and contempt at the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. So great, however, was the sympathy for Mary, and so exquisite the pathos which which the band interpreted the music, that it became a requiem. Mr. Hanford has of course preserved the song in its merrier aspect. The words which his company uses were written by Philander Johnson whose poems in the Washington *Star* have come to be recognized as among the quotable features of current journalism. They show a very consistent effort to catch the Sixteenth century quality. The lines are:

Dull Care is a monster who bids us repine,
So, beware, lady, lady—'ware lady, lady—'ware, lady, lady mine.
We will catch him tonight and we'll drown him in wine,
So beware, lady, lady—'ware, lady, lady—'ware, lady, lady mine.
Your cheeks may be fair as the roses are fine,
But the rose when it fades leaves but thorns on the vine;
So beware, lady, lady—'ware, lady, lady—'ware, lady, lady mine.
Then kiss the cup;
We'll drink it up
And vow that the kiss is the best of the sup.
Youth's content with kisses, there's no doubt,
But old age prefers his wine without,
So, beware, lady, lady—'ware, lady, lady—'ware, lady, lady, mine.

Some Compositions of Californians

The Hillside Club of Berkeley was very pleasantly entertained last Saturday with a program of good music, arranged by Mr. H. B. Pasmore, the compositions rendered being all by Californians. In its entirety the program was: Petite suite for piano, violin and cello, H. B. Pasmore, composed for and played by his daughters, Mary, Dorothy and Susan; song, Come Away Death, Oscar Weil, Mrs. J. Bardilini; songs to words by Julius Goebel, Am Abend, Erster Kuss, Im Hochsommer, Arthur Fickenscher, sung by Mrs. Fickenscher; songs, Love Unloved, June Song, W. J. McCoy, dedicated to and sung by Mrs. Edith Scott Basford; trio in G major for piano, violin and cello, John Harraden Pratt, Fred Maurer, Mary and Dorothy Pasmore; songs to words by Charles Keeler, The Mountains, Where the Cowslips Grow, H. B. Pasmore, composed for and sung by Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner; song, Silent Tears, J. H. Pratt, Mr. A. E. Nowlan; songs, Because the rose must fade, The Only Voice, W. J. McCoy, Mrs. Bardilini; songs, Deutung, Mondnacht, Fickenscher, Mrs. Fickenscher; songs, The Message, with violin and cello obligato, O that we two were maying, with viola obligato, Pasmore; part songs, Sleep Dearest Sleep, The Lover's Song (words by Edward Rowland Sill), J. H. Pratt, Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Basford, Mr. Nowlan and Mr. Pasmore. The audience showed true appreciation of the music and its interpretation. It was really a noteworthy occasion.

Some delightful music was the feature of the Browning Society's program last Tuesday afternoon in Century hall. The occasion was the birthday of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and also the first anniversary of the Browning Society. Arthur Weiss was there with his speaking cello, Miss Millie Flynn sang, a quartet composed of Miss Flynn, Miss McCloskey, Mrs. Briggs and Miss Wheeler rendered Schubert's serenade; there were readings and recitations and an address by the President, Mrs. Oulton. Miss Helen Sutherland was the piano accompanist for the singers.

From Dresden comes the news by letter of the appearance of Miss Maude Fay, of this city, at the salon of Mme. Orgenie, on the occasion of a concert in which many distinguished vocalists participated. She rendered the exquisite aria from Lucretia Borgia, and was well received. The rich quality of the young American's voice, and her magnetism, were subjects of comment.

That tall drum-major of the Kilties was a farmer's boy before he joined the Gordon Highlanders. He makes an easier living with the Kilties than he managed to exact from his Canadian field labor.

Mascagni's Farewell Concerts

Pietro Mascagni and the monster orchestra which assisted at his previous concerts will give two farewell symphony concerts at the Alhambra next week, on Tuesday and Friday afternoons. As many have expressed a desire to hear this great Italian's interpretation of a Beethoven classic, Manager Greenbaum has selected the Fifth Symphony, and it will be very interesting to hear Mascagni's rendition of this, considered by many the greatest work of Beethoven. In addition the program will include Verdi's overture to "Nabucco," the Prelude, Dream and Intermezzo from Mascagni's "William Ratcliffe," and Wotan's Farewell and the Fire Music from "Die Walkure." Friday afternoon will be a testimonial to Mascagni, tendered by Will Greenbaum and the management of the Tivoli Opera House. The program will include Tschaikowsky's Pathetique symphony, with which Mascagni scored his first hit amongst us; Verdi's overture to "Sicilian Vespers," and the Vorspiel to "Lohengrin," and "Ride of the Valkyries" by Wagner, also a superb production of Tschaikowsky's Symphonic Overture "1812," descriptive of the invasion of Russia by the French. This work will be given for the first time in this city in its entirety, with additional corps of trumpets, trombones and other martial instruments, and battle effects by a squad of artillerymen from the Presidio. Even in the large cities like Boston and Chicago, when this work is produced, the effect of the military band is usually done on large organs. The prices for seats will be two dollars, one dollar and a half, and one dollar, and the management will use every effort to keep speculators from capturing seats. —*The Music Critic.*

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The desire among Californians, and particularly among San Francisco business men, to own homes of their own, is constantly on the increase. This is proved by a look at the work accomplished by the Continental Building and Loan Association. This institution is still growing and doing the past year has helped over six hundred families to own their own homes.

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LETTERS

Mrs. Older's Book

A book that is bound to be widely read is Mrs. Fremont Older's "The Socialist and the Prince," for it is a novel that is sure to provoke discussion. It is in the nature of an historical novel, dealing as it does with a stormy period in the history of California, and weaving into fiction many facts incident to the Kearney agitation and the riots provoked by that clever charletan. Mrs. Older shows a remarkable familiarity with conditions previous to the rise of Kearney, and they are well described. The story is an interesting one, and some of the characters are well drawn. The strongest character is that of Stryne, a much idealized Kearney, and a picturesque one is that of Theodosia Peyton, somewhat reminiscent of Mrs. McLean-Martin. The character however is not a prepossessing one, and though probably intended for a picture of winsome girlhood is rather that of an hysterical wanton. Yet hers was a remarkable individuality that is occasionally met with in real life. Its uniqueness fits it for fiction. When fool women crowd the jails to bestow flowers and fruit on the most degraded murderers there is nothing incongruous in this one carrying all her private fortune to offer as bail for Stryne. When she gets her flirtation well under way and learns from Stryne that he is a waif without name or family, she shows her inborn snobbishness by losing her interest. A woman of lineage and position, secure of her pedestal, would have ignored incidentals for the sake of the man. Theodosia is one of those wonders of bookland who carries on six successful flirtations at the same time, chiefly for the purpose of improving her accent. The Prince Ruspoli, left-handed cousin to the King of Italy, is a suitor for her hand. After the way he holds on in spite of dismissals and insults, one has reason to suspect that some denouement is in reserve and that his eye is on the Peyton fortune. It is possible that the intention is to contrast the man of birth and breeding with the nondescript nobody, but in that case Stryne has the better of it in every particular except not being able to boast of his ancestry. The book has plenty of action, and in spots it is brilliant and epigrammatic. It contains many anachronisms but on the whole, for a first effort, it is a notable achievement.

Literary Ghouls

One of the vultures of literature has applied to an English court to have an injunction granted, restraining another of the flock from publishing an unauthorized biography of George Douglas Brown, the author of "The House with the Green Shutters," whose death cut short his literary career at its very commencement. Mr. Brown, or as he preferred to be known in literature, George Douglas, had written but one book, but that one displayed such strength and originality that there was every reason to believe a new star had appeared in the literary firmament. Whether he would have sustained the reputation which he gained by his first effort will never be known, since he left nothing by which even an approximate judgment could be formed. He was not well enough known to the general public, nor even to his brothers of the pen, to make any sort of a biography a necessity. No sooner had the breath left his body when those few who had more than a nodding acquaintance with him turned the points of their pens into stilettos with which to puncture his reputation. Nothing was too insignificant, too intimate or too personal to be withheld. Neither Stevenson nor the Carlyles were so badly abused by their sordid acquaintances. When one of the ghouls, in the course of his remarks, mentioned that "Douglas was a man who made few friends," small wonder that a commentator added, "Happy Douglas!" There is nothing on which to base an assumption that even a hundred copies of a biography of George Douglas would find sale, but the chance to pry into private lives and papers is one not likely to be overlooked by a certain class who prowl about the outskirts of the profession of letters.

The Essays of Norris

Doubleday, Page & Co. will shortly issue a volume of Frank Norris's literary essays. This will be welcome news both to the admirers of Mr. Norris, and to those who enjoy good, strong, outspoken work. Frank Norris was one of the very few who had something to say, and could say it with force enough to appeal to minds in advance of high school pupils and women's clubs. It is one of the laments of the day that people do not read essays any more. The deluge of fiction is blamed for the decline in the popularity of the essay, but the essay itself declined before its popu-

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larity waned. The poor, weak, thin, slipshod mediocrity and echo which has been dished out has been even lower in grade than the bulk of fiction. There has been nothing to fix one's teeth in. To try to read the average volume of essays of recent publication has been akin to the effort wasted in chewing gruel. Outside of school text books, one can name on the fingers of one hand all the essays that have been published in the last three years which are worth serious consideration.

The colored illustrations which accompany W. D. Orcutt's fairy tales, "The Princess Kallisto," are due to his eight-year-old son. It was intended to have the pictures in black and white, but the child got hold of the first series of sketches and improved them to his liking. This brings up the question, who it is that settles the matter of the style of pictures which are put into books for the little people. The freak drawings which grown-ups find amusing or interesting do not appeal to children at all, and the effort to do something supremely funny is wasted. Books which are otherwise all that can be desired are ruined by the pictures, which are often beyond the comprehension of those they are meant to amuse. In this respect too much cannot be said in praise of the illustrations which accompany Mrs. Martin's "Emmy Lou." Place that and one of Oliver Hereford's in the hands of children of tender years, and they will speedily make their selection and give a timely hint to their elders as to which they prefer, as well as why.

Miss Virna Woods of Sacramento passed away just when everything looked brightest for her. Her play, "Strathmore," while not a great one and rather too verbose as plays go these days, had received good words from many critics, and she had a better play, "Charles IX," ready for production next season. One of the best things Miss Woods ever wrote was her little Californian novel, "An Elusive Lover." It had a most original plot and at the time it was published created a deal of comment all over the country. It is a novel as unique in plan as T. B. Aldrich's charming short story, "Marjorie Daw."

A Poet Becomes an Editor

The *Literary World*, an unimportant monthly of Boston,, which has survived for nearly half a century chiefly because it cost nothing to issue it, has been taken over by the L. C. Page publishing company, who have secured Bliss Carman as editor. Practically it will be like launching a new enterprise, for the *Literary World* has neither circulation nor reputation. Mr. Page says he does not intend to make any radical changes at first, but in the course of time we may expect to see the *Literary World* take rank amongst the literary monthlies. It is worth noting that the literary magazines are increasing in number of late. Besides the well-established *Bookman*, *Book-Buyer*, *Critic*, and *Current Literature*, there have been half a dozen started within the past six months, with every appearance of becoming rivals of those already in the field. One of the newest calls itself *"The Booklovers' Magazine,"* which is trenching on the ground of that best of all literary periodicals, *The Book-Lover*.

The Literary Faker

Elinor Glyn is another of the writers who takes shelter under her umbrella and declares that she had no idea or intention of writing books. They just went and did it themselves when she wasn't looking. She declines to be classed as a "literary person," has no plans, no methods, no nothing. Vulgar coin has no attractions for her, nor has "fame." She is not ambitious, and she may never write another book. She doesn't know anything about it and what is more, she doesn't care. All of which sounds very much as if Elinor Glyn had another book ready to make its appearance. The advertising schemes of writers are as bald as the stolen diamonds of the soubrette. The first one to assume the shrinking violet pose was heralded far and wide as a genius who didn't know it himself, and the sheets which he scribbled for his own amusement, in the intervals of a busy day in his law office, discovered by the disinterested friend and all that, made a good "filler" when there was no more important information to be given out, but by this time the idea is frayed and shop-worn. Not long since, a prominent publishing house made a list of their clients who had strayed into the by-path of literature, as though they imagined it were a great thing for them to do. Well, there is the old allegory of the bear dancing on his hind legs. As a side-show, and for a ten-cent admission, one may not object to an occasional dancing bear exhibition, but when it comes to advertising an Otero or a Carmencita, and charging full prices at a big theatre, the public has a right to object to being swindled. These writers who affect the amateur pose should be content with amateur prices for their wares. It is not that one objects to lawyers or doctors or actors writing books, if they can do so acceptably, but let them cease to pretend to look down upon the professional writers. —*The Bookworm*

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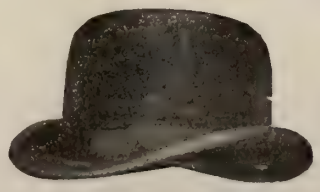

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With the Money Makers

United States Steel Corporation

My New York correspondent sends me the following facts relative to the United States Steel Corporation, which will doubtless be of interest to local financiers: "Since the conversion plan of the United States Steel Corporation was officially announced ther has been considerable figuring as to the value of the rights." The following analysis is by one of the recognized experts on the subject: "United States Steel preferred subscription rights are said to be worth 2 per cent, although the specialists themselves cannot figure accurately how this conclusion is reached. That part of the rights which enables the holder to subscribe at par and cash for 10 per cent bonds is, of course, valueless, as the bonds are now quoted at $94.12 1-2. A holder, however, may surrender 40 per cent of his holdings, worth at present about 87 1-4 and receive therefor an equal amount of bonds worth 94 12. This is a gain of 7 1-4 per cent on 40 per cent of one's holdings. This is apparently a profit of 2 9-10 on the whole. The loss on subscriptions for cash is approximately 5 1-2 per cent on one-tenth of one's holdings, or, say, a little over 1-2 per cent on the whole. It is not generally known that the United States Steel Corporation second mortgage is so drawn up that it cannot be foreclosed until after two years of default. Many prominent mortgages contain similar provisions, notably the West Shore Railroad, first mortgage, which cannot be foreclosed until after three years of default." The manner in which the stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation have increased in number is a little short of wonderful. Eight years ago the different properties of the corporation were divided into a large number of small companies. It was estimated that less than 2,000 people controlled these companies. A year before the organization of the United States Steel Corporation there were about 22,000 stockholders in the different companies which it absorbed. The United States Steel Corporation now has 55,000 stockholders on its books, or 23,000 more than it had eighteen months ago. Officers of the company believe that within three years the number of stockholders will exceed 100,000.

'Change Trading Active

There has been a good volume of trade in local industrial securities during the past week and unlike the preceding week transactions have been more generally divided among the leading stocks. The flurry in San Francisco Gas & Electric which attracted so much attention a week ago appears to have subsided and the speculative element has settled down to a waiting attitude to permit the operations of the Eastern capitalists or syndicate manipulating the deal to develop their intentions a little more fully. At the same time, however, the price of San Francisco Gas & Electric shares has been remarkably well sustained, considering all the circumstances. As is well known the stock dragged along at from $42 to $43 for months and there were few purchasers who wanted it at that price. Possibly one reason for the present showing of strength is the recent circular letter of the board of directors, addressed to shareholders asking for a pooling of stock, whereby the board can have control of a great majority of the shares for a period of one year, with the additional authority to sell such accumulation of stock at a price not to be less than $90 per share. It is evident from this, that whatever the controlling power securing option on other lighting plants may be, it is not the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company, and this circular letter of the latter corporation is really an indication that the board of directors of the San Francisco Gas and Electric realize the urgent necessity of their being in a position to do something to protect their corporate interests and the value of their stock. The placing of these shares in escrow under the conditions stipulated give the board absolute power to reorganize, to sell, to consolidate with other capital or other interests at any time within the year and under any terms whereby the accumulated stock can be turned at $90 a share. Furthermore it may not be necessary that the $90 per share shall be paid in coin, for under the terms of the power of attorney, which each shareholder must sign when he turns over his stock, the board can accept a certain amount of money, stock in a new or reorganized company, or bonds, or both stock and bonds to make up the aggregate of $90 per share. As there are 130,000 shares of San Francisco Gas & Electric stock issued, the total at $90 per share would represent $11,700,000 as the selling price for the entire plant and capital stock of the company. Other lighting shares have shown some improvement in a sympathetic way, but the transactions have not been very extensive. Equitable Gas is offered at $4.50 but the best bid is $4.25. Pacific Gas Improvement is offered at $39, with no bidders. Within the week a new collateral has been listed on the Stock and Bond Exchange. It is entieled Trustees' Certificates, is issued by the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company and the quotation is $54.12 1-2 bid, $54.75 asked. This, however, is a certificate issued temporarily to take the place of a stock certificate in a sale between buyers and sellers. Sugar stocks are quite firmly held and during the last few days there has been an upward movement in prices almost all along the line. Hawaiian Commercial is strong at $48.25 and Hutchison is selling at $16.75. Paauhau is changing hands at from $19 to 19.25 but there are few willing to sell for less than $19.50, while others assert they would not accept $20. This strength in Paauhau is due to the recent favorable reports from the Islands setting forth the excellent conditions of the plantation and the intimation at the annual meeting a few days ago that the company will resume the payment of monthly dividends beginning with July next. Makaweli is in demand at $27.50. Honokaa is steady at $15. Oceanic Steamship stock is very dull and in the absence of actual transactions the quotations must be said to be nominal, at $10 bid, $15 asked. The bonds of the corporation are about as dull as the stock, $65 being the best bid, but with no holders willing to sell at less than $75. Water stocks have remained about steady, the fluctuations having been rather unimportant and transactions comparatively small. Spring Valley remained steady at $84.75. Contra Costa water is quite firm and the difference between the bidding and the asking price has been reduced to very narrow limits. Alaska Packers stock is represented in a moderate way in the daily transactions, the price being firmly maintained at $155.50. The prices of Bank stocks, which usually remain almost stationary with scarcely any fluctuations, are gradually showing a stronger tone.

—*The Financier.*

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Stories New and Old

Not Intelligible

We no longer live in the period when every man who expressed a determination to do a specified action added reverently, D. V.—Deo volente, or God willing. The story is told that at the opening of navigation on the Hudson a gentleman telegraphed to a friend in Albany that he would "be there on Thursday next, D. V." The merchant did not understand the letters; had never seen them before in such a position, and could make nothing of it. He consulted all his neighbors in vain. At last one of them had a bright thought, and he cried out, "I've got it. D. stands for Drew and V. for Vibbard. He means he'll get here on Thursday by the steamer *Drew* or by the *Chauncey Vibbard*." The merchant went home ashamed of his stupidity.

He Was the Whole Business

A camp-meeting convert, rather a rough specimen of humanity, delivered himself of the following speech:

"Brethren and sisters! I have been a very bad man; have led a bad life; indeed, I have been the chief among sinners, and the one altogether lovely!"

His confession was received with some grains of saline.

A Realistic Echo

A Southern Colonel claims that he had an echo on his place, a few miles from Savannah, which beat anything he had ever heard or read about, one, in fact, which would clearly repeat whole sentences. The party was interested, but incredulous, and arranged to accompany the Colonel the next afternoon to test the wonderful echo. The Colonel found, on getting home, that in the heat of discussion he had claimed more than the facts justified. Determined not to be beaten he called his Irish laborer.

"Pat," says he, "some gentlemen are coming home with me tomorrow afternoon to hear the echo. Now, I want you to go across the river before time for me to arrive, so you can answer back whatever we may call out."

"You mane for me to play ikker, sorr?" asked Pat, grinning.

"That's it exactly," said the Colonel. "Now, do you thoroughly understand that you are to answer back exactly what we say?"

"Oh, yis, sorr; ye can depind on me entoirely."

Next afternoon the Colonel took his friends to the river bank, and all were ready for the experiment.

Making a speaking trumpet of his hands, the Colonel roared:

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"Are you there?"

Back came the echo with startling distinctness:

"Yes, sorr; Oi've been here since four av the clock."

Would Have Enjoyed the Kilties

Wilkie, the Scotch artist, lived in a very quiet street in London, with his widowed mother, who fell ill there. When she was lying at the point of death, Mulready, going to make one of his frequent visits of inquiry, was surprised on entering the street, where itinerant bands were not encouraged, to hear the distant sound of bagpipes, and he was astounded when the music proved to be in Wilkie's house. Wilkie led him to the parlor, where a Highlander was playing for dear life, and when the cessation of the din made speech possible, the anxious Scotchman said:

"Well, ye see, the mother is not so well today. She said she would like to hear the music again, for she is aye fond of the pipes."

Not Equal to the Emergency

A popular speaker who is often asked to talk to Sunday-school children relates that he was visiting a village school and was invited to say a few words. In the course of his remarks he threw out the old chestnut about "Any one of you can be President if you are determined enough." At this point he was interrupted by a little fellow on the front row, who jumped up and said:

"Say, Mister, how long does a President hold?"

"Four years," he answered.

"Then some of us fellows would have to be mighty old before we got there," he retorted.

The popular speaker gave one glance at the hundred or more laughing boys in front of him and sat down in disgrace. He had not a retort ready.

A Tip to Valets

A peer who had always ordered his coats through his valet stepped into his tailor's in Piccadilly to order one himself. When he gave the address the tailor, supposing him to be a new valet, slipped a little packet into his hand, with:

"Here's your commission, and it's your own fault if you don't earn more. Just you take this brush and give the old man's clothes a good wipe down with it every morning. He doesn't wear half as many coats as he should."

It was a steel-wire brush. The peer took the money and his custom with him. —*The Raconteur.*

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Heroines Without Beauty

Occasionally, said Alice Wellington Rollins, some years ago, in discoursing upon beauty in fiction, some great genius has been able to picture a successful and cunning adventuress, like Becky Sharp, without endowing her with beauty or even with charm. But, as a rule, intellectual simplicity—simplicity which we have to smile at a little, even though indulgently—simplicity like that of Dora Copperfield—is gifted with beautiful blue eyes and golden hair. Selfish, frail, naughty Hetty is given a sweet, rounded, blossom-like, dark-eyed beauty that makes the very reader long to kiss her before he shakes her. Plebeian Daisy Miller, innocent but horribly ignorant, is made to bewitch even the tranquil and intellectual Henry James, while women able to work worse folly and evil than the simple silly or the selfishly frail, have been endowed with a certain splendid physical beauty and charm from Ouida's heroines down to Zola's. This may be the sternest realism, for it is exactly what we find in real life—folly, ignorance and weakness, awfully pretty; wickedness, cunning and absolute unscrupulousness, splendidly beautiful. We should expect to find this in fiction; the interest lies, as a study, in seeing the mood in which the author contemplates this undeniable fact. Will he approach it from the puritan standpoint, that all beauty is a snare of the devil? Or with Ouida's insidious belief that whatever is beautiful is irresistible, and therefore pardonable? Or with Henry James's coolly critical and analytical curiosity, that any one who behaves as badly as Daisy Miller should be so genuinely innocent, and that any one so ill-bred should be so maddeningly pretty? The modern heroine, the heroine of the twentieth century, must, to conform with her grandmamma's gowns that are coming into fashion, have her grandmamma's nice, sweet manners and demure looks. Must she be pretty?

Naming the Unborn

"Ever since they were married, ten years ago, Binks and his wife have been quarreling over one thing."

"And what is that?"

"The name of their child."

"Well, what did they name it?"

"They haven't named it because they haven't had one yet. But they're still arguing the question."

—*The Clubman.*

Judging from the complaint recently voiced by President Eliot of Harvard, graduates of that institution are skilled in the science of marrying without swelling the census.

"Is Jones a literary fellow?"

"I should say not; he writes for the magazines."

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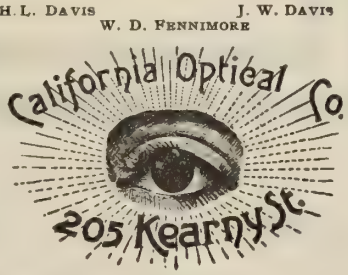

205 KEARNY STREET
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Notice to Creditors

Estate of Margaret Lovett, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executor of the last will of Margaret Lovett, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at the law offices of Joseph E. O'Donnell, 460-461-462 Parrott Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOMAS F. LOVETT, Executor of the last will of Margaret Lovett, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 14, 1903.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, March 21, 1903

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Schmitz Is Too Busy

A few years ago there was great enthusiasm in this city over the prospect of a big bond issue. Those of us who fondly regarded the New Charter as the panacea for all the ills of the municipal body, gladly looked forward to the execution of those plans by which we were to have a new sewer system and a new hospital, and which involved the extension of Golden Gate Park to Market street. The supposition in those days was that San Francisco was going to make a great spurt. We believed it because Mr. Phelan told us so. How credulous were the good people of San Francisco! The projected bond issue miscarried because Mr. Franklin K. Lane, the job-chaser, in his capacity as City and County Attorney, advised the local legislators to do things which were in plain violation of the charter. The Supreme Court found that the legislation upon which the bond issue was predicated was all wrong, and then it became necessary to start all over again. But the start has never been made, and such is the apathy of our municipal officials that nobody has ever suggested the advisability of agitating the subject of another bond issue for municipal improvements. The city is prosperous but the Municipal Government is afflicted with dry rot. Our musical Mayor, who was going to do great things when he was elected, has been spending most of his time doing politics. If he were asked about a bond issue he wouldn't know what it meant. Some months ago he talked about raising a fund by popular subscription for the maintenance of a municipal band, but that little matter has probably escaped his memory. A new sewer system is more of an urgent necessity than a brass band, but until Mr. Schmitz settles the fate of Michael Casey and disposes of a few patronage matters we cannot hope to have him devote his official attention to a question that merely concerns the health of the community.

Sneering at the President

The big bosses of the Republican party and the Captains of Industry are apparently intent on sidetracking Theodore Roosevelt. Though they have not shown their hands it is quite evident that they are slyly engaged in developing sentiment against him. The plot against Roosevelt is discernible to readers of the leading Republican papers, such journals as the *Times,* the *Press,* the *Post,* the *Sun* and *Harper's Weekly,* which are controlled by the leading financiers of the country. Even in their editorials commendatory of the President the covert sneer is in evidence. They do not attack him openly because they know that to do so would be to strengthen him with the masses. They realize that he is popular; that he has captured the emotions of the country; that he is believed to be independent of Wall street influence, and that there is a strong sentiment in his favor. They know that to harshly criticise or abuse him would tend to provoke the resentment of those that regard him as a hero and a patriot. Therefore they prefer to repress rancor, and to treat him with irreverence. They do not discuss his statesmanship seriously or question his policy, but they tell how he has remodeled the White House, and removed historical relics, replacing them with sumptuous furniture and paintings of himself charging up San Juan hill and chopping down "giants of the forest." They relate that he is taking fencing lessons, that he is going bear-hunting and that he fraternizes with forest guides from Maine and gun-fighters from Colorado. It is evident that they regard him as a fit subject for joshing, and that their purpose is to create the impression that he has a great fondness for the stage-centre, and that he is somewhat of a faker. They hope to force him into obscurity with no other weapons than the shafts of ridicule. At present they tincture their comment with a dash of disrespect, and though they affect admiration for his strenuousness it is quite evident that they wish to accentuate his weakness. Wall street distrusts Roosevelt. It feels that he is likely to do something that will interfere with prosperity, and that therefore he should be sidetracked. Hence the effort to stir up sentiment against him in the South for appointing negroes to office, though he has appointed fewer than were put into jobs by McKinley. But Roosevelt is a very uncertain quantity, and Wall street has had reason to distrust him. Invariably, however, Wall street has convinced him of the error of his ways. He has frequently threatened to interfere with the plans of Morgan and the other trust magnates, but they have always converted him to their views. Hence it is that his acts seldom harmonize with his words, but though the big financiers have never yet failed to convince him that it would be disastrous to "disturb present conditions," they fear that in the event of of his being vouchsafed a second term he would not heed their suggestions. He undertook to accomplish many reforms at the opening of the Fifty-seventh Congress but his plans miscarried. He started out to secure important anti-trust legislation and he failed. Originally he favored the curbing of the trusts through the tariff, but he didn't have the courage to urge a policy in conflict with the interests of the Republican party. In lieu thereof he advocated the creation of a tariff commission and he failed to get that. Indeed, the President was defeated at almost every turn. He was treated almost cavalierly, and the lukewarmness of the Republican leaders at Washington has been noticeable for months, but the President is aggressive, and he has the backing of the rank and file of his party, and it will be hard to beat him for the nomination.

Governor George C. Pardee

That Governor Pardee has made a good beginning those who have watched his course throughout the recent session of the Legislature are quite convinced. He has stood on the side of the people and proved that he was free from those influences that are usually exerted in behalf of powerful corporations, whose arguments seldom fail to convince public officials. The Governor did some things that were not consistent with dignity, but State Executives are only human, and though they usually have high aspirations canonization is not one of them. They are not ambitious of post-mortem honors. The rewards that they seek are to be had in this life and are mostly political. Hence we should not expect a beatific Pardee, and we can afford to smile upon him when engaged in wreaking his private revenges so long as he has the courage to turn down the governor-makers of the State when they demand from him privileges and special favors that encroach on the rights of the public. It is evident that thus far he has tried to do right, and that he has the interests of the people at heart. He went into office free from entangling alliances, and it is apparent that he has managed to steer clear of any since his election. He will undoubtedly be subjected to many temptations, for of course he is ambitious and the way of achieving his ends will be pointed out to him by men skilled in the art of manipulating alluring bait, and it remains to be seen whether he is firmly convinced that the people are more grateful and appreciative than individuals, and that politicians have not the power to prevent the reward of merit. Before his term is far advanced a kind-hearted cicerone will seek to escort him to the summit of the high mountain for the purpose of presenting a beautiful and fascinating prospect, and to promise him everything in sight. It is a prospect that has charmed many budding statesmen, and the empty promise has lured many to their ruin. It is to be hoped that George C. Pardee is somewhat less gullible than those that have gone before.

Our Ridiculous Educational System

A contemporary has been devoting its editorial columns lately to easy lessons in English grammar, and criticism of the education of an earlier day, when so much time was wasted on the classics. It should be remembered that when the time was spent on classics, the newspapers did not find it necessary to devote themselves to primary instruction. Whatever folly or mistaken enterprise attached to putting the Latin grammar into the hands of children of seven years, the fact remains that the children who had Latin grammar and blue-backed speller birched into them did learn to write grammatical English and spell their mother tongue. It was only when some "educator" discovered that there was not time for the filigree embroidery that it became apparent that English grammar was too abstruse for American children. When it became necessary to organize street-cleaning brigades, cruelty societies, base ball, foot ball and basket ball clubs, and to feel and finger every known substance on or under the earth, something had to be done. The faculties of Eastern colleges and universities make annual moan that the classes which seek admission are inadequately prepared in English grammar, orthography and composition. When these classes are graduated and begin their work in the real world, it is in these same elementary branches that they are still deficient. One-third of the applicants for the freshman class of the Northwestern University failed in common English at the beginning of this term. In spite of the theory that English grammar is beyond the comprehension of modern children they are expected to absorb it by instinct, and to give their attention to matters of less importance. One may see, almost any afternoon at the public library, little girls in frocks an inch below their knees, waiting their turn to get possession of the encyclopedias and special reference books, from which they frantically copy whole columns of statistics on such topics as "Home Life of the Greeks in the Time of Homer," "Dress of the Romans at the Period of Julius Cæsar," or "Food of the Egyptians in the Era of Cleopatra." The benighted innocents who ought to be reveling in Arabian Nights and hugging their dolls, have not the capacity to distinguish the essential from the non-essential, or even to spare their overworked muscles by omitting particles and abbreviating words. Children's brains are not elastic. They can absorb only a certain amount, and all over and above that is wasted. For every new subject that is enlarged upon some old one is neglected. It is not necessary to crowd the whole sum of human wisdom and folly into the few years of school life. There is a fairy tale which tells of an Oriental potentate who filled a narrow-necked jar with gold and gems and invited each of his slaves to insert his hand and help himself to all that he could take out. Now, the jar was of such shape that though it would admit the empty hand readily, it was less easy to withdraw the closed fist, and as each dependent had but one trial, those who filled their hand and attempted to take all they could seize were obliged to drop everything in order to extricate themselves, while those who were moderate and contented themselves with a single jewel were able to keep possession of it. The tale would make a fitting allegory for our educators. In attempting everything they accomplish nothing, while in the earlier periods, when only the elementary essentials were taught, there was a creditable showing of achievement.

The Crumbling of Gibralter

The famous Rock of Gibralter is about to lose its usefulness as an object upon which to found figurative expression. The spellbinder to whom accuracy is important will refrain from likening firmness of character, decision, resolution and other things to the old, familiar rock that has so long figured in tropeical utterance. British military authorities have discovered that the Rock of Gibralter is dangerous to its defenders. To such an extent has it been honeycombed with galleries that the discharge of guns of heavy calibre threatens to bring the thin walls crashing down on the heads of the artillerymen. Repeated discharges from the same side of the rock have been prohibited by the engineers. French authorities say that the uses of Gibralter are limited to the coaling and repairing of vessels. The question of the advisability of exchanging Gibralter for the Island of Minorca is therefore being dis-

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cussed. It has seen its best days as the key to the Mediterranean not only because of the vulnerability of the fortress, but for the reason that modern improvement in naval construction has rendered it almost useless. When the highest speed of a fleet did not exceed ten knots an hour, it would have been hazardous to have attempted to run the straits, but a squadron steaming eighteen knots an hour would not be running much risk, especially at night, with lights covered. The straits nowhere being less than fifteen miles in width, a hostile fleet hugging the Morocco coast would have little to fear from British land guns. The most powerful searchlight would not reveal the enemy at a distance of more than three miles.

More Snares Uncovered

The W. C. T. U., which recently held a convention in New York, uncovered more sources of corruption to youth hitherto unsuspected by the most cautious. Some of the ladies denounced the supposedly innocuous religious papers. Stories published in them are not, as we have heretofore supposed, harmless milk for babes and sucklings, but most insidiously perverting to both manners and morals. The naughty heroines faint or fall ill and have to be revived and stimulated by glasses of wine, thus familiarizing the youthful and innocent minded readers with the use of the nefarious stuff, and the men, one and all, even the doctors and clergymen, are "viewed through a halo of smoke." Just a little while ago a convention of vegetarians laid all the evils of this age and all the ages preceding it to meat. Preachers and teachers, indulging in a flesh diet, exhaled an aura of bloodshed and violence, and all their spoken exhortations and the example of their private conduct are not sufficient to overcome the subtle influence of the meat they eat. Authors and writers, generally, came in for a larger share of condemnation, since they reach wider audiences, and spread their influence afar. They rise from their tables, reeking with the product of the shambles, and betake themselves to their libraries, where, pen in hand and pipe in mouth, they proceed to defile all who come into contact with their words, which, like plague-infested garments, continue to harbor bacilli in spite of purification. This kind of nonsense is so absurdly funny that one wonders how it ever gets itself into print anywhere but in a joke column. It is not a bit more sensible than the anxious inquiry of the super-sensitive wife and mother who debated, with prayers and tears, the advisability of using ammonia in her housekeeping, when she considered the sources from which it was obtained and the souls of her infant offspring. Kipling once wrote a story for one of the exclusively women's magazines. He was injudicious enough to lose sight of his restrictions, and permitted his heroine to accept a glass of wine. When the editor came upon the incriminating confession in the proof he cabled all the way to England, praying that some substitute would be permitted, as it was against the principles of the publication to make use of wine in any form. Answer came back, "Make it Mellin's Food." And if these freak reformers ever get the upper hand in any association or community, that is precisely the level to which they will reduce things. Mellin's Food is all right in its proper place, but there are quite a respectable number of people on this old earth of ours who have advanced beyond the Mellin's Food period. They have cut all their teeth, have sound digestion and good discretion, and there is no reason why they should be restricted to nursery diet, either mental or physical. Since some quack formulated the expressions "alcoholized brain cells" and "tobacco heart," we have had no peace from the preaching and prophesyings. A little learning is a dangerous thing, and a few taking catchwords unbacked by scientific knowledge are still worse. Over indulgence in anything is a mistake that has to be paid for, and there is just as much wrong, just as much harm, just as much "intemperance," in overeating as in overdrinking. The insane asylums are filled with people who have been intemperate in religion, while the intemperate reformers are the bane of existence to people with better balanced minds and less unruly tongues.

The Syndicate Sermon

A Baltimore firm has sent out circulars to the clergy offering to supply them with ready-made sermons, written by "an earnest and able theological student in England." The clergy are horrified and indignant. They want it to be known that they do not patronize second-hand goods nor hire brain force, but each and every one of them is competent to furnish his own discourses, and what is more, better ones than he could buy. Of course, it is taken for granted that a minister who is ordained is capable of filling his office, and the inditing of sermons is an important part of it, but when one considers what the average sermon is, and how little it amounts to when pruned of its rhetorical adornments, how little of thought or anything else but words it contains, the wonder is that long ere this some syndicate or bureau has not been established to furnish appropriate discourses. If it is not considered a violation of the "ethics of the profession" to repeat a sermon, what harm can arise from delivering one supplied from some other source, provided always that due credit is given? And there have been notable instances where sermons have been given and the credit withheld. Why, for example, should a good elocutionist, without the capacity for composition, stand before a congregation and hurl his own weak platitudes at their defenceless heads when he might edify and instruct them by applying his one talent to reading a truly able document? Why should a clerical politician deliver Sunday lectures on secular subjects because they interest him, while his congregation starves for lack of moral food and religious instruction? If he cannot produce a sermon of his own, but is competent to care for his parish in other respects, what possible harm would come from letting him read one supplied by the industrious theological student who, mayhap, is working his way through college on the proceeds of what his pen earns for him? Lawyers and politicians are well enough aware of the advantages of collaboration, and do not disdain to make use of it. In this matter of sermon production, like a good many other of the traditions of the churches, there is as much breach as observance. It is a greater crime to speak of things than it is to do them.

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The Fate of the Flirt

Veracity to sentiment, truth in a relation, truth to your own heart and your friends, never to feign or falsify emotion—that is the truth which makes love possible and mankind happy.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

The truth that virtue is its own reward has for corollary the converse truth, that vice is its own punishment. In this way sins of which the statute books take no account find terrible atonement. The criminals who kill Time commit more than murder and must suffer the remorse of regicides. The fool has perpetually to put up with his own insufferable company and the averted faces of humanity. The leaden hearted cannot hope to climb the hills of dream or to win the heights of happiness.

In the *recherche* rogue's gallery which the imagination readily fashions a prominent place must be assigned to the flirt. Let us examine the picture somewhat minutely in its relation to the foregoing corollary.

A flirt, in spite of the dictionary, may for a time be of either sex, but it invariably ends by being of neither. The flirt is one who feigns and falsifies emotion; and this is the lie which makes love impossible and mankind miserable. The flirt is a filcher of affection, is guilty of the gross misdemeanor of obtaining love under false pretenses. Now if there is any one infallible test of the moral fitness of a man or woman to survive in society, it is his or her deportment in matters of the heart—in friendship and in love. To bungle here is to make a sorry mess of life's brief business; to prove oneself the mere amateur (the person who does not know how to do it) in the difficult art of living.

Worst of all world bunglers, sorriest specimen of inanity, is the finished flirt, beggared of spontaneity, nature-poor, vainly endeavoring to batter herself into a warm affection (as Burns is said to have done), aping the inimitable aspect of a lover, feeling within the while none of the sacred fire.

For soon the flirt becomes spiritually *blasee,* impotent of soul, self-slain. The divine desires are dead. At her cold heart may no affinity-flame be kindled. Will a true man ever long to cleave close to this lie? an earnest soul seek for mate this mummer of emotion? The flirt, having lost the precious bloom of purity, is a fruit that no longer invites; for it no heart hungers; no eager hand reaches out. The maid in name only, bedecked with her false jewel of technical virginity, remains such to the end, or else becomes a wife in name only: realities are reserved for the true of heart. The flirt is, I believe, functionally defective; that she is instinctively averse to motherhood I know. Long before she reaches her punitive premature old age, her sin begins to find her out. The utter absence of correspondence between outer expression and inner feeling, or rather lack of feeling, has grown to be a pitiable, patent lie, the abomination of God and man. Her face, like those of actors overmuch made-up when seen near at hand, is such a caricature of a lover's, the misfit between it and emotion so obvious and ridiculous, that pity at once passes into contempt. After awhile, a very little while, the flirt becomes the spoil of callow youths and callous dotards, and has neither chick, child, man, woman, God, nor self to friend.

I do not class with the flirt those impressionable persons who on the least provocation fall in love (or something very like it) and as readily fall out again. For in their cases, though much confusion of feeling may arise, and the delicate outlines of love be lost, and memory become a medley of emotions, yet, because their affections are for the time being true, unfeigned, they escape the fate of the flirt.

The fate of a flirt! the last end of a living lie! Flee it, playactors of passion; for it is in truth appalling. Not to be loved, no matter what the cause, is indeed a sad lot; but to know that you have wilfully forfeited the right to be loved is sadder; and not to be able to love, because of your own vice, is as it were to be conscious of having committed suicide of the soul, and is saddest of all. For to be powerless to rise to a real emotion, much less to maintain an ecstasy, is, especially for a woman, to have failed completely in life.

And now behold the flirt grown old, fallen in midsummer into the sere and yellow leaf of loveless existence—her world within one interminable wintry waste, more desolate than death, hopeless of any spring. For without love youth in woman soon languishes and dies; and contrariwise no woman who loves well and is well beloved ever grows old. Love is the elixir of life, the fountain of perpetual youth. But the divine drink is forbidden the flirt; neither to give it nor take it is hers. Finally she no longer feels thirsty for love, yet suffers a thirst for the thirst; then a thirst for that thirst; and so on *ad infinitum.* Take a last look at her before the kindly curtain falls, down on her self-conscious knees, it may be, like George Moore's famous, or infamous, celibate, Mildred Lawson, with exaggerated eyes upturned and habitual ineffective simper, imploring the All-Compassionate to remove her impotence and grant her the grace of a genuine emotion. "Give me a passion for God or man, but give me a passion. I cannot live without one." Alas, it is plain to be seen, that all earthly lovers having forever failed her, she is now but flirting with the very Father of Heaven Himself!

Harry Cowell.

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The Saunterer

When Railroad Lobbyists Fall Out

The recent session of the Legislature was a dreary and monotonous one. Incidentally it may be stated that it was not very profitable to the small-fry statesmen from the cow-paths of the interior and the byways of the metropolis. They didn't have much more than a bowing acquaintance with Colonel Mazuma until the last days, when those several railroad measures came up for action. The Western Pacific railroad bills aroused considerable interest and they were beaten notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of a large but inexperienced lobby guided and directed by attorney W J. Bartnett. There was a clash between the people that urged the passage of those bills, and the sponsors of that other railroad measure which was said to have been introduced in the interest of the owners of a jerk-water road in Humboldt county, but which was believed to have been drawn in the Southern Pacific law department, and to have for its purpose the grabbing of more of the Oakland water front. This latter measure passed both houses but was vetoed by Governor Pardee.

A Fatal Mix-Up

The story that the Southern Pacific Company has designs on more of the Oakland water front is discredited by people who are familiar with the affairs of that corporation, and they say that if the Western Pacific Railroad people were smart they would not have started the opposition to the measure which was vetoed by the Governor. Their notion was that the Southern Pacific was anxious to grab more of the San Francisco water front and to shut them out, whereas the bill, if signed, would have enabled them to get just what they wanted. Indeed it would have given them more than they sought under their own bills, which failed to pass owing to the bungling methods of unskilled lobbyists. The story as I get it is that the Southern Pacific wants to get possession of the water front in a cove north of Point Richmond, in Contra Costa county, and the measure that would have enabled the corporation to secure what it was after would also have empowered the Western Railroad to get terminal facilities in this city. By getting into a mix-up both companies failed to achieve their ends.

A Big Railroad Project

The plans of the Southern Pacific Company relative to the tract of land north of Point Richmond have not been made public. The company contemplates the removal of its Port Costa docks on account of the limited space at that point, and it has in prospect the concentration of its freight business near Point Richmond, where there are splendid harbor facilities. It is proposed to grade away a hill at that point to perfect a site for the erection of all the necessary buildings, and the company has already obtained franchises in Contra Costa county under which it may operate all the necessary roads leading to the water front. It is said that in the near future the water front lying between Point Richmond and Point Pinole will be the scene of great railroad and industrial activity, and there is no doubt but that it was in furtherance of that enterprise that the corporation lobbyists rushed the bill that was vetoed by Pardee under the misapprehension that Oakland was to be despoiled.

Promises Were Broken

One of the most enthusiastic supporters of the Western Pacific Railroad bills at Sacramento was Assemblyman Frank Dunlap of Stockton. Upon his return home he poured a tale of woe into the ears of a *Mail* reporter. The burden of his plaint was that the bills were beaten by the agents of the Southern Pacific Company, and he made some serious accusations against members of the Legislature. Carter, Stanton and Transue are said to have agreed to vote for the bills and then to have gone back on their word. They admitted that they had promised, but said that they did not expect to be bound by the promise more than one day. Bliss of Alameda also promised and then managed to get himself locked in an upper room. Just as the Sergeant-at-Arms was about to break in the door a key was found, and then Bliss voted against the bills. It was an interesting contest between the two companies, and it put some of our small-fry statesmen in a very bad light.

Pardee's Backbone

Governor Pardee has been winning high encomiums on the rigidity of his backbone. Evidence of the stiffness of his vertebral column was furnished in the cases of Robert Y. Hayne and Frank Short, attorneys, each of whom had a claim against the State for about five thousand dollars for services rendered. The Governor announced shortly after the opening of the Legislative session that he would not approve any bills that reached him before a certain date because he wished to know what the condition of the State's finances was likely to be before drawing against the funds in the treasury. Notwithstanding the announcement Hayne and Short rushed their claims through the Legislature, and then proceeded to bring pulls to bear to persuade the Governor to sign them. He proved immune to influence of all kinds. He said that he had

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made an announcement and that it was not an empty one. He meant what he said. The pulls were in vain, and though the Governor approved all other personal claims that reached him subsequent to those of Hayne and Short, he rejected theirs and the consequence is that they must wait two years for their money.

Exit Dr. Anderson

Governor Pardee lost no time in retiring that spectacular, gold-braided medical gentleman, Dr. J. Winslow Anderson, to private life. Dr. Anderson was made a member of the State Board of Health by Governor Gage in recognition of his services at the time the Bubonic plague scare had its inception. Dr. Anderson was most emphatic in his denial of the presence of the bubonic germ in this city. He gladly bolstered up the case for those who foolishly tried to suppress the facts, and who, as it appeared from subsequent developments, did the State a great deal of harm. Governor Pardee appointed Dr. Hart of Sacramento to take Dr. Anderson's place on the State Board of Health.

The Teachers are Wondering

That era of purity in School Department affairs which was to have arrived contemporaneously with the New Charter has evidently been delayed. The ways of our School Directors are as badly in need of reform as ever. There are two instructors in physical culture in the school department. At a recent meeting of the teachers, one of the exponents of physical culture, Mr. Walter Magee, of Berkley, stated that neither he nor his assistant, Mr. Robert Barth, was employed to give any instruction in classes visited by them. He explained that their duty was merely to act as inspectors and to report on the quality of the instruction given by class teachers. Two weeks ago the teachers received a circular letter from Mr. Barth informing them that he had opened a school of physical culture in a Mission hall, and stating, "It is the object of my instruction to supplement the physical education begun at the public schools"; also that his terms are moderate. The letter closes with these words: "Knowing that, being an educator, you fully understand and appreciate the high value of a proper physical education, your kind co-operation is herewith solicited. In urging your pupils to join one of the gymnastic classes you certainly will confer a lasting benefit upon them, and greatly oblige, yours etc." The teachers are now wondering whether their failure to "urge" their pupils will prejudice the men who are expected to report on the efficiency of the school system.

The Son of a Self-Made Man

Society in San Francisco is wondering if Mrs. McLean Martin is satisfied with the match her daughter is making. When she was out here a year or so ago she very plainly expressed her sentiments as to what she wanted for a son-in-law. She sneered at the eligibles in this city and declared that there was nothing in sight suitable for a match with her Theodosia. She expected her daughter to marry a man of wealth, lineage and social distinction. Now, though Theodosia Cook's fiance has wealth, the family controlling one of the largest banking houses in the country, he is shy on lineage. His father, a native of Ireland, was a self-made man who lived in San Francisco in the early eighties. His residence was in Fulton street near the Park. He succeeded J. F. Chapman in charge of the Graces' interests here, and was also consul for Peru and Uraguay. His brother, Michael, before he went to New York, lived in South America and in Callao married a beautiful Spanish woman. William P. Grace, who became Mayor of New York city, is said to have taken out his papers just in time to make him eligible for nomination to that office. The Graces have loads of money and by marrying into the family Miss Cook will find herself related to the Countess of Donoughmore and Mrs. Hubert Beaumont of London.

Mrs. Martin's Passion

Though there wasn't anybody in San Francisco sufficiently gilt-edged and aristocratic to merit consideration as a suitor for the hand of Mrs. Martin's daughter, Mrs. Martin was not so exacting so far as her own heart and hand were concerned. Many years ago our gay bachelor millionaire, Mr. James D. Phelan, aroused love's passion in the breast of the charming widow, and she would undoubtedly have been willing to make him the step-father of Theodosia, but the passion glowed in vain. And Mrs. Martin's affection for Mr. Phelan was sincere and unselfish. He too is merely the son of a self-made man, but Mrs. Martin had no thought of lineage in those days.

Fickle Jimmy Phelan

I have been assured by what I regard as very good authority that there is nothing serious in Mr. Phelan's attentions to Zelie de Lussan. He is very fond, says my informant, of music and musicians, and is especially fond of opera singers. He has entertained all the big stars that have visited this city, and he courted the society of a few abroad. He met Zelie de Lussan at the home of the Denis O'Sullivans in London, and it was in London that he entertained Mabel Gilman, the young woman who was wooed by the Prince of Siam. From the same source I learn that our bachelor millionaire is more devoted to Emma Eames than to all other opera singers, but she has a husband. It is also said of Mr. Phelan that he prefers ladies of an uncertain age and well developed figure to *jeunes filles*. Mary Belle Gwin, before she became Mrs. James Follis, was the only young girl to whom he ever seriously paid any atten-

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tion. But Jimmy is fickle, and though he goes into raptures over a pretty face it holds him only until another one comes within the range of his vision.

The Sidetracking of Arnold

In Bohemia—the luxurious, voluptuous Bohemia in Post street—there is whispering over the "turning down" of Dr. J. Dennis Arnold. The regular nominating committee of the club has reported in favor of the nomination of James D. Phelan for president. Now it happens that Dr. J. Dennis Arnold is first vice-president of the club, and as he is eminently qualified to succeed Mr. Frank Deering in the presidency many of the members are curious to know why he was overlooked. Dr. Arnold is a man of exceptional culture, he is imbued with the true Bohemian spirit and he is very popular, but the nominating committee regarded Mr. Phelan as a man better fitted for the position. And many of the members are puzzled over the selection. They say that Mr. Phelan has no advantages over Dr. Arnold so far as graceful accomplishments are concerned, and they insinuate that the nominating committee must have favored the ex-Mayor on account of his great wealth. Yet they are reluctant to believe that Mammon wields so much influence in Bohemia. However they recall that Mr. Phelan was elected President some years ago, and that he then defeated a genuine Bohemian in the person of Dan O'Connell the poet. It was surely not special qualifications that won the honor for him then, and yet he was far more popular in those days than he is now.

The Insulting of Phelan

If Dr. Arnold had been sidetracked for almost any other man than James D. Phelan the incident wouldn't have caused much surprise. Phelan has few friends in the Bohemian Club despite his studied affability and his strategic hospitality. He has been guyed in the club and he was insulted at a midsummer jinks when a member rode upon the scene of the festivities mounted on a donkey whose name, he said, was "Jimmy Phelan." That incident aroused the sympathy even of Phelan's enemies who said that he had been so generous to the club that his feelings should be respected. But while the action of the nominating committee has not met with general approval there are many members who argue that no better selection could have been made. They say it is fortunate that such a rich man as Phelan is eager to accept the honor. "He makes a good front," said one Bohemian in discussing the matter, "and he has the money to spend in entertaining distinguished visitors. He wants to keep before the public and I'm in favor of letting him have his fling. He may not be a typical Bohemian, but he patronizes artists and he tries to be a good fellow. I'm for Phelan."

Prejudice Suggested

While much may be said in approval of the action of the nominating committee, and while it is likely that Dr. Arnold had no desire for the nomination, it is certain that many members of the club very much regret that he was not urged to take the presidency. They declare that if he had been, the club would have been given credit for freedom from narrow prejudices, and they go so far as to intimate that the committee was not unbiased when considering the availability of members. In other words it is believed by some that if Dr. Arnold were not of Jewish extraction James D. Phelan would not have been suggested for the office of President of the Bohemian Club. This view of the matter is not voiced much above a whisper but it has been pretty freely expressed. It is said that as it was feared that the turning down of Dr. Arnold would provoke unfavorable comment it would be wise to make a concession to the Jewish element in the club, and hence it was that Edgar Peixotto was nominated for secretary. It is said that under no other circumstances could he have been nominated.

Whitney Refused a Dot

The young Parker Whitneys, hero and heroine of a sensational elopement, have taken to automobiling, and they appear to be still in the cooing dove period of their domestic existence. They are enjoying themselves just as though they had a big fortune in their own right, and I hear that Papa Whitney has been very generous to them. There is a story in circulation that Mrs. Parrott thought that Mr. Whitney should have given his son a big dot for the use of her daughter, but that he absolutely declined to entertain the proposition, which according to rumor was submitted before the elopement.

A Bishop and His Wife

Bishop and Mrs. Partridge were passengers on the *Coptic,* that left for Japan Thursday. They were in this country several months and were entertained here extensively. Mrs. Partridge was the charming Miss Simpson, and her marriage with the Bishop was a very speedy romance. Though he is more than twenty years her senior she is said to be very much in love with him, and very well satisfied with herself for having captured a Bishop for a husband. When she first went to Japan she imagined that their position was to be one of great honor and glory, and she was surprised to find that her husband was regarded by the Japs with about as much reverence as one has for a Joss in Chinatown. Therefore she prefers being a Bishop's wife in the United States, and no doubt her husband will find many pretexts for returning.

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The Millionaire Invasion

Southern California is having a bad attack of lionitis. Southern California dearly loves a millionaire, and the species has been quite common in the citrus belt this season. The lionizing of millionaires has been the most interesting feature of the season. John W. Gates, E. P. Ripley, W. Seward Webb, Paul Morton and John Dough Rockefeller are some of the millionaires who have traveled through the Southland, and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan is the most distinguished of the millionairesses who have sojourned there. The great Morgan, himself, it is hoped by the hotel men, will materialize later on. Meanwhile they have been devoting most of their attention to poor Rockefeller, whose name was hissed the other day by the students of Chicago's freak university which he has so generously endowed. But Rockefeller has apparently not bothered himself about Chicago ingratitude. The great Oil Trust magnate who seeks to ease his conscience by ostentatious philanthropy need not fret over student hisses while acknowledging the salaams of the multitude in Southern California. The interest of the public in Rockefeller is keyed up by the press. His every movement is reported. When he takes a walk the public is informed that during the stroll his income accumulated to the extent of a few thousand dollars. When he bangs the ball over the golf links it is estimated that ten thousand dollars came rolling into his coffers, and the circumstance of his having "preceded his wife into the dining-room" at the Hotel Green supplies material for a quarter of a column.

Gates Ran Away

Millionaire John W. Gates left the Hotel Coronado hurriedly, and it has since been learned, so a correspondent informs me, that he "jumped the town" to avoid arrest. It appears that when he goes out hunting he never knows when he has enough. He violated the game law in San Diego, and the authorities being apprised of the fact resolved upon the sensational arrest of the multi-millionaire. But Mr. Gates took an early train just to avoid trouble.

Cheered the Wrong Admiral

Admiral Schley, the naval hero, who by a fortuitous circumstance was in command of the fleet that captured Cervera, and who later on figured in a very unpleasant controversy, came in for a great deal of lionizing in Southern California. His democratic affability won for him many friends. He was willing not only to be interviewed, but he stood to be kodaked, and on Mount Lowe he played the slot machine and drank cocktails with ordinary mortals. An unpleasant malapropism occurred during his trip to Mount Lowe which disconcerted him. Just as he was about to depart it was decided to give him three rousing cheers, but the individual selected to lead the chorus got rattled and shouted, "Three cheers for Admiral Dewey," and the throng responded lustily. Admiral Schley looked as though he had been hit with a club.

A Cause Celebre Recalled

The divorce suit instituted by Maud Sloan Woods against her husband, Harry Woods, recalls to mind that celebrated bribery case which grew out of the damage suit of a poor widow against the Sutter street Railway Company. It was the case that involved Bob Morrow and Micah Doane. They were charged with having instigated the bribery but they escaped while Frank Northey and Dick Creighton, the tools of the corporation, went to jail. Young Wood was one of the jurors approached and offered a bribe and he told all about the transaction on the trial of the conspirators. An effort was made to break down his testimony by showing that he was addicted to the use of morphine. His father was a wealthy and cultured attorney.

Why This Coldness?

Major-General, by brevet, Harrison Gray Otis, who was licked by a rival newspaperman last week, has earned for himself the reputation of being the greatest glad-hander in Los Angeles. His residence, The Bivouac, out near Westlake Park, is always open to distinguished visitors and especially to army and navy heroes. Whenever it is announced that General So and So or Admiral Blank has arrived, everybody knows that the hero of the Rubicon is prepared to do the honors. There is in the Southland just now, General Wesley Merritt, U. S. A. retired, under whom Brigadier-General of Volunteers Otis served during the troublous times at the Presidio in 1898. When the announcement was made that General Merritt intended to spend a part of the winter in Southern California, society looked forward to a season of gayety in which camp-fire reunions at the Otis bivouac would be star features. Said Society, "These two old comrades in arms will, as becomes war veterans, fight over the battles of 1898 while we look on and wonder." But, for some unexplained reason, the fires in the Otisan bivouac have not been lighted, and it is current gossip that an exchange of cards between the two veterans of many wars, including the skirmish at the Presidio, was not even hinted at. General Merritt came and

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saw everything worth seeing except The Bivouac. He has been wined, dined and feted by everybody except his erstwhile companion in arms. And Society, writes my correspondent, is curious to know why Otis failed to pay his respects. That there has been something doing no one doubts.

San Franciscans Abroad

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Angus, who with their children went to Europe about a year ago, expect to return home soon. They go to London in April after a long sojourn in Florence, where their children made excellent progress in the Italian language. They also studied French and music in Paris, and will continue their music in London.

Preparing for a Big Car Strike

This promises to be the banner strike year in history. Already strikes are cropping up all over the land with advancing spring and San Francisco is threatened with one of the biggest and gravest in the lot. For many months past the local car company and the union have been girding themselves for the inevitable struggle. Almost a year ago the conductors, under union instructions, began to take notes on the daily receipts of each car and such matters, all with a view of ultimately setting data before the public to prove that the company was in receipt of an enormous income and could easily afford to give the carmen three dollars a day and still pay handsome dividends on the stock. The company, through its detectives, has been kept informed of the plans of the union and is consequently fully prepared for the strike issue. I have it on good inside authority that under no consideration will the company yield to the demand for higher wages. Both sides understand that all the other disputed points are merely stalking horses leading up to this vital proposition. If the men throw down the gage the company is prepared for a long, stubborn fight. It will shut down its big plant, cut expenses to the bone and spend the time trying to lose nothing but the interest on invested capital. The company is figuring largely that the public will not support the union with the patience and sympathy that marked the last strike.

Big Attack on Unionism

Mindful of the distressful effects of the last strike to business throughout the city and State, a number of influential citizens are scurrying about trying their mightiest to patch up a truce between the two camps. Cornelius and his followers are not the only ones who have appealed to the East for advice and influence; the company has done the same, and the three dollar wage demand has been chronicled to Eastern magnates as a token of what they may expect in their own bailiwicks unless the car combines of the continent stand together and use their powerful influence to win this fight. If the magnates unite, and there is little doubt but that they will, the courts will be the power appealed to to break the backbone of the unions. Even now this is being foreshadowed in what is occurring in a town on the Eastern seaboard. The eyes of the street car world are just now turned on Waterbury, Conn., where a car strike has been in progress since the middle of January. The company there has just succeeded in getting the court to hand down one of the most sweeping injunctions ever issued during a strike. The decree stops the strikers from boycotting, intimidating, or in any way interfering with the affairs of the railway company, under a penalty of ten thousand dollars. So grave is this injunction considered by the national unions that Gompers, Mahan and other big labor leaders have been despatched to Waterbury to consult as to what had best be done to block this drastic action. Every labor organization in the country has been appealed to to furnish funds for this important contest. Incidentally it may be stated that the railway company has sued the union for twenty thousand dollars on account of damages alleged to have been already committed through loss of business and property. Big car combines in New York, New Jersey and Rhode Island are helping the Connecticut company in its fight. Now that the San Francisco fight is on the local company hopes that some of this great influence will be extended here so as to give the national carmen's union the fight for its life, both East and West.

The Public Pulse

Meanwhile the dear public must suffer while capital and labor fight it out. In the last car strike in this city public sympathy was with the carmen principally for the reason that everybody was sore on that smug psalm-singer, Mr. E. P. Vining, the general manager of the system. But the unpopular Vining is no longer connected with the company. In his place is a gentleman who has made a very favorable impression on the public. The union leaders say that they have felt the public pulse and that they have found that sympathy is with them. They may find that

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they are mistaken. To properly gauge the public pulse is a very difficult task. It is believed by some of the shrewd labor leaders in this city that the carmen will recede from the position which they have taken. They think that they have been urged on by politicians and it is hinted that behind the controversy is a scheme to give Mayor Schmitz another opportunity for a grand-stand play. If so the Mayor is treading on dangerous ground.

Arbitration Suggested

Since the foregoing pargraphs were written the Conference Committee of the Carmen's Union decided to recede in a measure from its original position. Moreover a proposition to arbitrate was submitted to Manager Chapman. It is evident that the carmen have become less eager to force the issue as originally framed. Perhaps they felt the public pulse a second time, and found a decided change. With public sentiment against the carmen their cause would be a hopeless one, and the probability is that before all differences are settled they will deem it advisable to rescind many of their rules. The one which prohibits the company from discharging men without the approval of the Union is perhaps more responsible for the alienation of public sentiment than all others. Since it went into effect passengers on street cars have been treated by many employes of the company with less consideration than was formerly vouchsafed them.

An Academician's Views

While on this subject I am reminded that the theory of Mr. E. E. Clark, lately a member of the Coal Strike Commission, that a responsibility rests on the public to adjust the differences between capital and labor and bring them into amicable and harmonious relations, is disputed by Professor W. G. Sumner of Yale, a clear-headed and impartial student of the labor problem. He contends that the public should keep out of the controversy. The usual way for the public to engage in it, he says, is through its sympathy, and there is too much of that already. The interference of the public by sympathy has prolonged many hopeless strikes, it has encouraged reckless men to take the law into their own hands. The public's sympathy is occasionally an influence in bringing about a rational settlement, as it was in this city during the last car strike, but more often it is a snap judgment which springs from the false theory that capital must always be in the wrong. There is a responsibility resting on the public, to be impartial.

Latest Idea in Women's Clubs

A Californian in New York informs me that that extremely up-to-date idea "The Man's Club for Women" is rapidly taking tangible shape. Where else on this continent or anywhere on the effete earth could it flourish for a moment? Of course the club will have some striking name when launched among the anxiously waiting smart set but just now the name like the idea is still in the incubator. Mrs. Grundy expects nothing short of a stroke of paralysis when the result is announced. Those two swagger leaders of ultra swell society, Mrs. Jack Astor and Mrs. Borden Harriman, have been actively engaged all winter shaping the course of the embryo club and they now report everything complete except its name and its home. The two propositions will be submitted to the select committee in the near future. Both ladies talk enthustically of their plans, which they have divided under the following heads: First, the object and scope; the club will be a rendezvous and social nerve centre for the emancipated woman, the woman who rides, drives, sails, automobiles and practices the Terentian philosophy that nothing human, regardless of convention, precedent or sex boundary is alien to her sympathy. Second, club motto: A woman is as good as a man and probably a little bit better. Third, membership: Strictly limited to those women who can do anything or snub anybody without fear of social reprisals. Fourth, rules and by-laws: Substantially the same as any first-class man's club. Fifth, dues: Initiation fee, two hundred and fifty dollars, annual dues one hundred dollars, subject to increase without notice.

Cocktails Not Tabu

The originators of the scheme are now trying to get a good up-town location for clubrooms. In the opinion of the projectors there is at present too much restraint in society to suit the emancipated woman. Incredible as it may appear there are still houses in New York where a woman who asks for a cocktail before dinner and a cigarette with coffee has occasionally to face rebuking glances. The atmosphere of the new club will be entirely congenial to the untrammeled development of feminine independence. Men will be tolerated about the premises, but only when they wear the livery of the club. There will be no women servants above the scullery. Needless to say there are hundreds of enthusiastic ultra-society dames who are so anxious to get into the new club that they are willing to climb through the transom over the front door or fall in by the coal chute. But something more than a fat bank account, a swagger reputation and a Newport divorce will constitute qualifications for admission according to the sponsors of this up-to-date club.

Illness of Follansbee

Jack Follansbee has been ill in New York and has had to delay his annual visit to the Hearst ranch in Chihuahua. The recent death of his mother, who was a sister of James R. Keene the great Wall street financier, will prevent his racing his horses in his own name this season, so they will run as the property of the Mexican stable. Jack Follansbee and Hearst are still the best of friends but the former is as wrapped up in thoroughbreds as Hearst is in politics, so the paths of the two do not run so close as in

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the days when they were inseparable cronies out here. Mr. Follansbee never misses his trip to Babicora, which is the name of the Hearst ranch and also of Follansbee's crack filly. He has half promised to come up to San Francisco after the Mexican visit and there will be plenty of his old-time friends to give him warm greeting. Follansbee always went into society more than Hearst and at one time his engagement with Nellie Joliffe, now Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, was rumored over the tea-cups.

Resembled Both Langtry and Trilby

It was Frank Norris who first pointed out Sara Collier's resemblance to the Trilby of Du Maurier and her engagement to Reginald Norris is therefore somewhat of a coincidence. There is indeed a striking likeness between Miss Collier's face and the features the artist-author drew for the tone-deaf Trilby. Poor Sara Collier has always been handicapped by comparison with some famous beauty and of course has suffered in the comparison. When Lily Langtry first came to San Francisco she met the Colliers at Del Monte and every one declared that little Sara Collier looked enough like the Jersey Lily to be her own daughter. Mrs. Langtry was the most emphatic of all in her prophecies, and declared that Sara would grow up to be the counterfeit presentment of her own beauty. So every one watched Sara Collier but she grew less Langtryesque every year, and by the time she reached long skirts the resemblance was very faint. That she had good looks of her own did not suffice. People had expected her to look like Mrs. Langtry, the Jersey Lily had herself prophesied it, and when Miss Collier failed to make good these expectations it was taken as a personal failing on her part. And then Trilby came out and along came Frank Norris and discovered that Sara Collier was Trilby in the flesh, and straightway all her friends fell to comparing her line for line and feature for feature with this new standard. Just when she was beginning to be recognized for her own charms another lay figure must appear, and because she is not quite as tall as Trilby, or her eyes are not as deep-lashed, or her mouth a trifle more Cupid-bowed, it is regarded as a personal flaw. "I wish somebody would find out that I look like myself," Miss Collier once complained. And Reginald Norris has evidently done so.

Charles Rollo Peters sent up a big bunch of canvases this week from Monterey to be framed. They will be shown at the forthcoming Bohemian Club exhibition.

Because They Have American Wives

There are rumors of an impending change in the Italian Embassy at Washington, and a correspondent writes me that it is believed that the King of Italy is anxious to follow the example of the other Powers that are now represented at the capital by Ambassadors with wives of American birth. It is well understood that the notion now prevails in Europe that the best way to cultivate the friendship of Uncle Sam is to send to Washington an Ambassador with an American wife. Up to a few years ago alliances between diplomats were frowned upon by the governments of the latter. Moreover in cases where such unions were tolerated, the rule was established never to appoint or accredit the husband to the native country of his wife. The fact is that American women were tabu in European diplomatic circles. Baron von Brandt, one of the greatest authorities on Chinese questions, was deprived of the post of Envoy at Pekin for marrying an American, while the late Count Hatzfeldt, who died as the Kaiser's Ambassador in London, was forced by Prince Bismarck, under threat of dismissal, to part from his American wife, Miss Moulton, to whom he became reunited only a short time before his death.

Some of the Fortunate Ones

How times have changed! The potency of petticoat influence is now recognized by all the crowned heads. There is not the slightest doubt that the Kaiser was prompted to send Baron Speck von Sternberg to the United States by the circumstance of his having married a Kentucky girl. That Miss Wilson of New York was the wife of Sir Michael Herbert, first secretary of the British Legation at Paris, was a fact that undoubtedly served as the chief reason for his appointment to the post of British Ambassador to the United States. And it is doubtful whether M. Jusseraud would have been selected to succeed M. Jules Cambon as French Ambassador in this country, if he had not married Miss Richards. And King Leopold was by no means insensible of the importance of an American wife when he selected as his representative Baron Moncheur, whose better-half is of American birth. The Queen of Holland couldn't find a diplomat with an American wife, so hse was content with Baron Gevers, who happens to have had an American mother. Russia was a little behindhand until a short time ago when the St. Petersburg Foreign Office gladly consented to the marriage of the Secretary of the Czar's Embassy at Washington to the daughter of Paymaster Hoy, U. S. N.

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Mrs. Martin's Lenten Dinner

The up-to-date social leader has to exercise a great deal of ingenuity to sustain a reputation for originality. It requires a high order of genius to pull off a novel function every little while. Many a social leader has been overcome with brain-fag while trying to keep society on the tip-toe of expectancy for something rich, rare and racy. Being aware of how it taxes the mental energy of a social leader to keep society interested I have no hesitation in awarding the palm to our own Mrs. Eleanor Martin for having capped the climax of originality by a function that took place at her home last Wednesday night. Mrs. Martin is a distinguished communicant of the Catholic Church, and in no more signal manner could she express her contempt for the conventions than by giving a dinner in Lent, and that is what she did. Moreover the dinner took place on Wednesday evening and Wednesday is one of the fast days of the week, but while that circumstance heightens the humor of the affair, the boldness of the venture was due to the fact that it was in honor of a clergyman.

They Sent Regrets

It was a droll idea indeed to invite a number of distinguished Catholic clergymen to dinner in the middle of Lent. For several days preceding the event Mrs. Martin's press-agent gave great space to it in the *Post*. It was to be a big social event, and the names of the invited guests were published, but on the last day it was stated somewhat apologetically that it was to be quite informal. Among those invited were Archbishop Riordan and Bishop Montgomery, and I was curious to know whether they would attend. Although it was of course a fish dinner I seriously doubted that either of those gentlemen would care to participate in a function of that sort on a Lenten Wednesday. They did not but I am quite sure that the fact will not be noted. They probably appreciated Mrs. Martin's drollery, but they sent excuses. However Monsignor Nugent, in whose honor the dinner was given, attended the fish banquet. But as Monsignor Nugent is over eighty years of age he is not expected to fast even in Lent. He is a very interesting old gentleman who has devoted his whole life-work to the amelioration of the condition of criminals in the prisons of England and Ireland.

An Interesting Woman

News comes to me from Paris of the separation of the William Tiffanys. I wonder how many of our club men who were gay young blades of fifteen years ago recall the visit to this city of Mrs. Tiffany who was then Mrs. Fernando Yznaga. She came to this State to establish a residence and obtain a divorce and while here she indulged in some very lively escapades. So reckless did she become that she had a narrow escape from figuring in a sensational newspaper story. The story was written up and would have been published had not Mrs. Yznaga secured the intercession of the mother of the publisher of the paper. About that time William Tiffany, the scion of an old Baltimore family, who had run through a fortune of two millions, was frittering away what little money he had left in this city. He met Mrs. Yznaga and after her divorce they were married. Her first husband having settled with her for a large amount of money, she went off to Europe with her young husband and they have spent most of the time in Paris ever since. Fernando Yznaga was the son of a Cuban planter and his mother was a celebrated beauty. His sister became the Duchess of Manchester.

The Smith Sisters

Mrs. Tiffany is one of three sisters all of whom have made important social history in this country. They were originally known as the Smith sisters of Mobile, Alabama, and they were beauties of the voluptuous type. One of them married William K. Vanderbilt, from whom she was divorced, after which she married Perry Belmont. She is the mother of Willie K. Jr. and the Duchess of Marlborough. The third sister married the Baron de Fontelliat from whom she was divorced several months ago, at which time she threatened to go on the stage.

Itinerant Journalists

Those two young French journalists, Messieurs Bles and Boyer, who are singing their way round the world, are to entertain the French club this evening. They are clever fellows, and will undoubtedly make more money on their trip than they would have earned at journalism in Paris. They were cordially received by the local French colony, and they made a great hit with their topical songs about the Humberts and the Crawfords. One of their songs tells of Coquelin's visit to Emperor William on which occasion the latter was suffering from indigestion. The actor asked the cause of his suffering and he replied, "Alsace-Lorraine." At their concert under the auspices of L'Alliance Francaise, the journalists sold copies of their songs and they didn't have enough to supply the demand. During their stay they have given their entertainment for Prince and Princess Poniatowski, the Downey Harveys, Mrs. Roos, the Weill brothers and the Bohemian Club.

Believed Dennis a Lothario

When Mrs. Dennis Kearney heard that her husband figured in Mrs. Older's novel, "The Socialist and the Prince," she rushed off and bought the book. She believed that the whole story was literally true, and that Theodosia Peyton was a real woman with whom her husband was in love. The love scenes roused her indignation, and when

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Dennis came home she said, "I always knew that you were going round making love to other women and taking them out to the Cliff at night, and wanting them to elope with you. I know it all but I want you to tell me her real name. I know that Theodosia Peyton is an alias." Dennis had a hard time trying to explain.

The Million Dollar Baby

The story of the arrival of the millionaire Clark baby published the other day was all wrong. The baby that was confounded with Senator Clark's grandchild was the offspring of Dr. and Mrs. Rennick, who came to town to visit the Charles Clarks at their home in San Mateo. Mrs. Rennick is a sister of Mrs. Charles Clark. The million dollar baby, so-called because it won the one million dollars which Senator Clark agreed to give to the first of his grandchildren, was the offspring of Will Clark, whose wife died a month after the birth of her child.

The exodus from Blingum has begun and I hear that very few of the first families will be left this summer. Mrs. H. T. Scott and Miss McKinstry have started on a trip abroad, and they are soon to be followed by the Carolans, the Hobarts and others. The Downey Harveys are soon to visit their children in Vienna. The James L. Floods, who were reported to be en route to the East with their protegee, Miss Maynard, who was to accompany them on a trip to Europe, are still in San Francisco. The trip has been called off.

The Vanderbilts Outbid

I hear that both Willie Vanderbilt Jr. and his wife are very much disappointed over their failure to capture the imposing northwestern corner at the intersection of Fifth avenue and Fifty-second street, New York, as the site for their New York residence. Those cross corners have long been one of the show places on the avenue, where 'bus drivers pulled up for a moment to point out the splendid mansions of William K. Vanderbilt and William D. Sloane on the westerly corners, and Morton D. Plant's million dollar residence on the southeastern corner. For years the other corner has been occupied by an old-fashioned apartment house. Some time ago Mrs. Birdie Fair Vanderbilt spoke to her husband about capturing the site for a home and he opened negotiations, but they came to naught, owing to the fact that James Henry Smith made a handsome bid for the property and captured it. This is the same James Henry Smith who visited us last season, chaperoned in his own special train by Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish and another member of the ultra swell New York set. He is a bachelor, known as "Silent Smith," and inherited nearly a score of millions from an old Scotch uncle who went to Chicago in early youth and grew up with that bustling town.

Gem of the Palaces

Since losing this lot Willie K. Jr. and his wife have planned to go farther up town and build their residence. There was a time when young Vanderbilt might have acquired a splendid home ready made and lived diagonally across the street from the great stately pile erected by his uncle, Cornelius. This was the house of the late C. P. Huntington. But Mrs. Huntington has sold it. On the opposite corners are the homes of William C. Whitney and Mrs. Paran Stevens. The white marble pile of the latter is now being occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. The structure which Senator Clark has nearly completed in upper Fifth avenue is said to be the most magnificent among the palaces of these multi-millionaires.

Let Us Bar Politics

The Citizens' Committee appointed to make preparations for a fitting reception to President Roosevelt sent him a communication the other day requesting him to extend the time of his stay in this city. The communication contained this sentence, to which as an humble citizen, though not a member of the committee, I beg leave to take exception: "This city being the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, the great financial centre and controlling power of its invested capital, is, therefore, naturally its political keystone." The ground of my exception is that it is most indelicate to assume that President Roosevelt is to visit us for political purposes. He is coming at the invitation of State and municipal authorities to attend certain ceremonies of a patriotic character and it should be presumed that he doesn't give a tinker's imprecation whether this city is the "political keystone" of the State. He isn't coming out to talk politics and no political significance should be attached to his visit. He is to be entertained by the whole people, who desire to show their respect for the Chief Magistrate of the nation. No doubt the colonels of the Union-League Club will be anxious to entertain him, but they have no more right to take up his time and sequester him from the mass of the people than have the braves of the Iroquois Club. He is coming out in his official capacity and not as a Republican politician.

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Dashing Dorothy Tennant

Dorothy Tennant, the San Jose beauty, is back from London where she studied for the stage. She is now in New York, and attracting almost as much attention as she did in England where she was pronounced even more fascinating and original than her British cousin, the Dorothy Tennant who married Sir Henry Stanley the explorer. The California beauty was taken up by society and she played the lion with a swagger that was supposed to be typically Californian. She carried a pistol wherever she went, the glint of it showing in her sealskin muff, or peeping out of the inside pocket of her loose English coat, its menacing outlines even shining in the soft folds of her evening gowns. Lady Stanley obtained invitations for her namesake-cousin to some of the swell English country houses where Dorothy's prowess as a marksman always created a sensation. Hitting a bullseye at thirty feet was a small matter for her. She can ride a horse as well as she can shoot and she rode some cross-country hunts that made even the pink-coated Englishmen gasp. The New York papers have discovered Dorothy but by virtue only of her London social success and her cousinship to Lady Stanley. But Miss Tennant still insists that her sole ambition in life is to work from the bottom up, which is a bit surprising in these days when stars spring full grown in a night. San Jose people remember Dorothy Tennant only as a picturesque little tomboy who was "game" for anything. She once jumped into a foot race with twenty-six boys and came out flushed and first at the end of the quarter-mile. Evidently she is still as fond of running for a long-distance run was gotten up just for her benefit at one of the English country houses and she made the record of a three-quarters of an hour run. The American branch of the Tennant family have lived in San Jose for generations. A part of the city that was once in the suburbs used to be called Tennantville in honor of Dorothy's grandfather.

Fisher the Crack Faker

A sensational story appeared in the despatches the other day about an attempt that was made to poison John C. Fisher, the New York theatrical manager. A bottle of wine containing poison that would have caused instant death had been sent him by express, and he suspected a beautiful woman in Chicago. There is no man in the theatrical profession more skilled in the art of keeping himself and his hired mummers in the public eye than John C. Fisher, who a few years ago was a struggling one-night stand manager in San Diego. He was unknown in the East until he produced "Florodora" on Broadway, and then in a short time he became one of the most prominent of New York managers. His success was due to his breezy, hustling Western methods. He soon discovered that the best advertised shows were the most popular, and he proceeded to invent stories calculated to tempt newspaper men. "Florodora" failed to draw until Fisher got a story into print about a Sextette girl who made a fortune in Wall street on a tip given her by a rich broker. Every week thereafter stories appeared about the love affairs of the sextette girls, and "Florodora" was soon the rage. From the theatrical news in the papers it appeared that all the "Florodora" girls were riding in automobiles or contemplating trips to Europe with millionaire sweethearts. It was Mrs. Stevens of Kansas City who became a Gibson model when she joined the "Florodora" sextette, and was later on arrested for stealing rings from an ardent lover. Fisher was the man who attended to the publication of the stories. It was one of his actresses—Edna Wallace Hopper—who a year ago was reported to be en route to Canada to sue the Premier for the estate left by her step-father, and it was this same little woman who changed her mind the other day and decided not to import brood mares from England to stock her Californian farm. And now Fisher himself comes to the front in the leading role of a sensational poisoning case. Eastern press-agents who visit this city with large wads of manuscript containing stock stories for publication say that it is harder to "work" the local papers than those of any other city. They should emulate Fisher and wire their yarns from New York. The telegraph editor is a "good thing."

The Case of Lady Gordon

London society is making much ado about—well, not nothing. Lady Gordon, the "adoee," may be allied to the "gay Gordons" by nature as well as by name. The truth neither I nor any other man, but one woman only, knows. To judge of character by external acts alone (could one be sure even of them), is fatal philistinism. The one thing that issues from the affair with certainty is that her ladyship has added herself, or been added, rather, to the long list of outlaws for love. Whether, could she have foreseen the price, she would have paid it, perhaps not even she herself can tell. But the fact is that for her sweet sin she must now suffer social ostracism. Her name has been written on the shell-like ears of British aristocracy—and by no less a hand than that of Alexandra herself; a hand admittedly spotless, unless indeed it has been guilty of accepting the consideration of a crown, or the fancied welfare of a nation, for forbearing to prosecute a prince; of compounding a broken commandment.

People Who Live in Glass Houses

Love's tragedies lie too deep for tears, and twice too deep for words. Let us therefore turn to the tearful comedy of the thing. The queen consort has a husband with a reputed "past"; Buckingham Palace is for the gossips a great glass house; last, but by no means least in this mat-

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ter, the royal lady calls herself by His name who said on just such an occasion: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more": yet in broad daylight she stoops down to pick up the first stone to fling at poor Lady Gordon! That fact, for all its tearfulness, is printable because of the smile in it. The ladies of the London "fast set" are bound to follow the example of their Queen; and soon the air will be dark with avenging stones and the Lady Gordon done to social death. If only those among the women of England who are without sin or unwedded to it should shut their doors upon this modern sinner, Lady Gordon's visiting list might not be very sensibly lessened, but the good Queen's holy horror would assuredly be very sensibly increased. By the way, what is the prominent Britisher's name, who is said to have lied and perjured himself like a gentleman in defense of some woman's fair name? If all gentlemen with "pasts" are to be forbidden the court, Alexandra might not do amiss to take in hand the first that comes to hand. Lack of charity covers a multitude of sins. It would never do to begin it at home!

The Wedding of the Week

At the Merrill-Bates wedding the mothers-in-law elect divided interest with bride and groom. Both are fine looking women and attracted much attention. First came Mrs. Elizabeth Sears Gerberding, who passed down the aisle with her little girl, the bridegroom's half-sister, and later followed Mrs. Merrill. They are both brunettes, with hair lightly touched with silver. Mrs. Gerberding was in black velvet and Mrs. Merrill in the most delicate of gray satins. The bride looked charming, as brides usually do, and the bridegroom was the proudest and happiest of boys. The bridesmaids were all "in the springtime of youth," and the maid-of-honor, the bride's sister Ruth who is not yet "out," and the young ushers, completed the ensemble. The central figures of the function are probably the youngest bride and groom that ever drew a church throng in this city. There was a great mob in the church, two thousand invitations having been issued, but only two hundred were invited to the reception so only a small part of the assemblage was in gala attire. Among these were a few smart frocks. Miss Laura Bates, the bridegroom's cousin, looked very sweet in a white princess gown. Mrs. Alpheus Bull, the sister-in-law of Marie Bull, one of the bridesmaids, wore black lace, and Mrs. Tiffany was also in black.

"I think she's a very stylish woman."

"Yes, if she took as much interest in her husband as she does in her wardrobe he'd be the husband of the most devoted woman in town."

Bertha and Burgess

Bertha Runkle has gone and those that met her during her sojurn here are saying that she was addicted to that baneful habit of posing. She sought to impress people with her youth and to that end she affected a girly-girly way and an artificial giggle. After Ashton Stevens interviewed her and told of that giggle or gurgle the authoress accentuated it on every occasion. Gelett Burgess was Miss Runkle's cicerone. He always takes charge of visiting literary ladies, and he always gives them illustrations of novel love-making. He has been known to declare his passion at first sight, and it is said that on such occasions he is merely acting, his purpose being to get inspiration for love scenes in his stories, to paint from real life as it were instead of giving mere studio compositions.

Art Notes

Charles Rollo Peters and Charles Dickman have joined hands and issued invitations to an exhibition at the Bohemian Club. They will show their friends the things they have done at Monterey during their two years' sojourn there. Dickman has some of his Normandy scenes which he sketched in France, and having brought back from that country costumes of the fishermen, he finished the pictures by having Monterey fishermen pose for him. One of the best portraits at the Mark Hopkins exhibition of pictures is that of General Shafter by Matteo Sandona. It is strong, well-modeled and an excellent likeness. Sandona has also a strong portrait of his father which was done in the open air. The first of this sort that he did was that of Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard in her garden. The exhibition at the Hopkins this year is unusually small because half the pictures were rejected.

Gorman and Cleveland

A Washington despatch to the *Bulletin* Wednesday last told of the revival of the popularity of Grover Cleveland, of his intention to make a tour in the West in April and May, and of the demand of the New York *World*, "now the sanest Democratic paper published in the East," that he be nominated for President. It was also stated that Senator Gorman was to succeed James K. Jones as chairman of the National Democratic Committee. There is undoubtedly a movement on foot to secure the nomination

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of Cleveland, but it is being engineered mainly by Republicans. Roosevelt is *persona non grata* to Wall street, and the moneyed interests, feeling that he cannot be deprived of the nomination, hope to beat him with a Democrat of the Cleveland type. Gorman is the politician selected to lead the Cleveland forces. He is a politician of tact and ability and an accomplished trickster. Early in the year 1892 Gorman declared himself unalterably opposed to the renomination of President Cleveland. He openly asserted that David Bennett Hill was his choice. He caused anti-Cleveland delegates to be elected in his own State, and when the convention met the Hill-Gorman faction controlled more than one-third of the delegates. As it requires a two-thirds vote to nominate Hill and Gorman had it in their power to prevent the nomination of Cleveland. But at a critical moment Gorman turned traitor and voted his delegates for Cleveland. Gorman's enemies have since frequently insinuated that William C. Whitney put up the money that induced Gorman to desert his allies.

The California Club

The members of the California Club who fancied that the by-laws had been violated by action on the proposition to give a Mascagni concert were mistaken. The fact is that it was at a business and not a social session that the action took place, and the concert was subsequently called off by Mrs. George Law Smith, the President of the club, on her motion, in her executive capacity, because in an interview with the manager of Mascagni she learned that the burden to be imposed on the club was too great. And by the way, I am assured that the most perfect harmony prevails in the California Club, Mrs. Smith having cemented all factions since her last election. She has stimulated enthusiasm in the organization, and there has been unanimity of action in all that has been undertaken. Of course there is a minority in the club as there always is in such institutions, but the California Club minority is said to be so small that it does not occasion any anxiety. It found fault with the Mascagni concert project, but that affair was not abandoned on account of any protest. Mrs. Smith has been renominated for President, and she says that she will make no greater effort to be elected than she did a year ago. She did not seek the office then, and she does not seek it now.

Mary and Her Little Lamb

One of the questions asked of those who took the recent Civil Service examinations for San Francisco Free Public Library positions was "Who wrote 'Mary Had a Little Lamb'?" Nearly all those examined, I am told, who did not care to make a bluff at an answer, passed the question. I doubt if any of the examiners could have answerd it without consulting their scrap-books. Just the other day Miss Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, who is the great authority on disputed authorships, announced that Sarah Josepha Hale wrote the verses about Mary and her woolly follower. But immediately upon the publication of her dictum Miss Wharton received a letter from a friend of Sara Josepha saying that the latter only wrote a part of the poem. The first three stanzas, which virtually constitute the poem, were the work of some one else, unknown to Sara Josepha or her friend. The fact is that Mary's Little Lamb has reached the point of universality and anonymity. It belongs to everybody and nobody. The woolly versicles have long since drifted into the realms of folklore and it doesn't matter much who wrote them.

Gossip of the Service

The strife for the office of Quartermaster-General of the United States Army, which has been going on for some time past, is now understood to be settled by President Roosevelt's choice of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles F. Humphry, who has been in Manila for the past year. Colonel Humphry was on duty in this Department several years ago and stationed at the Presidio.

Captain B. C. Morse's regiment, the Seventh Infantry, at present at Vancouver Barracks, has been ordered to the Philippines and will sail from San Francisco ere long. Captain Morse was General Shafter's aide during the latter's command of the Department here, and was very popular.

It is forty years since Admiral Schley visited San Francisco. He was here in 1864, as a lieutenant on the gunboat *Wateree*, the first of its class to drop anchor in our harbor.

Of the McAllister Clan

Young Eugene Tricou, who has recently been appointed Paymaster in the Navy, is a member of the widespread McAllister connection. His father, Henri Tricou, was a

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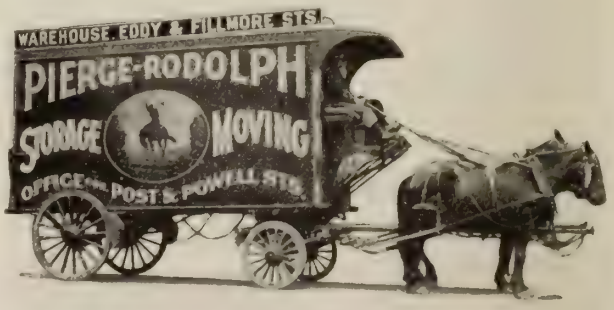

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son of the late Mrs. Samuel Herman by her first marriage. He was therefore a brother of Mrs. Bernard Peyton, a half-brother of the late Mrs. Hall McAllister, whose daughter is Mrs. Frank Newlands, and of Mrs. Harry Palmer of Paris, who is the mother of Mrs. Chauncey Depew.

The Amsdens of Kentucky

Of all the expected visitors to the Haggin home, the Amsdens were the only ones that materialized. Mrs. Amsden, who is young Mrs. Haggin's mother, as Miss Laura Sanders was a favorite sister of the older Mrs. Haggin. She was a great beauty and a belle and made her home with her sister in the Haggin home in Taylor street, which has for so many years been closed up and left to the care of servants. The Countess Festetics, who did not accompany her relatives to the Coast, though she was expected here, is the granddaughter of Mr. Haggin. She was the only child of his eldest son Louis and his beautiful wife, formerly Blanche Butterworth.

A Field for the Historical Novelist

With English and French history run to the ground, and the Civil war in the United States done to the death, I am surprised that no material-seeking novelist has cast his eyes upon Hawaii as a field for a three volume work. Prince Albert Kukailimoku Kunuiakea died last week in Honolulu and his funeral occurred in state on Sunday. The Prince was the descendant of Kamehameha the Great, and he died of tuberculosis. A short time before the passing of the last of the Kamehameha dynasty there was a sale in Honolulu of relics of the royal family of Hawaii, and one of the articles sold was a gilt and bronze clock which was a gift to one of the island monarchs from Louis Philippe. The passing of the last Kamehameha recalls the death of Kalakaua, the last male monarch of the Hawaiian kingdom. Kalakaua was prayed to death. While he was on a visit to this city he received knowledge of the fact that the praying men of his people were "praying him to death." The news reached him during a slight illness and it had such a depressing effect on the superstitious monarch that he gave up the fight.

Playwright Davies "Arrives"

Hubert Henry Davies, whose play "Cynthia" has met with success in the East, was for a long time a struggling newspaper man in this city, and several years ago he did dramatic criticism for *Town Talk*. His ambition was to become a successful playwright, and he received his first encouragement from Lillian Burkhart, who purchased a curtain-raiser from him. Up to that time he found it difficult to induce anybody to give his dramatic work serious attention. He wrote a monologue while here, for Pilar-Morin, which served to introduce her in vaudeville, but it did not make much of a hit. It was not until Lillian Burkhart accepted his charming one-act comedy, "Fifty Years Ago," that he felt that his ambition was soon to be realized. Shortly afterward he went to London, and after many rebuffs succeeded in having three plays accepted, one of which was "Cynthia" which was purchased by Elsie de Wolfe, the New York society actress.

Roderick MacLay of Portland won the Del Monte golf tournament last Monday, defeating W. Fairbanks and E. R. Folger in the semi-finals and finals.

Maiden of Madness

The longing and inveighing
  Are gone—the doubt, the pain;
The nights my soul dismaying,
Not once my head down-laying,
Whilst thoughts of thee kept preying
  Upon my heart and brain,
And whilst a voice kept saying
  That all would be in vain—
  All love would be in vain!

That voice hath truly spoken,—
  Might I have heard before!
Ere my sad heart was broken
For thy triumphant token,
Before Love's great tree oaken,
  Fell blasted to the core;—
Ye angels mild, invoken
  By sorrow, sigh no more,
  Ye angels, weep no more!

The world to mist has faded,
  One waste and moaning sea
By maddened ghosts invaded,
Whose midnight shapes have shaded
Those once fair fields that traded
  Their joy so full and free;—
Through Hell's dire stream I've waded,
  And Life is dust to me—
  The world is dust to me.

March, 1903. *Herman Scheffauer.*

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That Dog of Reynolds's

He never had a name, in fact Reynolds himself never thought about it, and to the servants he was simply "that dog."

The inflection when delivering the title, implies without biography the dog's exact position in the house.

Even his master had to confess he was not good to look at; the long, lank body suggesting the mongrel was not a thing of beauty.

A certain self pity on the former's part had awakened sympathy for the brute's condition. Who can deny that our good acts are seldom impersonal? It was on a cold evening in December that the friendship had begun. Reynolds had lost heavily and perhaps he had partaken too freely of liquid refreshments, for the world seemed to him abnormally tipped on its axis. Just as a gray light came stealing down the deserted streets he jumped unsteadily from the cab, ringing sharply at the door of his chambers off Picadilly.

A dim shadowy shape brushed against his legs, then there was a whine as the four legged spectre made way for the owner.

It was the whine that attracted the man's attention. Not a howl of canine distemper but more of weary resignation, it aroused curiosity and invited investigation.

"Hold the light higher," commanded Reynolds as the man came sleepily down the stairs, spreading an illuminated zone around the vestibule. The bundle of dark hair crouched down patiently as though expecting the usual cuff. Reynolds stooped and touched the forlorn creature.

"Come, old fellow," he said kindly, "my knocks will do for two tonight." The servant accorded his master the usual leniency a menial tends his superior, when coming home decidedly inferior.

"And to think," Roberts confided to the cook next morning, "he took that ugly brute into his arms and right up to his own sitting room."

Miss O'Brien raised her hands in pious horror at such decadence. In the room adjoining the sleeping apartment the guest was dreaming uneasily. Visions of the night before when someone touched him gently, at the same time speaking kindly, seemed not to be of this earth. He opened mild brown eyes, which a sudden affection made almost childlike. The dog did not know that Reynolds's act had been mingled with self-commiseration, perhaps it would not have mattered if he had. His best friend could not call Reynolds handsome. He had an honest English face and spare sandy hair, but only children and dumb things felt the kindness of his smile, the trueness of his eye. Now when these two classes are drawn to a man the critic should not judge harshly.

Reynolds was an English gentleman and heir to a large estate held in trust by Sir Clover, his uncle. Women smiled and flattered him, but more than one daughter had said when hard pressed by an ambitious mother, "He is a dear fellow, but oh, I couldn't marry him."

Perhaps Reynolds guessed more than people thought, but he made no sign, and that was the saddest part of it.

The night of the dog's advent was an epoch in the master's life, that is, it marked a new era. Sir Clover had absolutely refused to appease his nephew's creditors, had even threatened to cut off his allowance one third, but the worst was yet to come.

Reynolds had taken Her into dinner at Lady Inquest's that evening, and he had meant to tell her all about the secret he thought she half suspected. From under deeply fringed lids she had looked at him smilingly. "You take life too seriously," she said lightly, and then she added that their little act was over, for after all the world's a stage and men and women mere players.

"No, she had meant nothing," in answer to his question. He must come to a certain event in which she would figure prominently, to take place in the spring, perhaps.

He had turned suddenly white and sat staring down into his plate, while She chatted gayly with the man on the other side.

So it was all over, he told himself bitterly. Then he had made excuses to his hostess and turned his face . . . we will not say where.

It was all over . . .all over, the cab wheels seemed to say, and that was the night the dog came.

Something was almost as miserable as he, though it had no memory.

After that night Reynolds went out less, the club saw him seldom, and the beauties of fashion who had once smiled on him—not at all. When he took Her picture down from the mantel and looked at it with a queer contraction of the heart there were no prying eyes to see the act, those of the dog were full of sympathy.

Reynolds almost fancied there was perfect understanding, too, for, sitting down with his hand on the shaggy head, he would tell all about the time when he thought she cared, and when it was told, repeat it all over again, the listener making no sign that it was a twice told tale. Other friends lack this little courtesy.

Then the world was startled by the discovery that Reynolds was no longer an heir, that Sir Clover, the careful guardian, had decamped for African gold fields, leaving his nephew's creditors and his own, snarling over an empty purse. Wine and countless little luxuries no longer appeared, and the coat of Reynolds's grew shabby, and Roberts supercilious. Then the chambers were leased to another tenant, and apartments were taken somewhere on the other side of the Strand. Many things must have been left behind, for they were not seen in the new abode, but the Dog was there.

Finally, Roberts refused to move again. Now Roberts had no personal objection to moving, but the locality of the third translation was not desirable, he unspeakingly conveyed to his master.

Reynolds looked at his valet sadly, then paid him the full wages with an additional pound.

Roberts had a guilty feeling when he looked around the mean, bare room, yet he really couldn't sacrifice his self-respect.

The dog made no demur when lodgings cheaper still were taken. Here Reynolds was known as "the man with the dog."

Sometimes they would sit for hours in the dreary room before the cheerless grate, the yellow fog pressing against the dirty window pane; then the world seemed no place for tired men and women, or aching hearts. The dog would push up against the man's knees, and licking his hand try to convey how sorry he was.

London was just the same to children of plenty, but to Reynolds it was a world of pain, even of hunger, in short, a very friendless world. It is true some of the men at the club tried to hunt him up, but there is an unsuspected fund of shy reserve about the unfortunate that rather shuns than courts pity.

The women never saw him now, so soon forgot him altogether. The freckled face girl behind the counter idly wondered if the shabby gentleman took the buns home to his little children.

Home! Reynolds pressed the brown paper parcel closer to his

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moss green coat, and smiled; what if his serving man could see him now!

That evening the dog got most of the bun and the man went hungry to bed.

The winter closed in and the opera began.

Then one night life grew harder than ever to bear. Numbers of smartly attired men and women filled the vehicles moving slowly down the Strand. Just at the crossing where the crush is greatest, one carriage halted on the curb. A man in a thin coat paused also, and in doing so looked within. Mechanically his hand went up to his dusty hat, then fell to his side with a hopeless gesture.

A woman's proud, cold face looked back at him calmly. He had forgotten how far divided their paths lay.

A black despair settled upon Reynolds's heart. A smile of recognition would have meant ambition, manhood, and the strength to endure.

"It is all over," he said slowly, fitting the key to his door. They were her words, he remembered.

There was a very low fire in the grate and the dog in canine content basked in the feeble glow. The owner of the room looked around at its meanness. A few really valuable articles tried to give it the glory of better days. A brace of pistols in a highly embossed leather case stood in the corner; it had not been opened since the lodgings had been taken.

Reynolds sat down. There was a strange light in his eye, and his hand trembled as he put the hair out of the dog's face.

"No one wants us, boy," he said brokenly, looking into the faithful eyes. "Even she said it was all over, and I guess it is for you and me."

The dog wagged his tail, barking sharply.

Reynolds paid no heed to his way of saying "Cheer up."

Then the man went over to the pistols, taking one in a firm grasp. He remembered so well the dove he had shot with this twenty-four calibre, and how She had taken the wing and put it jauntily in her cap. That was at his shooting box one September when she had been of the party.

He faltered, then the memory of her face tonight steadied the weakening nerves, and he unflinchingly loaded the dainty toy. Her fingers had pressed the same trigger in playful horror.

"Come, old fellow," there was a martial ring in his voice and the dog sprang to attention. "You must go, too," he said vaguely, "no one wants us here, old boy."

He patted the dog's head, and hastily brushed his hand across his eyes.

"Come, Reynolds," he said shortly, "be a man."

There was a sudden sharp noise, then another sharp noise, and a puff of light smoke.

Then the embers on the hearth settled down into darkness to hide the thing on the floor. *John Roberts.*

Much Ado About Nothing

Showing Why There Should be a Hell for Gossips.

Scene, at Mrs. Smartem's home during the progress of a Lenten tea.

Mrs. Jones: There's Mrs. Hungry Tallberry.

Mrs. Brown: Yes, and there's that little Perte girl.

[Miss Perte, a pretty girl in a white frock and hat, passes Mrs. Tallberry, a tall and middle-aged matron with glassy eyes. Miss Perte looks toward Mrs. Tallberry, a smile of recognition dimpling her mouth. The matron looks at her and turns the other way.]

Mrs. Jones: Gracious! did you see that cut—the cut frigid, the cut direct?

Mrs. Brown: Awfully pronounced. Wonder what that little Perte has been doing?

Mrs. Jones (to Mrs. White): The most awful thing occurred a second ago. That little Perte girl, you know the one Tom Riche has been hanging around all winter, was snubbed, positively snubbed, by Mrs. Tallberry.

Mrs. White: Why, Mrs. Tallberry was the one who introduced her, at her tea last fall.

Mrs. Jones: Well, she cut her dead today.

Mrs. White: Probably Miss Perte has been doing something to displease Mrs. Tallberry—she's such a prude, you know.

Later, at Mrs. Gay's fish dinner:

Mrs. Jones (to Mrs. Green): I saw Mrs. Tallberry cut Lily Perte dead, the most icy cut, today, at Mrs. Smartem's.

Mrs. Green: Yes, I heard about it. Serves Lily right. From all I hear, we all should cut her.

Mrs. Jones: Really?

Mrs. Green: Yes, the way she has been going on with that Tom Riche is a caution. Why, I heard—but no, I must not gossip. If you can't say good things about any one, I say, say nothing.

Next day, at the Grill.

Mrs. Jones: I hear that there's good ground for all that is said about that Lily Perte.

Mrs. Brown: Why, is anything said about her?

Mrs. Jones: Well, I don't like to assert anything positively—but you know that we saw Mrs. Tallberry cut her at Mrs. Smartem's.

Mrs. Brown: That's true, and what our own eyes saw can't be disbelieved. I'll not let my dear Tiny go with Lily Perte any more.

A fortnight, later, same place.

Mrs. White: See Lily Perte over there. She's lunching with Tom Riche. Who's that with them?

Mrs. Robinson: I forgot my lorgnette, so can't make out. By the way, Lily doesn't seem to be so popular as she was.

Mrs. White: Really?

Mrs. R.: No, I've not seen her at any of the fish dinners this week, or at the bridesmaid's luncheons.

Mrs. White: Probably some reason for it.

Mrs. R.: Do you mean—

Mrs. W.: Yes (significantly) so I've heard.

At the art exhibition.

Mrs. Brown: Lily Perte's here—am surprised she'd care to come.

Mrs. Jones: Care, or dare?

Mrs. White: Well, she's got good chaperonage.

Mrs. Green: Tom Riche?

Mrs. W.: No—Mrs. Tallberry.

Mrs. Jones: I'd not believe it if it were not before my eyes—there they are.

Mrs. Brown: What's the explanation of that scene at Mrs. Smartem's?

Mrs. Robinson: I asked her—and what do you think she said?

Chorus: What?

Mrs. R.: That she didn't see her—she had left her lorgnette at home.

Mrs. Jones: But *Lily* thought it was a cut.

Mrs. R.: No—Lily didn't see her either.

Ladies all raise eyebrows, and then level lorgnettes at Miss Perte and her companion.

Mrs. Robinson: 'Twill take more than a battalion of lorgnettes for them to see the joke is on them! —*The Farceur.*

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The Miser's Song

My heart is old, is old, is old,
Its warmth went out with a dream untold,
The blood drips slow through each mangled fold—
I heal the hurt with the balm of gold,
Of gold, of gold.

My heart is old, is old, is old,
Is hard and withered, and dead and cold;
Where once the blood of my pulses rolled
Now surges the greed for the yellow gold,
For gold, for gold.

My heart is old, is old, is old,
And dark and heavy as churchyard mold;
For I, like Judas, have smiled, and sold
My friend, and God, for a piece of gold,
Of gold, of gold.

Mabel Porter Pitts.

"Herbert Genius has great ideas."

"Yes—a pity he doesn't put them into better shape. He's always stumbling over them."

For Art's Sake

Once upon a time there lived an ordinary girl who belonged to a commonplace family. The girl had noble aspirations, but the family preferred gayly-flowered carpets to rugs and oil-paintings to engravings and aquarelles.

The ordinary girl became a student at an Art School where they set her to drawing from casts, and showed her the beauty of a Grecian profile.

After a few day's study she went home sad and gloomy, and instead of eating her dinner she gazed searchingly at the features of her parents, sisters and brothers. Finally she burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" asked her mother, pressing her to take another cup of tea.

"Nothing that anybody can help," returned the ordinary girl, with a heavy sigh. "You're as God made you, I suppose, but father's head is not set right on his shoulders, one of your eyebrows is out of drawing and Sister Jane's mouth is altogether too large."

Nothing could comfort the critical student for the shortcomings she observed in the features of her relatives. A few weeks later, she said she could stand it no longer.

"I can't live here any more, for my art sense is continually shocked," she said, "I cannot sleep in a room that has a green and red carpet on the floor and a pink counterpane on the bed. Art calls me to a studio down town, bare perhaps but not incongruous."

So she moved down town to a large, barren studio where her art sense was not in danger of being wounded. She continued her studies.

One day, while looking in the mirror she discovered that her own nose was not symmetrical.

"Horrors!" she cried, "must I live with a nose out of drawing? It is a crime against art."

In a fit of despondency she committed suicide. She left a note in which she informed her parents that she was indebted to them for the pleasure of proving her devotion to art. Her case is noteworthy merely because it tends to demonstrate that art schools sometimes subserve a good purpose, while it also teaches parents that there is a responsibility on their shoulders that they do not always wot of.

—The Preacher.

"I hear that Miss Smartleigh is going to make her debut on the concert stage."

"Do you think her voice would fill a hall?"

"No, I think it will have the opposite effect."

He Wanted to Know

Little Tommy—Papa, what's the difference between a bachelor girl and an old maid?

Mr. Flank—An old maid, Tommy, is a woman who has never—eh—well, Aunt Kate is an old maid, and a bachelor girl is one—eh—you shouldn't ask indelicate questions, Tommy.

Little Tommy—But, papa, I've heard Aunt Kate say that she was a bachelor girl.

Mr. Flank—Well, probably she is, Tommy, but she was an old maid before she became a bachelor girl.

Little Tommy (after mature reflection)—Then I suppose, papa, that old maids must either get married or become bachelor girls.

Mr. Flank—Yes, my son; I guess that's right.

Little Tommy—And how do you tell one from the other?

Mr. Flank—Run out and play now, Tommy, you've been asking too many questions. *—The Butler.*

"If as you say, she's above suspicion, then she can take a few chances."

"But she is above the suspicion of only a limited number of people."

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STAGE

The Republic's Minstrels

San Francisco theatregoers have always dearly loved a minstrel show, and the old-timers who keep alive tradition about the little old Standard theatre, where Reed, Emerson, Sweatnam and Johnson used to finger the bones and jingle the tambourine, have had positive convictions on the certitude of the success of a renascence of minstrelsy as we enjoyed it in the days when those "refined artists," as they were pleased to call themselves, made merry in the little Bush street playhouse. There is now a prospect of the verification of their views, for the Republic minstrels give promise of approximating those entertainments that coined money for Reed and Emerson, and developed such artists as Carroll Johnson, Franz Wetter, Frillman, the Coghill brothers and Eddie Girard. There is an abundance of talent at the Republic, and the opening performance augured well though it was as long-drawn-out as a contest over a frisky millionaire's will. But that was not altogether the fault of the players. The floral offerings and the encores were largely to blame, and most of the bouquets were as *de trop* as the chaperon of a grass widow. Poor Marie Adelman was greeted with such a profusion of flowers as to suggest the despoiling of a conservatory in her behalf, and as the work of handing them over the footlights was begun before she began, she was overcome by confusion, being a novice, and she didn't regain composure during the entire performance. However, Miss Adelman's debut was inauspicious for several reasons, but that is another story. The minstrel first part which preceded Miss Adelman was a success, though I think it would have been better appreciated if the singers as well as the musicians made a concession to tradition by using burnt cork instead of greasepaint. There is something incongruous about a minstrel show in which the performers try to look pretty, the attempting of which feat leads oftener to failure than achievement. But if suggestions are in order, it may not be amiss to recall that a pleasing feature of the Reed and Emerson minstrels was the music, both vocal and instrumental. The vocal is satisfactory at the Republic but there is a wide margin for improvement in the orchestra, the leader of which is no Mullaly. The end-men, especially Mack and Stine, are energetic mirth-provokers, and they are successful exponents of the old school even in the matter of the antiquity of their gags, though it is evident that they are not prejudiced against up-to-date humor. As for Peurl Wilkerson, the interlocutor, he is almost as pretty (with the aid of rouge) as the late Billy West, and he has the same contempt for syntax that distinguished that panoplied aristocrat of the crescent. The first-night's house was a packed one and the minstrels were on cordial terms with the audience long before Richard Jose, the great contra-tenor with the tears in his voice, sauntered down to the footlights to receive the ovation which he is always accorded. Wallace Irwin's "Chop Suey," a musical burlesque on the wars in Chinatown, has more than the usual elements of a successful minstrel afterpiece. Indeed it would have been better appreciated Sunday night if some of those superfluous elements had been omitted, but the blue pencil is always called into requisition after a first performance, and it has done effective work for "Chop Suey," which is really a clever skit. Irwin has amusingly burlesqued features of life among the highbinders, and he has written some funny dialogue and breezy lyrics. The music by Leo Bruck is light and catchy, and one or two of the tunes are destined to be floated on other air than that of the Republic. There are some pretty girls in the Republic chorus, and Claudia Rodgers "arrives" in the soubrette role. She has form, beauty and temperament. She dances well, too. Joe Kane, the German dialect comedian, in the role of the Chinatown guide, is the most rollicking of the characters in "Chop Suey." Irwin's satire on Sherlock Holmes is funny, but owing to the great length of the opening performance it was unnecessary. However it would have served admirably as an afterpiece to the first part in lieu of the Sousa imitation.

The Grand's Detective Play

"Sherlock Holmes" is not the only high class detective play in town. "The Sixth Commandment" at the Grand is one of the best that has come this way in many a day. There are passages and scenes in it that reveal the playwright as a master hand, and it is presented in most effective style by the stock company at the Grand. Emmet Corrigan does capital work in the role of Targovica, and Miss Odell is seen to advantage as Olga Varlamoff. She is especially good in the scene where she is cornered by Targovica, the villain of this detective play. Miss Odell has mannerisms that are not agreeable, but she has great dramatic force and in this play she displays it in a most fervid manner. But the honors of the production are carried off by Mr. Corrigan, who is a sincere and most enthusiastic actor.

Roger Looks Like a "Comer"

Local theatrical managers appear to be intent on stimulating a passion for the detective drama. Hawkshaws abound behind the footlights this week. The exploits of the sleuths at the Columbia, the Grand and the Alcazar are of absorbing interest, and it is evident that people who have been surfeited with problem plays that deal with matrimonial complications and illicit love affairs are quite willing to be regaled with that style of drama that impressed them in their youth, and which they were inclined to scoff at in later years. "The Cipher Code" at the Alcazar has its detective, a chief of the Secret Service, and his ways are not less interesting than those of Sherlock Holmes, though they do not monopolize the action of the play. Mr. William Warren, who plays the part, is not the central figure in the drama, but he has enough to do to keep you interested in his work. If Mr. Warren were less obviously a stage detective in make-up and manner he would impress one as being more of an artist than he really is. The play is well constructed, the dialogue is interspersed with bright repartee and interest is sustained throughout. Moreover it is in capable hands, and some good work is done by Mr. Wilfrid Roger, the latest acquisition of the Alcazar. This young actor is said to be only twenty-two years old, and he certainly gives promise of great achievements, for his work in "The Cipher Code," for which he prepared on three days' notice, is most commendable. He plays the star part written for that intense, nervous actor, James E. Kellard, who is strongly reminiscent of the gifted "Ted" Henley, whose ashes were flung to the winds at the Cliff by Helen Bertram, in a moment of erotic emotionalism. Roger is a manly young fellow, with an almost spirituelle cast of feature, and he plays the part of the blase young swindler, who is equally a connoisseur in crime and bric-a-brac, with a display of remarkable capacity for the exigencies of the role. Roger is worth watching. In the role of Kate Enderby, Miss Hunt is ingenuous and fetching. Miss Juliet Crosby plays the part of Gwendolen Mayhew as it should be played, but it affords no opportunities for telling effect, and Miss Oza Waldrop is a prepossessing Estelle, which is about all that is required.

Juliet Crosby's reappearance at the Alcazar on Monday night had special significance because it occurred upon her birthday, which was also the fifth anniversary of her marriage with manager Frederick Belasco. Her reception was extremely cordial and there were many offerings of flowers, with an after-the-performance supper.

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

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Mr. Hanford's Petruchio

It is worth while to take in all the productions of Shakespearean dramas that come this way, for there are rarely two alike. The performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" at the California differs in many points from others given here. Mr. Hanford's Petruchio is a very clever characterization, full of life, and he declaims his lines so that none of their significance is lost. Miss Drofnah, too, succeeds in grasping the spirit of her Shakespeare, and her Katherine is a most intelligent conception. Mr. Hanford is at his best in the taming scene at his home, and I doubt if any one could do this scene better. Miss Drofnah gives a charming reading of the final speech of the subdued shrew. The company in support is adequate but not brilliant with the exception of Mr. Hight, who plays Baptista; Mr. Allen, the Grumio, and Mr. Yielding, the Vincentio. They all double up dexterously in enacting the minor characters. There is a rather notable lack of pulchritude in the organization, the one spot of beauty being Rose Curry, who plays Bianca.

A Plethora of Basses

There is no danger of a bass or baritone famine at the Tivoli. Never in the history of the company could it boast of such strength of heavy male voices. In "Pinafore," this week's bill, all the hits are made by the basses and baritones. The songs that win the applause and encores are the Captain's opening solo by Arthur Cunningham, "The Midshipmite" that opens the second act, the Bosun's "He's an Englishman" and the interpolated "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." The audience could not get enough of Arthur Hahn, the Australian who lately came to the Tivoli, in that old song. He sang it sitting and he sang it standing, but the audience insisted on having it three times before it would let the singer go. This performance of "Pinafore" is by means the best one the Tivoli has staged, but it has many good features. The chorus is remarkably good, and it would pay the composers of new comic operas to pattern theirs after the Sullivan idea. The chorus is always a strong point in the Gilbert-Sullivan works. What can be more taking than the voice accompaniment to Sir Joseph's "Ruler of the Queen's Navee" song, or to the "He is an Englishman" finale? There's nothing half so good as that to be found in "Florodora" or the Smith-DeKoven operas.

In re "Pinafore"

It is natural whenever "Pinafore" is revived that reminiscences of former productions of the Gilbert-Sullivan masterpiece should be in order. The first "Pinafore" I remember was that juvenile production in which Flora Walsh, later Mrs. Charles H. Hoyt, sang Josephine's role and introduced into the score that old song, "She's as pretty as a picture." About the same time another juvenile production of "Pinafore" was given by amateurs at Dr. Kalloch's church, the Clark children being the bright particular stars. The stellar performance of "Pinafore" in San Francisco was that which only a few perhaps remember, when Emelie Melville, the Josephine, was the only professional, the distinguished amateurs in support including Clay Greene and his wife, Frank Unger and Mrs. Unger, Charles Dungan and Gracie Plaisted. Gracie afterwards blossomed out as a professional. A monster production of "Pinafore" was given a good many years ago in the Mechanics' Pavilion under the auspices of the G. A. R. There were both amateurs and professionals in the cast. Alvina Heuer sang Josephine and Mary E. Barnard was Cousin Hebe. It was this bit of stage experience that emboldened Miss Barnard to proceed on her career, which finally brought her within Grau's fold of grand opera singers. In the process Mary E. became Marie Barnard Smith and then Marie Barna, before she retired to private life again as the wife of a wealthy New Yorker.

Armour's Stenographer in Vaudeville

They are having one of those rare performances at the Orpheum this week, that are good from start to finish. So many are the imported stunts that the biograph is eliminated. Among the performers is an interesting individual in the person of Julius Tannen, who, up to five weeks ago, was a stenographer in the employ of the Armours of Chicago. One night he was doing his monologue at a club jinks in Chicago, and in the audience were E. D. Stair, the theatrical manager, and Martin Beck, the Orpheum's booking agent. He made such a hit with them that he was promptly engaged for the Orpheum circuit. His specialty is the imitation of noted actors, in curtain speeches. Nat Goodwin, Richard Mansfield, Sam Bernard, De Wolf Hopper and George Cohan are among the actors whose peculiarities of speech are accentuated by Tannen. Lillian Burkhart is the head-liner this week and her sketch, "A Strenuous Daisy," affords her plenty of opportunity for the display of her rare talents. She plays the part of a rollicking Western girl from whose tongue slang comes trippingly, and who eats with her knife without serious consequences. Foy and Clark appear in an amusing sketch, "The Spring of Youth," and Pepita Aragon, the Spanish dancer, is creating a sensation with her beautiful costumes. She has a gown for each night in the week.

A Toast to Lillian

The folowing lines were written as a toast to Lillian Burkhart by one of her admirers:

Still the plague of pert and dainty
  Damsels who do wheels and splits,
Who with: "He's a darling, ain't he?"
  Dazzles Jack's or Johnnie's wits—
(Such as Dollie Delahainty,
  Lottie Lowd and Rosie Rage)
Has not banished all the dainty little Ladies from the stage.

To the actress I am drinking,
  To the woman with a heart—
To the artist who is thinking
Not of arts at all, but Art—
  Scorning petty airs and graces,
Thus achieving airy grace—
  Wearing, modestly, the traces
Of God's genius in her face!

Pearl Ola Humphrey, who has dropped her Pearl since she became a "regular," has bravely gotten over the recitation habit, I should judge, seeing that she has made a success on the stage. There was a time when Miss Humphrey was known as an elocutionist. She used to recite at Y. M. C. A. affairs and she recited well, too. She is at present visiting her old home with her husband, Edwin Mordant.

It is more than likely that Florence Roberts will have "Du Barry" for her next season's piece de resistance. The word having come West that Mrs. Leslie Carter will not include us in her tour, it is probable that Belasco will give "Du Barry" to Florence Roberts, if we are to see it at all.

Features of Next Week's Bills

Prices will go down again to the one-fifty scale during Effie Ellsler's engagement at the Columbia. Miss Ellsler has not been seen here since she gave us her Glory Quayle in "The Christian." It is said that her interpretation of Mary Tudor in "When Knighthood was in Flower" is most artistic and as she will be supported by a strong cast an attractive performance may be expected. The dramatization of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," from Charles Major's story of that name, was accomplished by Paul Kester. The stage settings and costuming are said to be superb. The engagement is to be for two weeks. "Are You a Mason?" comes next, with John C. Rice and Sally Cohen, and Mrs. Pat Campbell soon.

The king of all Swedish dialect comedians, Ben Hendricks, comes once more to the California tomorrow night to present his ever popular comedy, "Ole Olsen." Hendricks will be assisted by a capable cast, including the vivacious soubrette, Mattie Lockette, of "At Gay Coney Island" fame, and the original Swedish Ladies'

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Quartet. And then comes the California's most pretentious offering of the season, Rose Coghlan, presenting "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Forget Me Not."

New songs and jokes will be insinuated into the Republic minstrels' program. "Chop Suey," pruned and brought to the time limit, will be continued by special desire. There will hereafter be Sunday matinees as well as Saturday afternoon performances.

"Hoity Toity" still packs Fischer's to the doors, but "Helter Skelter" is in active rehearsal. Perhaps the funniest scene in the next Weber & Field's burlesque to be produced is the circus in the second act, in which it is said that the three comedians, Kolb, Dill and Bernard, will appear in tights and ballet costumes.

Emmett Corrigan and Maude Odell will be the leading figures in a mammoth and magnificent spectacular production of Sir Henry Irving's version of "Robespierre," at the Grand. There is no character in history which stands out so clearly cut, which so thoroughly represents unbridled power as Robespierre, the product of the French revolution, that great sanguinary power that preceded the coming of Napoleon. The play is a strong one and will be strongly cast.

"The Husbands of Leontine," the Alcazar's offering, has as heroine an audacious little feather brain, with great elasticity of the affections, who is to be no more seriously considered than a humming bird, and like some of our American divorcees she continues to enslave her husbands after the courts have severed matrimonial bonds. The Alcazar favorites will be well placed, with amusing probabilities for Juliet Crosby and Frank Bacon, to whom falls one of the funniest parts ever assigned to him. It will be a happy week for the popular comedian—quite a family affair—as his wife and daughter are also in the cast. "The Dancing Girl" comes next.

At the Tivoli Zelie de Lussan will give four performances of "Carmen," on Friday, March twenty-seventh, Monday, March thirtieth, Wednesday, April first and Saturday, April fourth. Perhaps no other singer who ever essayed this part has met with the unqualified success accorded to De Lussan. She is a finished vocalist, and as an actress stands without a peer in opera in this country. To support her, the management has engaged especially for these performances the New York tenor and English favorite, George Tennery, of the Castle Square Company and other organizations. Bertha Davis will have the part of Michaela, Cunningham will be the Toreador, and Hartman and Webb will be the two smugglers. Marie Welsh is cast for Frasquita, and Frances Gibson will sing Mercedes. Fogarty and Jacques will be Zuniga and Morales respectively. The intervening performances will be occupied with "Pinafore."

Milly Capell and her wonderful trained horse will be a striking feature of the Orpheum's bill. She is a German, carries a retinue of attendants, horse and several dogs, traveling in a special car. The dogs, which are of the finest breed, are used in a serpentine parade which the equestrienne has lately originated. Esther Fee, violin virtuoso, will make her first appearance here. Eugene Green and Blanche Werner, the "Babes of the Jungle," will appear in a blackface act abounding in pleasing music and quaint comedy, with the latest coon song successes. The Brothers French, trick and expert bicycle riders, will also be new. For her third and last week Lilian Burkhart will revive one of her early successes, "The Salt Cellar." Foy and Clark will change their sketch, presenting "The Man Across the Street." The six Glinserettis, Pepita Aragon and Julius Tannen, will remain.

At the Chutes Dacey, Chase and Ward, three knockabout comedians of note, will present "Fun in a Gymnasium," and Mons. Smot, a globe-trotting Frenchman who makes pictures out of rags at ragtime speed, promises a distinct novelty. M. Smot will also make caricatures of prominent citizens in thirty seconds. The amateurs will appear on Thursday evening. —*The Playgoer.*

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Au revoir Mascagni

So Mascagni, the magnetic, must perforce leave this New Italy by the Pacific ocean. No more at present may he be seen waving his magic stick over San Francisco musicians, turning—moist-eyed, beaming like the big boy he is, delighting to delight—to bow himself, hand over heart, into the hearts of adoring audiences. If he did *Italicize* Beethoven a bit, who cares? Did he not also out-Damrosch the only Walter in the Wagner numbers? The maestro has a charm great as charity; it can almost completely cover a multitude of the little musical sins of our local performers. California has much in common with the land of "cloudless climes and starry skies," feels itself akin to Mascagni, and enjoys in his presence the subtly sweet "consciousness of kind." "Encore!" shouts the audience as the baton brings the Intermezzo of "William Ratcliffe" to a happy close; and the generous maestro makes it "once more." And now, Maestro Mascagni, adio. Since your coming, San Francisco has experienced a musical Renaissance. If Socrates could find it in his philosophy to call himself a "midwife of the mind," we hope that you will not take it amiss, but on the contrary as a compliment, if we call you a midwife of music.

Musical Needs

Remarked Dr. H. J. Stewart in his lecture before the California Club on Tuesday: "Best of all for San Francisco's musical interests would be a spirit of friendship among the city's musicians." Dr. Stewart is right. There is none of that spirit of camaraderie prevailing among our musicians that one finds in Europe, for instance. Rather is it jealousy and envy that breeds here. Foreign musicians coming to San Francisco merely to give a few concerts are welcomed with open arms, and go away saying what an intensely musical community ours is. But let a native go away and win honors abroad, when he returns he finds as a rule anything but a warm welcome. There are cliques, too, among our musical lights, to a larger extent than one finds among any other class of professionals. This is all wrong, but even Dr. Stewart, who can point out the lack of friendly spirit, cannot offer a remedy that will work a cure.

A very pleasing and varied program of orchestral music under Sir Henry Heyman's direction was given at the Hopkins Institute on Thursday evening. Among the numbers rendered were "The Butterfly," duet for flute and clarinet (Bendix), the csardas from Delibes' "Coppelia," the Prelude and Siciliana from "Cavalleria," and the Dance of the Hours from Gioconda. During the spring exhibition at the Hopkins musicales will be given on Thursday evenings, March twenty-sixth, April second, ninth and sixteenth.

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The weird and fascinating predominated in the program of the Loring Club on Tuesday night. The club has been strengthened and is much stronger in tenors than it was, though the basses and baritones still predominate. The feature of the program was Gernsheim's "Salamis" in which Dr. Schalkhammer sustained the solo. Harry Barnhart and A. A. Macurda sang the solos in the other choral selections. Mrs. L. Snider Johnson was the assisting soloist, and Miss Ruth Loring accompanied. Antoinette Trebelli (Dolores) will sing at the next concert of the Loring Club.

The first complete Beethoven Cycle ever given in this country began last evening in Philadelphia. Fritz Scheel is the director of the Philadelphia Orchestra which is giving the Beethoven concerts.

Mrs. Charles W. Rhodes, the well known traveler, author and musician, who has appeared with great success at Harvard university, Bryn Mawr and Vassar colleges, and all the leading musical clubs in the East, will deliver her lecture on Wagner and the Bayreuth Festival at the Alhambra next Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon. The lecture is illustrated by beautifully colored stereopticon views, showing the principal scenes in the entire "Ring of the Nibelungen" and "Parsifal," besides portraits of the leading singers at Bayreuth, scenes of the little city and at Wagner's home. The musical parts are by Adolf Glose, the New York pianist. There are one hundred and twenty beautifully colored views, all said to be masterpieces of photography. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Monday morning, prices fifty cents, seventy-five cents, and one dollar. Special arrangements will be made for schools and colleges on application to Manager Will Greenbaum, care Sherman, Clay & Co.

The senior class of Madame Prill's music school at 618 Golden Gate avenue will hold its examination tomorrow. The junior class examination, in connection with a piano recital, was held this week, the program ranging from Kullak's Technic to Asher, Liszt and Thalberg. Mascagni and Signor Martinez were the critics.

Invitations are out for a song recital by four pupils of Edward Xavier Rolker, next Tuesday evening at Steinway hall. The pupils who will take part are Miss Hedwig Pohlmann, Miss B. Rosenbaum, Fred Hotaling and Bert Georges. Special interest centres in the appearance of Mr. Georges, who has not sung in public since his late illness, and his return from Europe about a year ago.

J. Wesley Wilkins, formerly choir director at the First Baptist Church and later of St. Peter's Episcopal Church here, is now choirmaster at the Church of the Epiphany in New York.

Mr. Zech has decided to change the date of his next symphonic concert at Fischer's to Thursday afternoon, April sixteenth. The program will be exceptionally interesting.

Pachmann is quoted as having said to an interviewer, "I am the most unmodest man in the world, except Hans von Bulow. He is a more unmodest man as I, but after him I am a very unmodest man. I play very, very beautiful."

Hambourg, the Russian pianist, will give his recitals at Fischer's. He is expected shortly. —*The Music Critic.*

A NEW DEPARTURE IN MILLINERY.

That artist in millinery, Aimee, formerly located in the Liebes building, has been compelled by her patrons' growing needs to remove to larger quarters. Her new place, at 232 Post street, is just a little different from any other place in the city. The show window is beauty itself. In addition to the French and other imported goods, Aimee carries a line of medium-priced hats, all distinguished for beauty, chic and style.

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TEL. PAGE 2254

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 84313.

HENRY DAVIS, Plaintiff, vs. ELIZABETH DAVIS, Defendant — Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

ELIZABETH DAVIS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 25th day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk.
By H. H. ST. LEGER, Deputy Clerk.

LEO. KAUFMANN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
222 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

With the Money Makers

Quiet on 'Change

The past week has been rather quiet as far as transactions in industrial securities are concerned. While there has apparently been a dearth of buying orders, holders have manifested no anxiety and judging by their firmness in adhering to their asking figures there is no lack of confidence in the stability of values. In some ways the business of the week has varied slightly from the usual course which has ruled for some weeks past. By this it is meant that considerable of the trading has been confined to a few of the leading stocks and it is safe to say that the business of the week in its entirety embraces sales in a smaller number of stocks than any week since early in the year. The fluctuations in prices have for the most part been unimportant and as a general rule they represented merely the usual ups and downs incident to ordinary trading. The sugar stocks have been about as firm as any on the list and for a part of the time there were more buyers than sellers. There seems to be an undercurrent of opinion which, without being traceable to any particular source, seems to indicate some substantial movement in the future which will bring about an advance in prices. Whether this has any foundation in fact or not cannot be determined, but there are some operators on the street who claim to be in a position to know, who freely assert that a prospective combination is in process of formation which will develop more interest in sugar shares with a resultant higher standard of prices than has been heretofore known. The recent acquirement of the California & Hawaiian Sugar Company's plant at Crockett, by the Western Refinery, has given rise to rumors that the latter corporation is seeking options on all the beet sugar refineries in the State, with a view of controlling thereby the entire sugar output and as a matter of course regulating prices. While this is the talk on the street it is known that nothing definite has been done with any plant except the one at Crockett as above referred to. The price of sugar has lately been advanced and this is another element of strength in the recently improved prices for sugar plantation shares. Hawaiian Commercial stock has changed hands at $47.87 1-2 and occasionally a sale has been made at $48. This for the present, however, appears to be a maximum figure although it must also be stated there are no round lots offering even at that. Paauhau shares, which for a time advanced at a greater proportionate rate than any of the others, have eased off a trifle, so that now $18.50 seems to be the highest figure buyers are willing to pay. Makaweli, which also showed some strength, has dropped back a trifle, with $27 as the best bidding figure and sellers demanding $28. Honokaa has shown but little change. When shares advanced under the influence of reported improved conditions Honokaa stock was apparently unaffected, but when the tone of the market developed a weaker tendency this stock experienced a fractional decline in sympathy with all the others. Hana has attracted but little attention, buyers and sellers being apart on a $4 bid, while most sellers demand $4.75. Lighting shares have been quite active and sales have been extensive. The effect of the recent boom operations has to some extent passed away, but San Francisco Gas & Elctric has thus far fairly well maintained the higher prices reached. At present this stock sells at about $57 to $57.50, but the transfers are generally in moderate lots. Pacific Gas Improvement has changed hands at $38.25 and may be rated as fairly steady at that figure. Equitable shares are a trifle easier and $4.25 is the best bid. There have been no further developments with reference to the identity of the parties who are principals in the procurement of options on the Equitable and other plants and nothing definite may be expected until the maturity of the options. The only factor in the situation, which is known as a certainty, is that the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company has nothing to do with the deal and that no attempt is being made to secure an option on the plant of the latter corporation. Beyond this no one can state any facts in the local lighting situation. Spring Valley Water shares have met with a moderate inquiry, but as there has been a divergence of opinion between buyers and sellers on the subject of values, but little actual business has been consummated. Buyers have been bidding $85.25, while sellers have been asking $86, with the tendency on the part of sellers to increase their asking figures to $86.50. Contra Costa Water is wanted at $62.50, but the orders cannot be filled at that price and it is doubtful if any holders could be induced to part with his holdings at less than $64. Alaska Packers, which for months past has been one of the steadiest stocks on the list, experienced quite a sharp decline during the week, and at present about $151.25 is considered the top price. It is generally believed, however, that this decline is but a temporary speculative movement caused by the announcement that the Pacific Packing and Navigation Company has passed into a receiver's hands. California Wine Association stock is slowly but gradually advancing in price so that now there are ready buyers at $105 with scarcely any stock obtainable at that figure. The bidding price for Oceanic Steamship shares was advanced a trifle and $13 now appears to be the ruling bid, with sellers demanding $15. Bank shares have been quite active with a generally improving tendency apparent. Shares of the Bank of California are selling readily at $500 per share, the highest price on record, and even at this figure there are more buyers than sellers. Transactions in Bonds have not been very extensive but the prices obtained on the several recorded sales show a general steadiness of tone, with but slight fluctuations from day to day.

Lone Mountain Wealth

Lone Mountain is fast becoming the centre point of interest among Tonopah investors. Several good strikes have been made of late, that of the Princess Maude Gold Mining Company promising unusual results, the surface cropping running to very high-grade ore with excellent indication of "Gold" as the work progresses. This stock has just been put on the market and is considered a very good buy at the present time.

The contest between President Harriman of the Southern Pacific and Jim Keene has been eagerly watched during the week, and it was predicted by people in touch with the Eastern stock market that there would soon be a big advance in the stock of the railroad corporation. According to rumors that have floated out from the East, the veteran manipulator espoused the short side of the market in revenge, attacking Harriman issues. There was talk of Hill and Morgan being behind Keane, and this gave encouragement to those who looked for a big advance in prices.

G. L. Wakeman, for many years receiving teller of the Bank of California, succeeds John U. Calkins as paying teller. Mr. Calkins surrendered his position to take up the duties of cashier of the American National Bank. —*The Financier.*

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The Ed Pinaud Building

One of the latest additions to the skyscraping office and business buildings of New York is the Ed Pinaud Building, at corner of Fifth avenue and Fourteenth streets. This massive structure is a great addition to the neighborhood, replacing as it does the old building occupied for so many years by Old Guard as an Armory.

To celebrate the opening of the elegant offices and warerooms, Messieurs Victor Klotz (the proprietors of Parfumerie Pinaud) gave a reception to their friends and customers, from two until seven Thursday afternoon, March fifth. In honor of the occasion the proprietor, Mr. Klotz, made a special trip from Paris to attend this function.

The elegantly fitted up offices were beautifully decorated with palms, etc., the French and American colors, while the Hungarian orchestra enlivened the occasion with music.

A collation was served by Mazzetti that was in keeping with his reputation, while champagne corks were popping like the discharge of a rapid fire gun.

The wonderful growth of the popularity of Pinaud's Perfumes in the United States is due to their remarkably fine quality, backed by the great business ability and untiring energy of the American Manager, Mr. Emil Utard. The growth of the business during his incumbency, thirteen years ago, has been truly wonderful, necessitating a constant increase of room and facilities to transact the growing business. Mr. Utard is a thorough believer in advertising, attributing his great success to the wide and unique advertising used in popularizing Pinaud's Perfumes.

Among those present were: The Consul-General of France; the President of the French Chamber of Commerce; representatives from the financial and commercial world; representative publishers from the magazine and newspaper field, including Mr. Frederic M. Krugler, the popular Eastern representative of *Town Talk*. And among the professional women attending were: Miss Lillian Russell, Miss Amelia Bingham, Miss Fay Templeton, Miss Blanche Walsh, Miss Blanche Bates, Mrs. M. M. Fiske, Miss Edna Wallace Hopper.

The *Siberia* has among its passengers a large number of the elect of the land, members of Collver's Tours, operated by the Nippon-California Tour Company. The party will be gone from one hundred to one hundred and ten days. The Tour is made for a fixed price, all expenses included, to and from San Francisco. It will take in Japan, in untrodden paths, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila. The same company operates the Grand Canyon of Arizona Tours, under personal direction, all expenses paid, the ideal short vacation for the business man, seven days to and from the Canyon. This is a high class tour under personal escortage. The advertisement of the Company may be found in another column.

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LETTERS

A Moorish Romance

A strange tale is that which A. J. Dawson has given us in "Hidden Manna." One might call it the tragedy of the half-caste, since one of the principal figures is Joseph Khassan, who appeared in "African Nights Entertainments," an earlier book by the same author. This Joseph is a mongrel of mongrels, an illegitimate child of a Spanish Jewish mother and a Christian Turk, born in the slums of an Armenian village. Adopted by a white missionary, reared as a white man and educated, in time he himself became a missionary, going to London, no less, as a fitting field for his labors. An idol for a time, a broken idol, cast aside, an actor, always sinking lower, but always a profligate, he finally deserts his white wife and his acquired religion, having arranged matters so that it is supposed that he has died a suicide's death. But Joseph has merely "removed himself." The Christianity which he had acquired was laid aside as readily as the garb of civilization, and when he appears again it is as a holy man of the Mohammedans, a hermit beggar seated at the gate of Ed-Dar, in Morocco. By a strange turn of the wheel of fate the Shareef of Ain-Araish, lineal descendant of Mohammed, temporal and spiritual lord of the district, has just taken to wife an English woman, one whom Joseph had wronged during his London career, and who had been adopted, after his supposed death, by his wife and her second husband. Thereafter the story deals with the ambitions of this Margaret Wycombe and her schemes to have her own child supplant Ben Hassan, the son of her lord by his first wife, and the only heir to the honors and emoluments of the Sheerifate. Joseph Khassen, now Haj Yusuf, has been taken into the household of the young prince, and becomes his guide and director in all things. But in order to win a place in paradise for himself, it has been given to him as a penance by another holy man to whom he has confessed all his transgressions, that he shall serve the alien Shareefa in all things well and truly, but never look upon her face. So he sees his young master degraded, deprived not only of the honors due him, but of the comforts and even the necessaries of life. He knows of the plots against his life, yet he scarcely lifts a finger to hinder their consummation. He is torn between his natural love for this most lovable youth and his vow of atonement to the Shareefa. Margaret is a stepmother such as one rarely meets with outside of oriental tales and fairy stories. Kipling gave us a glimpse of one of her kind, the gypsy wife of the Maharaj in "The Naulahka," and Margaret adds to the heartlessness of the gypsy all the craft of civilization. With such a woman as this, able to gradually concentrate all the power into her own keeping, and the superstition of the Moors together with that spirit which leads them to attach themselves to the winning side, it is evident that Mr. Dawson has an exceptionally strong and unhackneyed situation to deal with. The action takes place far from the track of the Cook's Tourists, and personally conducted routes. Mr. Dawson is a traveler of note, and his descriptions of scenes and ceremonies read like the observations of one who has taken his life in his hands and seen for himself what only the Moors are permitted to see. There are wonderfully effective bits of description in every chapter, pictures which reproduce themselves in color before the mind's eye. Explanations and footnotes are abundant, so that the most careless and superficial reader is fairly forced to understand. The style, while never heavy or halting, is as leisurely as the caravans which traverse the country. One gets more of an insight into the life and character of the Mohammedan Moors from this book than from all the superficial tales of tourists that have ever been written. It makes as strong a plea against mixed marriages and half-breed races, from the mental and spiritual standpoint, as Philip Verrill Mighels does in "The Inevitable," from the physical side. "Hidden Manna" will repay more than one reading. It is not often that as much can be said of a modern romance. [Published by A. S. Barnes, New York.]

Tales of Fishermen

James B. Connelly has done an excellent piece of work in his volume entitled "Out of Gloucester." There are half a dozen tales comprised in the book, all but one of which relate to the exploits of the Gloucester fishermen and their boats, and for the most part the boats are the heroines of the adventures. A fisherman's "gamming," in which we are permitted to take the part of lookers-on and listeners, is the means through which the

This cold weather, grip is warded off by taking Chapin & Gore's whiskies.

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tales are given to us, and rattling good ones they are. No one with a drop of salt water in his blood can fail to be thrilled by the performances of the *Lucy Foster*, the *Henry Clay Parker*, or *the Nannie Q*, and the "Wild Irishman," Tommy Ohlsen, Clancy and Billie Simms are living personalities. While there is a certain leisurely matter-of-factness in the relation, a recalling, as it were, of what is too well known to the group to need much particularization or explanation, there is at the same time nothing omitted, and no technicality which would render the stories unintelligible to a landsman. Mr. Connelly has succeeded admirably in giving us the attitude of these men of daring deeds who, though they are not bragging in the least, but simply going over what is little more than the daily routine of their calling, still give a sense of repressed exultation in their skill and the quality of their craft. "On the Echo of the Morn" will recall the excitement which held the whole country, as well as the port of Gloucester, a few years ago, over the seizure of craft said to be fishing inside the Canadian shore limit, and it is a poor heart that does not beat faster while Billie Simms is making his daring escape from his Canadian captors. Clancy is a sort of "wild Irishman," whose smuggling enterprise is no worse in its way than the readily condoned "pranks" of Harvard students. "A Fisherman of Costla" takes us to the bay of Galway, and serves to show that all the daring and danger is not pure recklessness, nor all the heroes Gloucestermen. It is not every day that a volume of short stories contains half a dozen stories of equal strength and excellence, such as are here presented. If there be readers who find no enjoyment in this book, the fault will lie with themselves, not with the author. [Published by the Scribners.]

General Charles King is about to publish a new novel of army life, the scene of which is located at Fort Frayne, an environment with which the author has made us familiar. The title "A Daughter of the Sioux," would indicate that the action revolves around an Indian uprising. There is ample field for romance, heroism and cowardice, and there is no question but that General King knows the army as no civilian can. Judging by precedent, there will be a big demand for this book, for since our forays in the Philippines and Cuba there is hardly a family in the United States which has not some connection with the army. Illustrations are by Remington and Willard Deming, both of whom may be called experts on the depicting of the soldier, the Indian and the plainsman.

An unsigned comment pencilled in the back of a copy of "Senator North" belonging to one of the public libraries is: "It is astonishing to my mind that this most gifted authoress persists in depicting women of the aristocracy when she has not the first idea of what constitutes a lady." An Eastern magazine which maintains a department for review and criticism recently mentioned "The Splendid Idle Forties" as the work of "Miss Grace" Atherton. Such is fame.

A "literary" writer points a moral by quoting the "Mrs. Allison of Du Maurier's 'Sir George Tressady,'" when poor Du Maurier was dead long before that wretched and soon forgotten piece of work by Mrs. Humphrey Ward was given to a confiding world. Was it Josh Billings who said it is better not to know so many things, than to know so many that are not so?

Mrs. Mighels is engaged on a book of Californian fairy tales after the plan of the Arabian Nights, which she proposes to call "The Enchantments of Gold and Silver." It is a labor of love, and may not be finished for a considerable period.

The Bookman tells of a most amusing blunder into which the London *Academy* recently fell. Mentioning Jacob I. Riis's late book, "The Battle with the Slum," it speaks of the excellent frontispiece portrait of the author, and notes the curious resemblance to "Mr. Dooley" Dunn. And it happens that the frontispiece is really a photograph of Theodore Roosevelt.

Elder & Shepard, who have a continental fame for getting out timely and artistic booklets, announce two Easter publications. "An Easter Song," by Grace Hibbard, whose two recent volumes of poems have been so well received, will be illustrated by Gordon Ross. The other is to be a compilation of quotations on "Happiness," a companion volume to the "Friendship" of last year. It will also be decorated, and will have as a frontispiece a reproduction of the Stevenson monument. —*The Bookworm*

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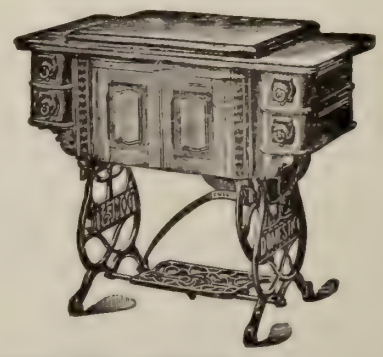

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Other People's Ideas

From "Children of the Soil," by Sienkiewicz:

Marynia: Memory is a magazine, in which the past lies stored away, and recollection appears when we go to the magazine to take something.

The man who has failed and for that reason falls into trouble, feels the friendship of people more keenly than others.

Plavitski: A woman should have courage to grow old, then a relation would end in friendship; otherwise it becomes slavery.

Bukatski: It always makes me impatient that people do everything from weighty reasons. What privilege have weighty reasons, that every man must accommodate himself to them?

Marynia: There is in suicide this ghastly thing, that one feels bound to condemn it; and while condemning there is an impression that there should be no sympathy for the misfortune.

A woman who evades rouses contempt; a woman who recognizes her fault dashes the weapon from the hand of every opponent in whose nature, or even in whose education, there lies the least spark of knightly feeling.

Women, when they sympathize with some one, wish first that some one to be really unhappy, and, secondly, they wish to alleviate the misfortune themselves; when it turns out that another is able to do that, they undergo a certain disillusion.

Mashko: When a man takes a wife he should think before all of future peace. In a mistress seek what pleases thee,—wit, temperament, a poetical form of sensitiveness. But with a wife one must live years; seek in her that on which one can rely—seek principles.

He had said frequently that women, without reference to their origin, are divided into patricians, who have culture, principles and spiritual needs, which have entered the blood, and parvenues, who dress in them, as in mantillas, to go visiting.

Success intoxicates a man and strengthens his self-confidence.

Svirski: A grateful heart is one which feels when it is loved, and is moved by love; and in return for the loving, loves more and more, yields itself more and more, prizes the loving, and honors it. The ungrateful heart gets all it can from the love given; and the more certain it feels of this love, the less it esteems it, the more it disregards and tramples it. It is enough to love a woman with an ungrateful heart, to make her cease loving.

Stanislav: Enthusiasm comes almost always from the warmth of a good heart, while impetuousness frequently agrees with a dry heart, and often comes even from this, that the head is hot, and the heart is asleep.

Bigiel: There are women who love

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music with their souls, and there are others who love it with their skin; these last I fear.

Stanislav: Noble souls pay for confidence with gratitude; mean ones, with contempt.

In certain cases women demand more regard the less it belongs to them, and the more respect the less they are worthy of it, because they need it for their own self-deception, and often too because the infatuation, or delicacy, or comedian character in men gives women all they demand, at least for a season.

Common natures, by contact with persons or things which are higher, lose esteem for them through this familiarity, as if showing involuntarily that whatever becomes near to them must thereby be infected with vulgarity and meanness, and cannot, for that very reason, continue lofty.

Svirski: Let people say what they like, still in an open confession of fault there is a certain awakening of honesty, a certain courage, a certain turn, a groan of sorrow, which, if it does not redeem the offence, may redeem the soul.

* * * *

From "Can Such Things Be?" by Ambrose Bierce:

It is one of the important uses of civility to signify resentment.

As the greatest cities are most provincial, so the self-complacency of aristocracies is most frankly plebeian.

To those who view the voyage of life from the port of pleasure, the bark which has accomplished any considerable distance appears already in close approach to the further shore.

Poverty and zeal are an upper and a nether millstone. It is dangerous to make a third in that kind of sandwich.

—*The Gleaner.*

A Clever Guide

An English traveler who had often heard that the Venetian gondolieri were remarkable for their perfect acquaintance with every building and locality, however obscure, in their beautiful city, determined to put their knowledge to the test, and with this view stepped into a gondola, saying to the boatman who awaited his orders:

"Take me to the church of San Berlingo."

The gondolier fell into a brown study, and answered after awhile:

"Signore, I don't know where that church is."

The Englishman pretended to get angry, and went in search of another boat, repeating the same proposal and receiving the same answer, and thus four or five times in succession. At length, one gondolier received his orders in silence, and plying his oars sailed on and on for over an hour, drawing the boat to land opposite some distant church, where he said to the passenger:

"Here you are, signore."

"And is this really the church of San Berlingo?" inquired the latter, in great surprise, well knowing that there existed no church of that name.

"Oh, certainly!" added the boatman, "this is All Saints' Church, so that if your San Berlingo is really one of them this must be his church, too."

—*The Raconteur.*

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NELLIE G. PAULSELL, Plaintiff, vs. O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco. State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of this plaintiff and upon the further ground of defendant's extreme cruelty toward this plaintiff, said action is further brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court awarding the minor children of the parties to this action to plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two

(Seal) ALBERT B MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

Endorsed: FRANK McGOWAN, ELMER WESTLAKE, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 75-79-80 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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"In every department there has been a marked tendency of late years to restrain civil servants from undertaking duties which require attendance during official hours."—J. Austen Chamberlain, Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

"The government today is deeply impressed by the fact that the English speaking people all over the world could, if they chose, maintain the peace of the world."—Rt. Hon. H. W. Long, President of the Local Government Board.

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Gallagher deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, March 28, 1903

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Fraternal Degenerates

Great was the consternation in Masonic circles over the discovery that a swindler had been admitted into that most exclusive of all fraternal societies. When a man of questionable character is admitted to membership in a Masonic lodge it becomes evident that the affairs of the lodge are not conducted in strict accordance with the principles of the order. Firm adherence to those principles renders it impossible for a man of bad character and in ill repute to be received into membership. But the case that caused a sensation in the East is not an exceptional one. Men of bad character do get into the Masonic order, and they are admitted to every fraternal society. It is unfortunate that fraternal societies are not more exclusive; that the grip and other evidences of membership in orders devoted to religious and charitable purposes and to the uplifting of one another do not always proclaim the possessor a man of honor and integrity. What a glorious privilege would membership in a fraternal society be if all the members were sincerely devoted to the noble principles and high aims to which they pledged themselves at the time of their initiation! There is not sufficient virtue in the world to justify the hope of so much goodness ever being concentrated in one society. But there was a time when secret societies were very exclusive, and when their members were devoted to the fostering of the spirit of brotherly love, the stimulating of the spirit of charity and the promotion of high ideals. In those days men joined fraternal organizations with pure motives and not for the purpose of enlisting the support and patronage of their lodge-room brothers. Nowadays fraternity is almost the synonym of selfishness. There are men that join secret societies not through any spirit of benevolence or through religious fervor or generous impulses, but in the interest of their private enterprises. There are "good-joiners" that belong to every secret society under the sun, and they unblushingly urge others to follow their example—"for business reasons." The case of the politician running for office who circulates "literature" calling attention to the secret societies of which he is a member is by no means rare. Quite frequently you are handed a business card on which has been engraved the emblem of some fraternal society. The lodge-room is the Mecca of men of mediocre talent who would be failures in the world were it not for the patronage they brazenly seek in the shadow of the altar on which they swore allegiance to noble principles. It is no longer difficult for a man, no matter what his character may be, to achieve membership in one of the many fraternal orders, for since the ascendency of commercialism and materialism many lodges are to be found in all orders, the members of which do not take the principles seriously. And in many lodges the most enthusiastic members are those that are getting the most benefit out of their fraternal connections, either in some profession or in politics. But since the universal brotherhood of man has been achieved through the multiplication of fraternal orders to such an extent that every adult has the right to sport at least one emblem, what does membership in a secret society avail a man? Nothing but the opportunity to extend the circle of his acquaintances, which is quite serviceable for both commercial and political purposes. The "good joiner" always has an advantage over his opponent in politics, and consequently fraternal societies have been responsible for the election of bad men to office. If there were no bad men in fraternal societies this could not be. However the fraternal institution is one that subserves many good purposes. It inculcates the spirit of charity, and it has imbued men with noble impulses. Perhaps some day there will be an awakening followed by a purging of the rolls and an effort to expunge the taint of commercialism from the lodge-room.

Railroad Accidents

The numerous railroad wrecks that have occurred in the last few months have stimulated discussion of the problem of how to make travel by rail less perilous, and incidentally theories are set forth as to the principal causes of disaster. There is a disposition on the part of the public to blame the railroad companies for the great loss of life, it being assumed that they do not take necessary precautions. People are slow to consider that loss of life in a railroad wreck usually involves great pecuniary loss to the company on whose road it occurred. They overlook the fact that the executive officers of the great railroad corporations are men of intelligence, that they are skilled in the railroad business, familiar with all the details of operation, and sensible of the responsibility that rests upon them by reason of the lives and property interests that are entrusted to their care. Those men spend a great deal of time in formulating regulations and systems for the protection of life and property, and in the last quarter of a century they have solved many important problems, but during that same period the transportation business has been revolutionized. Fast trains are now faster and more numerous than ever, and the crews engaged in handling them are subject to the same influences that have always operated upon railroad men and other human beings. Mechanical contrivances to avert railroad disasters cannot be substituted for the mental equipment of engineers, conductors and despatchers. Usually when orders are disobeyed those guilty of the disobedience suffer the most. In the majority of instances they sacrifice their lives. They

are sensible of the importance of vigilance and caution, but they have been known to do things for which they could in no way account. A switchman accustomed to do a certain thing in a certain way at a certain time every day, has been known to do it the wrong way, wrecking a train. He was puzzled at his own action. Engineers have wrecked trains while brooding over domestic troubles. A train despatcher in this State recently caused a big wreck, and the papers said he was overworked. The contrary was the case. He had so little work that he gradually found himself performing it like an automaton, and one day, acting instinctively, he gave the wrong orders, and his sub-conscience at once apprised him of the fact, but it was too late. Of course the peril of railroad travel can be greatly minimized by the more general use of the double track system, but even then accidents will occur.

Dissensions in Church of England

Some time ago when *Town Talk* commented on the tendency toward Roman Catholic doctrine in the Church of England, a local clergyman of the Episcopal Church took exception to our remarks, but since then they have received such repeated verification that he has probably deemed it unwise to discuss the matter further. So strong has the tendency been that efforts are now being made to counteract the encroachments of the Ritualists, and last week a bill passed to its second reading in the House of Commons directed against the so-called Romish practices of the clergymen of the High Church. The measure abolishes the Bishops' right of veto on proceedings against contumacious Ritualistic clergymen, and provides that they may be deprived of their living when they persist in disobedience. The debate upon the bill was one of the most exciting in the history of Parliamentary discussion of religious and theological questions, making evident the intensity of feeling which has been aroused by the spread and stubborn aggressiveness of Ritualism. Significant was the statement of Sir William Harcourt that conditions have reached a stage where if the right of veto is left to the Bishops, and laymen are without rights in ecclesiastical matters, it will be better to disestablish the church. In other words the Church of England can no longer depend on its clergymen to maintain its Protestant character. Their influence must be overcome by its lay members. One London vicar has resigned his church rather than yield in the matter of the invocation of the saints and the adoration of the Real Presence, and there are five other incumbents of the same spirit who persist in defying episcopal authority. Are they not drifting toward the Church of Rome?

The Street Car Hog

Some one is anxious to have a book of street car etiquette written with a view to improving the manners of both employes and passengers. There is no obstacle in the way of "some one," whenever he or she chooses to set about the task, and judging by the sales of other guides to good manners, there might even be a reasonable demand for such a volume, but how anything of the kind would effect an improvement in behavior is not so easy to comprehend. It is not lack of knowledge of what is right that impels women to spread their draperies over a double allowance of space, and no man can plead ignorance as an excuse when he sprawls his feet half-way across the car or crosses his knees so that his dusty shoes leave their imprint upon the garments of every one who passes him. The woman who seats herself sideways, or piles her packages on the seat beside her, oblivious to the "strap-hangers" until the conductor asks her to make room, is not under any delusions as to her rights under the circumstances, nor are there two opinions concerning the late fashion of standing in the doorway and crowding the platform. There is no form of street car annoyance practiced by the American hog which the said hog has not also experienced, and is not therefore, perfectly well aware of how "the other fellow" feels. It is simple selfishness and indifference to the discomforts which, for the time being, do not inconvenience him. Men are often thoughtless. They become absorbed in their papers or magazines and sprawl or cross their knees, or do not notice that by moving up a few inches they can make room for another passenger. The conductors usually remind them of their delinquencies, and it rarely happens that they do not immediately and cheerfully set themselves right. But the female of the porcine species is monarch of all she surveys. If she does not choose, of her own accord, to crush her draperies or take up her parcels, he is a brave man who will attempt to compel her to. It is a dangerous business for a conductor to address a request, much less a command, to such a one. She is usually able to wield a sharp tongue in her own behalf, be she right or wrong, and besides the unpleasantness of becoming involved in a public argument, the conductor is liable to find himself made the subject of complaint at headquarters, with fine or dismissal as a consequence of his temerity. There is just one effective course of treatment for the genus, and that is precisely what a book of etiquette would not advocate. Instead of casting longing glances at the occupied space, the thing to do is to take possession. A book of etiquette would doubtless make interesting reading, but how are rules to be enforced? If common sense, kindly feeling and a recognition of the rights of others will not banish the street car hog, books will not.

The Futility of College Education

From the outcroppings in editorial columns East and West, there are indications that the educational fetich has had its day, and common sense is once more to have a chance. For the last generation or two there has been an increasing tendency to regard universities and colleges as crucibles into which all sorts of base metal could be cast with the certainty of having it emerge as refined gold. Much has been written and more said about the cheap education to be acquired, but the result has been not so much cheap learning as the cheapening of learning. Instead of maintaining standards and requiring students to come up to them, there has been a desire for large attendance and

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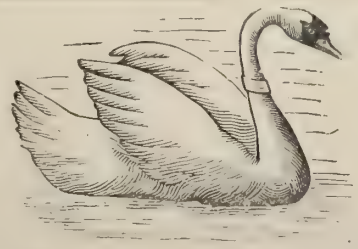
long lists of graduates. Instead of weeding out incompetents, requirements have been scaled down, until today a university diploma ranks hardly higher than a grammar school certificate did thirty years ago. The *Nineteenth Century* for February contained an article which purported to show the fallacy of the argument that a college education is an advantage in any sphere of life, and that the much-schooled youth has an advantage over his fellows, but the arguments are as old as time itself. The book-learned man is apt to be prejudiced and narrow in his views. He is tradition-bound, and unwilling to consider any but book problems. It is the same argument that Horace Greeley used against the college graduate in journalism, and the one which mechanics employ against "manual training" pupils. They are hag-ridden by methods. If things are done by the "wrong method" it does not count that the result is correct. If the right form of procedure is followed that is more to the purpose, even if the end is not the one sought. There is no school like that of experience, and what Horace Greeley objected to in the college graduate is what the mechanic finds fault with in his school-taught apprentice. Both have a smattering, both are sure they know it all because they learned in the school, and in both cases there is friction and waste of time before they discover that they have only an approximate knowledge. The notion that education could be rubbed in is rapidly being dissipated, and from all sides we begin to hear arguments that there is no use in spending five thousand dollars to educate a four-bit boy, and that small and narrow minds are contracted, not broadened, by sending them to colleges. It is beginning to dawn upon parents that too many other youths are supported in comparative luxury and idleness for four years in the hope of picking up useful acquaintances, for it to be worth while for them to enter into the competition, and moreover, the husky fellows who make such brilliant track and football records never do much else. In fact, it is coming to be generally acknowledged that a college education in itself is of about as much practical value to the average student as the Kohinoor would be to an untamed Maori.

Rathbone's Attack on Wood

Major Rathbone has utterly failed to involve General Wood in a scandal. It was too big a task for the Major to undertake. General Wood is the pet of the Administration and Major Rathbone is its scapegoat, and therefore it is not likely that serious consideration would be vouchsafed the charges preferred by the latter against the ex- Military Governor of Cuba. Wood is the intimate friend and boon companion of Roosevelt. He was jumped by the President from a medico captain to a general, over the heads of men that had served the country well in the field, and he was made Military Governor of Cuba, in which capacity he proved himself a man of splendid executive ability. He may have been guilty of technical violations of the law, but Rathbone is not the man to successfully prosecute him for his delinquencies. Rathbone was formerly Director of Posts in Cuba, and he was convicted of conspiring to defraud the postal revenues of the island. He has always complained of having been persecuted by General Wood, and the probability is that he was severely dealt with for he was involved in the old familiar row between the civil authorities and the military. However, the fact remains that frauds were committed in his department, and that responsibility for them rested on him. If he had attended strictly to his business the scandal would never have occurred. He preferred to give rein to his wife's social ambition and the consequence was that he devoted more time to social diversions than to government affairs. The Rathbones gave the most delightful receptions in Havana and extravagance was the cause of their downfall. Now the disgruntled official seeks to establish his innocence by attacks on General Wood. He has provided the press with a sensation, but he has not vindicated himself nor has he received any encouragement from the Administration.

John D. Rockefeller

Nothing that the dailies have said about that smug and oily plutocrat, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, since he came to California for rest and recreation, would indicate that he was held in anything but the highest esteem by his countrymen. His movements are reported in the dailies as though he were some great hero who had endeared himself to the hearts of people by his noble achievements. In the abstract men of the Rockefeller type are execrated by the press. They are denounced as the enemies of good government, sordid rascals who should be wearing stripes in a penitentiary. They are the men that exercise those sinister influences in the body politic which corrupts and demoralize, and which menace our most sacred institutions. There is no better way of discouraging the evil practices of such men than by holding them up to public obloquy on every possible occasion. Why should the feelings of such a sordid wretch as John D. Rockefeller be spared? A man with a daily income of ninety thousand dollars can afford to have the truth told about him without suffering much . He pretends to be interested in educational matters. Then he should not object to being held up to the youth of the country as an awful example of a slave of money-hunger, a man whose life has been one long disease —a remorseless, insatiable appetite for money. Being a philanthropist and a benevolent old gentleman he should not object to having the youth of the country enlightened on the subject of the disease that has prompted him to build up an income of over thirty millions a year by methods that every honest, decent citizen should be ashamed of. Mr. Rockefeller has donated meagre drippings from his income to the cause of education through the medium of the Chicago University. Far more beneficial to the country would it be to endow an institution for the promotion of civic virtue and the regeneration of the public conscience.



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The New Man

The new woman, at least as the subject-matter of an essay, is now uninterestingly old. Not so the new man. He, even Solomon himself would be forced to admit, is something novel under the sun. Like the theory of evolution and other characteristically nineteenth century products, he may have long existed in embryo; but never until our day has he come to self-consciousness and a knowledge of his own significance.

Essentially modern is his method of settling, by means of sexual selection, the question of woman's equality, choosing her to be his equal, seeking as he does a mate not merely for the animal part but for the whole of him, his passion waiting upon spiritual appreciation, transfigured by far-reaching affinities; reluctant as he is that his truest and best and most human self—his mental and moral and esthetic self; his spiritual self, in short—should live in lonely bachelorhood and die desolate, his body alone being benedict.

The new man is not the male counterpart of the "new woman" of petty literature; not a being created by compensating Nature for the express purpose of undertaking the home duties left undone by the emancipated female. He is rather the long-looked-for mate of the "Eternal Womanly," the whole man a mate for the whole woman.

How common partial marriages have been in the past, or are at present, no man knows; for many a woman keeps well the secret that is killing her. Certain it is, however, that countless women have married, been so-called wives and mothers, and yet have died veritable virgins, their hearts husbandless to the last.

Now man is, in many important particulars, like to the lower animals; but with divine differences. The new man has come, after the lapse of tragic centuries, as a response to the demand of woman that she be the adored of the *differentia*. Woman longs to be mate, not merely to what in man is likest to the lower animals, but also to what is unlikest.

Much that passes with men as love is really nothing better than a more or less unlovely desire for exclusive personal possession. Into the love of the new man animal passion in its simple state cannot enter. It of necessity undergoes a transformation, a sublimation, entering only as a component part of a highly complex emotion which includes distinctly, or mainly, human feelings, artistic, ethical, religious, and other. And this emotion is *sui generis* and ceases to be this emotion when reduced to its elements (its lowest terms) even as water ceases to be water when resolved back into its original hydrogen and oxygen. On the part of such a man a purely animal passion for a woman is a spiritual impossibility. Moreover, it is as a matter of fact physically impossible for him to be guilty of cheap liaisons. He has imagination, insight, and the idea of tomorrow's disgust is ever vivid enough to dissipate today's passion, should that in an atavistic moment obtrude itself: the light of knowledge lays the ghost of ancestral sins. The man is a blend, and loves as a whole, to the last, least atom; he is not susceptible of any vile self-division into animal and human, by means of which the body finds an affinity, while the soul, loveless and lonely, cheated of *its* kisses, retires into its most secret self—in confusion lest it should unavoidably be present at another's love-making. To the new man such rank dualism is insufferable. If indeed he be made up of various selves, animal and spiritual and what not, at least they are inseparable. Mortal and immortal, inextricably mangled, in a miracle of monism, must together experience the ecstasies of love.

When a woman wins this new man as a husband, she does not necessarily lose him as a lover. For he knows that in love by no possibility may a privilege pass into a right. With a wise gallantry he gives a woman back to herself, puts her in a position to give herself again with gladness. Nor is he ignorant of how much in marriage men miss through ignorance; nor of the truth that ultimately a man can get nothing but what he deserves. So he sets about making himself love-worthy. He is not content to have a corpse to wife, or, still worse, a corpse galvanized by the will into a semblance of life. The thought of a woman's soul shrinking at his approach into inaccessible retreats his soul cannot abide. He believes that where the heart is, there the body should be also, or, at least, that where the heart is not, there the body should not be. The wife who is a mere mistress in whose behalf a man has made in advance the amend honorable, he will have none of. Having read Goethe's "Elective Affinities," or being on his own account conversant with the constitution of hidden things, he does not forget the fact that, appearances to the contrary, a wife's spirit may be elsewhere than in her husband's encircling arms.

The new man, far from demanding of woman immoral self-sacrifices in his favor, will not wittingly accept of gifts unless the heart go with them. Should some dear woman whose delight in him is dead, deceiving him through mistaken kindness of heart or a false sense of duty, kiss him with averted soul, leave her person to his pleasure and herself free, she will be but putting herself in the way of his resentment rather than of his gratitude. For to the new man's mind caresses should never be other than the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual emotion; and he is loath to lend himself to an embrace that is a lie.

Although knowing full well that women are moved through the imagination, that their "affairs" are almost invariably *affaires du coeur*—for this particular man—and not as very frequently with men, *affaires du corps*—for woman in general—the new man none the less naturally makes love to the soul of his mate, seeks to be the husband of her heart, saying in the fine words of Stephen Phillips, "I love thee then Not only for thy body packed with all the sweet of all this world, . . . but Because Infinity upon thee broods; And thou art full of whispers and of shadows." How beautiful that "but" is, how beautiful, how new! And having thus sought first that kingdom of heaven, a woman's heart, all the things which in love a man may have need of are abundantly added unto him.

His it is to remove the stigma in this once consummate summing-up of his kind made by Mademoiselle de Maupin: "They are not monsters, if you will, but something, on my word, that is much worse! They are capital fellows of very jovial disposition, who eat and drink well, will do all kinds of services, are good painters and musicians, and are suitable for a thousand things, with, however, the single exception of that one for which they were created, namely, to be the male of the animal called woman, with which they have not the slightest affinity, physical or moral."

In the new man woman for the first time finds moral and physical affinity, and a freedom from a bondage in which ten thousand hearts have abominably broken. In this freedom will bloom in its full beauty the flower of new womanhood. *Harry Cowell.*

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

The Saunterer

Enemies Bury the Hatchet

How interesting and refreshing it is to observe the progress of those influences that are softening the asperities of the past, and uniting in the closest bonds of friendship men who but a short time ago were bitter and seemingly implacable foes! There was a time when California was preeminently the land of the "knocker," and envy challenged success on all sides. But there has been a change of sentiment, and recognition of the value of cooperation is now becoming widespread. The metamorphosis is most noticeable in political circles, and especially in the United Republican League, where the spirit of camaraderie is crystallized. All the conflicting elements of the Republican party have been harmonized in this organization. So thoroughly has the *entente cordiale* been restored that Mr. W. F. Herrin, Mr. J. D. Spreckels, Mr. M. H. de Young and Mr. Abe Ruef are all cooperating with a view of handling the Republican machine in the next municipal election. The foes of yesteryear are the cronies of today. There is no Pylades and Orestes bond between Mr. De Young and Mr. Herrin, but they have sequestered the hatchet. As for De Young and Spreckels, they are almost as sympathetic toward each other as were Nisus and Euryalus. And the wily Mr. Ruef with the Schmitz card up his sleeve is extending the glad hand all round.

The De Young-Spreckels Feud

De Young and Spreckels have worked in harmony ever since they united to beat Colonel Dan Burns. It was a combination that occasioned a deal of surprise because it was believed that a deadly feud existed between the De Young and Spreckels families. People recalled the *Chronicle's* attacks on Claus Spreckels, and they were incredulous. But the differences of the buried past were forgotten. There is no longer any ill feeling between the two families. Not only have John D. Spreckels and M. H. de Young become political friends, but their families are now united by social ties, and at the Mi-Careme ball given last week at the J. D. Spreckels mansion, Miss Helen de Young was one of the most picturesque and charming of the guests.

His Fine Italian Hand

To Mr. Abe Ruef is due much of the credit for having harmonized the conflicting factions in the Republican party. His purpose is, of course, to secure for his pliable protegee, Eugene Schmitz, the Republican nomination for Mayor. He wants the support of the *Chronicle* and the *Call*, and at present both these papers are friendly to the Schmitz administration. Both papers favored the anti-injunction bill which Ruef lobbied through the Legislature, it being understood that Schmitz would do the right thing with the patronage at his disposal in the event of his being permitted to remove everybody that opposed his political policy. Ruef has been nursing the *Call's* friendship ever since the sensational exposure by that paper of the looting of an estate which had been handled by Public Administrator Drinkhouse, for whom Ruef was acting as attorney. But it is only lately that he succeeded in enlisting the *Chronicle's* cooperation, for it was against the protest of that paper that the Mayor signed the Ingleside opening measure. It was a bit significant that the Citizens' Committee appointed by the Mayor selected Mr. de Young as its executive officer. No better choice could have been made, however, and I am glad that petty social jealousies and political animosities failed to operate against the selection of a man so preeminently qualified for the performance of the duties in connection with the reception and entertainment of Mr. Roosevelt.

Beloved by Spring Valley

To Mr. Ruef is due the credit for having won for his man Schmitz the support of the two Republican dailies and also of Mr. Herrin, who is generally recognized as the most important factor in Republican politics. But Mr. Herrin has never viewed with distrust the official conduct of Mr. Schmitz. It was Mayor Schmitz who introduced, immediately after he was inducted into office, the water ordinance under which the revenue of the Spring Valley Water Company grew apace. Last month the Supervisors made a seven per cent reduction in the existing rates as established by the Schmitz order, and the Mayor said not a word. The fact is that the Mayor doesn't know anything about the water question and I shouldn't be surprised to learn that the data upon which his rate-order was formulated came from the office of the Spring Valley Water Company. Mr. Charles Webb Howard is a very courteous gentleman, and I haven't the slightest doubt that Mr. Abe Ruef could arrange a meeting between the water magnate and the Mayor at a time when the latter was eager for enlightenment on the water question. Indeed so courteous is Mr. Howard that he wouldn't mind having an ordinance drawn up for an over-worked city official, just to save him the trouble, as it were. But the dailies that were once so

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skeptical on the subject of water orders refrained from criticism of the Schmitz measure which betokens the great generosity of that high-minded official. Their forbearance is due to the simple circumstance that they are all doing politics, and that Mr. Schmitz figures as a means to an end. In other words the Mayor is temporarily above newspaper criticism. He could raise both water and gas rates again, give away a few franchises, license faro-playing, and make this a wide-open town without running the risk of being censured by the press. Was there ever a Mayor who enjoyed such a soft snap? How fortunate that Mr. Schmitz isn't a boodler, and that Mr. Ruef is a conscientious, virtuous member of the legal profession! What dreadful things they would be suspected of if their reputation for probity and all the virtues were not so well established!

Legislation Against Competition

Not only did Mayor Schmitz escape criticism on the subject of the water rate-ordinance which he fathered, but also in the matter of the legislation relating to gas rates. No greater outrage was ever perpetrated, in the whole history of municipal misgovernment, than that of the Supervisors when they fixed the maximum rate which the lighting companies are permitted to charge at one dollar and twenty cents per thousand feet. The testimony taken by them when investigating the subject of rates was to the effect that the cost of manufacturing gas and supplying it in this city is seventy-five cents a thousand feet. All that is received over that amount is profit. Claus Spreckels admits that it costs him seventy-five cents to manufacture and supply gas, and the Equitable Company has never wanted more than one dollar for its gas, but the old companies asked that the rate be fixed at one dollar and twenty cents to enable them to meet competition, and the Supervisors kindly granted them the privilege of cinching the rate-payers in those districts where they have a monopoly so that they may sell gas at a loss wherever they are fighting competitors. In other words this glorious administration of the city government is kindly helping out the old gas monopoly which for so many years fattened off the gas consumers by charging exorbitant rates. And as a consequence people who are so unfortunate as to live in districts where there is no competition are compelled to pay exorbitant rates for gas so that the old companies may be enabled to battle against competition by selling gas at less than cost wherever the mains of their competitors have been laid. Did anybody ever hear of anything more extraordinary in statesmanship?

Schmitz Out-Gunsts Mose

Mose Gunst must take a back seat. Some years ago Mose copyrighted the expression, "I am glad I have came," and he has been duly credited with authorship of the famous utterance so often that one can no longer hear it quoted without thinking of him. But a man far more distinguished than our opulent cigar merchant took occasion the other day to assert his contempt for the rules of syntax in a manner more conspicuous than that in which Mr. Gunst achieved distinction. I refer to our bewhiskered Mayor. Since his elevation to public office Mr. Schmitz has demonstrated that he can ply his tongue as vigorously as his bow though not less dexterously, and that the music of his chin is as pleasing to his ear as is that of his fiddle. He was selected last Friday, by the members of the Mascagni orchestra, to present the Maestro with a gold watch, and the little ceremony took place on the stage of the Alhambra theatre in the presence of a few thousand people. The Mayor had evidently prepared a speech for the occasion which was probably quite a gem of oratory, but unfortunately his memory failed him, and he floundered pathetically. The climax was reached when he solemnly declared that Mr. Mascagni was "one of the greatest composers the world has ever saw." The audience tittered, but fortunately Mr. Mascagni doesn't understand a word of English.

The Huntingtons, Too

At the Spreckels Mi-Careme ball last week the Willard Huntingtons and Mrs. Jack Spreckels were the only representatives of the Huntington clan present. The H. E. Huntingtons accentuated their absence by giving a domino ball the same evening, and by that means diverting about seventy of the younger set from the more pretentious Spreckels affair. It is interesting to note the evidences of dissension in the families of our plutocrats. There is friction in the Huntington clan as well as in that of the Spreckels's.

The Spreckels' Ball

The Spreckels Mi-Careme ball has been voted the most successful private bal masque ever given in this city. It was gay, and though joy was unconfined the revels never threatened to reach the limit as they did on the occasion of the Hager Yellow Kid party. To give a masquerade ball, and encourage the gayety to its proper height, yet keeping it within its bounds, is a feat that few hosts know how to accomplish. The injury to her ankle which Miss Grace Spreckels sustained the day before in an automobile accident almost kept her away, but with the aid of a cane she appeared on the scene. Of course the event of the evening was the appearance of Miss Ethyl Hager, without whom no masquerade ball can be a success these days. And be it said that she came up to expectations. Her lighthouse on wheels was realistic but I preferred Miss Hager when she emerged therefrom scantily clad in a ravishing

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red bathing suit that revealed all the curves of her ample form. One of the loveliest women at the ball was Mrs. Latham McMullin in her Directoire costume, and quite the most daintily pretty was Mrs. Jack Spreckels, who stood the severe test of a Sis Hopkins make-up. Her soft brown hair was in two tight pigtails, and her gingham apron was uncompromisingly ugly. Mrs. Mabel Craft-Deering was a striking figure in a red costume with a short skirt, red gloves, red shoes and a big red picture hat. Since her marriage Mrs. Deering has been devoting a lot of time to social affairs, but she is not neglecting her literary work. Miss Helen de Young was very attractive in the costume of a Russian peasant. An amusing conceit was the bank with Frank Owen behind the cashier's window taking in everything that came his way.

An Atherton Bon Mot

The bon mots of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton are almost as famous as her books. One of the most recent is reported to me from New York on the occasion of a dinner recently given in her honor. The guests talked literature from fish to nuts, as they usually do when a literary lion is on the scene, and of course many familiar platitudes were rehashed. They wandered from Ruskin to Churchill, and then down into the realms of latest fiction, when one woman began to laud the famous "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." "Almost a classic," said one woman. "But who is 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' my dear?" asked a deaf elderly lady, addressing Mrs. Atherton. "Haven't you heard of her?" said Mrs. Atherton, "why, Mrs. Wiggs is the wife of David Harum." Mrs. Atherton is much sought after in Eastern society these days. She is going to Canada soon, and she expects to be in London for the May season.

The Poetess of Passion

Great preparations are being made in women's club circles for the lionizing of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the expoetess of passion. I hear that Mr. Wilcox is coming, too, and my curiosity concerning the husband of his wife is much greater than that inspired by the lady herself. Mrs. Wilcox wrote some very passionate verses before her marriage, but since then she has done nothing but grind out wearisome platitudes for the delectation of the feeble-minded readers of certain newspapers. If the drugging of her muse was due to an overdose of matrimony I should advise her to get a divorce for the sake of literature. Personally Mrs. Wilcox is a woman of gracious presence, great charm of manner and beauty of carriage, and she is very happily married. She wears a topaz ring on one thumb, and that is probably her only eccentricity. These facts may be of interest to those readers of the *Examiner* who are accustomed to overlook the Ella Wheeler educational column. Mrs. Wilcox is having quite a triumphal swing round the circle for she is greatly admired in the provinces.

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Ella and Gertrude Won't Meet

It is a pity that Mrs. Wilcox did not come this way during Gertrude Atherton's visit. The sparring match of wits between the two authors amused newspaper readers on both sides of the continent some years ago. The trouble was all over their hair, both being blondes. Ella referred to Gertrude as "bleached" and Gertrude retaliated by dubbing Ella's locks "mouse-colored" and "ashen." There was a sequel to the war. It happened one day that Mrs. Atherton was in a publisher's office in New York when the office boy announced that Mrs. Wilcox waited without.

"Oh, my, I don't want to meet her," said the Californian author, "do hide me somewhere."

And one of the gentlemen present obligingly shielded her behind his desk, while Mrs. Wilcox concluded her interview with the publisher.

From Quarter Deck to Pulpit

Mrs. R. C. Foute, wife of the popular rector of Grace Episcopal church, is an indefatigable hostess, and during this Lenten season has been giving her best energies to a gathering of earnest workers who meet at her house every Tuesday to sew for charity. It is, perhaps, as a card hostess that Mrs. Foute most shines, and she is extremely fond of this kind of diversion. On one occasion she was taken to task for allowing her guests to play for prizes, it being suggested that such conduct on the part of a clergyman's wife was not proper. Mrs. Foute replied to the faultfinder that she married a navy officer and not a parson and that she had neither ambition nor desire to play the clergyman's wife. The Rev. Mr. Foute was in the navy before he was ordained in the Church, and sometimes to hear him in the pulpit one would think he was still delivering orders from the quarter deck of his ship.

A Card Playing Bishop

Apropos of clergymen and card playing, the Reverend William Hall Moreland, Bishop of Sacramento, is fond of a game of whist and plays it well, too. He tells a little anecdote of how his card playing enabled him to do a little missionary work. He was taking a trip on the cars in the northern part of his diocese when a man asked him to make up a party in a game of cards. He assented with the proviso that money should not be played for and notwithstanding the sensation created in the car by the spectacle of a churchman engaged in the worldly pastime he greatly enjoyed the game. The upshot was that before the party separated one of the card players had arranged with the Bishop to have three children baptized, another took a pew in the Bishop's church and the third engaged him to perform the ceremony at his approaching wedding. "All of which," adds the Bishop with a smile, "would not have occurred had I refused to join them in their game of cards."

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HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?

Berkeley's Vicious Element

According to Editor Finley of the *Daily Californian*, the students' paper of the State University, there is an organization in that institution which should be suppressed. Editor Finley ought to know whereof he writes, and he evidently does know for he does not equivocate or mince matters, or hedge in the slightest degree. "We have often wished," he says, "that there might be some way of getting together the worst of the law-breaking, dissipated element in the university and ridding the community of it, and we do not know but that the Theta Nu Epsilon contains the very cream of what we want." It is strange that the faculty of the university have never taken cognizance of a society in the institution which, according to Editor Finley, is composed of a vicious element. He denounces its members as sneak thieves, cheats, gamblers and beats, and he states that they are individuals with an abundant supply of cash but no brains, who rarely pay their bills and who have a good time at the expense of the university. Rather severe strictures, and they should lead to a faculty investigation.

Not Sara But Her Sister

The announcement made by one of the dailies of the engagement of Sara Collier and Reginald Norris was incorrect. Miss Collier is still fancy free though probably she has had more flattering offers than any girl in society. The only engagement in the Collier family is that of Sara's sister Totty and Rex Norris is her fiancee.

The Page-Hoffacker Match

The marriage of Miss Louise Hoffacker and Mr. Charles Page is much talked of in society. The Pages have considerable social prestige, and the bride-to-be is therefore destined to achieve a very good position in the inner circles. The Pages are not wealthy as has been stated, but they are fairly well supplied with this world's goods. Their principal property is a ranch somewhere in the country. They are a very large family and they belong to the conservative fashionable set. They have intermarried with the Maillard, Hellman and Hammond families.

Miss Adams, who has an exhibition of miniatures at the Hopkins exhibition, exhibits a very pretty likeness of Mrs. Henry Crocker, and another of Mrs. Cutter, the mother of Downey Harvey.

The Deviltry of Burgess

So we are to lose another of our literary lights! One by one they are drifting Eastward to the literary capital of the country. The latest to decide upon a change of residence is Gelett Burgess who has surrendered his flat in Vallejo street preparatory to shaking the dust of unappreciative San Francisco from his feet. Mr. Burgess hasn't done anything lately to attract attention to his muse, but no doubt he will be heard from when he gets settled in the big metropolis which, by reason of its great accumulation of publishing houses, newspapers and periodicals, is known as the literary capital. Though Burgess has not made any valuable contributions to literature of late he has managed to get himself talked about, for he is always doing queer things. His favorite bit of deviltry consists in luring uncongenial spirits to his apartments, and watching developments with fiendish glee. Not long ago he arranged a party for Mrs. Isobel Strong, daughter of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, and among those invited was Mrs. Strong, widow of Captain Strong, the divorced husband of Isobel. Burgess chortled over the prospect, but he was disappointed for both ladies sent regrets.

Mrs. Pat. Campbell

Society will no doubt rush eagerly in to do the honors for Mrs. Patrick Campbell when she appears at the Columbia shortly, for Mrs. Pat, be it known, is an actress with social prestige and an unsullied 'scutcheon. Since the death of her husband in South Africa she lavishes her affection on a small dog known to fame as "Pinky, Panky, Poo." Mrs. Campbell has for many years been a lioness in London drawing-rooms. Her domestic life has been as irreproachable as that of Mrs. Kendal, and therefore she had the entree to the most conservative circles. Although she has achieved her greatest successes in portraying adventuresses, in real life she is most conventionally respectable. She was Pinero's original Mrs. Tanqueray and is without a rival in portraying unhappy ladies with a dubious past. Though the critics did not enthuse over Mrs. Campbell in New York, the people did, and prices were raised from two to three dollars during her season. Having seen her in one of her plays I am curious to know what impression she will make on local theatregoers, for she is an unusual woman. I never saw a more magnetic one. She is of a rare type of beauty upon whose classic face time has impressed the stamp of intellectuality. It is a face that proves that time does not always mar. Her figure is hopelessly old-fashioned, viewed from the kangaroo straight-front standpoint, but it is sinuous and graceful, a figure on which to hang Grecian draperies. Apparently she does not wear corsets. She is of English-Italian descent, and if she didn't persist in being Mrs. Patrick her friends would call her Beatrice.

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His Dread of Accidents

Charles E. Hayes, whose sudden death in the midnight runaway accident in Golden Gate Park completely upset at least four households with consternation and horror, had a singular "hunch" at his elbow all his life to beware of accidents. Whether he got it from gypsy, crystal gazer or his sixth sense, he never explained, but certain it is that he frequently harped on that string, and had the favorite divinations of eminent soothsayers, wizards and seers at his fingers' ends to point his utterance. It was while in one of those moods that he took out the ten thousand dollar accident insurance policy in favor of his fiancee, Mrs. Elizabeth Messer. Hayes and Norman Rideout, son of the Northern California millionaire, were classmates at college and used to match tales anent unerring fate and "name and date written behind the veil." The case was indeed a singular one. Only a few years later young Rideout, while down underground inspecting one of his father's big mines, was suddenly killed by a piece of disjoined rock falling on his head. A moment sooner, the fraction of a second later, and the young man with all his brilliant prospects in life had been safe. And now his college mate, Charley Hayes, with his own big future in life just opening up before him, is carried away as suddenly, and—well, was it "chance"?

Hayes Was a Hustler

Hayes was never a gay fellow in his salad days. He inherited a healthy brain and a fine physique and he had a healthy man's love for good, solid mental effort. He stood well among his fellows, a stimulating lot, for they were all eager to score success in the world. Most of them were studying civil engineering. Storey, who ran the lines for the San Joaquin Valley Railroad and who afterwards moved to the headquarters of the Santa Fe system, was one of them. Young Storey and Hayes went out with a bunch of young colts and began service with the engineering department of the Southern Pacific. Hayes was shrewd enough to see that there was no great prize ahead in that company for a young surveyor, so at the first opportunity he had himself sidetracked into the Pacific Improvement Company. At once he began a special study of its many and varied investments. From that time he began to rise. Run over the important offices he held at the time of his death; that is the best commentary on his success from a business point of view.

With Gold Came Trouble

But the coup that added most to his success was his marriage with Miss Lucy May, daughter of the Oakland capitalist. Prior to that connection he had studied how to make money for others. Now he had an opportunity to swing capital for himself and he did it with gratifying results. As soon as the steadiness of the stream was assured he began to devote himself more to the things of life, that is the kind of life that led his wife to get a divorce on the "ostensible" grounds of desertion.

Fate's Singular Work

Not a handful of the intimate friends of Mrs. Messer and Charley Hayes dreamed that they were engaged. All along the friends of Mrs. Messer have been remarking on her complete change mentally since her daughter's sudden death; on her apparent utter lack of interest in worldly things. With the shock of Hayes's death comes the news that a forlorn little Cupid in trappings of woe has been treading her footsteps. And the rude awakening is emphasized by the fact of the engagement of her only son to the daughter of Judge Dibble. Did ever the shock of a sudden death hereabouts reach so many homes—homes outside that of Hayes's companion, whom the newspapers hunted so assiduously? The shuttlecock of Fate has recently been running some sombre threads through the lives of more families than the Tevises, the Breckenridges and the Fairs. Mrs. Messer's suffering antedates the death of her beloved daughter. Financially she is well provided for. Her father, capitalist Giffin, is still alive notwithstanding the three recent occasions in which the newspapers pronounced him dead. He it was who built the big mansion whose extensive grounds were lately utilized for the flats erected by the Fair estate. He was badly crippled financially in the Bank of California crash but since then he has recouped his fortune. Among his holdings now is the major section of Palomires in Southern California. He has three daughters, besides Mrs. Messer, all well dowered and well married.

Her Story Never Published

Unlike the recent accident all the strange stories that have their being among the drawn-blind resorts bordering the Park do not reach the public ear, by any means. One evening recently a prominent business man was enjoying his punch before the bar preparatory to driving back to the city when suddenly the door leading to a hallway opening on the private rooms was banged open and a white-faced man, well known about town, rushed anxiously up to the proprietor. "Come," he gasped, "come, quick. She's taken poison." The proprietor and the business man followed the excited young man. In one of the private rooms they found a young woman lying prostrate and unconscious on the floor. Her waist was loosened, her hair disheveled and her whole appearance indicated serious conditions

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ahead. The young man pointed to an empty bottle on the floor. "It's poison," he said, "I saw her swallow it. I've tried to make her eject it; I've tried to wake her up, but she seems to be getting worse."

"Call a doctor," ordered the proprietor.

Pale as the young man had been he visibly became paler. He became ashen.

"But the papers 'll get hold of it," he expostulated, "I'll be lost."

"You'll be lost if you don't," put in the proprietor, "the next thing you'll have to call up will be the morgue wagon."

The young man became frantic and dropping on his knees begged the woman to rouse herself. "Come," put in the proprietor, "call a doctor or I'll call the police. I'm not going to let the girl die in my place if I can help it."

"I'll call a doctor," said the young man, "I've got a friend I can trust."

Then all three men fell to working over the young woman and by the time the doctor arrived she had still enough life in her to answer to his ministrations. They bundled her up in blankets and sent her home with the physician, the young man flatly refusing to have any more to do with her once he saw her breathing safely in the physician's charge. He had frequented the place a good deal and after the doctor and the girl were gone, happy in his unexpected escape, he told the proprietor all about the case. That morning he had revealed to the girl his engagement to a well known belle of the smart set, to whom by the way he has not yet been married. The girl had blanched at the news, but apparently recovered. After some cajolery she asked him to take her driving in the Park that evening. As usual they stopped at the resort. Once she had him in a private room she produced a bottle of poison and gave him the choice of breaking with his affianced or seeing her drop dead from the poison. He thought it was a bluff and refused to break off the wedding. Down went the poison and the liveliest two hours in the life of that young man quickly followed. The business man never told the story to any one near authority because, like the married woman in the Hayes case, he didn't want to get his name in the papers.

Exhibition by Two Charles's

Only two of Charlie Dickman's pictures in the exhibition that opened Wednesday in the Bohemian Club jinks-room are of Californian scenes. The rest are the Brittany pictures that he painted in Monterey from sketches made in France. He shows again his big picture of the fishers in a stormy sea. There is a movement on foot, I hear, to purchase this for the club. Charlie Peters's purchasers, among them Fred Greenwood and Louis Sloss, loaned several pictures to fill out the exhibition. Peters shows his masterpiece, "The Camp by the Cross." By the way he demands five thousand dollars for this; when it was first shown he asked but five hundred dollars for it and found no purchasers. Now he daily refuses two thousand dollars for it. He has fifty of his newest pictures on the way to London, where they will be exhibited in July. Besides he has works being shown in New York, Chicago and Boston.

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The Wagner Lecture

Mrs. Charles W. Rhodes's lecture on Wagner on last Wednesday evening awoke in the hearts of her hearers delightful musical memories—memories for the most part of Maurice Grau and the Grand Opera House, but, with a fortunate few, of Bayreuth itself. The not so fortunate many had Bayreuth brought to them steropticon-wise. The value of "views" is that they appeal to sight. The eye brings us into the very presence of the scenes represented. The most perfect description cannot produce so complete an illusion. The visible pictures on the screen, the invisible piano illustrations, and the melodious voice of the lecturer, making music of her thought, blended artistically; and the effect of the whole was at once pleasing and impressive, entertaining and instructive. That Mrs. Rhodes found here an audience on terms of friendly familiarity with the friend of Ludwig II, is due in large measure to the work of Mrs. Mary Fairweather, whose disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world is deserving of more than passing mention.

Pauline's Latest Passion

The newspapers that only a few brief days ago had Pauline Astor and Jarlosov Kocian making that divine duet, that silent, vibrant singing of the soul that is sweeter and more moving than all the melodies of all the masters, are now hourly expecting the announcement of the betrothal of the young heiress to Jonel Bratiano, French minister of Roumania. Newspapermen may be innocent of Emerson, but they know that "all the world loves a lover," is tickled to death by a title, adores a dollar, and has pretensions to a passion for art. And so we have accounts by the column of Kubelik and his countess, and of Kocian and his heiress. But a bride in the hand is worth a harem in the Sunday supplement. Next to a divorce, an engagement seems to be the most diverting of news—perhaps because it holds out the hope of a divorce!

The Price of Prominence

Now all lovers hate the world—see a leer in its loving eyes and a sneer in its smiling lips. Instinctively they seek the sweet hospitality of solitude and the congratulations of the great Mother who alone will not misunderstand them. Moreover, the world is too idiotically sane, too foolishly wise for lovers—even those in high life. But publicity is the price of prominence. If Kubelik kisses his countess, or Kocian his Pauline, the smack resounds to the uttermost ends of the earth; the kiss goes hissing hot over

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the longest leased wire in the world. On the contrary, and by way of compensation, inconspicuous poverty may make love in appropriate privacy. Should a golden country lass by happy chance be kissed comin' thro' the rye, she need not cry because a busy newspaper body goes and tells. For royalty, the President, and other public-property persons, the omnipresent eye of the reporter must be more hateful than that of All-seeing Heaven Itself.

A Pastime of the Plutocrats

Accordingly, the rich have a delightful game—and one reserved for them alone—which may be called Playing at Poverty. They go into the country, God alone knows where—anywhere out of the way of reporters will do—live in tents or uncomfortable cottages, become for the time being hewers of wood and drawers of water, do their own cooking, dishwashing, etc., being moreover insufficiently supplied with money or commodities. There, free of cramping shoes and other joy-killing conventions, they foot the flower-sweet fields, miracles of gold and green in the morning sunshine, flattering themselves the merry while that they are now as near to the heart of Nature as the poet, the peasant, and the lover. On their return to polite society, they seek out their poor relations and friends, boast of bronzed faces and hands wealed by hard work, and expatiate on the blessings of poverty, and tell how they themselves suffer riches for their sins. Playing at Poverty and preaching to the poor is more fun than flirting and ping-pong.

Social Columns that Pay

It has been suggested that certain dailies, to be perfectly fair, should insert stars under the columns devoted to the recital of the doings of the people of the swim. Many of the paragraphs, I am told, are advertisements pure and simple. Sometimes they are paid for with social favors and sometimes with merchandise. I am assured that when a millinery opening is boomed as a social event the writer gets an imported hat, and that one lady engaged in picking up pin money by penning gush paragraphs about our provincial aristocracy is remunerated with free lunches at the fashionable grill which she so frequently mentions. However that may be only a joke suggested by her record as a strategist from a commercial standpoint. Perhaps she is writing under the direction of the business office. Yet there is no reason why she shouldn't turn her commercial opportunities to financial advantage, for being an interloper in journalism she probably has a contempt for the ethics of the profession. It is related that a prominent real estate dealer was approached at the opening of the social season by a gush writer belonging to the swell social push with an offer to boom his debutante daughter for a consideration. The proposition was rejected, and since then the girl's name has been omitted from the society woman's paragraphs, but the copy-reader, who really edits the social column, takes pains to insert it.

Died a Pauper

It has frequently been noted that a strange fatality dealt harshly with most of the people that figured in that *cause celebre* known as the Sharon case. One of the most conspicuous of them was William M. Neilson, who died on a pauper's bed in the County Hospital a few days ago. Neilson espoused the cause of Sarah Althea even before she went to court. He went into the case to force Senator Sharon to a settlement, and he was the plaintiff's confidential friend and adviser from the beginning. It was believed that he shaped the case and was instrumental in gathering most of the evidence. Neilson was an Australian and his right name was McCann. Sarah Althea still lives. She is a raving maniac and is confined in the Stockton asylum.

Success Has Met Him

Emil Bruguiere will soon go East to attend to the production of one of his operas. He is having better luck lately than when he first began to compose music. His songs were made popular by Mrs. Katharine Fiske, and now one of his operas is really to be produced. Once before he went to New York, with the expectation of seeing "Count Fiddlesticks" put on the stage, but found himself up against disappointment. That was the opera for which Dan O'Connell wrote the libretto and which was based upon the Festetics-Tolna voyage to the South Seas. Mr. Bruguiere wrote the music for Francis Powers' "Mother Earth" that was produced at the Alcazar but failed to make good. His marriage with Vesta Shortridge, by the way, is not to take place until late in the season. Miss Shortridge is convalescing from the illness that kept her in a hospital for some weeks. With a chaperon she has gone to Monterey to pass a month at her fiance's home.

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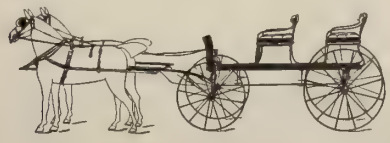

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Reminiscences of a Famous Boniface

It is to be hoped that Tony Oakes, before his death, confided to some one who would prize the recipe the secret of his famous preparation of terrapin. It was that delicacy that won name and money for Tony Oakes, in his prime, and the friendship of California's bons viveurs. And it was the advent of the trolley and the demand for nickel drinks and two-bit meals that ruined Oakes when he was at the height of his popularity at Haywards. When Oakes went to Haywards, his capital was a single bottle of liquor, one box of cigars, a guitar, a wife and four little children. Before this he had his little successes, but the flood of '61-'62 swept away the results and left him about where he started when W. C. Ralston became his patron in the late fifties. He had been Mayor of Sonoma, where he was the bon camarade of old General Vallejo, and he had been a notary public. In San Francisco, he was the first terrapin and oyster host, associated with Andy Hepburn. And in San Mateo he had enjoyed the confidence and friendship of the most prominent men of the State. They all patronized his Haywards resort. There seemed no reason why Tony should not get back the fortune he had lost. However, that was before the trolley came. His wife fell ill with brain trouble, and a string of mortgages on the place proved fatal. There was another little venture in Golden Gate that did not turn out well, for the class of patrons that had been willing to pay high for good meals no longer existed in that part of the world. It was another case of Cornelius Stagg and Ingleside after the car line extension.

Strategic Jim Keene

In his fight against President Harriman of the Southern Pacific Company, Jim Keene assumes the role of a public benefactor. He alleges that the Southern Pacific is being managed in the interest of another company, that diversion of its earnings is being made for the purpose of building up the Central Pacific Railroad, from which the Union Pacific will derive a great advantage. He contends that the Union Pacific's control of the Southern Pacific is in itself illegal. The answer to Mr. Keene's charges is that the traffic is so great over both the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific that neither road is able to handle it. Mr. Keene's purpose is to compel Mr. Harriman to help out a pool in Southern Pacific stock, by paying dividends. Mr. Harriman prefers to put the dividends in improvements with a view of meeting the growth of traffic. This State is interested in seeing him carry out his policy. Mr. Keene is a speculator pure and simple, and he doesn't worry himself about the illegality of railroad deals. Indeed, men of the Keene type never concern themselves much about the right and wrong of financial transactions. They consider it perfectly fair to fleece a man by manipulating the stock market. There isn't a vast difference between their methods and those of the highwayman, but the latter takes a few chances. I was told the other day of a pool made in mining stock in this city, many years ago, in which Mr. Keene was interested. The pool collapsed and Keene made about three millions, after which he went East. Those that were associated with him in the pool say that after the collapse they learned that Keene had been selling them his stock.

Mrs. J. A. Chandler and Mrs. J. M. Forest, of Saint Paul, are visiting Mrs. P. N. Beringer, in Weber street, Alameda. Mrs. Chandler is Mrs. Beringer's mother, Mrs. Forest is her sister.

Davis in Melodrama

Edwards Davis, the sensational preacher, who achieved notoriety some years ago, by giving an exhibition of dancing in the pulpit of the Christian church of Oakland, is now the leading man in a thrilling melodrama entitled "Over Niagara Falls," which was produced in Williamsburg last week. When Davis did his terpsichorean pulpit stunt, on a Sunday evening, attired in claw-hammer and white waistcoat, I suggested that he should go into vaudeville, and though he didn't exactly follow my advice it is evident that he had a yearning for the footlights. In "Over Niagara Falls" he is better able to point a moral and adorn a tale than he was when dancing in an Oakland pulpit. He now can give a practical demonstration of how virtue is its own reward and vice is punished. He says that acting beats preaching, and that he likes the engagement because his wife is in the company and he makes love to her in every performance. Acton Davies of the *Sun*, writing of the ex-preacher, says: "He is in Williamsburg on his way, no doubt, to Broadway. Like that other ambitious Californian, Nance O'Neil, whom Charles Frohman recently engaged for Lady Macbeth, in his forthcoming revival of Shakespeare, he may have to go round the world from Williamsburg to reach Broadway, for when Miss O'Neil was leading woman of the Murray Hill theatre in this city, although but a few blocks from the gay Rialto, she was miles away from Broadway in point of reputation."

Mrs. Robinson Reilly

One of the few women who are wearing earrings, in response to fashion's latest fancy, is Mrs. Robinson Reilly. They are becoming to her, too. Mrs. Reilly wears black a great deal, to which sombre shade she was always partial. She is stouter than she was before her little daughter's birth and looks more like her sister, Mrs. Osgood Hooker. She is wholly domesticated now and changed in many ways

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since her spinster days. When her baby was christened in the Cathedral about a fortnight ago Mrs. Downey Harvey was one of the godmothers. Mrs. Harvey is in a way related to the child, though in a roundabout route, as her half-brother, Andrew Martin, was Mrs. Reilly's first husband.

The Prosecution of Wright

The case of Mr. Whitaker Wright of the London & Globe Company and formerly of this city bids fair to prove decidedly embarrassing to high government officials in London before the prosecution is ended. Mr. Wright had a very shady reputation in this State years ago, the testimony of his former attorney to the contrary notwithstanding, and his financial operations in London were very suspicious. When he was arrested on his arrival in New York, he protested that there must have been some mistake, as the whole matter had been threshed out in the House of Commons. The fact is that the law officers of the Government had declined to prosecute, but that was because Lord Dufferin was involved in the scandal. The public was not satisfied. Hints had been dropped that certain persons of even higher rank and social importance than Lord Dufferin were mixed up in the affairs of the company, and it was evident that powerful influences had been brought to bear to hush the matter up. But subsequently a creditor of the company applied to the courts for an order directing the official receiver to prosecute Whitaker Wright, and in granting it Mr. Justice Buckley said that notwithstanding the refusal of the first law officer of the Crown to put the public prosecutor in motion, he was prepared to accept the responsibility of determining the question before him. Upon the facts as presented he believed that a crime had been committed, and therefore he directed that a criminal prosecution be started. Evidently the courts in England are not the ministers of the Crown.

"It's a sad spring that can't put a dollar in my pocket," said the funny writer.

And then he wrote this:

" 'My, but you're in clover,' said the dog, addressing the cow over the fence."

The Literary Harrisons

Mary Crocker-Harrison has adopted the "literary" pose and in view of the fact that she has a mother-in-law who writes, and a husband who is trying to write, it is not altogether surprising. But her friends who knew her before she was able to define the difference between "situation" and "setting" find it rather hard to adjust themselves to her new mental bias. Young Mrs. Harrison has no ambition to write but she has very decided opinions on literary values and the scoffers would be amused to see the deference with which her criticisms are received by most of the women. No one dares to pass judgment on a new book when Mrs. Harrison is around until her pulse has been taken on the matter. They wait until she gives a cue and then follow her lead with painstaking humility. One of the young matrons in the smart set who is always lamenting the fact that she was not born "poor and literary" thought to flatter Mr. Harrison the other day by telling him that she has read every story that his mother had published. "Indeed?" answered Sonny, "I can't say positively I've done as much myself."

Hot Times in Marin

San Rafael is writhing in the throes of a political spasm caused by the relative cheapness of whisky, the costliness of water and the building of a new town hall. Every block in that festive little burgh boasts its own vociferous candidate for town trustee, and what with extemporaneous stump speeches on train and boat and a peculiarly malevolent brand of campaign cigars, the commuter's lot is not a happy one. The clan of the "unco' guid," marshaled by Charles C. Stevenson Jr., the stormy petrel of Marin politics, and chaperoned by Dr. Arthur Crosby, the local Parkhurst, have unleashed a trio whose war cry is: "High License, and down with automobiling!" The gentlemen who have kindly consented to act as sacrificial victims on this ticket at the town election on April eleventh are Major Charles Christensen, well known in insurance circles, George Page and Robert J. Trumbull.

Personnel of the Candidates

Mr. Trumbull is the only simon pure, dyed-in-the-wool prohibitionist in the bunch and he also enjoys the distinction of being the only candidate out of fourteen who wears a wig. No barbers are included in his large personal following. Trumbull is classified as a low-water man, while Page is high water and Christensen is non-committal. Then there is David Duncan, another insurance man running on a low license ticket, and "Billy" Dreypolcher of the *Examiner*, on a high-ball ticket; whisky and high water. Smith, a local butcher, stands for low water, with whisky

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on the side, and Mr. Worden, a capitalist, politically speaking "takes whisky in his'n." A second Mr. Duncan, R. Lee by name, is running on general principles as an all-round good fellow and Fred Wright, a local hackman, is whooping it up for Wright, no automobiles and no Reform. Nearly all the candidates are in favor of low license; but as they agree on nothing else under heaven and as each packs an ax on his daily scoot to the city and wields it lustily whenever another candidate's name is mentioned, the shrieks of the victims drown the roar of the train.

Upper Thirteen to Lose a Prop

There is wailing and gnashing of teeth among the Uppers of the Upper Thirteen of San Rafael. It is rumored that the A. W. Fosters intend to dispose of "Red Gables," their San Rafael home, and move to town. Mrs. Foster has proved a fairy godmother to more than one member of the Upper Thirteen, for she is a gracious woman and likes to come to the relief of those suffering from social eclipse. The security of her social position is such that she is quite indifferent to the restrictions which sometimes govern and she has ventured so far as to invite to her functions in town some of the villagers who live within the shadow of "Red Gables." Of course they are highly respectable even to the point of stupidity but they are not the sort of people one knows if one is really in the swim. Mrs. Foster has been loyal to them, and whenever she gives a function the Upper Thirteen dons its shirt-waists and comes across the bay to be lorgnetted in amazement by the local dames of just a bit higher social degree.

Their Red Letter Day

When Miss Anna Foster made her debut at Century hall the rooms were crowded with many remarkable people bearing the unmistakable stamp of what Miss Hager, after a summer in San Rafael, dubbed the "small suburban snob." In other words the Upper Thirteen were there in all their glory, and they were so unusual as to be interesting to the urbanites. It is said that when the Fosters take up their permanent residence in their home in Jones street between Sacramento and Clay some charming entertainments will be given.

When the Williams Girls Were Married

By the way there threatens to be a general exodus from San Rafael. Among others Mr. and Mrs. Lilley are contemplating a move. They are making plans to shift their residence to Ross to be near the home of Mrs. Lilley's cousin, Mrs. Al Dibblee. Their going, however, depends entirely on the sale of the old Neil place where they now reside with that charming old lady, Mrs. Neil. But their going will not occasion any appreciable flutter in the ranks of the aristocratic Upper Thirteen. Mrs. Lilley was one of the Williams girls, who, though they always treated the village neighbors with courtesy, never encouraged cordial relations. Their only intimates were Mrs. Arthur Sewell who was Miss Josepha Crosby, and her sister, Louise, and even they received no cards when Walter Hobart espoused Hannah Williams with spectacular simplicity. The oversight caused the Upper Thirteen to sit up and take notice. They felt sure that Miss Juliette Williams would prove herself a more gracious bride when she went to the altar, but much to their amazement a solitary inhabitant of San Rafael was invited to the function, and that one was a meek little teacher in a private kindergarten.

To Marry in New York

Mrs. W. L. Oge, accompanied by Miss Marie, will soon cross to New York where the wedding of Miss Oge and Truxtun Beale will take place, instead of in San Francisco as was expected. Mr. and Mrs. Oge had planned a charming though quite small post-Lenten wedding, but very urgent business (*affaires diplomatique,* it is whispered) demanded Mr. Beale's presence in Washington and New York. He was extremely anxious to take his bride with him and pleaded hard, but Mrs. Oge, remembering the Apostolic Chase, her grandfather, could not reconcile herself to a Lenten wedding. When Mr. Beale reached Washington he found that the Administration looked to him for help in the Turkish affair, and that that would necessitate his going abroad immediately. Thus it seems that society is to be deprived of the pleasure of entertaining the charming Miss Oge as Mrs. Beale.

He Is a Good Business Man

Conried, the successor of Grau, is very unlike the magnificent Maurice in physique. He is small of stature and of slender build. But he has a big financial head. A San Franciscan who met him in New York tells me an instance of the Conried business sagacity that is not generally known. In one of his trips abroad to engage talent for his New York theatre Conried noticed that while a few of the first-class passengers brought their lounging chairs with them there were a good many others who had none, and felt the need. It occurred to him that here was a chance for some one to fill a long-felt want. He therefore made a contract with all the German steamship lines to be the exclusive furnisher of lounging chairs to their passengers. By this he adds much to his income, for there are many German liners and many first-class passengers who are delighted to pay for the privilege of a lounging chair during the voyage. When Conried first came to New York, by the way, he knew not one word of English. He was en-

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gaged to act in German plays such as "The Robbers" and other classics. In time he came to be stage manager of the theatre. Then he married for love a wealthy German girl. In the course of his nineteen years' residence in the metropolis he became sole manager of the Irving Place theatre, and now he has attained the eminence of impresario of the Metropolitan.

There was a pretty wedding at the Presidio last Saturday afternoon. The bride was Miss Elizabeth Bacon Wright, the groom Mr. Arthur R. Rule of Pittsburg, Pa. The ceremony which was performed by Army Chaplain Hunter of the Seventh Infantry, took place at the quarters of Captain W. K. Wright, the bride's step-father. The quarters were lavishly dressed with flowers appropriate to the occasion. Only a few relatives were present at the ceremony, but later everybody at the Post called to offer congratulations and at the same time express regret at the loss of the bride, who is a great favorite with them all. Her future home will be in Pittsburg.

The Staff at Department Headquarters gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Monday evening last in honor of General R. P. Hughes, U. S. A. It was a farewell to that distinguished officer, who will be relieved from his command of the Department of California by General Arthur McArthur next week.

Mascagni Was Perplexed

Though Pietro Mascagni was sorely oppressed with grievances against America when he arrived in this city, so ardent was the hospitality of the people of San Francisco and so profitable did their high appreciation of him prove that he fairly bubbled over with gratitude. Never was a man of genius more enthusiastically lionized by the hero-worshipers of this big-hearted community. They appeared to be anxious to prove that there was at least one city in this commercial country that appreciates art. It was a fine experience for the stalwart young Italian composer, and as he is to return to Italy with his pockets bulging with the receipts of his musical endeavors in San Francisco, and with the bravos and other glad-notes of approval in his ears, he is undoubtedly sincere in his resolve to return. But although Mascagni was glad to find so much musical enthusiasm in this town, there were many things that perplexed him, and he confessed on the quiet that he didn't quite understand how people that were apparently so musical were incapable of discriminating in some things. He was especially amazed over their tolerance and approval of voices that almost caused him to drop his baton and run. Moreover some of the musical criticisms that were translated for him were considered highly humorous.

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The Composer's Strenuous Wife

Mrs. Mascagni furnished a good deal of amusement during her brief sojourn here. She never missed an opportunity to give public demonstration of the fact that the great composer was her personal property. She was always striving to make his triumphs family affairs, and it was refreshing to observe how graciously he acquiesced in her whims. Indeed he permitted her to boss the job at all times. It is related that at one of the concerts a violinist dropped his eye-glasses and they were shattered on the floor. As he could not read the music he was obliged to quit playing. Mrs. Mascagni noted the incident, and when the piece was over she complained of the failure of the violinist to play. It was explained that the loss of the eye-glasses made it impossible for him to play. "Then," said she, "he surely cannot expect to be paid!"

One of the Holluschickie Club members, Professor Setchell of Berkeley, will leave for Europe in May, to be gone a year. The club has a new president, Hiland L. Baggerly, and has a new club-house, the old E. J. Baldwin house in California street.

Smashing Her Alma Mater

Eleanor Gates, author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl," said in an interview the other day that although she attended both Stanford and Berkeley universities she had to go into journalism to learn English. Rather a hard smash at our two big institutions of learning. Eleanor Gates did not distinguish herself for brilliant work at Berkeley but her husband, Mr. Tully, did. He has lately had a successful play produced in the East. He wrote farces for amateur production at college and acted in them. He wooed and won Miss Gates at Berkeley.

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She Prefers the Horse

It was feared at first that Mrs. Gus Taylor was seriously injured in the deplorable accident that made the smart set hold its breath with both hands. But she was merely badly shaken up and bruised. Her family were frantic when they heard of the accident and the news of it was kept from her invalid mother until it was certain that no vital injuries had been received. Although the Sunday papers have listed Mrs. Taylor among the society chauffeurs her automobile has existed only in the space-writer's imagination. She has never owned one, and in fact is an ardent champion of the horse.

Costly Hosiery and Gifts

Edith McBean's trousseau had been long ready, and the repeated changes in the wedding date caused it to swell to much larger proportions than when first planned. Some of the silk stockings included in the trousseau were forty dollars a pair and correspondingly stunning. Her wedding gifts were beautiful, mostly silver as that ware is the popular thing to give brides nowadays. The bridegroom's mother gave a silver tea-set, and the bride's mother a silver dinner set. Mr. McBean's gift was the complete furnishing of the young people's residence. During the week Miss McBean gave a small tea to which she invited her friends for the purpose of exhibiting her wedding presents which were meritorious.

The Gossip on Engagements

The gossips of society have found the McBean-Kierstedt engagement a fruitful theme for discussion. An engagement is always a stimulus to frothy conversation in social circles, because it presents a large variety of questions which the gossips are always anxious to settle. Usually they question either the social or financial standing of one of the principals, and occasionally they want to know whether the social prestige of the man is sufficient to compel recognition of his bride. They are always deeply concerned about those little matters, and they invariably accept as true any story they hear about the past of either party. In the case of Edith McBean they were in doubt as to whether Dr. Kierstedt had robust lungs, and they were curious to know whether the young couple were to be expected to get along on the army doctor's little old one-thirty per. Evidently they haven't confidence in Dr. Kierstedt's medical lore for they don't credit him with knowing whether he is physically sound, and as for the financial question ,well, Miss McBean has money enough for two.

I hear that Mrs. Hobart is very much averse to her husband's taking over his stable to England but Walter is bent on showing off his ponies. Mrs. Hobart had her way about taking along the little girls and he will undoubtedly have his about the horses. "It wouldn't be a happy family party without the ponies," Mr. Hobart remarked the other day.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells are at Byron Springs. Others at the hotel are Captain and Mrs. F. W. Wise of Victoria, B. C., Mr. B. R. Eberard of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Veale of Martinez and Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Hromada.

The Landers family has been thrown into mourning by the death of a relative and Miss Pearl Landers will be forced to forego the after Lenten gayeties. She may have the consolation, however, of knowing that her light mourning is very becoming.

Raphael Weill Was Host

The menu cards at the luncheon Mr. Weill gave to Miss Ida Conquest at the Bohemian Club last Friday were charming souvenirs and rather more original than any usually seen at club feasts. They were painted in water-colors by an artist who does not object to occasional pot-boiling of this nature. The sign showed the owl of Bohemia holding in his talons ribbons from which depended masks, and a beautiful miniature of the guest of honor as a finish. A bit of tulle, instead of the conventional cord or ribbon, completed the card. The luncheon was not a stiff affair but the guests were all genial and congenial. Every one was called upon for a speech, impromptu, and responded with very happy sentiments. The brightest speech of all was made by Mrs. Frank Deering.

THE BEST IS CHEAPEST.

There is an old story that tells how a spice merchant of Constantinople took a fine piece of cloth to a tailor.

"Tell me," he said, "if there is enough cloth here to make a tunic."

"There is plenty," answered the tailor, "and what did you give for the cloth?'

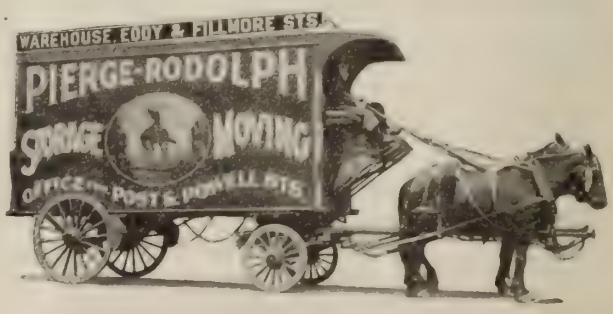
"Five sequins, and not at all dear, considering the quality."

"I am but a beginner in trade," said the tailor at length, "and money is an object with me. Give me two sequins, and I will show you how to save three in this affair."

The money was produced and paid.

"It is well," said the tailor, "I am a person of my word. This cloth has cost five sequins, and I have promised to save you three. Take it to some other tailor, and may Allah direct you to one of more experience, for I have never made such a costume as you wish. If I attempt it, it will be the last of your cloth."

How many San Francisco tailors or modistes would be as frank as this old Turk? Would not the majority take both your cloth and your money, and say nothing about their inability to make a proper garment? The only way to be sure of getting a well-fitting gown or coat is to go to a tailor who makes a specialty of turning out absolutely perfect fitting garments—such a one, for instance, as Baron, 738 Market street, whose reputation in sartorial matters is supreme.



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Penitence and Prayer

Time and place, the Avenue after afternoon service, Lent, 1903.

Miss Prude: How ugly Miss Brown looks with that hat.

Miss Brown: Did you see that diamond ring Mrs. Millions wore? She took her glove off purposely to show it, I'm sure.

Miss Blue: That Saylor girl couldn't kneel—her gown was too tight. I nearly laughed out loud in the prayer.

Mrs. Swell: Disgusting how those common people insist on crowding to church—it should be reserved for us during Lent, at least.

Miss Pray: I was at early communion—had to go at that hour because I had a luncheon on at the Grill later.

Mrs. Green: I'm going to a dinner now at Mrs. Smartem's—am afraid I'll not have time to dress, but I couldn't leave before the benediction because our pew is right in front.

Miss Black: I don't care much for Mr. Breedem lately. His marriage spoiled him. Think I'll change and go to the Mission. There's always the chance of an unmarried curate there.

Miss Lee: Thank goodness, Lent will soon be over. Mamma insists on giving us eggs and I hate fasts.

Mrs. Scrimp (*sotto voce*): Gives 'em eggs to save money for summer suits, I guess.

Miss Flyrte: I don't think I'll attend service any more in the aft. No men there—dull.

Miss Gossip: Were you at the Mi-Careme dance? I had a fine time but it was shocking the way they acted. Some went to early communion after—disgusting hypocrisy!

* * * * * * * * *

At Mrs. Modern's, later.

Mrs. Modern: The bride was at church.

Lily Modern: What did she have on?

Jennie Modern: Who else was there?

Tiny Modern: Did you hear any news?

Grandmamma: In *my* day, a return from church brought the questions, from one deprived of the service, of "What was the text?" or "Was it a good sermon?"

The Moderns: Oh, nobody listens to the *sermon*, grandma! —*The Sexton.*

"Anything new?" asked the reporter, addressing the side-show spieler.

"Yes," was the reply, "the fat lady has raised a new chin."

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Lady applicant at Hightonia Apartments: So you won't take us, then?

Landlady: Not unless you kill off your children.

L. A.: Why, President Roosevelt says it's wicked to marry and have no children. We've only three, and they're very quiet.

Landlady: Can't help it. The rule 's no flat or else no children. If the President himself applied I'd be compelled to turn him down. Call again, when you can conform with the rules. Good-day. —*The Bellboy.*

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1—There are Branches of the Berlitz School in more than 200 cities.

2—They extend over 4 continents and 23 countries.

3—The annual attendance is over 50,000.

4—The corps of Instructors (each teaching his mother tongue) number over 16000.

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6—Among the students have been members of the families of U. S. Presidents, of the President of France, of the Emperor of Germany, Ambassadors, Ministers, Senators, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Lord Mayor of London, etc., etc., Professors of the leading Universities, famous writers and scientists, etc. Documentary evidence of the above and commendatory letters are on file at our Head Office in New York.

7—Many of the former instructors of the Berlitz Schools are now Professors in leading Universities, Colleges, High Schools, etc.

8—For superiority of method medals have been awarded to the Berlitz Schools as follows: Paris Exposition, 1900, 2 gold and 2 silver; Lille, 1902, gold; Zurich, 1902, gold.

THE BERLITZ SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES.

There has been for some time considerable interest shown in commercial circles for an improvement in practical education, especially in modern languages. The strongest obstacle in the way was the old-fashioned, obsolete system of teaching, slow and tiresome, which did not give satisfaction. It is quite different now since the discovery of new oral methods with which any foreign language can be mastered in a few months without drudgery or fatigue. Such a practical result is due to the unceasing efforts of the Berlitz Schools of Languages, which can now see the triumph of their principles officially acknowledged by two gold medals at the Paris Exposition of 1900, and the CROSS OF THE LEGION D'HONNEUR. No wonder that the Berlitz method should outgrow all others, the reason of its success lying in its simplicity and its logical development. In one word it is a common sense method, and the one we have been wanting for years.

Sine Qua Non

You may prate of the beauty of woman—her air,
Beaux yeux, regal carriage, complexion so fair!
But the undisguised, incontrovertible fact
That outweighs them all is the attribute—tact.

—*The Bachelor.*

YOUNG MEN TO THE FRONT.

Young men are coming to the front in all the activities of commerce, and the old theory that great enterprises should be entrusted only to men of mature years is now tabu. All the large firms in this city are now putting young men to the front. An example is that of George L. Dealey, of the real estate firm of Easton, Eldridge & Co., who was recently appointed to take charge of all the auctions of that concern. He has been with the firm since boyhood, and he has proved himself a most capable and energetic man. His new position entails a great deal of responsibility.

A Simple Recipe

We're the happiest couple that ever existed;
(Though of worldly goods none, and in Bradstreet unlisted.)
Cause—We dwell in a flat of most tiny dimension.
Effect—There is really not room for contention.

—*The Optimist.*

The committee on poster exhibit of the League of the Cross poster carnival to be given in the Pavilion, April thirteenth to April eighteenth, announces that in the exhibit and competition for the prize of one hundred dollars for the best poster all artists and teachers of drawing and pupils of all the schools and colleges of the State are eligible to enter the contest and to exhibit their poster work. The committee has already received notification from many of the local artists and those in interior towns of their intention to send posters for the exhibit and to compete for this prize.

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The moderate drinker belongs to a large class. That class includes persons of all kinds and degrees—of all professions and trades, of all ages and both sexes. It includes those who are poor, where the price of a drink means a meal for his family. It includes those who can easily afford the luxury of several drinks a day. It includes men and women, too, who have from long indulgence in a few drinks a day become slaves to the habit. The moderate drinker daily spends what seems a small amount of money, but in a few months it amounts to several hundred dollars. He feels the need of the stimulant and pays visits to the various saloons as regularly as he attends to the daily routine of his work. He wishes he could quit, but either because he is ashamed to admit that liquor is stronger than his will or because he is too proud to resort to the use of a cure, he continues to yield to his desire and lets his money go over the bar when it should be used to support the family and home. This man loves his family and the respect of his friends and resolves to prove his strength of will, but fails again and again. He is not to blame, and usually receives scant sympathy. *Alcoholism is a disease.* It is a curable one, but cannot be treated successfully at home, for the reason that each case requires a particular treatment. There is no remedy that can be prepared in a laboratory and sent out broadcast in response to requests by mail. There are as many stages in the disease of alcoholism as there are in typhoid, malaria or yellow fever. It can be cured more readily than these diseases.

We appeal to you, men and women afflicted with the liquor habit. We want you to come and see us. We can cure you of this worst of habits. We can cure the man who goes on periodical drunks, with his nerves and stomach all torn up from the excessive use of stimulants. We guarantee a cure in every case.

We do not administer hypodermic injections. No disease known to medical science is so treated, and the thousands of lives which have been wrecked by the use of hypodermic injections prove their danger.

Patients are not detained from business while undergoing our treatment. They report to us at stated intervals for three days and are their own masters the remainder of the time.

We are especially desirous of patients whom other treatments have failed to cure.

Please read the following indorsements. We have others if you care to see them:

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Bureau of personal service, 1211 Grand avenue; telephone 1147 Grand.

KANSAS CITY (Mo.), February 2, 1903.—To Whom It May Interest: This certifies that Dr. E. A. Hawks has administered his "Three Day Cure" for the liquor habit to a number of men under our care and has been successful in every case. Some of these men had taken other treatments, but all agree that this is superior. We know, from close observation, that the "Cure" is all that he claims for it, as it places a man on his feet and enables him to go to work in three days.

Personally, the Doctor is a gentleman in every respect, and we take pleasure in commending him to the confidence of any who may require such service. Yours truly,

J. M. HANSON, Superintendent.

Office of Smith Steam Baking Co., 306, 308, 310 East Seventeenth St.; telephone 789 Grand.

KANSAS CITY (Mo.), January 22, 1903.—To Whom It May Concern: We have had several men in our employ who have taken the liquor treatment as practiced by Dr. E. A. Hawks and we are more than satisfied. The treatment is something marvelous and does everything claimed for it.

We have found the Doctor to be an elegant gentleman and can be relied upon to do what he claims. He has just finished treating one of our men, Mr. John W. Spears. This man was a "boozer" in the full sense of the word and in our opinion one of the worst cases to be found. He is now cured and under no circumstances could he be persuaded to take another drink.

Respectfully, SMITH STEAM BAKING CO.
B. H. Smith, President.
Bryce B. Smith, Cashier.
Harry Tipton, Bookkeeper.

If you are a victim of the liquor habit or have a friend who is, call and see us or write us concerning the case. If you are busy and want us to call and explain our treatment call us by telephone—Main 126.

Dr. E. A. Hawks, our medical director, has had eight years' continuous experience in the treatment of the liquor habit.

THREE DAY LIQUOR CURE INSTITUTE

295 Geary Street (Corner Geary and Powell), San Francisco, Cal.

The Widower

Because it was his business to be on familiar terms with all the sordidness of the city, the Police Reporter fraternized with the Gambler and the Bartender, both of whom were intimately acquainted with it. The Bartender and the Gambler could not be shocked or surprised by anything in this world or the next, but the Police Reporter's efforts to become similarly blase occasionally fell flat. The three would repair to their rooms in a house situated in a neighborhood that is wide awake when the residence district slumbers.

One morning as they trailed through the lower hallway they scented the odor of gas. The Reporter traced it to one of the doors.

"Kit's room," whispered the Bartender. "Has she. Get the landlady."

"Wait; the keys are all the same," said the Reporter. He thrust his own into the lock and threw open the door. All three drew back coughing.

The Gambler recovered first, and, taking a full breath, rushed in, found the stop cock, closed it and opened one of the windows. Then he came out gasping and closed the door.

"Dead and cold," he said grimly. "No use to wake the house."

"Too late for the paper," said the Reporter, but he was rather pale and his voice shook.

"She said she'd do it if he left her, but I didn't think she'd call the bluff. Aint they puzzlers? The more I see of them the less I know. What will we do about it?" asked the Bartender.

"Wait awhile till the air clears," said the Gambler, leaning against the wall. They waited till the silence and the knowledge of what was in the room chilled them.

They entered close together. The Gambler lit the gas and hastily threw the coverings over the form on the bed. He picked up a bit of note paper from the table and handed it to the Reporter.

The young man read it and brushed his eyes—because the light hurt them. "It's to her mother," he announced, "telling her not to—oh, you know; same old story. I have deceived you, gone beyond the pale and don't weep for me, because I am not worth it."

The Gambler shrugged his shoulders and the Bartender was mute.

"Did she tell you about it? No? It's this way. She has parents up in a little country town, and they don't know what she is—or was. She concocted a most elaborate tale about herself being married and happy. She laughed when she told me—a laugh that I didn't like to hear. Whenever that —— beat her harder than usual she would amuse herself by writing a long letter to her mother telling and re-telling what a saint among men this faked husband of hers was. Crazy notion, but there was a little sense in it. Now it's going to be hell for those poor old innocents if—"

He drew a match from his vest pocket and quietly ignited the note and dropped it into the grate where it flickered a moment and burned to ashes.

"Accidental death," he explained. "I know the Coroner's Office." The other two nodded acquiescence.

"Can't you fix up some tale for the old folks?" inquired the Bartender. "They ought to be let down easy." "Sure," agreed the Gambler.

"I was thinking of that," said the Reporter. "It's this way. They'll have to be sent for. I know the address. And the broken-hearted husband will have to be on deck."

The other two looked puzzled. The Reporter became almost snappish with impatience.

"Oh, can't you catch on?" he exclaimed. "One of you will have to be the victim."

"Bright boy," said the Gambler, looking admiration out of his small eyes. The idea appealed to something in his makeup and his stolid face for once lit up with interest.

"That's all very well," said the Bartender, doubtfully. "But which one of us?"

No one spoke for a painful interval. The Gambler drew a pack of cards and began to shuffle them with the precision acquired by long practice. "We'll cut," he said.

The Bartender looked at him—a glance that was eloquent. "Oh, all right then, let the kid shuffle," said the man who knew his trade too well.

The Reporter fumbled with the cards for an instant. "Low is it," he said. The other cut and the Gambler held a deuce.

For the first time since he had known him the Reporter saw a worried look in the Gambler's face. He pocketed his cards with a heavy sigh. "I feel like squealing," he muttered. "I was never in a game like this."

"Oh, brace up. We'll fix it all right. Now about the expenses. I can raise—" began the Reporter.

"Hold on," said the Gambler firmly. "It's my deal and my ante. You two are out of the game. My last killing is plenty." And they knew it was useless to argue on that point.

"Very well," said the Reporter, "we shall telephone the Coroner people and get a drink. I need several. Jimmie will see the undertaker people, and after awhile I shall find some decent rooms where you and your wife have been living. No hurry about the telegram to break the news, and say, come along. The more sleep you lose the more sorrowful and red-eyed you'll look.

They perfected the details in the back room of a saloon, for they were three men almost omniscient in the wisdom of worldliness and in matters pertaining to human nature. No other kind would have sat calmly to plot such a thing. No others would have seen the necessity or the possibility. There came a chance for three men who held no particular moral code to do a certain amount of good in a—to say the least—original manner, and they took it. None of them could have told why.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The night after the funeral the Reporter and the Bartender entered the saloon rendezvous to meet the Gambler. They found him in a dazed condition, sitting by the table with an untasted glass at his elbow. He looked up with an apathetic glance when he heard them and they looked in wonder. He was still clad in black and the heavy band of crepe still encircled his hat.

"Well," said the Reporter, "everything go off all right?"

The Gambler nodded and stared dreamily at the glass till the other two became impatient.

"Might tell about it," observed the Bartender.

"Nothing much to tell," said the Gambler, staring into vacancy. "Went off just as we planned. The old parties they were

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sorry for me, and they tried to bear up because mine was the greater loss. But I could see their poor old lips a-trembling and I tell you I felt like hell. Boys, I've been in places where my life was a lot more uncertain than the wheel, but, by God, the worst I've been through was peace and heaven to this."

"'Be brave, my boy,' says the old man, and he patted my shoulder and laid his head on it. The old lady she kissed me, and she says you have nothing to reproach yourself with. She wrote how good you were to her.' And they kept talking a whole lot about God and church stuff, you know. And all the time they were trying to console me when their poor old hearts were broke. I tell you I was in hell. No, by God! hell don't hold anything like what I felt.

"And now they've gone back to the country and they want me to come and see them. I'm their son, they told me. Isn't it awful some times—the whole business?" He swung his arms about with a gesture of helplessness.

"Well, at any rate you have something you can say for yourself when you finish," said the Reporter, soothingly. "You know."

"Know," said the Gambler, irritably. "That's the trouble. We know too damned much, and sometimes we find that we don't know anything."

"Oh, quit the talking," said the Bartender, with great presence of mind. "What we all need just now is some drinks."

W. O. McGeehan.

Anonyma

First, like an angel, she came unexpected,
And then her visits brief but frequent were;
Her name and station she had well protected,
For in three months I little learned of her;

She'd come at noon, at night, or in the morning,
And once she came at daybreak's earliest beam;
She said she loved me well, yet without warning
She vanished ever from me like a dream.

I was with grief and disappointment laden,
And thought, perhaps, that she had gone the way
That many a giddy girl and morbid maiden,
Love-lost, had gone before, I mean the Bay.

I read the accidents of field and ferry—
The suicides and deaths of every sort;
I searched the graves of many a cemetery,
And read the daily records of the court.

Then through the tenderloin I tried to trace her,
And wandered where the naughty nymphs are found,
I would have pawned a palace to embrace her,
And oftentimes my misery I drowned

In many a bowl of booze or mammoth schooner
Of frothy "steam" both north and south the "slot,"
And swore a thousand times that I would sooner
Be dead than thus deserted and forgot.

The churches and the theatres I haunted,
The race-track and the restaurants and dives,
And with devotion that remained undaunted
I went where fickle Phryne lives and thrives;

But still my searching soul was unrequited
And hope began to flicker in my breast,
Till to a banker's banquet board invited
I went one night, a sullen, gloomy guest;

Just as I heard them summon us to dinner,
I looked and saw the lovely renegade—
A dazzling dame of fashion and the sinner
Who to my rooms had often slyly strayed.

March, 1903. L. A. R.

Connoisseurs of perfect goods appreciate "Jesse Moore" Whiskey for its purity and delightful flavor. It is without a peer.

The Wonderful Basford Obtunder

The average individual who requires the attention of a dentist, thinks a long while before he finally surrenders, and when it is his turn to march to the chair does so with little grace, for among the many ills that man is heir to, teeth troubles are just a bit the most unpleasant, particularly because the cure is so strenuous, and even to see one of the buzzing drills in operation sends cold shivers down the back, to say nothing of the sensation when the dentist gets to work on a sensitive tooth. But dentistry like all professions, advances generally step by step, but the inevitable exception has now made its appearance and the whole profession is praising the young inventor who has finally succeeded, by the aid of his wonderful device, which eliminates pain during the operation. C. R. Basford, D. D. S., of San Francisco, is the inventor, and at his offices in the Callaghan Building practical demonstrations are made of his wonderful ability to aid suffering humanity without adding to their aches and pains.

Briefly describes, it relates to a new and useful dental obtunder for use in connection with an electrically-operated, or a foot-operated dental drill, the object of the invention being to enable the operator of the dental engine to eject an atomized anesthetic, or obtundent, into the cavity of the tooth being operated on, in order to render the nerves of the tooth insensible to pain during the drilling operation, thereby enabling the operator to continue the work of drilling, grinding or excavating without interruption.

In particular, the device consists of a tank for compressed air, a receptacle for liquid anesthetic, rubber tubes conducting the compressed air and the liquid to an atomizer tube, from which a continuous, fine spray is emitted through a tiny nozzle in juxtaposition to the drill, or burr. The application is purely *local*, the *tooth*, and not the *patient*, being anesthetized, the latter being in no wise affected other than enjoying absolute immunity from pain.

The anesthetic used is positively non-injurious to the teeth; large quantities may be inhaled into the lungs with no injury to their delicate tissue; it can be sprayed on the eyeball without injury or danger; in brief, advanced dentists have used it in a crude way, with hand atomizers, for a quarter of a century.

Hundreds of patients treated by the aid of the Basford Obtunder all testify to its ingenuity, and some of their statements make interesting reading, particularly as the cases treated embrace all possible conditions of dental work. We quote from two of these:

Eureka Tellurium Gold Mining Co.,
S. W. Powell, President.
San Francisco, Cal., October 30th, 1902.

To whom it may concern: I think it a duty to suffering humanity to acknowledge the painless dental operation performed upon one of my teeth by Dr. C. R. Basford with his new invention known as the "Basford Obtunder." I have been troubled for some time with a decayed tooth, but did not have courage to go to a dentist to have it treated for fear of the pain I thought I would have to undergo. But finally I called upon Dr. Basford at his office in the Callaghan Building. To my utmost surprise he performed the work absolutely without pain. Not knowing he was operating with a new device, I was wondering when he was going to clean out the cavity, as I expected to be hurt when that stage of the operation began, but to my astonishment he had drilled and filled it in a very short time without any pain whatever. I take great pleasure in recommending the little machine to the profession and to patients. S. W. POWELL,

Marchioness Hotel, No. 160 Golden Gate Ave.
San Francisco, Cal., October 22d, 1902.

Dr. Basford has just filled six teeth for me. While drilling he used his patent spray. There was not the slightest pain, and as my teeth are very sensitive I cannot give it sufficient praise. I consider it a great blessing, as the ordinary drill used by other dentists is very painful, but with this the patient feels no pain.

ETHEL B. CAWLEY, 518 Larkin street.

Dr. Basford will exhibit his Obtunder at the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1904 and expects to be awarded the honors of a first prize and gold medal. Certain it is that he has banished pain in dentistry and can confidently proclaim the fact to the world.

STAGE

Without the Aid of Glasses

"When Knighthood was in Flower" is of course a romantic play, for it deals with the chivalry of the sixteenth century, and it is costumed and staged with due respect for the dramatic verities. It has the atmosphere of the period, and its dialogue is high-sounding and in keeping with the costumes in the picturesqueness of its phrase, but the characters are as modern as the people in the cast. And for that they should not be censured. The simple fact is that they are human, and that they have no inclination to become bombastic. The play is entertaining but not impressive. It amuses but does not thrill. It is refreshing, and its action is smooth and of sufficient interest to persuade you to devote your attention to the thread of the story. Yet it does not move you to enthusiasm. Miss Effie Ellsler plays the young heroine of the piece in a way that impels you to indulge in the computation of time, for though she was the original Hazel Kirke, without the aid of a pair of opera glasses you can see no reason why she shouldn't be the vivacious, spirited, dashing, coquettish and hot-tempered Mary Tudor. Opera glasses dispel illusions, and therefore should be barred from the theatre. However, Effie Ellsler is a graceful and effective Mary Tudor. She enters into the spirit of the character with much enthusiasm, and she arouses your interest in her affairs. She plays upon your feelings and invokes your sympathy. What more does a theatre-goer want? The company is an adequate one and most meritorious is the work of Walter Seymour, the Captain Brandon of the play.

A Harrowing Play

Who has ever forgotten Mark Twain's inimitable story of mediæval times, wherein he successfully arouses the interest of the reader to the highest pitch only to confess after a little ineffectual floundering that he is unable to continue, as he had involved his people in such hopeless complications that it would be impossible to extricate them? John Arthur Fraser, the author of "Robespierre," has a capital way of dodging such difficulties. When the threads of the plot seem to betray a tendency to tangle he allows Robespierre or any one else in authority to shriek out, "Officers, arrest that man!" and the offender is clapped on the shoulder and hurried off to durance vile. The action of the play at the Grand this week consists chiefly in the apprehension of the principal characters, and before the curtain has fallen on the second act nearly every one of consequence has been incarcerated, except one Victor de Valmont, a fashionable person who, evidently fearing that he will be slighted, politely requests that he may be put under arrest. This is obligingly done and he triumphantly walks off the stage escorted by a trusty squad of four. The third act opens with a scene at the Conciergerie and with new difficulties for the playwright. Here the cold hand of death is used as a more effectual method and those who die do so in a very harrowing manner. One very garrulous character, Lucille Desmoulin, is rudely silenced in a conversational stunt by being run through with a bayonet. She dies in agony in the centre of the stage. In the last act Robespierre is shot in the jaw and the audience sits through a long scene, watching his death struggle. The last tableau, in which the half-dead dictator is forced to mount the steps of the guillotine, is also quite harrowing. Emmett Corrigan by sheer force of personality holds the attention of the audience through four long acts in spite of the weakness of the lines. His impersonation of Robespierre is well poised and convincing. His perfection of technic is remarkable.

The French Farce

"The Husbands of Leontine" was just what Mr. Price claimed for it, a frothy French farce. The situations are amusing and just escape the risque. There is something unique in the idea of a woman asking her divorced husband to take her in for a few days, when she has been cruelly turned out of her own apartment by an unyielding landlady. There is much that is amusing in the fact that after getting a divorce on extreme cruelty grounds, the fair divorcee should love her husband more than ever. Juliet Crosby fits most cleverly into the part of the irresponsible featherhead, and loses not an accent of the witty lines that fall to her. She and Frank Bacon, the Baron, are indeed the whole show, the rest of the company making but a background for their scenes.

Juliet Crosby (in private life Mrs. Fred Belasco) studied her long and exacting part in "The Husbands of Leontine" while nursing her husband through a severe attack of the grip. Leontine is a character alien to her own modest and charming personality, but she plays it with volatility and vivacity and literally carries the piece to success. Her versatility is to find new illustration next week when she personates a rough slavey in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," a part diametrically opposed to the frothy, frivolous feather-brain of French farce.

Alcazar's New Leading Lady

Bertha Creighton, the new leading lady, whom the Alcazar management has secured after three years' endeavor, is being brought in very quietly and with no fan-fare of trumpets, but it is an open secret that she is an actress of exceptional experience and equipment. Her repertoire of two hundred parts includes the leads in such plays as "Carmen," "Mrs. Dane's Defense," "The Charity Ball," "The Moth and the Flame," "The Crust of Society," "Lost Paradise," "Alabama," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Moths," "Two Orphans," "Jane," "Prisoner of Zenda," "Sporting Duchess," "L'Aiglon," "Nell Gwynne," "The Little Minister," "Under Two Flags," "Madame Sans Gene" and "Blue Jeans"—everything, in fact, from problem play to modern comedy and farce, not to mention classic roles like Juliet, Rosalind and Parthenia. She has also starred in "A Colonial Girl," written for her by Grace Livingston Furniss.

There Was No Friction

When the word went out that Alice Treat Hunt had left the Alcazar and that Ernest Hastings was to return, the wiseacres immediately nodded and winked and said all sorts of things It certainly looked as if there had been a rumpus and it was a

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question of one or the other. But it wasn't. It is true the Alcazar's late leading lady left on Thursday morning for Tennessee, but the reason of her going was the simplest in the world. She is a married woman and she loves her husband, and they are to play together again after some months of separation. When Alice Treat Hunt came to the Alcazar, she kept it dark that in private life she was Mrs. Lester Lonergan. Of course a few knew it, and she told a few others, but the general public didn't have an idea but that she was a maiden fancy free. Even Ashton Stevens, in his famous interview, was fooled—for the first time in his life, he said afterward. But Miss Hunt knew that the public prefers maids to matrons, and so she didn't pose as Mrs. Lonergan. Her husband, by the way, is a San Francisco boy. He made his debut here and has appeared in legitimate and stock repertory since in nearly every city in the United States. He has been leading man with Nance O'Neil and in the support of Modjeska, and he adapted a play for Kathryn Kidder. He has written several plays, and there is a possibility that his wife will star in one next season under Frank Perley's management. He came out here a week or so ago to join his wife, and they have gone East together. After an eight weeks season in the South they go to Minneapolis.

May Be Lured From Vaudeville

Lillian Burkhart has made such a success during her present engagement at the Orpheum that the management has prevailed upon her to extend her stay another week, making four in all, though she had intended to play only two. She will wind up her engagement with her clever sketch, "A Strenuous Daisy." Though Miss Burkhart has been phenomenally successful in vaudeville, she is inclined to return to the legitimate drama. The other day a flattering offer was made her by a local manager and she seriously considered it. However she has found vaudeville very profitable for she is one of its high-priced stars. She has a beautiful villa at Bensonhurst, and also a flat in New York.

The Frawleys are expected back here soon. Though Frawley had planned to take the company to Australia from India, it is understood that poor business in India has dissuaded him. He found that touring the land of Mowgli was mighty expensive, the jumps very wide, and the patronage rather small. In Singapore and Rangoon the Frawleys did not do much and were bound for Calcutta when last heard from. Frawley writes that if things did not improve he would either return here with his entire company, or send most of them here, and go to Australia with only Mary Van Buren, Jack Amory, the Shaws, and the scenery, trusting to find plenty of others in Sydney to fill out his cast.

Features of Next Week's Bills

The most important engagement the California has had this season is that of Rose Coghlan, who will appear as Paula in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which the Kendals gave us during their last season here. As Pinero royalties are high, only high-priced stars can afford to indulge in his plays, therefore they will never become hackneyed. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is the drama in which Mrs. Pat Campbell made her first London success, and Olga Nethersole and Eleanora Duse also include it in their repertory. Rose Coghlan is said to wear some superb gowns in the play. She is sure to make Paula interesting, even were the character less virile than it is. Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans" comes next.

"More than Queen," in which Blanche Walsh starred here, will be the play for the final week of Emmett Corrigan and Maude Odell at the Grand. The company has been augmented for the production, which promises to be a strong one.

"When Knighthood was in Flower" has another week at the Columbia, after which will come Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Edith Wharton's translation of the Sudermann drama, "The Joy of Living."

Ernest Hastings will return to the Alcazar in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," the Carton comedy of the society woman masquerading as a Vicar's cook, this role to be taken by Bertha Creighton, the new leading woman. "An American Citizen," with Hastings in the Goodwin role, comes next.

Pursuant to the policy adopted by the management of Fischer's not to run any more of the Weber & Field burlesques for a longer period than six weeks, "Hoity Toity," that has been doing such an enormous business, will be taken off a fortnight hence to make room for "Helter Skelter." In "Helter Skelter" the comedians will introduce their new automobile specialty and the

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IT OCCUPIES A DELIGHTFUL MEDIUM

"VACATION 1903" is to be had at the Ticket Offices of the Company, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry; also at the General Office, Mutual Life Building, corner Sansome and California Sts., San Francisco. Inquiry by mail willreceive a prompt response.

H. C. WHITING, GEN'L MANAGER R. X. RYAN, GEN'L PASS'R AGT.

champagne dance. There will also be the latest ballet that director Harry James brought with him from Australia, where it was the hit of one of the holiday spectacular productions.

Beginning tomorrow night there will be a complete change of songs and jokes in the minstrel first part at the Republic. Richard Jose, William McDonald, Harry Sylvester and Sidney Harris will be heard in a new repertoire of pleasing ballads and Mack, Stine, Conlon and Ryder have a bunch of up-to-date gags to pass out. "Chop Suey" will be withdrawn after next week to make way for another of Wallace Irwin's travesties, "The Siege of Goat Island," a satire on army and navy life.

The Beaux and Belles Octette will reappear at the Orpheum with their pretty act entirely re-written and staged by Harry T. MacConnell, composer of the catchy music of "The Casino Girl," "Liberty Belles" and other musical productions. One of the features is an international song depicting the visit of the Octette to Germany, France, Japan and Spain and introducing the various dances of each country. Frank Gardiner and Lottie Vincent return with "An Idyl of the Golf Links." Kronau's White Tscherkess Trio hail from Russia and are said to possess splendid voices. They carry an elaborate stage setting showing an Arctic scene and worked out with the latest appliances, including an electric snowstorm, an aurora borealis effect and the shimmer of moonlight on a restless sea. Lillian Burkhart has postponed an Eastern date and will appear, by request, for an extra week in "A Strenuous Daisy." Milly Capell, Green and Werner, Esther Fee, the brothers French and the biograph will conclude the bill.

John E. Rome and Marguerite Ferguson will reappear in their cyclone of fun, entitled "The Amorous Tramp," at the Chutes. Mae Tunison, the eminent California soprano, and G. Herbert Mitchell, a renowned baritone direct from New York, Dacey, Chase and Ward in "Fun in a Gymnasium," Jessie Brown, and Farmer Jones and his educated musical pigs will finish the bill. "Down the Flume" is a great attraction and no one should miss the trip around the world.

Zelie de Lussan's "Carmen" will be the attraction at the Tivoli on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday nights with "Pinafore" on Tuesday night. The rest of the week will be apportioned among the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals that have proved so popular.

—*The Playgoer.*

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Every Evening at 8 sharp! Matinee Saturday at 2 sharp!
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R. C. Carton's Brilliant Comedy "Lady Huntworth's Experiment"

First appearance of Bertha Creighton. Reappearance of Ernest Hastings. All the Alcazar Favorites

Prices—Evenings—25c, 35c, 50c & 75c Matinees—15c, 25c, 35c & 50c
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The Minstrel favorites and Olive Evans, Claudia Rogers, and the Chop Suey Girls . . April 6th—Wallace Irwin's latest satire on the Army and Navy, "THE SIEGE OF GOAT ISLAND" and the REPUBLIC MINSTRELS on the deck of the Battleship "Oregon"

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Beginning Tomorrow Night All Next Week
Jules Murry presents the celebrated actress

ROSE COGHLAN

In A. W. Pinero's famous play

"THE SECOND MRS TANQUERAY"

Note—This play has never been produced at less prices than $2.00, $1.50, $1.00. No second rate "star" has ever appeared in it. ROSE COGHLAN, Olga Nethersole, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Eleanore Duse and Mrs. Kendal ONLY have presented "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in America.

Next—KATE CLAXTON in - - "The Two Orphans"

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MUSIC

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Anna Miller Wood's Latest Appearance

Of all the San Francisco girls who have won honors in the East and abroad, I can recall none whose success has been so assured as that of Anna Miller Wood. It is some seasons since Miss Wood visited us, for lately she has been spending all her summer vacations in London, but on her last visit here she was heard in two recitals. She is the contralto of the First Unitarian church in Boston, and is the favorite pupil of Arthur Foote, the composer, who wrote several songs for her. She was the pupil and assistant of Madame Julie Rosewald in this city, before she went to Boston. Recently Miss Wood gave a concert in Boston, in connection with Miss Alice Cummings, pianist, and Karl Ondricek, the violinist, of which the Boston papers speak very highly.

Charming ZELIE DE LUSSAN
Who will appear in "Carmen" at the Tivoli

The *Transcript* said: "Displaying her rich, well-trained voice, with its unusual emotional quality, to its greatest advantage, she sang with a regard for the character of each song. The languid droop of Paladilhe's 'Havanaise' she caught exactly, also the rush and swing of Augusta Holmes's 'Le Chevalier Belle-Etoile,' and Rubinstein's 'Good Night' she made very charming. In Tschaikowsky's strange 'War ich nicht ein Halm' Miss Wood displayed the long range and precisely the quality of voice that one would like to hear sing Amneris." And the *Herald* said: "Miss Wood brought to the songs noble vocality, fine phrasing, a free spirit, generous in emotion and tender in humor, and a refined and polished diction."

Teaching the Child

The name of the Burrowes Musical Kindergarten Method has been changed to the Burrowes Course of Music Study (Kindergarten and Primary). It was felt that the word kindergarten scarcely covered the course of study, suggesting as it did limitations that did not exist, since the method is as well adapted to children of twelve as to those of five years of age. The merits of the Burrowes method have been demonstrated in this city for two years past by Mrs. Frances B. Williams and by several other teachers to whom, as Miss Burrowes's normal teacher, she has taught the system. Mrs. Williams has been most successful here with the method of Miss Katherine Burrowes, who evolved her system after long special study of child life and music abroad and in this country. It includes games, apparatus, songs and exercises of an effective and original nature.

The Hambourg Recitals

The Mark Hambourg concerts will take place on the afternoons of next Tuesday and Wednesday, at three o'clock, at Fischer's. The distinguished Russian pianist will then play for the last time to an American audience as he will leave on April second for Australia. Since October Hambourg has given over a hundred concerts in the East and in Canada, appeared as soloist with all the great American orchestras and performed at the White House before the President and a brilliant assemblage, the only musical artist thus honored in a year. On each of these occasions he aroused unbounded enthusiasm, his playing being described as wonderful, fascinating and sometimes terrible in force. His concerts here should be well patronized. The programs are of rare quality, the prices popular, and the sale of seats at Kohler & Chase's music store is now progressing.

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The Saturday Club Recital

Wenzel Kopta, the violinist, gave a recital before the Saturday Club of Sacramento last week and duplicated the favorable impression he made in this city. His technic was pronounced marvelous. His program was: Air Hongroise, Ernst; Cascade (caprice de concert), de Kontski; Eklage, Nesvera; Perpetuo mobile, Ries; Danse des Socieres, Paganini. He was compelled to play several encores, one of which was the violin arrangement of the "Lucia" sextet, rendered without piano accompaniment. Cantor E. J. Stark was the vocalist of the concert, and his artistic singing made a tremendous hit. He sang in Italian, French, English and German, and some of the club members were puzzled to determine his nationality as his accent in all was so good. The fact is, the Cantor is a Tyrolian and is naturally familiar with all the languages. He sang the Prologue from "I'Pagliacci,"

MARK HAMBOURG
The eminent Russian Pianist at Fischer's, afternoons of Mch. 31 and Apr. 1

"Homesickness," "J'etends ton pas" and other favorites, but the Schumann song, "The Two Grenadiers," was perhaps the number that pleased the best. The audience made him sing it twice and then come out again with another selection. Gyula Ormay accompanied in his usual efficient manner.

The Tenor Famine

At the time of writing there are not more than four available church choir tenors in San Francisco, that is tenors of capacity who can read music at sight, preserve a good tempo and sing fairly near the correct key. A new tenor came here from St. Louis recently to sing in Trinity church and at Temple Emanu-El, but his wife's illness called him home again. It is to be hoped he will return here to stay permanently, for we need tenors of voice and experience, and Mr. Vincent had had several years of church work. Mr. Rowan is probably the best church tenor here now, though there is a Mr. Homan who is also considered excellent. Mr. Veaco sings well, but his tempo is not always correct, and his high notes are nasal. However he is regarded as a strong church singer, and he did admirably in the "Stabat Mater" sung under Mascagni's baton. We also need a new tenor at the Tivoli, and the Loring Club has a standing invitation for more tenors to come and join them.

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The song recital given by four pupils of Edward Xavier Rolker on Tuesday evening was a most successful affair. The participants were Miss Hedwig Pohlmann, Miss Bessie Sutro Rosenbaum, Mr. Fred Hotaling and Mr. Bert Georges. The program was an interesting one, and its rendition was characterized by that refinement and delicacy of nuance which is always a characteristic of Mr. Rolker's pupils. All four are fortunate in being endowed with admirable voices. Miss Pohlmann's is a mezzo as smooth as cream and full of a beautiful emotional quality. Her program numbers were "Nicht Worete, Geliebter" (Tschaikowsky), "Songs My Mother Taught Me" (Dvorak) and the old Haydn one, "My mother bids me bind my hair," which last showed to perfection the fine capabilities of her voice. Later in the evening she had a suite of Fielitz songs, "Schon Gretlein," which were most beautifully rendered. Miss Rosenbaum was in the opening number, a trio from "The Magic Flute," but her true opportunity occurred in Liszt's "Mignon," and in the closing duets with Miss Pohlmann. Her voice is lyric in quality and shows the effect of careful training. Mr. Hotaling's best number was MacDowell's "Thy Beaming Eyes" and the Gounod selection, and he was very good in the excerpt from "Martha" which he gave as an encore. His voice is full and sweet, but his platform manner is marred by self-consciousness. Mr. Georges has not sung in public since his return from Europe. He was in good voice and gave a most acceptable rendition of his four songs, "The Horn" (Fliegier), "Spring Song" (White), and later on the program Bemberg's "Hindu Song" and Tosti's "Good-bye." Mr. Rolker himself also contributed a song group, Grieg's "Fruhling," the Godard "Lullaby" and a romance from the "Postillion de Longumeau." Fred Maurer was the accompanist, and when I say that, to add more would be like gilding refined gold.

Mascagni is regarded among the musicians here as the best of good fellows. He is not at all "stand-offish" nor has his wonderful success made him conceited or egotistic.

At the second Hopkins musicale, given on Thursday evening under Henry Heyman's direction, the program was contributed by Mrs. Marian E. B. Robinson, contralto, Miss Grace Marshall, soprano, and Miss Mary Bumstead, organist, with Mrs. Gerard Barton and Miss Aimee Daviese as accompanists. Mrs. Robinson was down on the program, among other numbers, for two of Gerard Barton's songs, "Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind" and "A Lover and His Lass."

At Miss Gussie Mast's recital next Thursday evening in Steinway hall the singer will have Benjamin Tuttle, violinist, to assist in the program and Fred Maurer as accompanist. Miss Mast will give an almost entirely new program. She will give numbers by Donizetti, Clough-Leighter, Schumann and Liszt. She will also accompany herself in two numbers, one being a Mazurka by Chopin, "Aime Moi."

Miss Dorothy Goodsell sang recently at a concert given by the Stanford University Orchestra at the college, and was very warmly received, double encores being demanded after her numbers. By special desire one of her songs was Nevin's "Rosary." Harry Barnhart also sang at the concert. —*The Music Critic.*

THE BOWIE ESTATE.

Big Auction Sale of Splendid Lots to take place soon

One of the best opportunities ever offered the citizens of San Mateo to purchase desirable building sites of 50-foot frontages will be presented to the public early next month, when the heirs of the Bowie estate will put up at auction 350 lots in San Mateo. Easton, Eldridge & Co., who have charge of the auction, say that the inquiry in San Francisco for San Mateo property is extraordinary; and that the effect of the electric road will be to build up San Mateo into an important business as well as residential city within a comparatively short time. The owners have instructed that the coming sale be made without reserve, and they claim that no land has ever yet been offered by them in San Mateo which combines so many attractive features—proximity to the railroad station and street car line, good elevation, good drainage, bounded by poplar and other trees, superb view from each lot, sewer and water connections obtainable, electric light, liquid fuel and telephone service at command. The easy terms (1-3 cash and the balance in one or two years at 6 per cent) place the property within the reach of any person in San Mateo. This will probably be the last auction sale ever held here, as property is fast becoming so much in demand that private sales are readily made.—From *San Mateo Times*, March 21, 1903.

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LETTERS

A Story of Mountaineers

"A Tar Heel Baron" is a remarkably good book for a first novel. If the mountaineer and moonshiner had not already become familiar figures to us in the work of Charles Egbert Craddock, John Fox Jr., and some other of the older writers, this would be a novel to command the attention of critics and readers alike. As it is, the older portion of the book world will not object to being reminded of earlier pleasures, while at a time when a book six months old is forgotten, the younger generation may find it as fresh as "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove" and "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain" were in their time. The mountaineers in a "Tar-Heel Baron" are not so wild and unkempt as those of an earlier day. They live within a few hours' travel of Ashville, North Carolina, and they have all seen, if not ridden on the railroad. The long rifle is replaced by the revolver, but in the main they are the same race, shiftless and somewhat improvident, with a natural leaning towards "moonshining." The character which gives title to the story is unique. Baron Frederich Johann Ludwig von Rittenheim, brave, gentle and most courteous, has been supplanted in affection by his younger brother. Like a true knight he yields to the lady's choice, and knowing that Max cannot live in the style which his position demands, he resigns also his income, and comes to the new world to begin a life for himself, by tilling the soil with his hands. His proud German title becomes simply "Mr. Baron" amongst his humble neighbors, with whom he fraternizes, and whose soft drawl and strange venacular form an excellent contrast to the precise and formal English of the foreigner. There are also the "Neighborhood" families, people of position and education, who, after being impoverished by the war, have come to reside permanently on what were once but farms of their estate, and are at once a contrast to the mountain folk and to the Baron. Besides the "moonshining" and the home life of the varying strata of society, we are permitted to be present at some of the sports and amusements of the people. There is a "gander-pulling," which is conducted on more humane principles than those of the more inaccessible sections, since it is decreed by law that the bird must be a dead one, but yet quite difficult enough to test the skill of the contestants. The "poke party," an amusement which sorely puzzles Mr. Baron, is like many another innovation, an old friend under a strange name. When the same scheme is utilized by church societies, they modify the rules somewhat and call it a "basket social." There is, of course, a love interest, love and waiting, deception and misunderstanding, but the elements which are brought together are unusual. Just what they are, or how the happy ending is brought about, it would be unfair to both reader and author to disclose. The rather dramatic manner in which the Baron is led into breaking the law is a trick which no stranger could compass with a mountaineer, though the confiding foreigner fell a ready victim, but the records of the United States Courts will show more than one instance of such treachery and breach of hospitality. The characters, with the exception of Hilda, appear to have been sketched from life, and the incidents are equally convincing. There are five illustrations by Edward Stratton Holloway which deserve special consideration, since they are not the usual pictures of anything bound up between printed pages, but real illustrations of the text, and well reproduced. The cover design, autumn leaves in colors on a background of cream, is rather too delicate for a novel. It is also by Holloway. The author's name, Mabel Shippie Clarke Pelton, appears for the first time on a title page, but it will be welcome again. The book is from the press of J. B. Lippincott.

An Uncanny Novel

An anxious inquirer is besieging *Current Literature* for enlightenment concerning the "allegorical significance," or the "hidden meaning" concealed in Bram Stoker's novel "Dracula." Goodness knows there is enough not hidden to cause the average reader a sleepless night or two and a resolution to stay indoors after dark. The story deals with vampires, "revenants," and other uncanny creatures, and would seem like the outcome of a steady diet of Arabian Nights unexpurgated, were it not for the fact that a belief in such supernatural happenings is current amongst the peasants of Roumania and Lithuania. It is only within the past few weeks that a youth was arrested and brought into court for desecrating the grave of his own father, removing the corpse, burning the body, pulverizing the bones and scattering the ashes.

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His defence, and he was upheld by his mother and the relatives and neighbors of the family, was that his father was a vampire, and that it was necessary for him to do as he did in order to prevent his continuing to reappear at night and cause death and disaster to both human beings and brutes. Owen Wister says he has come across a community in the Connecticut Valley of our own Puritanical New England, where the people have the same primitive belief, and it is his intention to incorporate it in a story. So far as any hidden meaning to be discovered in "Dracula" is concerned, some people can find one in anything, but the one which is on the surface and patent to everybody is to keep that particular book out of the hands of children and women of susceptible nerves. As to "allegorical significance" perhaps as good a one as any is for people to make up their minds to live while they are alive, and when they die, stay dead. If ghosts could read the book they might take it as a warning not to try living in two worlds at the same time. These people who want to delve under the surface of "Dracula" must be the same ones who wrote to Du Maurier, after the publication of "Peter Ibbetson" for some explicit directions about "dreaming true."

When one looks at the beautiful covers lavished upon trashy books one is constrained to the belief that the publishers have lost their sense of fitness. Many of the volumes tastefully and attractively gotten up are not worth the trouble unless in the way of advertisement for the binders, and they remind one of the ancient tale that filled space in the old reading books, of that conscientious carpenter who carefully planed the hidden side of a fence and later on was given a contract for more important work on the strength of the quality of his wasted labor. A large number of the worthless volumes which are issued from the presses nowadays will be preserved for no other reason than their pretty covers, and be permitted to take up space on the bookshelves which rightly belongs to something else, whereas in proper course they would not survive the season. It would be a good thing if publishers would go back a bit and bring out a certain class of books in the only style to which they are entitled, that of paper covers. Then when reviewers mentioned them at all the statement "Paper only" would set them at once into the rank where they belong, and it would be understood that whatever words of commendation were written concerning them were meant to be taken as comparing them not to the best of books, but to others of their own class.

Mary Moss is one of the new writers whom it will be well to keep an eye upon. Several months ago the *Lippincott Monthly Magazine* published one of her stories entitled "Fruit out of Season." It was off the beaten track and though not a remarkable novel, it showed more evidence of originality than nine out ten of the present day products. The March number of the same magazine gives another story, "Julian Meldolha," which confirms the good impression made by "Fruit out of Season." To be sure Julian is reminiscent in places of "Daniel Deronda," but Miss Moss disarms criticism when she makes her hero refer to himself, in one of his spasms of self-criticism, as having "behaved like a Daniel Deronda in petticoats." Moreover, "Daniel Deronda" is a very good book to be reminded of, and Daniel, barring his priggishness, not an undesirable acquaintance. Miss Moss has not done anything astonishing yet, but she shows promise and originality. Hard work will do the rest.

Richard Henry Stoddard has donated to the Authors' Club of New York all his valuable collection of autographs, photographs, manuscripts, bookplates, first editions and other books. There are some notable possessions amongst them, which would have, in all probability, brought large prices from either auction or private sale. Since the death of the author's only son Lorrimer Stoddard, the playwright, and his wife, there were no direct heirs to keep the collection intact, and it is far more satisfactory to know that it is in the possession of the Authors' Club than to have it scattered over two continents. E. C. Stedman, the poet, is engaged in making an exhaustive catalogue of the Stoddard collection.

The indefatigable Corelli has another book ready to hurl at our heads. At the present moment, Marie has taken to speech-making, a new form of bidding for notice, for her. Heretofore she has affected to condemn the talking sisterhood.

—*The Bookworm*

The next bottle of whisky you buy resolve to try the "Jesse Moore. You've heard it was the best; prove it by practical test.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Thomas Gallagher, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Gallagher deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the Es ate of
Thomas Gallagher, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 14th, 1903.

FRANK McGOWAN, Attorney for Administrator,
Rooms 75-79 and 80 Chronicle Building

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 84313.

HENRY DAVIS, Plaintiff, vs. ELIZABETH DAVIS, Defendant — Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

ELIZABETH DAVIS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

{ SEAL } GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 25th day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk.
By H. H. ST. LEGER, Deputy Clerk.

LEO. KAUFMANN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
222 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

With the Money Makers

Southern Pacific Pool

My New York correspondent forwards me the following interesting material relative to the Keene-Harriman contest in Southern Pacific shares and Wall street gossip in reference to it: "The position of the Southern Pacific pool has been the main topic of discussion during the entire week. It is undoubtedly true that the conservative banking interests in the financial district, while regretting the contest which has arisen between the rival parties in Southern Pacific, have not looked upon the matter very seriously. The opinion has been very general that the entire affair has received more advertisement than its importance justified. The extension of the Southern Pacific pool, if it is to be taken as meaning the opening of an extended legal contest, is to be generally regretted, irrespective of whatever justice there may be for such action. In view of the present contest for control of the Southern Pacific it is interesting to note that the Harriman interests, in the management of the company, are simply carrying out the same policy which was laid down by C. P. Huntngton. When the late C. P. Huntington was in control of Southern Pacific it was his opinion that the road should be brought up to the highest state of efficiency before dividend payments were begun. When Mr. Huntington died he had plans of improving the Southern Pacific system, which were estimated to require about $20,000,000, all of which were to be paid for out of the earnings. The present management of the corporation in spending practically all of the surplus earnings of the company on betterments and improvements, is apparently only carrying out on broader lines the policy laid down by the late C. P. Huntington. During the last four years the Southern Pacific has spent nearly $35,000,000 of earnings on betterments and improvements. This is shown by the figures. It appears that the Southern Pacific has earned during the last four fiscal years a total net divisible income over fixed charges of nearly $35,000,000. Out of this no dividends whatever have been paid. About $25,000,000 was specially appropriated for betterments and improvements, while the remainder was spent in the same manner. It is expected that an additional $25,000,000, making a total of $60,000,000 since 1898, will be spent out of the earnings on improvements and betterments before dividend payments on Southern Pacific are begun.

Gathered on 'Change

Investment securities have been rather neglected during the week although sales have been of comparatively fair volume. This statement though seemingly contradictory is accounted for by the fact that transactions have been confined to a few of the leading stocks. Probably the chief feature of the week has been the sharp advance in the price of San Francisco Gas & Electric shares. The cause of this advance does not appear to be very clearly understood, if the street talk counts for anything, for there are numerous rumors in circulation concerning prospective combinations and reorganizations, with an occasional hint that a sale of the plant is on the tapis. As far as can be learned the only tangible reason for this advance is the pooling of the stock of the company in escrow with the Mercantile Trust Company. A few days ago the Stock and Bond Exchange forwarded an inquiry requesting information as to how many shares of the company's stock had been deposited with the Trust company in answer to the appeal made in the circular letter of the Board of Directors. In reply the officials of the Gas & Electric Company are reported to have said that as soon as some expected replies were received from a number of stockholders, some of whom are non-resident, there would be 75,000 shares deposited in escrow. The total number of outstanding shares of the company is 130,000, so that if 75,000 shares are in escrow, subject to the order of the board of directors, it means that the board has control of a majority of the stock for voting purposes and can do as they please with the corporation's affairs and property. It is a notable fact, however, that a direct answer was not made to the inquiry and that the 75,000 block of shares is contingent upon getting in some stock, which is already not in hand. How much short of the 75,000 is a matter that no one knows, outside of the Gas company's officials. It is considered significant that the Stock and Bond Exchange took the trouble to make the inquiry. It is argued by some of those who pretend to know that it was made for the purpose of drawing out the answer that the pooling operation was a success. However, admitting that it was a success, it would seem to constitute a very unstable foundation on which to force the price of shares up to $65 a share. If this was the ob-

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ject in view it certainly has been a pronounced success, because for a long term of months the stock was dull at about $42 a share, which made an aggregate of $5,460,000 as the value of all the stock issued, while at $65 a share the total value is $8,450,000, thus showing an increase of $2,990,000. The price of $65 per share, however, was evidently regarded as a little unsettled for it fluctuated downward to $63.75, and Trustees' Certificates were obtainable at $62. Of course nothing is known as yet as to what action may be taken by the board of directors in utilizing this aggregation of stock, but they have an abundance of time as the power of attorney signed by stockholders provides that the stock shall remain in escrow for one year, and during this time there will be opportunity either to sell, or in case competitive business conditions should become more pressing, either a reorganization plan or some scheme of coalition can be promptly adopted to meet the new requirements. The sales of the stock during the week have been quite large and the bulk of transactions have been at figures in excess of $58 per share. The activity in Gas & Electric shares has caused a stronger tone in the stock of the Pacific Gas Improvement Company, which has also been selling quite freely and is now held with $42.50 as the asking price. Equitable Gas shares are about steady at $4.62 1-2 while Mutual Electric is in demand at $7 with scarcely any stock to be had. Considering all things there has been more interest in gas and electric shares during the last few weeks than for a number of years past. Trading in water stocks has been rather light with fluctuations in prices mostly confined to Spring Valley. The recent announcement that the company would pass the April dividend has had a depressing effect upon the value for shares, so that the price dropped to $83.50. Port Costa is steady at $64 and Contra Costa is in demand at $62.25 with sellers generally demanding $63. In Bank stocks the general tendency still appears to be upward. Bank of California shares are now in active demand at $500, with sellers generally demanding $501 and some more than that. Giant Powder shares remained steady at $66.50 and few holders were willing to sell at that, notwithstanding the statements that have been published to the effect that the company is not earning sufficient to pay its usual monthly dividend. Sugar shares remained quite steady with transactions light. Generally speaking holders are not anxious to sell, the impression being very general that this class of security will make some sharp advances in the near future. Alaska Packers is steady and the recent advance in the price for California Wine Association's shares is well sustained. —*The Financier.*

The Pacific States Investor for April is just out, and is a noteworthy issue, if only for the ample space given to reading matter, original and selected, of interest to all classes of readers as well as to those seeking openings for investment. This last feature is, of course, a specialty, and some notes of special value to investors in Mexico and Alaska are furnished. The editorials and original articles cover all the important economic questions of the day. The story of "Walker in Nicaragua" will be eagerly read by old-timers, who can remember the "gray-eyed man of Destiny."

NATURE'S HEALTH RESORT.

It is curious that so many rhematics and sufferers from gout, sciatica and chronic malaria will fly off to Europe as soon as a symptom of their disease asserts itself. If they would do better and cure their disease in less time and at less expense, they should substitute for the foreign *spa* our own Byron Hot Springs. Clubmen found out long ago the efficacy of the springs and two or three times a year they take a trip to Byron, returning refreshed and rejuvenated. Lately a new hotel was built to take the place of the old one, which was burned down. It is splendidly equipped and supplies all city comforts to guests.

A DAINTY SOUVENIR.

The second one of the series of booklets issued by the California Northwestern Railway is most artistic. On the cover is one of Mrs. Hudson's inimitable Indian children, and within are beautiful half-tones showing scenes along the roadway. There are a dairy scene in Marin county, a peach orchard near Novato, a chicken ranch in Petaluma, a shearing scene in the Ukiah valley and other views. It is a charming souvenir of the State to send to Eastern friends.

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Other People's Ideas

From "Roden's Corner," by Henry Seton Merriman:

It is a strange fact that intimacy with anyone who has made for himself a great name leads to the inevitable conclusion that he is worthy of it.

The world will take a man and make a hero of him without pausing to inquire of what stuff he may be. Nay, more, it will take a man's name and glorify it without so much as inquiring to what manner of person the name belongs.

The way to rule the world is to make it want something, and keep it wanting.

At thirty-five it is perhaps not well to wait too patiently for those things that make a woman's life worth living.

Those who are assured of their position are not always thinking about it. Men who stand much upon their dignity have not, as a rule, much else to stand upon.

None of us may know when the echo of a careless word will cease vibrating in the hearts of some that hear.

The world nearly always mistakes intelligence for cleverness, just as it nearly always mistakes laughter for happiness.

Mrs. Vansittart: The young man who expects something of himself is usually disappointed.

That greatest of all drags on a successful career—a soft heart.

If plain-speaking be a sign of friendship, then women are assuredly capable of higher flights than men. A life-long friendship between two women usually means that they quarreled at school, and have retained in later days the privilege of mutual plain speaking.

Charity, above all virtues, to be practiced well must be practiced without too much reflecting. He who lets wisdom guide his bounty too closely will end by giving nothing at all.

He had the power of holding his cards and only playing them at the right moment. Which is perhaps the greatest secret in life—namely, to hold one's cards, and, if the right moment does not present itself, never to play them at all, but to hold them to the end of the game, contenting oneself with the knowledge one has had, after all, the making of a fine game that might have been worth the playing.

There are many who obtain a vast deal of information without ever asking a question, just as there are some—and they are mostly women—who ask many questions and are told many lies.

It is unwise to enter into war or friendship without seeing to the reserves.

Tony: It does not do to think that the world is blind. It is better not to care whether it sees or not.

Who of us has not a few friends and relatives who can only have been created as a solemn warning?

There is no intoxication so dangerous as that of success, and none that leaves so bitter a taste behind it.

The Major: Public opinion is a dif-

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NELLIE G. PAULSELL, Plaintiff, vs. O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of this plaintiff and upon the further ground of defendant's extreme cruelty toward this plaintiff, and action is further brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court awarding the minor children of the parties to this action to plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two.

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

Endorsed: FRANK McGOWAN, ELMER WESTLAKE, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 75-79-80 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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ficult thing to deal with—'cos you cannot thump the public.

The heart knows no principles; for these are created by and belong to the mind. Which explains why many women seem to have no principles, and many virtuous persons no heart.

Many attain the distinction of vice in life, while more only reach the mere mediocrity of foolishness; but in death all are equally dignified.

—*The Gleaner.*

Stories Old and New

Supremacy of French Art

General Von Manteuffel, the great German military governor of conquered Alsace, who hated all that was French, once at a public dinner engaged in a dispute with a French diplomat, who maintained the supremacy of the French workmen over the artisans of all other nations.

"A thing so ugly does not exist that the skill and genius of a Frenchman cannot make of it a thing of beauty," he said. Angered by the contradiction, the old soldier pulled a hair from his bristly, gray mustache, and, handing it to the Frenchman said curtly:

"Let him make a thing of beauty out of that, then, and prove your claim."

The Frenchman took the hair and sent it in a letter to a well-known Parisian jeweler, with a statement of the case and an appeal to his patriotic pride, giving him no limit of expense in executing the order. A week later the mail from Paris brought a neat little box for the General. It was a handsome scarf pin, made like a Prussian eagle, that held in its talons a stiff, gray bristle, from either end of which dangled a tiny golden ball. One was inscribed Alsace, the other Lorraine, and on the eagle's perch were the words, "You hold them, but by a hair."

A Hotel Story

The late "Larry" Jerome, when traveling in Florida once upon a time, stayed at a hotel, the proprietor of which asked him, when he was about to depart, to sign his name in a book not quite like an ordinary hotel register, but one used, after the fashion of an old English custom, for the purpose of obtaining the names of distinguished guests. When Mr. Jerome was about to place his signature with the others, he saw that the writer just before him had inscribed the comment:

"I came here for change and rest and got it."

Quick as thought the witty clubman penned beneath it, "I also came here for change and rest, but the waiters got the change and the landlord got the rest."

—*The Raconteur.*

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, April 4, 1903

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It Smacks of Blackmail

Ever since Eugene Schmitz became Mayor of this city *Town Talk* has consistently and persistently protested against the domination of the Ruef personality in the city government. From the very beginning, when Mayor Schmitz in an open letter to the public announced that he was "grateful" to this pestiferous political boss, we felt that Abe Ruef was to wield great and unusual power and influence in municipal affairs, and that he would avail himself of his pull with Schmitz to further his own selfish interests. That there was occasion for our forebodings was evidenced by subsequent developments. Mr. Ruef's has been the guiding hand of this Administration, and Mr. Ruef is not a man that we should care to have for Mayor of this city. His are the ways of the practical politician—ways that are dark. He has capitalized the Schmitz friendship and ingeniously exploited it for large profits. If Schmitz had no intermediary perhaps we would never have had a water-rate ordinance that yielded unreasonable profits to the water company; perhaps the gas consumers in a few districts would not have been cinched to enable the erstwhile gas monopoly to discourage competition. The copartnership between Abraham and Eugene has been most brazenly conducted, but the climax of effrontery was capped several days ago, in the curtained room of a Market street saloon, when the Mayor's *fidus Achates* took part in a controversy between two prize-fight promoters. One of the controversialists, representing a club that has a lease of the Mechanics' Pavilion, claimed an interest in the profits of a fight that was to take place a few days later. He asserted that unless a certain agreement was kept the Pavilion doors would be barred on the date set for the fight. Thereupon, according to a morning paper, Mr. Ruef announced that if the doors were closed he would see that the club having the lease would never be granted another permit and moreover, that the doors would be battered down with clubs. He spoke as the representative of the manager of the impending prize-fight, and probably in the hope of earning a fee. There was no likelihood of Mr. Ruef's threat being misconstrued. It savored pretty pungently of blackmail. Mr. Ruef knows, as a lawyer, that such differences as existed between the two prize-fight promoters should either be arbitrated or litigated. To attempt to force one to surrender what he conceived to be his rights by threats of persecution backed by implied power to invoke the executive and police aid of this municipality, is nothing less than an attempt to blackmail. Does Mayor Schmitz contenance the exercise of a pull with him to that extent?

To Be Consistent

It would be absurd to contend that William J. Bryan no longer exercises a powerful influence in Democratic politics, but to argue that the party's nominee in 1904 cannot win without Mr. Bryan's support is tantamount to discrediting the party itself. The supposition appears to be that Mr. Bryan will oppose any man who did not profess faith in free silver in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900. Should he oppose the party's nominee on such a ground he would be merely seeking to wreak revenge and he would prove that he was unworthy of ever having the confidence of the party reposed in him. According to Mr. Bryan's way of thinking he would have no right to oppose the party nominee even though the latter were nominated on a platform that repudiated the doctrine of free silver. Bryan was twice defeated because the people lost faith in a party that proposed a financial policy which they believed might lead to the destruction of the national credit. He has put the blame on Democrats who resisted what they regarded as a fatuous policy. In other words it is his theory that they had no right to vote according to their own convictions, and he virtually argues that a political party can never be wrong. It is all right for Mr. Bryan to try to cram the Kansas City platform down the throat of the suffragist, but if he should fail to do so, to be consistent he would have to support the nominee even though Grover Cleveland were the choice of the convention. But probably Mr. Bryan is consistent only on the subject of free silver.

Squeezing the Consumer

Though prosperity continues, and wages are being raised while hours are being shortened, the restiveness of labor is becoming more ominous every day in all parts of the country. Moreover there is another element and a very large one which is also growing restless. It is that element which is composed of the consumers, that great middle class which is representative of neither labor nor capital. It has about reached the conclusion that it has troubles of its own, and that its troubles are the result of industrial agitation. The prices of all the necessaries of life have risen to such an extent that the material conditions of the average man today are worse than they were in 1897, before the wave of prosperity began to sweep over the country. This prosperity about which there is so much talk is more imaginary than real. The financial syndicates have received the lion's share of it, and the remainder went to the workingmen. But there are wage-earners who have received no benefits, and there are men engaged in small enterprises who have not enjoyed any material gains. They are not organized but they are so numerous that their murmurings of discontent are easily heard. They are grad-

ually reaching the conclusion that the labor problem is not the only factor in our political life. If every raise of wages is to be met by a corresponding increase in the price of commodities, the great and powerful element that gravitates between the labor trust and the capitalistic trust will continue to be squeezed, and it is that prospect that is now worrying many people in this community.

That Dewey Interview

Admiral Dewey is an exceptional man in more than one respect. He proved himself an exceptional fighter in Manila bay, and he has also proved that he is a statesman of exceptional judgment and tact. Again did his unusual individuality assert itself when called upon by President Roosevelt the other day for an explanation regarding a published interview in which he was represented as having said that the recent manoeuvres of his fleet were intended as an object lesson to Emperor William. It was an indiscreet remark for Admiral Dewey to make, especially at this time, for the press of both the United States and Germany has been saying many things of late that indicated that popular sentiment in both countries was decidedly antithetic. It was generally believed that Admiral Dewey would repudiate the interview. That is what most public men do when they find that they have expressed themselves indiscreetly. It is easy to repudiate an interview, and it is hard for the interviewer to prove the man he has interviewed a liar. However Admiral Dewey is not of the flinching variety. He admitted that he had been correctly quoted, but explained that when he spoke he did not know his remarks were to be published. It was a case of the ubiquitous reporter being a friend of the man to whom Admiral Dewey had made the statement. There was nothing in the remark which could be construed as an insult to the German Emperor, but it set the Berlin editors by the ears.

Beware of Basketball

Miss Lucille Hill, director of physical training at Wellesley College, where young ladies engage in boat races and field sports and where gymnasium exercise is compulsory, has come to the conclusion that all college athletics cannot be indulged in by girls with impunity. She has placed basketball on the blacklist. She says that the Wellesley freshman classes, recruited from the secondary schools, are physically damaged and imperfect. Ankles and wrists are swollen, arms sprained, legs not what they should be and the curve of beauty marred. All of which is distressing. The athletic feminine cult has been making great strides in the last few years, and many of the colleges were turning out young women who gave promise of becoming mothers of a race of gladiators. It was supposed that the physical culture fad was conducive to the development of the fair ones from the ground up, and that the fostering of brawn was leading to grand results. In some of the colleges they have track meets, and though girls are not built for jumping they have achieved some wonderful triumphs both in the broad and the high. As the amateur female athlete with a glowing countenance and a love of outdoor exercise is far more interesting than the flat-chested, academical prodigy with the polished spectacles and a passion for the classics, it is indeed sad to learn that basketball is too strenuous a game for the frail and gentle creatures.

The next bottle of whisky you buy resolve to try the "Jesse Moore." You've heard it was the best; prove it by practical test.

Degeneracy in New England

A few weeks ago Reverend Henry J. Hutchins took occasion to denounce the degeneracy of some Connecticut villages, in which he found all the vices running riot; polygamy was practiced, and sins both nameable and unnameable were more common than virtues. The descendants of the original colonists had neither church, mass nor meeting, and their children were declared to be both illiterate and untamed. Very shortly after the diatribe the reverend gentleman met with a sudden death, and now the rural inhabitants of the maligned section are loud in their exultation at the "vindication." They declare that the sudden end of the cleric's life was a direct visitation of the Almighty as a punishment for his untruthfulness, and call upon all who will to visit them and learn from ocular demonstration the falsity of the accusations against them. Sunday supp. contributors have taken advantage of the subject, and the Eastern papers are supplied with illustrated articles showing homes, schools, churches, the oldest inhabitant, and typical specimens of the younger generation, and interviews and signed articles are thick as dead leaves in autumn. It seems that this is one of the sections of which so much has been written concerning abandoned farms, and of late there has been active inquiry for sites for summer homes which the residents fear will cease by reason of the Hutchins denunciation. They turn the tables by declaring that they do not attend church because of the quality of the clergymen sent to minister to them, and altogether it is quite an interesting little family dispute. From the facts that have come to light it is evident that godly preachers have been letting their vineyards run to decay while millions of dollars have been spent in "Christianizing" Chinese, Hindoos, Samoans, and other peoples at the ends of the earth.

Demoralizing the Indian

A vigorous protest is being made against the establishment of "Indian Villages" at future fairs and expositions. The argument against them is common-sense and logical. After the government has gone to the expense of educating the Indian youth and initiating him into the ways of civilization, with the reasonable hope and expectation that he will become a decent, self-supporting man, earning his way by some trade or other reputable employment, along comes the agent of some of those Wild West shows and offers inducements to him to join the troupe and revert to savagery, donning breech-clout and blanket, and giving exhibitions of primitive customs. The salary offered for the brief engagement is large enough to prove a temptation, and the result is that the young bucks go off to exhibit themselves. When they return they are completely spoiled. They are idle, often dissolute, and with no inclination to

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exert themselves in farming or handicrafts. Frequently they become altogether useless, and with their natural vanity catered to, they become dependents and nuisances. A few years ago the Department of the Interior found it necessary to positively forbid the recruiting of Indians for private show enterprises. It was found that the aborigines were induced to leave the reservations and were taken across the continent, and frequently across the Atlantic, and when the Indian feature was abandoned or the concern disbanded, they were turned adrift. The object of all these affairs is to show the savage as nearly as possible in his original condition. They offer a premium for reversion, but they amuse and entertain the crowds. If the progress and improvement of the Indians were exhibited, no one could object and no harm could result. While the subject is before us, it is not amiss to call attention to another aspect of Indian education. One of the features of magazine and periodical literature is the depicting of the Indian at school, but if the illustrations are an index to the school curriculum, the athletic branch of their education is as prominent as it is in the rest of the scholastic world. We are regaled with the Indian basket ball team in bloomers and sweaters, the foot ball team, the base ball nine, the tennis and golf champions, but where is the plow team, the dairy maid, the laundress, the blacksmith, or the champion in any useful occupation? The sprinter and the hammer-thrower and the shot-putter and the high-jumper are there to speak for themselves. Who has heard of the horse-shoer, the carpenter, the plumber or the painter? There would be no violent protest against the such unessentials. From the founding of our government to the year 1890, a period of one hundred and fourteen years, there was appropriated for the use of our "wards," in round numbers, a billion dollars. Making liberal deductions for the dishonesty of agents and the expenses of administration, there still remains a goodly amount to be accounted for. We are entitled to something more for our money than Indian Villages, Wild West shows and athletic champions.

The Hotel Chaplain

The growth of hotels and boarding houses with their hosts of individuals and families who have no associations outside of the buildings in which they live is responsible for a new functionary in the person of the "hotel chaplain," a minister whose views are so liberal as to include all and sundry. As yet the hotel chapel has not been provided for, but it is only a question of time. The probabilities are that the next huge caravansary that is erected will include either a properly equipped chapel or a hall or parlor which can be set apart for the purpose. The hotel chaplain is ready to officiate at baptisms or burials, to perform the marriage ceremony at short notice, to admonish the wicked or comfort the afflicted. When the banker's favorite daughter elopes with the family coachman there will now be no necessity for rousing the aged minister from his first sound sleep, and the pathetic figure in worn and threadbare coat, picking his painful way through the snowdrifts to attend the bedside of some dying millionaire, rich in all but the priceless gems of faith and charity, will have to disappear. It will soon be a case of "you press the button, we do the rest." The baby unbaptized and the great sinner unshriven will be no more. The preacher will be as available as the bell boy. A new field will be opened for the "younger sons," who are averse to manual work and have not the capacity for law or medicine. It ought not to take a great quantity of theology to fit one for the place. A good social presence would seem to be more to the purpose, and "livings" in the gift of proprietors or owners would be no more out of place than those owned by English squires. One can imagine the appearance of advertisements in the "want" columns, setting forth the qualications of the applicants for employment:

Tall, gray-haired clergyman of benevolent appearance wishes situation in first-class family hotel. Formerly rector of church in fashionable parish of large city. Well acquainted in society.

Young man, athletic build, dark hair and eyes, wishes engagement as chaplain in first-class family hotel. Recent graduate of theological seminary. Good tenor voice. Unmarried.

Cowboy preacher from out West would like to try his hand roping in metropolitan sinners. Will dress in character. Sure to draw crowds.

Liberal gentleman of refined tastes would like to officiate as chaplain in a fashionable hotel. No objection to card parties, theatres, balls, or other amusements of the smart set.

Widower without encumbrance would like to preside as chaplain. Marriage a specialty. References.

A clergyman of undenominational views would like to preside over the religious welfare of a first-class hotel. Is connected both by blood and marriage with the highest society. Irreproachable manners and appearance. Has had experience in this line of work. Best of references.

The theological seminaries might undertake to train students especially, and it ought to provide an opening for at least a portion of the college output who have neither the energy for manual work, the brains for intellectual employment, the capital for business nor the pull for politics.

What Others Say

The testimony of a newspaper as to the growth of its own popularity is not always to be relied upon, for publishers usually entertain an exalted opinion of their own achievements. When a newspaper has abundant space for the exploitation of its self-esteem it should be viewed with suspicion. *Town Talk* has never been addicted to the practice of calling attention to its own merits, being quite convinced that if a newspaper has merit it is bound to win recognition, a conviction that has been satisfactorily demonstrated. Some weeks ago we published a paragraph from a Canadian journal pronouncing *Town Talk* the best paper of its kind on the American continent. Now we are pleased to publish the following from the Santa Clara *News,* being a sample of the complimentary allusions made from time to time by the interior press:

Trite things are being said by "The Saunterer" in San Francisco Town Talk each week. Whether one is familiar with the whirl in the Bay City or not, there is genuine interest in each issue of this excellent journal. It contains more of value than all the daily papers of the week. Town Talk goes straight at questions and treats them fearlessly, intelligently and with precision that gives evidence of familiarity with conditions. Society, art, business and all the varied interests of the metropolis are considered its marks for comment. That it generally hits the mark is probably the reason that it is the most read publication in San Francisco at this time. People over the State are now reading it every week and in the best homes it is welcomed and given the attention that the excellence of its literary qualities commands.

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An Appreciation of Appreciation

Artistic creation presupposes appreciation. The one is male, generative; the other female, receptive. A work of art is incomplete, enjoys as it were but a potential existence until it wins adequate recognition. In the marriage of a masterpiece and the public there is something sadly amiss when the bridegroom is received with indifference instead of delight. The longing of genius for fame, for appreciation, is as natural as the desire of a man for a maid. When Balzac through one of his characters confesses his own lifelong hunger to be loved and to be famous, it is but the genius in him and the man, each in its own way, expressing the selfsame ambition. The artist, not for himself but for his work, would have the world to wife.

Now with the single exception of having the creative faculty itself, there is no greater mark of distinction, no more delightful natural endowment, than the possession of an innate preference for "the best that is known and thought in the world"; and, I might add, artistically done in the world. This preference, like all other "born gifts," comes to perfection only by means of the most careful culture. Taste, that is, a genuine—not a pretended—preference for the best, is the sign of nobility; he who has it is of God's own peerage.

Appreciation of the best, no less than production of the best, requires superabundant energy—physical, mental, sexual. The preference for the mediocre, now prevalent, is evidence, not only of vulgarity, but also of invirility. So is the vaudeville vogue. We are a nation of nerves. The pace at which we are going is killing out art among us. Art is produced "without haste, without rest." And we are all hustlers. We have no repose. We do not know the meaning of leisure. We even (oh, horror!) make love in a hurry! The "stunt" idea dominates our art products. We will have entertainment at any price. As a matter of fact, we pay perfection for it. The artist must adopt the method of the street speaker who, in order to attract the passing crowd, opens his exordium in tones appropriate to a peroration only. We are a vaudeville audience—brain fagged, physically depleted, impotent of appreciation. Every now and then attention nods without perpetual prodding, we should fall asleep. We are as indifferent as drowsy drudges. Our irresponsiveness calls for cantharides. Everything must be over-done, obvious; and the obvious is ever the inartistic. There must be no demand upon our understanding. The artist must not pay us the compliment of taking for granted in us a "kindred art." Not finesse, nor subtlety, nor suggestion delights us, but the facile feat, the trite trick. Emphasis that is an insult, calls forth applause; and as for action—art seems to be engaged in solving the problem of perpetual motion. We have no time to wait for the working up of a mood, for the psychological moment. Climaxes, it seems, may occur without any leading up whatever. Leisure for fine approaches, time in which to be wooed with delicacy, apparently is not at our disposal. Like coarse country wenches, we allow ourselves to be rudely caught and kissed, and let go again about our business. The few virtuous avoid libraries, picture galleries and concert rooms, lest they fall victims to criminal assaults.

The public, far from resenting the insults everywhere offered her, seems rather to invite them. There is even from many self-styled cultured quarters a forestalling of criticism by a frank avowal of Philistinism. "I thank God," says the inverted Pharisee, "for a human depravity of taste. Beethoven is, I must confess, above me; but ragtime is all right; I feel it in my feet. George Ade and his jokes I enjoy, but Walter Pater and his perfection—nit! As for your Mona Lisa, she isn't in it with this chromo of a ballet-dancer! Yes, I thank God that I *am* as other men; not like this here saint of the senses." Such tunes are very popular; people will dance to them and—pay the piper well. Culture, too, has its demagogues.

Similarly, a man may gain not a little reputation for wisdom, and make quite a pretty penny besides, by setting out upon an alleged impartial examination of the facts of existence, and then after all coming by roundabout roads to commonplace conclusions. Such an one seems to set the seal of philosophical approval upon public opinion. A truly pleasant and profitable philosophy is that which affords every fool an opportunity of declaring: "That's just exactly what I've always thought myself, and as good as said so a dozen times or more!"

Abroad things are no better. "Do you know in this Paris, which is so great, one single house in which literature is talked about?" Thus writes the flawless artist, Flaubert, to George Sand. And again, on the occasion of the death of Gautier, writing in the same vein to the same "dear master," he asks: "Whom shall I see now when I go to Paris? with whom talk of what interests me? I know some thinkers, at least people who are styled such, but an artist! Where is there one?"

No wonder La Bruyere gives vent to his feelings in this sad sarcasm: "After the spirit of discernment, the rarest things in the world are diamonds and pearls!"

In San Francisco, as in Paris, the houses are few and far between in which literature, music, or painting—art, in a word—is talked about. "When it is approached," as Flaubert further complains to his friend, "it is always by its subaltern and exterior sides, the question of success, morality, utility, etc."

Meanwhile artists everywhere and their kindred deplore the paucity of those who have an indubitable preference for the best, who know a good thing when they see it, who recognize the Goddess of Beauty, veiled or unveiled, in whatsoever guise or disguise it pleases her to appear, who do not ask of her to advertise her charms like a wanton, to solicit, to importune, with provocative speech and gesture the preoccupied passers-by. *Harry Cowell.*

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The Saunterer

Phelan Backs Lane Again

The story is rife in political circles that Mr. James D. Phelan has put twenty-five thousand dollars into a campaign fund to be used in the interest of Franklin K. Lane, who is already glad-handing his way towards the mayoralty. The supposition is that they have entered into a compact by which it is agreed that in the event of Lane's election Mr. Phelan shall be permitted to handle the greater part of the patronage of the city government. Mr. Lane is a unique campaigner, and a very active one. He has opened the present campaign in Washington, whence have come some exclusive and amusing despatches to the *Bulletin*, which has always been a consistent supporter of Mr. Phelan. The booming of Lane began with a despatch about his being entertained at the White House by President Roosevelt. They had lunch together according to the despatch, and it was hinted that they had a heart to heart talk. But Teddy must have lunched twice that day for it was the day on which he had lunch with some distinguished diplomats. It is customary for all provincial statesmen to visit the White House when in Washington, and refreshments are always on tap on such occasions. Perhaps Mr. Lane imagined that the refreshments on that particular day were in his honor.

Lane's Wonderful Achievements

In another despatch the readers of the *Bulletin* were told that Mr. Lane had acted as mediator between the Shipbuilders' Trust and the employes of the Union Iron Works. He had hypnotized Mr. Nixon, the President of the Trust, and the latter, at his solicitation, had kindly agreed to grant them a raise of wages. If Mr. Lane had gone East a little earlier he might have settled the Pennsylvania coal strike. If he had been in Washington when Senator Morgan stopped talking against the Panama canal project he could have claimed the credit for having persuaded the old gentleman to take his seat. There is a whole lot of glory awaiting him in the East, for many important problems requiring solution will arise before the primary election. But probably his most important mission is to convince Mr. Hearst that the *Examiner* should support him. And that may not be difficult of achievement, for Mr. Hearst is a candidate himself. He is anxious for Democratic harmony all over the country, and if he believed that the local Democracy wanted Lane for Mayor he would probably be for him, too.

Why Lane Sought Nixon

Mr. Lane's interview with Mr. Nixon, according to private reports that have reached this city, was more in the interest of the candidate for Mayor than of the employes of the Union Iron Works. Mr. Nixon is an influential Democrat and takes a great interest in national politics. He is on very friendly terms with Mr. Hearst, and was one of the latter's most enthusiastic supporters in his recent Congressional campaign. Lane went East ostensibly on legal business for the city, but in reality to invoke the influence of Nixon with a view of having William R. Hearst persuaded to harmonize the local Democracy by espousing the Lane cause. Lane believes that there can be no harmony until the *Examiner* agrees to boom him for Mayor, and though his friends throughout the State are abusing Hearst for not having supported the head of the ticket in the late gubernatorial campaign, he is striving to win the Hearst favor. It will be interesting to watch developments.

The Tables are Turned

The evolution of the domestic troubles of Police Commissioner Hutton will be watched with more than ordinary interest by those who recall the fact that he was the attorney for the Baroness Turkheim. That notorious individual, it will be remembered, was the nemesis of D. M. Delmas during an exciting period in his life. She was formerly a coryphee in a visiting spectacular show, and her real name was Young. She made such a pleasing impression on some of the fast young men about town that she retired from the stage to plunge into the tenderloin whirl. She found it both profitable and congenial, and in the course of time she was installed in a sumptuous residence, and then she posed as a married woman. To give verisimilitude to the role she became a mother and then she began to take herself seriously. At the same time she developed a feeling of deep resentment toward Mr. Delmas, and she sought to enforce claims against him that were of a very embarrassing nature. Her most cordial supporter was one H. W. Hutton who was then an obscure lawyer, but who is now a police commissioner of this city.

Hutton Destined to Squirm

Very few attorneys could have been induced to cooperate with a woman of the character of Miss Young in an effort to disgrace a fellow-member of the bar. Hutton is one of the few. He did succeed in making Mr. Delmas very uneasy, but the woman was finally lured into a trip abroad by a persuasive individual who posed as the Baron Turkheim, a German nobleman, but who was none other than a private hawkshaw. Now Mr. Delmas is having his inning for he is the attorney for Mr. Hutton's wife, and he may be depended upon to give the police commissioner more than one unpleasant quarter of an hour when they

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meet in court. Delmas is in a position to make Hutton squirm, and I am quite sure that he will show him no mercy. Recall the experience of Baron von Schroeder in a San Rafael court room on a certain memorable occasion, and then it will be easier to picture the fate of Police Commissioner Hutton.

The Horner Case

All sorts of sensational developments may be looked for when the Huttons begin to lave the family linen in court. Mrs. Hutton is a woman with quite an interesting past. She inherited her property from Dr. Horner, who, I believe, was her second husband. He kept a drug store at the corner of Sutter and Hyde streets, and they lived over the store. There one morning he was found dead, and upon investigation it was found that his death resulted from an overdose of choloroform. The case excited a great deal of interest at the time. It appeared that the doctor was a victim of insomnia and that he was in the habit of administering chloroform to himself by means of a sponge attached to a cord on a pulley with a weight at the other end. There was some question at the time as to whether the present Mrs. Hutton was the bona fide widow of the deceased, but she produced a marriage certificate, and I believe that Hutton was her attorney in all matters pertaining to the estate. A few years after the death of Dr. Horner his widow was sued by a Mrs. Kendall for five thousand dollars for services rendered in connection with the settlement of the estate. She produced a written agreement with Mrs. Horner but it was pronounced a forgery. Mrs. Kendall was a woman with a picturesque past, and she had been involved in some very unsavory litigation.

Sequel to a Love Story

The Jarboe divorce occasioned no surprise among the acquaintances of the young people. Young Jarboe inherited the physical features but none of the talents of his father, who was a most successful office lawyer. He made a reputation in real estate and banking circles by finding fly-specks on land titles. The marriage of Eleanor Dimond and Paul Jarboe was a love-match, but the young wife soon lost interest in a husband whose chief ambition was to play golf and lawn tennis. He is a lawyer but he never practiced. The Jarboes are of ultra blue-blooded stock, and the probability is that the red corpuscles in Paul's veins were crowded out by the blue ones. Mrs. Jarboe Sr. is one of the literary cult. She wrote that much talked of atavistic novel, "Robert Atterbury," the hero of which inherited consumption while the heroine inherited insanity. Kathryn Jarboe has written many bright things, and her marriage with Jerome Case Bull of *Munsey's* secured for her entree to the New York literary swim. The Bulls left magazining for ranching, a few years ago, but they still devote time to literature. Mrs. Paul Jarboe also has a talent for writing. She has had several charming little love stories published, though not over her own name.

The Literary Itch

The literary microbe has become very active in California. Never before were so many people afflicted with *cacoethes scribendi*. Almost everybody who knows how to work a typewriter has developed symptoms that are diagnosed by their friends as "literary genius." Over in Berkeley Lawrence Rising, the nineteen year old son of Professor Rising, is at work on a novel, the scenes of which are laid in Europe. During a recent trip to Europe he wrote letters to the *Chronicle* that attracted some attention. In Berkeley he is thought to be a genius because he didn't graduate from the University. To graduate from Berkeley is a commonplace achievement. Joseph T. Goodman, the famous decipherer of the Mazan hieroglyphics of Central America, who used to own the Virginia City *Enterprise* and who discovered Mark Twain, has gone to work on a novel. Years ago he wrote poetry and short stories, but he became wealthy and took up the Mazan mysteries. Having made a reputation in the scientific world he now hopes to cut a swath in the fiction field. He resides in a beautiful home in Alameda and seldom comes to the city. From Paris comes the news that Mrs. Alice Rix O'Leary is at work on a book.

Her Work in Demand

Mabel Craft Deering is becoming the most prolific of our short story writers, and from the East comes the report that there is a demand for her work in all the high-class magazine offices. Another of her stories has been accepted by *Munsey's* and one appeared in the April *Everybody's*.

A Girl That Does Things

News comes to me from the East that Miss Grace Bailey of this city has a novel in the hands of a publisher. Miss Bailey has been writing short stories for years, but as she always publishes them modestly under a *nom de plume* her intimate friends only are aware of her success in the literary world. Few society girls possess her varied accomplishments, and she is one of the few that do things worth doing. She devotes little of her time to the frivolous diversions that absorb the attention of most girl in society, and consequently she is not made notorious by the Bavardes of the local press. She is one of five charming sisters, only two of whom are married though there have been suitors galore. Miss Grace Bailey is a crack shot with either rifle or pistol, a daring horsewoman and a clever angler. In her

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den she has many trophies of the chase, one of them being the skin of one of the biggest wildcats ever shot in California. It was brought down by her with a single bullet. I hear that her chief ambition is to shoot a tiger. The Bailey girls are all native daughters, and received their early education in Paris, whither they went after the death of their father.

The Pursuit of a Plum

The Legislature at its recent session appropriated one hundred and thirty thousand dollars for a California State exhibit at the St. Louis exposition and the selection of a commissioner to represent California is now in the hands of Governor Pardee. One J. Aubrey Jones of Oakland is an applicant for the job. His qualifications are unknown outside of Oakland, and the supposition is that he became an applicant merely for the reason that he resides in Oakland. Since the election of Pardee it is the theory of the politicans across the bay that for every job in the gift of the Governor there should be at least one applicant from Oakland. Hence, J. Aubrey Jones. However it is believed that Mr. M. H. de Young will get the commissionership. During the World's Fair in Chicago Mr. De Young secured more substantial recognition for this State than was ever vouchsafed it before or since.

Going Abroad to Live

Miss O'Sullivan, who is going abroad to remain indefinitely, is one of our society women of whom one rarely reads in the "doings of the smart set." Yet she belongs to the real inner circle here, and is invited everywhere though she does not always go. One does see her at the concerts and occasional lectures, and at church, for she is a very devout Catholic. During her mother's long illness, the cares of keeping up the big house, lately sold and torn down to make room for a new apartment house, at the corner of Bush and Leavenworth streets, fell upon her shoulders. She entertained her friends in a quiet way, more especially after her brother Denis married and during his rare visits home. She is a slender, refined looking girl with classic features. Miss O'Sullivan expects to stay in Paris for some time, and when her brother Joe marries she will be at the wedding. She will also spend some time in London when the Denis O'Sullivans go there for Mr. O'Sullivan's concert engagements. Jack O'Sullivan has been away from San Francisco for some years; he is a mining engineer and married.

The Campbell Family

Now that the Campbells are coming—Mrs. Pat and Nanky, Panky Pooh—theatre-goers are beginning to sit up and take notice. It having been announced by the Columbia management that Mrs. Campbell would not play on Good Friday night, some people imagined that that was one way of advertising. But Mrs. Campbell never did play on Good Friday, and she doesn't have to advertise in that way. That she is a woman of strong individuality is evidenced in a measure by her fidelity to her real name, a most unromantic cognomen for a fashionable actress. "Mrs. Pat," as she is familiarly called in London, acquired that name, when she was barely seventeen by a runaway marriage with Patrick Campbell, the nineteen-year old son of a London banker. Forced to part from her a little later, to seek employment in South Africa, it was seven years before he was able to join his wife again. Meanwhile she had become an actress, and had achieved her great success in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." He returned, by the way, in Holy Week, and Mrs. Campbell retired from the stage so that they could spend their Easter in a cottage at Rottingdean. When the war broke out in South Africa Mr. Campbell volunteered in the Imperial Yeomanry and one day his name was included in Lord Methuen's list of dead at Rietfontein. Few that read the name, "4810, Sgt. Patrick Campbell," knew that the deceased was the husband of the famous actress.

In the Days of Our Youth

Our local theatrical magnates appear to be intent on reminding us that we are growing old. Or perhaps they have merely developed a penchant for the renaissance in dramatic art. First our recollections of the long ago were revived by the appearance of Effie Ellsler at the Columbia, the same Effie that thrilled us in "Hazel Kirke" and later on in "Called Back." Then came that popular leading lady of a bygone generation, Rose Coghlan, who first revealed her superb art to us when she came out with Osmond Tearle in "The Silver King." And next we are to see the perennial Kate Claxton, who played "The Two Orphans" at the Baldwin about the year 1881. It is over twenty years since the venerable Katherine visited us, and she had been playing "The Two Orphans" fully a decade before her appearance here. She was playing it in the Brooklyn theatre the night of the fire that destroyed the building in which many lives were lost. Yea, long before then Kate Claxton was playing leading roles, one of them being in "Mazeppa." Such maturity has she attained that it is no longer indelicate to discuss her age. One of the few surviving contemporaries of her youth is that century plant of the operatic stage, Adelina Patti, who is soon to bloom again on the concert stage, and who is coming this way to complete the list of immortals. The lives of great actresses serve to remind us that those of the matinee heroes are somewhat evanescent. The matinee hero leads such a strenuous life that he is cut off in the prime of it, leaving nary a footprint in the sands of time, but the dashing leading lady bobs up perennially, radiant in the full blush of an artistic make-up.

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ourt Adjourned for a Fight

Justice of the Peace Brown of Santa Rosa is, I should judge from a recent incident, one of the old school of magistrates, a school that is now almost extinct. During the preliminary examination of a man charged with bribery before him last week, attorney Francis Heney, of this city, who represented the defendant, engaged in a very sultry discussion with a witness named Holmes, an ex-chief of police of Santa Rosa. Heney is a very aggressive attorney and his ire was aroused by the curt replies of the witness. Just as it was threatening to become a case of *verbis ad verbera*, Justice Brown interposed with the courteous suggestion that if the gentlemen really desired to have a little scrap he would adjourn court on his own motion for their accommodation.

"Adjourn court, then," said Heney.

"Court's adjourned," said Justice Brown, and all hands repaired just beyond the portals of the temple of justice. There Heney faced Holmes and denounced him in very severe terms. Citizens stepped between them, and then Holmes proceeded to reply. But no fight was permitted, though Justice Brown was on hand to see fair play.

The Lowry Will

This incident, by the way, grew out of an interesting will contest concerning which very meagre news has been published. Forged wills have become so common in this State that they no longer excite much interest unless many millions of dollars are involved. The document in question purported to be the last will of Mrs. Lowry, wife of Dr. J. W. Lowry. She was formerly the widow of a man named Farmer, a Santa Rosa banker, from whom she inherited an estate valued at eighty thousand dollars. She had three children by her first husband, a son and two daughters, and as no will was found immediately after her death, her husband proceeded to administer on her estate. Several months passed by and just as Dr. Lowry was about to wind up his administration, a document, purporting to be the last will of Mrs. Lowry, was sent through the mail to the county clerk. According to its terms the entire estate was bequeathed to the three children, and the son, Charles Farmer, was appointed executor. He then applied for probate of the will.

Palpable Perjury

The case never came to trial, but while preparing for it both sides engaged in crimination and recrimination, and as a consequence an attorney, L. P. Schlotterbach, was indicted for bribery, and indictments for perjury were presented against two of the men who testified against him. Schlotterbach was associated with Heney as counsel for Dr. Lowry, and it appears that they suspected a man named Underhill of having forged the will, and it was for negotiating with him to induce him to expose the whole plot that Schlotterbach was indicted for bribery. On his examination Holmes testified to having heard the defendant offering to bribe Underhill, but his description of the scene of the incident and of his position on that occasion was such that it became apparent that it was an impossibility for him to have heard the alleged conversation. He was therefore indicted for perjury. Meanwhile the will contest was compromised. Dr. Lowry is to receive sixteen thousand dollars, which is about all that he would have been entitled to had no will been filed. It is said that the two daughters of the deceased were so well satisfied that the will was a forgery that they declined to join their brother in pressing the application for probate.

Why the Pope Stood

An interesting story is told by a local clergyman who recently returned from Rome, explanatory of the action of Pope Leo on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election, in standing on the platform of his chair of state, the "Sedia Gestatoria," as he was borne into the nave of St. Peter's, and then rising again as he left the Basilica after blessing the assembled thousands. To be able to stand steadily on that moving chair is no trifling feat for a man of ninety-three. The famous conveyance is nothing more than a flooring about six feet long and four wide, upon which is fixed a gorgeous throne encrusted with ivory and gold. Long poles like those of an Indian palanquin project from the four corners, and four footmen of the Papal household carry these high on their shoulders. It required extraordinary pluck in a man of ninety-three years to stand on a moving, narrow floor, five feet above ground. The effort was made because of rumors that the white-robed figure borne on the gilded throne on state occasions was not the real Pontiff but a clever waxwork figure, made to move automatically and bless with uplifted hand. It is easy for those who have seen the Pope so borne to understand how such a report came to be credited by the ignorant. The colorless face, the marble, mask-like features, the slow, almost mechanical movements, might well be those of a mere automaton.

Absurd as the rumor was it was believed by many who persisted that Leo XIII had long been dead, and that the Cardinals to subserve their own purposes concealed the truth. The hundreds of people who are received annually by the Pope, know that he is very much alive, for they have marveled at the keenness of intellect, the abounding

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energy and shrewd insight of the wonderful nonagenarian But the ignorant had to be convinced, and so the indomitable old man stood erect on his gliding throne, spreading out his hands to bless his kneeling people.

Lionizing the Wilcox Family

It was a picturesque and wonderful aggregation that paid homage to Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the maple room of the Palace on Friday night of last week. And Ella herself, the industrious purveyor of oracular platitudes for the enlightenment of backstairs femininity, was the most picturesque and wonderful of all the throng, barring, perhaps, Mr. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She is a nervous little woman with abrupt and jerky movements suggestive of the feline being rubbed toward the tail. And Gertrude was right—the Wilcox locks are "mouse-colored" and "ashen." Mrs. Wilcox was tired, and had a cold in the head, and of course it didn't improve her appearance. Mr. Wilcox was the object of much interest. He is a short, fat man with a hooked nose. He did not turn up until quite late, and when he did put in an appearance Mrs. Wilcox jumped up and uttered a little ejaculation of delight that punctured the compliments of a gentleman in a white vest of brocaded satin. Mr. Wilcox spent most of the evening in the supper room. The gowns worn by the ladies were a study in the evolution of feminine fashions during the last quarter of a century. One middle-aged dame looked like an amiable old Turkish chair with sky-blue upholstery and tassels, and there was one in a shirt-waist with a nervous manner who asked Mrs. Wilcox for a rose from her corsage and received a spray of maiden-hair and a faint smile.

Why Ella Is So Popular

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is interested in many things, especially in public morality; and that she herself is interesting to all sorts and conditions of men and women is proved by the newspaper fact that she receives weekly no less than an average of three hundred letters. But what, if any, interest does the reformed poetess of passion take in literature? If we are to judge from her recent writings—none at all. (It is now Lent, and for my own literary sins I have been foregoing Flaubert and reading her.) As all the world knows to its cost, it is easier to preach than to write poetry; it is also much easier to preach than to write artistic prose; and that any one who could be an artist would be a preacher and nothing more is explicable not otherwise than by having recourse to the doctrine of natural depravity. Moreover, the only permanent sermons are those that are preserved by style. There is nothing so ephemeral as ugliness. The Immorality of Ugliness! there, if you will, is a theme for a petticoated preacher. "What is beautiful is moral—there is the whole thing." But the public, as the greatest of stylists goes on to declare, hates one who writes well, "because style forces it to think, obliges it to work." On the other hand it adores—Ella Wheeler Wilcox!

A Dabbler In Words

"Truth," says Marcus Aurelius, "is my business, and it never hurt any one." "Beauty," boasts the artist, "is *my* business, and it has helped millions." Goodness is I suppose the business of the priest, laic or cleric as the case may be, but the most perfect priests are never goody-good, never preachy. They are ever exquisite artists and know better than to teach the dismal doctrine that goodness is gray, ugly, repellant. On the contrary, they make her look like Beauty's self. Read Cardinal Newman, artist-priest. To be really a reformer of things that need reforming is noble, but not nobler than to be an artist, a joy-maker. Rarely is a person both. The reformer as a rule succeeds in silencing the artist, though Ruskin was an artist to the last. "Man, the reformer," is one thing; man, the joy-master, another. Both use words as means to their several ends. Indeed we all use words to express our commonplace wants and opinions; we are all dabblers in the difficult art of making ourselves understood. And words form the material for a piece of literature. Hence arise confusion and no end of errors. Here we come to the conclusion of the whole matter—the cause of the style-detesting public's persistence in treating Ella Wheeler Wilcox as a literary personage, a literary lioness, even. She, too, makes use of words.

Why She Turned Reformer

Far be it from me for an uncritical moment to infer that Mrs. Wilcox was ever an artist or could become one under any circumstances. The author of "Poems of Passion" is, I believe, an excellent woman, but the majority of excellent persons can write neither poetry nor the prose that has "that other beauty" proper to it as an art. However she is popularly considered to be a poet who gave up her divine calling to be a high priestess of the cult of the New Thought. To be the exponent of thought that is new, true, and significant, is one of the most difficult things in the world; to be the exponent of *the* New Thought is very different and much less difficult. Had Mrs. Wilcox been indeed a poet, would she have been wise to turn preacher of platitudes? She would not. There is now living a man who had in him the making of an artist;

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but he repudiated the rare vocation in favor of that of reformer. His name is Tolstoi, the author of "Anna Karenina," the one-time friend of Ivan Turgenev. Time alone can tell which of these two great Russians chose the better part; which did the more for his country and for humankind. When Tolstoi's now prominent place knows him no more, will any artist, I wonder, be ready to write for him a prose-poem to match Renan's matchless "Farewell to Turgenev"? Will any stylist preserve the styleless reformer from the writer's second death? Then must he die indeed; for style is the one thing that Time spares. Alas, for the makers of paper coffins!

By a pen-slip last week I made Miss Adams the artist who exhibits miniatures of Mrs. Henry Crocker and Mrs. Cutter at the Hopkins. The miniatures were done by Miss Laura Prather.

They Are Loyal Little Germans

The return of the Baroness von Schroeder to the Hotel Rafael caused very little commotion in the suburban village. The gossips in San Rafael imagine that the baroness has become quite continental in her manners and habits, and they say that she has lived so long in Germany that she prefers it above all other countries as a place of residence. It is recalled that when the Von Schroeder children were at the Hotel Rafael a few years ago they were very ardent in their expression of Prussian sentiment, and it was evident that they were devoted to the fatherland. One day they had a quarrel with other children in the hotel over the relative merits of the German and American flags. Mrs. Warfield was called upon to smooth matters and she explained to the Baroness von Schroeder that the children who had quarreled with her offspring meant no harm, and that they should be excused because "they're such thoroughly loyal little Americans."

"And," said the baroness, "my children are just as thoroughly loyal little Germans." They are the grandchildren, by the way, of the late Peter Donahue.

The Spreckels Baby

The Rudolph Spreckels's have imported a trained nurse from the East to take care of the most recent of the Spreckels children. So great was the shock caused by the death of their son that they have been filled with great anxiety over the health of the baby. The child is weighed every day, and its temperature is taken regularly. Its food is analyzed, and there is no precaution that is not exercised. The nurse feels that there is a great responsibility on her shoulders, and she takes her situation very seriously. She is perhaps the highest priced nurse on the coast. And by the way she looks very much like the Joliffe girls.

The Wagner Baby

Helen Wagner has now a little half-brother, her step-mamma having presented Mr. Wagner with an olive branch. Mr. Wagner's marriage immediately after that of his daughter, Lilian McCarthy, with Mr. J. J. Moore, was as much of a surprise to his daughters as to the world and his spouse. I hear that young Huntington's fancy still strays to Miss Wagner and there are those who have faith in the outcome. At present he spends most of his time in Los Angeles and his engaging, democratic ways have made him a tremendous favorite.

The Fashionable Cake-Walk

An odd Lenten diversion of half a dozen society girls was a course of "cake-walking." They met at each other's houses and had an instructor who is the real thing from the cut of his pigeon wings to his chocolate-colored skin. They have been pronounced expert gyrators in the art by their drill master. Cake-walks will be indulged in at the house parties which everybody who has a country home will give. Bids are already being given for these house parties so that the guests can make their plans dove-tail. There are several people in Napa county who like to have people up with them to help incarnadine the country lanes and the people who own big "ranches" down south have promised fiesta times, so the summer forecast for house-parties is very gay and cake-walks will count more than crops.

Though the end cannot justify the means many people are praised for their achievements, who if their methods were considered would be universally execrated.

A Critic Barred

An occasional correspondent writes me from London that there has been a great commotion over the refusal of the management of the Garrick theatre to give the *Times* critic, Mr. Walkley, a seat at the first-night performance of Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "Whitewashing Julia." Instead of buying a seat the critic went to his office and inserted a plaintive note to the effect that he could not review the play because he had been refused admission! Imagine an American newspaper man doing such a thing! Mr. Jones explains that the *Times* always stoops to personalities in criticising his plays. The quarrel has brought to light the fact that critics are expected to "slop over" by the London theatres. The trouble with the Jones play is that he attempts as usual to portray life in the upper circles, about which he knows nothing. Up to six years ago his career was laid in another sphere. He began life as a commercial traveler, an individual who is known in London as a "bagman." His calling did not conduce to contact with peeresses, literary lights and smart people generally.

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Mrs. Ward Blunders

"Mrs. Humphrey Ward," writes the same correspondent, "has also contributed to the gayety of the season by publishing a new novel, 'Lady Rose's Daughter.' She knows as little about the upper circles as Mr. Jones, yet nothing gives her greater pleasure than to write about the people of whose lives, habits and mannerisms she is profoundly ignorant. Her book is a mass of blunders wound round a collection of dukes. Everybody is vastly amused but everybody is reading the book just to poke fun at it and the publishers are happy."

The Magnetism of Mrs. Martin

The fame of Mrs. Eleanor Martin as a social leader has spread to Los Angeles, whither she went last week on a pleasure trip, and her presence in the city caused a deal of excitement in the newspaper offices. If Mrs. Astor herself had come to town she could not have excited so much interest. One of the dailies—the *Herald*—devoted half a column of space to a panegyric on the famous hostess. It was worth at least a dollar a line. Neither Madame Bavarde nor Dorothy Pepys ever penned anything quite so fulsome, but those eminent gushers lack a sense of humor. The affected naivete of the *Herald* scribe in his apotheosis of Mrs. Martin is deliciously droll. "Mrs. Martin, by her intrinsic charm and native wit, and by her rarely large soul, draws men and women to her in a most magnetic way." Isn't that exquisite? "Even the stubbornest recluse and the most silent misogynist are bound to pay homage at her court. Her invitations are regarded as almost royal commands, and her wishes are law. When she beckons a friend to her side and says, 'Now, Mr. Man, you have got to talk to me and amuse me,' Mr. Man however disinclined to be voluble finds himself eloquent and entertaining without being conscious of cause or effect." Isn't that well sustained humor? The hint that Mrs. Martin exercises an hypnotic influence is most delicately veiled.

More Charming Than Ever

The *Herald* man with delicious sarcasm hinted at that Lenten dinner which Mrs. Martin gave to Catholic church dignitaries but which Archbishop Riordan and Bishop Montgomery failed to attend. "Although," he said, "she is not doing much in a social way, owing to the exigencies of Lent, she could not refrain from upholding a little her reputation for hospitality, and last night invited a few friends to dine quietly." Mrs. Martin always does those things quietly in Lent because she is a very strict Catholic, socially. Incidentally the *Herald* humorist dwelt upon Mrs. Martin's wonderful powers of recuperation. "In spite of having gone through a San Francisco season strenuous enough to banish the strongest debutante to a rest cure, Mrs. Martin does not even look fagged, but on the contrary appears to be more beaming than ever."

Since writing the foregoing paragraphs I was greatly amused to find the whole article reprinted in the *Post* by Dorothy Pepys, who is Mrs. Martin's most enthusiastic boomer, and who evidently regarded it as serious. The launching of a joke unlabeled is often a case of love's labor lost.

At Scott's Expense

Mr. Henry T. Scott has stolen a march on the Citizens' Committee and arranged to entertain President Roosevelt at lunch down at Burlingame. However it is not to be a case of Scott hospitality, for the thrifty shipbuilder is not to have access this time to the treasury of the committee. He will pay for the lunch out of his own pocket.

During the month of March an exhibit of the photographic work of Mr. F. O. Bratton and Mr. E. J. Kemp has adorned the walls of the Camera Club rooms. Mr. Bratton's work consists of cat pictures, showing Tabby in all her moods. Mr. Kemp displays some fine landscapes, some local, some English, and still others illustrating life in the Moqui country. A silhouette of Alcatraz challenges immediate attention, and many of the Indian scenes are exceedingly interesting both as phases of life and as triumphs of photographic art. During the coming month Mr. Albert J. Le Breton and Mr. D. H. Wulzen Jr. will give a joint exhibition of their work.

Theodore Wores is having an exhibition of his Japan, Samoa and Hawaii canvases at the Noe gallery in New York, and the critics speak well of them. The Hawaiian Fisher Boy appears to be the particular favorite, though the "Ponciana," that brilliant splash of red foliage which was so liked when shown at his Bohemian Club exhibition, also comes in for a share of praise.

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The Mrs. Astor of Marin

The Upper Thirteen of San Rafael has been suffering from chaos ever since the departure of that sprightly leader, Mrs. W. B. Bradford, who with her husband, formerly secretary of the Alaska Packers' Association, has been touring Europe with one of those innumerable excursions which are sent broadcast over the earth by the Cook company. Mrs. Bradford is the Mrs. Astor of the Upper Thirteen, but that envious position was not achieved without a struggle. For a time her leadership was hotly disputed by a Mrs. Whittimore whose husband is an attorney, and who had two charming daughters, both fond of social diversions. Matters came to a climax when the eldest daughter, Julia, married Harry Wise. Mrs. Whittimore gave a reception in their honor and issued some two hundred and fifty invitations. There was a division of sentiment over it, and a little later the Wises closed their San Rafael home. After that the sway of Mrs. Bradford was easy. There is nothing more amusing than the seriousness of the socially pretentious of San Rafael.

The Hollow to Stay "Open"

Dick Hotaling's friends who are used to dropping in at odd hours for short stays, in and out of season, at Sleepy Hollow, are glad to learn that the Hotaling place is not to be closed up this summer as was first planned. The change in date of the St. Louis fair caused the Hotalings to postpone their projected trip East. They had intended to locate this summer somewhere near the Fair grounds. Sleepy Hollow is the most hospitable country-place in California, and John Housman and Dick Hotaling, as alternating hosts, have no equals in their line. Sleepy Hollow is Liberty Hall and to be *ami de maison* there is considered an honor without compare. Jennie Blair, when at home, is particularly fond of running over for a Saturday to Monday visit at the Marin county home of the Hotalings; the De Youngs frequently take a run down from Meadowlands, their San Rafael place, and the Frank Deerings can always be counted on. Indeed it was at Sleepy Hollow that Mabel Craft first met her husband.

Gossip from Los Angeles

With railroad maps and copies of surveys bulging from his pockets, writes a correspondent, Henry E. Huntington managed last Saturday to snatch enough time from his scramble to secure franchises for street and suburban railways covering about all the territory in Southern California, to attend the laying of the corner-stone of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. Los Angeles business men concede that Henry E. is the busiest man and the hardest worker among them. Like Roosevelt, Huntington believes in the strenuous life. He works from twelve to fourteen hours a day and seven days a week. And Huntington really works; he does not loll in a luxurious office, ordering other people about, but gets out and sets them a good example. It is a familiar sight to see him walking down Spring street at a rate that makes even the coppers sidestep. As he walks he has a habit of tossing his cane high, as was the fashion many years ago. He however finds some time for relaxation, and was a guest at a quiet little dinner given at the Van Nuys a few nights ago by Mrs. Eleanor Martin. According to those who ought to know young Howard Huntington is following closely the example of his pater and is devoting much time to the duties involved in his position as assistant to Epes Randolph, general manager of the Pacific Electric Railway system. So far, society damsels of the angel city have smiled in vain on young Huntington who, however, has shown no inclination to allow himself to be lionized. He evidently prefers business to society.

Why Mrs. Grundy Is Happy

The social world in Los Angeles is in mourning. By enactment of the City Council druggists must cease catering to the thirsty 400. There are no cafes in the silk stocking district and the invigorating Martini and thirst-quenching bock are no longer forthcoming in response to the wink given the soda fountain artists. In consequence the down-town wine houses are doing a land office business in drinkables concealed in cracker and soap boxes. Since the soda fountain ordinance went into effect the soap box scheme has been worked to the undoing of at least one blue blooded dame on West Adams street. Her whist parties and pink teas have made her famous in the smart set. Rumor has it that the amiable hostess has resorted to the hand laundry as a profit bearing enterprise. The juicy bit of scandal is based on the fact that Pyle's O. K. is regularly delivered at the kitchen entrance in box lots, as often as twice a week. If the lady of the house explains society will be shocked, while if she denies she will not be believed. Mrs. Grundy is happy and the ordinance still lives.

Walter S. Maxwell, society leader, Beau Brummel and mining expert, of Los Angeles, has struck it rich down in Baja California. His "Lunnun" haberdasher has received a cable order for ten suits of Edward Seventh masterpieces of latest Hyde Park mode. Guy Barham has been dethroned and is in retirement on his Antelope Valley ranch, pending the departure of the new fashion plate for London.

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Rockefeller's Caddie Surprised

John D. Rockefeller is reputed in Chicago to be a philanthropist, but Los Angeles views him in another light. The other day when the skies were overcast he played golf as usual, but a shower forced him to quit. His caddie expected generous compensation for his services, for he was aware of the fact that Mr. Rockefeller's income grows so fast that he hardly knows what to do with it. He was therefore not surprised when the oil magnate handed him a dollar, but as he is usually paid only twenty-five cents from ordinary individuals he was duly appreciative. He beamed gratefully on Mr. Rockefeller until the multi-millionaire caused his spirits to droop by saying, "Hurry along, little boy, and get the change!"

For Monday in Easter Week

Easter week will open brilliantly with a classical vaudeville entertainment by the Papyrus Club in Golden Gate hall. The Papyrus is a little club of clever women who do things somewhat as they are done in the Bohemian Club. For instance one of the rules is that at every meeting each member must tell a good story. The idea originated with Mrs. W. P. Buckingham, who is the vice-president. She is one of California Club's most active workers. The vaudeville affair will be something out of the ordinary, one of the bits on the program being a sketch written by a prominent clubman.

The Ide girls have been favorites ever since they came to town. They are the daughters of Judge Ide, formerly of Samoa, now of the Philippine Commission. Miss Ide has a beautiful skin while her sister is noted for her lovely hair of red-gold.

The Smith Trio

Three weeks ago *Town Talk* made exclusive announcement of the fact that the William Tiffanys had separated and were about to be divorced. The other day the news that the divorce decree had been granted the husband was published in the despatches. As I have heretofore stated Mrs. Tiffany is one of the three Smith sisters of Mobile, all of whom have figured in the divorce court and have been prominent socially. The other night I met in one of the after-theatre cafes the woman who was reputed to be the co-respondent in the Vanderbilt divorce suit. It will be remembered that to give his wife ground for divorce, and to shoulder all the blame, William K. Vanderbilt, who married Alma Smith, carried on a liaison publicly with a woman in Paris. It was said that she was formerly a resident of San Francisco, and the one referred to has returned to her old home. Mrs. Vanderbilt was married to Ollie Belmont shortly after being freed from her husband, and her sister Mary, who first married Fernando Yznaga, married William Tiffany within a few months after her first divorce. The divorce of the youngest sister "Mimi" from Baron Gaston de Fontenilliat took place recently in Paris.

A Woman of Interesting Experiences

If Ella Wheeler Wilcox's presence had not exhausted the entertaining energies of the clubwomen, they would have paid more attention to Ellen Stone. She was in the city this week and though her lecture at the Alhambra Tuesday night drew many church people and some of the society element, the ransomed missionary was not lionized by the women's clubs. Yet just a few months ago her name was in every mouth, and few women can tell of more exciting experiences. Judging from her power of graphic expression and evident culture displayed in her discourse on Tuesday night, Ellen Stone is worthy of her ransom. If all missionaries sent abroad by religious societies to convert the heathen were of the character of Miss Stone much more effective work would be done. Ellen Stone is a woman of about fifty, pleasing looking, with a motherly air and manner.

Too Many Graces

I hear that the engagement of Frank Grace and Theodosia Cook Martin is not such a brilliant one from a financial standpoint, for while John Grace, the father of the young man, is wealthy, he has so many children that none will inherit a very large fortune. At the wedding in Washington the brothers of the groom will be out in force, all acting as ushers. John D. Crimmins Jr., brother of Martin Crimmins, who married Miss Cole, will be the only usher not a member of the Grace family. The Graces and Mrs. McLean Martin are great friends and there is rejoicing on both sides over the prospective union. Theodosia Martin is possessed of a handsome fortune and will inherit more from her grandmother, Mrs. Colton.

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The Bride's Presents

The wedding gown of Mrs. Kierstedt was very pretty. It was garnished with the familiar grape design which evidently has not lost its popularity, and also with yards of real lace. Dr. Kierstedt's present to his bride was a beautiful diamond ring and a large diamond brooch. Mrs. George Gibbs gave a silver vase, and the bride received many pieces of chinaware, among them being a plate of very fine quality from Mrs. Salisbury, to be hung on the wall. Harry Stetson's offering was a dozen silver plates, and the Hopkins girls all gave beautiful presents in silver.

Appendicitis in Society

Mr. Hewitt, the fiance of Katherine Clement, was recently operated upon for appendicitis. Miss Clement was very much alarmed about him, but he is greatly improved. She has become as demure as a little lamb since her engagement and never goes anywhere unless Mr. Hewitt is along. All of their friends have been entertaining them and they had a very jolly time until Mr. Hewitt fell ill. It was at Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels's theatre party in their honor that Mr. Hewitt was seized with appendicitis. And by the way, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels has been very ill for several weeks. He has recurring appendicitis, and is sadly in need of an operation, but the medical men think his heart is too weak to react after an anæsthetic.

Corsets for Men

Feminine fashions come from Paris, but the male of the species traces the changes of style in the products of the sartorial art to London. Therefore we should be prepared for the coming of the corset. The following is from the *Tailor and Cutter*, the principal authority on the sartorial art in the British metropolis: "A walk round the West End today will convince the most sceptical of the satirists who hurled their shafts of ridicule at this fashion a few months ago that they have wasted their energies, and they will do well to learn that fashion's follies have never been, nor ever will be, cured by these invectives. Today the most popular overcoat is the D. B. Frock: the newest lounge is close-fitting at the waist, and if the large number of inquiries we have had during the past week or two for the names and addresses of men's corset manufacturers is any guide to the taste of the smart dressed young man of today, then the wearing of these effeminate articles of attire is on the increase." So, it is bound to come. Tom Magee and Joe Tobin will have no trouble in adopting the new style, but Willie O'Connor and the other young men distinguished for embonpoint will fight shy of it. The corset as an article of masculine wear has long been a feature of wardrobes in military circles, for there are some uniforms in which a fat man looks absurd. Many corpulent gentlemen in cavalry regiments have found it necessary to squeeze into corsets to improve their figures, but public sentiment has never approved the borrowing by men of articles of feminine wearing apparel. If a narrow waist is to be essential to the make-up of a well dressed man, it will not be long before padded hips are as common as stuffed shoulders.

A Female Philanthropist Coming

Mrs. Anderson, who has just given a million dollars to Barnard College, is on her way to San Francisco, and no doubt she will study the ways of Berkeley's fairy godmother and the magnificent monument of Mrs. Stanford's generosity. Mrs. Anderson has said that it was the noble example of these women that suggested her munificent gift to Barnard. Mrs. Anderson's visit may mean much to the local artists, for she is famous for her generosity to young men that paint and draw. Her own husband is an artist and his New York studio is the handsomest in the United States. The Anderson wealth came originally from condensed milk and is rated at over ten millions. Mrs. Anderson has built public baths for the poor in New York and is known as one of the most generous women in the city. Her gift to Barnard places her among the great women educational philanthropists of the country. So her visit to California is of especial interest to the college world.

The Problem Solved

Gwendoline Stewart, who is a California girl and well known among the "settlement" workers in San Francisco, is lecturing in England. Her remarks will interest the local housewives for Miss Stewart has informed the English cousins that California women have solved the servant problem and she is going to point the golden way for them. According to Gwendoline the California housewife has solved the problem by doing her own work. That is true in many cases but the mere housewife who thinks she is doing her work because she cannot get a suitable domestic is unknown to Miss Stewart. According to her, Californian women have discovered that their superior intellect accomplishes tasks so easily, quickly and thoroughly that there is no need of being a slave to a domestic or a domestic slave. Miss Stewart advocates a system of hiring servants to come at certain hours every day, the same as though they worked in a factory, and says that the experiment has proved successful here. Miss Stewart may know what she is talking about but there are some discouraged housekeepers who differ from her.

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Brawn vs. Brain

The first of the Rhodes scholarships has been awarded to Eugene Lehman, of the University of Colorado, and later of Yale. The announcement is published in an English periodical under the head of athletics, where a note of rejoicing is sounded, not because young Lehman is a scholar of whom creditable work is to be expected but because "he will be heard of in the football field." If this is the chief qualification to which the young man can lay claim, we should like to know by what right he received his award. Cecil Rhodes was not in any way interested in the advancement of the athletic side of college training and there is nothing in that clause of his will which looks, on the surface, as if he were particularly anxious to have the breed of brawn encouraged. If athletics were made subsidiary to intellect, no one could object to that branch of college education, but intellect is about the last thing thought of in these days. If a youth can uphold the college honors on the cinder path or the foot ball field, he will be hiked along somehow. If circumstances compel his withdrawal before the end of his course every newspaper in the community is filled with regrets, but let him be only a first-class student, and he is easily spared. Can one imagine a more ridiculous spectacle than that of professor of elocution drilling a band of students in "yelling," for their foot ball game? And what does the champion amount to after his college days are over? He will not engage in any manual occupation by which his trained muscles can be of use. He did not go to college with the idea of spending his life in work. Not a bit of it. For awhile he may tide along as a coach, later he will become a trainer of professionals, and eventually a saloon keeper. Isn't the tax for maintaining "institutions of higher education" somewhat exorbitant for the training of bar tenders?

Mr. and Mrs. George Toy and their daughter, who are now in Santa Barbara, will with the Henry Sonntags be among the first to go to San Rafael in May. The Walter Deans and Miss Dean and the Baron and Baroness von Schroeder will be among the San Rafael sojourners this season.

The Grants Are Here

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Grant have come up from San Diego, and have taken apartments in the Western Addition. Their daughter, Miss Nellie Grant, is visiting friends in the East. In Chicago she will be entertained by all the Mrs. Potter Palmer connection. Mrs. Palmer's sister is Mrs. Frederick Grant, the mother of the Princess Cantacuzene. Though Miss Grant has frequently visited friends in this city, she has never been given the prominence socially to which the prestige of her family entitles her. She has visited chiefly the Masons of Alameda. Miss Florence Mason, who has been abroad for some time, is her cousin.

She Wanted to Know

At a recent fashionable dinner in this city there was singing by a professional vocalist, and during the evening when the guests were thanking the singer for the pleasure she had given them, she remarked to one of them, the most energetic of our matrons and a woman who is always in the forefront of the social activities. "This is the first time I ever sang that song in English. I always sing it in French."

"What was the matter?" inquired the fashionable matron. Then, pointing to the accompanist, she added, "Couldn't he play it in French?"

The Latest Thing in Mourning

Gibson's drawing in last week's *Collier's* of the young girl in half-mourning, even to her pug with a black eye, reminds me of the limit reached in that by a woman in Alameda. Her brother died a short time ago, and now she appears in public with her dog wearing a huge purple bow on its collar. This is the same woman who believes her dog contains the spirit of her dead child. She now puts the transmigrated soul into mourning for its uncle.

Protect the Wild Flowers

Though local clubwomen have done much for the protection of our forests they have not yet exerted themselves to any extent in the interest of the wildflower. They are so successful in promoting desirable legislation that I should like to see them espouse the cause of the wildflower. I was reminded of this matter the other day by the action of a London magistrate in fining a collector of ferns and flowers three pounds for digging up fern and flower roots. The Audubon societies all over the world have kept up a

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persistent crusade against the practice of killing birds in the interest of the millinery business, but few are the voices that are raised against the destruction of plant life. It is said that hardly a specimen of the primrose is now to be found in England. Owing to the rapacity of professional flower gatherers in this country the trailing arbutus has become very rare, and the marigold has disappeared in many States. The native flora of California has been the wonder of the whole world, but we have vandals among us who are doing their best to exterminate it. Every day during spring and summer they come back from their outings arm-laden with uprooted ferns and flowers dedicated to speedy, withering death. The decorative craze which demands thousands of buttercups and poppies to produce an "effect" is responsible for much of this destruction, but unchecked thoughtlessness and wantonness far more. Not many years ago all the hillsides and bare spaces of our peninsula were glorious with hundreds of species of wild flowers; where are they now? All but the hardiest have disappeared. I have not heard as yet of the professional flower gatherer among us, but in the East he has become a nuisance demanding repression. He collects for the decorators and, worse yet, to fulfill the demands made by nature study and flower drawing in the public schools.

Vandalism Fostered in School

Nature study should teach children to love nature and protect her wild and innocent things, but as pursued in the schools it demands the destruction of thousands of specimens so that each child may have one to dissect and analyze. In the school systems of Eastern cities there are men who make it their business to collect and deliver the specimens by wholesale. And yet the public tolerates such a mockery! Some years ago I visited a school in the redwood district of California. The grounds were disfigured by great stumps of what had once been trees, every bit of wild vegetable life on the place, tree or flower, had been made away with. And yet on the hard hillside soil, adapted to none but nature's sturdy growths, an ineffectual attempt was made to cultivate a garden, a poor, sickly thing, out of place and despairingly struggling against conditions. Indoors was a collection of house and window plants, dusty, drooping, insect-devoured things, which nobody about the place had time to care for properly. This was explained as an effort at nature study and school decoration. Save the mark! The whole thing struck me as pretentious, demoralizing, and false, and as a sad instance of the power of cant in things educational.

The Fair Case

The report from the East that the Fair heirs have settled once more with the Nelsons is without foundation. There has been no compromise. The attorneys on both sides are eager for the fray, and anxious for a hot contest. A contest is what they like for it puts money in their purses. Though the attorneys for the Nelsons started proceedings in New York, they must come to this city if it is to be a fight to a finish. The only question to be determined by the New York suit is whether the Nelsons are entitled to an annulment of the agreement entered into in San Francisco by which they abandoned all claim to the estate of Charley Fair. If they obtain a judgment annulling the agreement then they will be in the same position that they occupied before they came to California to settle. They may then sue to recover the estate of Mrs. Charley Fair but as she was a resident of this city they must start the contest in the local courts.

The Glassy Eye of Blingum

The teapot tempests are sizzling down Burlingame way and a battle-royal between several of the dames is scheduled. The danger signals are not confined to the division lines of Blingum but extend all the way down to Menlo. There is one handsome matron in the neighborhood who found the temperature rather frigid though she moved down in the balmy days of last summer. This winter she came up to town, but the ice-man kept on her trail and society, or that clique residing in Blingum, turned a frozen shoulder on her attempts to thaw the smart set. She sent out cards for a tea and the decorations and "spread" were really deserving of the adjectives usually spilled on that part of the performance. But unhappily only a dozen people came, which was rather dreary for the guests and depressing for the hostess. And there doesn't

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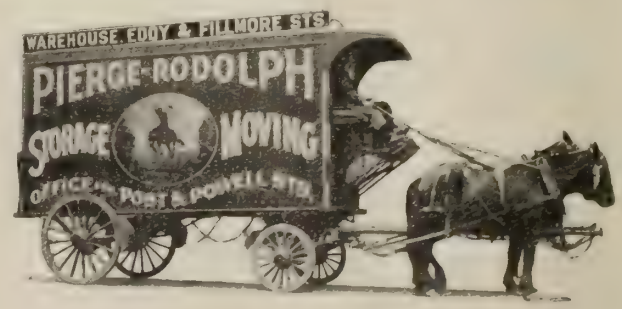

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seem to be any sufficient reason for the attitude of society except that such attitudinizing now and then, and drawing of hair lines, have a tendency to inspire the polloi with awe. In spite of the fact that the lady's name has been blue-penciled from a good many calling lists she has her sympathizers and they are steadily growing in number.

A little girl was heard talking to her rabbit.

"Five times five," she said. "Six times six," "Seven times seven." Between times she shook the rabbit violently.

"Dorothy," said her mother, "what are you doing to your rabbit?"

"Well, papa says," replied the child, "that rabbits multiply rapidly and Bunny won't do it."

Is Major Morrow Eligible?

To be an Army officer has always meant to be the adored of civilian belles. Yet the latter have grown wary in showing openly their adoration of the brass buttons since various defections in the service. They label their flirtations "nothing serious," to ward off the matchmaking tabbies. But it is but another version of the fox and the grapes that were sour. At least it has been like that since the case of Major Hull, late Judge Advocate at army headquarters here. The Major was petted to death in our swim, and everybody thought he might make a choice of a bride in San Francisco. But he had no sooner become established in favor when he went East and brought back a charming bride to whom he had been engaged before coming here. Major Morrow, Hull's successor as Judge Advocate, is rumored a bachelor, but the girls intend to be careful about rejoicing over the fact. They must know first if there are any strings to his spurs.

Gossip of the Service

Major Guy L. Edie, who has been stationed at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, has been ordered to succeed Major Stephenson as surgeon at Monterey. Mrs. Edie was "Clemmie" Kip, and her friends here will be very glad to have her located within visiting distance.

The local Army set boasts a new beauty, in General Graham's daughter-in-law. She is tall, with black hair, beautiful eyes and a creamy, ivory complexion. She was a Miss Kent and her marriage with Lieutenant Graham occurred about a year ago in the East.

There was a delightful little hop at the Presidio last Monday evening, given as a good-bye to the officers and ladies of the Eighteenth Infantry who sailed for the Philippines last Wednesday. The large mess room of the Nineteenth Infantry was adorned and decked with flags and military trappings and the hosts of the occasion were Captain Whitworth, Captain McBroom, Captain Walton and Lieutenant Martin Crimmins.

Wednesday evening, April fifteenth, will occur the marriage of Miss Katherine White, daughter of Captain J. L. White, and Lieutenant George I. Feeter of the Nineteenth Infantry, in the little chapel of the Post. Lieutenant Edward Croft will attend his brother officer.

Among the army officers who will be promoted and retired on the eleventh of April is Colonel Stephen W. Groesbeck, who was stationed here for two years as Judge Advocate on General Shafter's staff. Mrs. Groesbeck is remembered as a great lover of music and a fine pianist.

Reginald H. Kelly, who has just been appointed second-lieutenant in the army by the President, is a son of the Reverend Douglas Kelly, formerly rector of the Episcopal church at Fresno, but now of San Francisco. The young officer is a Californian by birth.

Miss Koehler gave a tea at her brother Captain B. J. Koehler's quarters at the Presidio last Wednesday, at which the Misses Moore were guests of honor.

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OUR PREFACE:

It is folly for an animal to play the god too often.

Bertrot kneeled in the marble basin and squeezed the water over his fevered skin. God, but it was good! His blue eyes laughed upward at the Italian mosaics and his teeth shone like a glimmer of sunlight. He placed his two hands together against his back, and he appeared like a white, inverted image praying to the invisible nymph of the pool. So pure was his skin, that it seemed one with the translucent lights of the Bath. Eugene Bertrot was enjoying existence in his father's Long Island palace.

He had always enjoyed existence—as men believe they enjoy when playing with the pleasure they are ever ready to exchange. We never wish for a duplicate of our keenest bliss. We are greedy about the money and about the mysteries which we have not.

Eugene, today, may be termed experienced. He had suffered. But of what use is wisdom? The loss of inexperience is often like the loss of virginity.

Wisdom did not help Eugene in the quest for happiness. The first is proverbially crying in the streets, while raw youth revels indoors.

Young, strong, naked, sparkling in the spring water, Eugene's spirit this morning fled upward as life divinely throbbed, aglow with the sentiment that on the spot he stood the world whirled.

Only at this moment he ascended to a conscious content from a dark nightmare in which happiness existed only by its dregs. Eleanor, a loved woman, had sent him from her, and turning away, he steeped himself in wine. Unable to obtain a noble gratification, he sought satisfaction in a debased pleasure.

For the nerves of youth have an appetite. They feed on the apples of love, but may exist on serpents' poison. Out of one comes the dawn-color from the other, a breed of horror.

He had tasted in this experience the hard realism of life, which exists in contrasts and makes our senses conscious of their reality.

How had he come out of it? He did not know, except that he was such an excellent animal, his physical being rebelled against the debasement.

Eugene, almost laughing with the glory of his bath, leaped into a white cashmere robe, that made him look like a Dominican in a cassock. Boldly, for exuberance spurred daring, he opened an outer door that led to daylight, and folded his arms on the world. From the terrace a wonderful view of country was obtained—a land of green, glittering in the golden sun! He ceased to believe that yesterday had life. Today was eternity. His form was the universe. Suddenly a mist of dreams enveloped him. He was on Broadway, a path of pleasure, night, glorying in the divine, scenic realism which surrounded him. He was uplifted by a Circus of People, merrymakers clothed in gold, an orchestra of human voices, and within the playhouses, conscious of the taste bizarre, the palpitating chorus, the jest in semi-virtue, a mirage of splendor, life and limb.

Between which two prospects lay happiness? He sighed, not in regret, but over the gorgeousness of the choice. And in the midst of his visions, before him, stood Eleanor.

A woman had stepped out of a theatre box to the terrace.

He smiled cynically—he had deserted the gods of wine, she was a married woman. He was strong, she was vulnerable.

And she was amused to see a man of the world, who looked like a monk, standing before her in cassock and sandals. Her smile revealed her to him—the sarcasm of smart folk, satirizing everything but herself, familiarity with French, and the talk of a husband's friends.

So from that morning, between the visions of sunlight and night, Eleanor and Eugene stepped into a new existence, as through the ante-room of the Bath.

For a marriage service does not determine the absolute relations of life, which are amenable to a Force called personality.

Eugene went over the river again to New York, a new Eugene, a sensualist but a philosopher, who compels every day's business to conduce towards the ends of pleasure, and in whose imperturbable features when he left Eleanor's house of afternoons, no man read the ay or nay of his existence.

He had life upon the hip. That is a thing of which we must get the better, even in pleasure. Eleanor was his—the clever man who wins after defeat. Vanity lives in every cloak-of-disaster, which we soon are made to wear inside out.

What was he going to do with her husband? He was at once the pride of his prowess and the bitterness of his victory. Husbands are ethical qualities. They are apologies for the Seventh Commandment, and an elementary cause of the daring of romantic Don Juans. Taken positively, their consolation is in the folly of their role.

Fate turns up for the husband the Trump Card when he secures his Judgment of Divorce. Then he is a man. The anxiety becomes the lover's, that creature who once walked through his halls with immutable face. The game of guess is now played by the deceiver. To play the watch-dog robs the actor of his esprit.

Such was the shadow falling over Eugene. He was unconscious about it and disdained the fear. He even induced Eleanor to follow him whenever he went out of town for business.

"I have been so careful, so careful," she pleaded on one of these occasions; and that was the complaint of a heart of love, the pitiful realism appealing to all beings but a man. Eleanor had surrendered her personality to a more inclusive Force.

"I know," he answered; that false acknowledgment which was the accent of goodness; an extenuation effecting a denial; apology clothing a lie. He had lost apprehension of those sacred reservations—a secrecy which makes the cradle of a guilty love the shrine of loving truth.

He overlooked the wonderful feminine paradox, or understanding it, refused to allow for the incrimination of a spirituelle.

He won the battle. She gained happiness, and the divorce papers.

What would these count while she possessed Eugene? They were myths of misery, while he was by. Eugene was strength. But how strengthening is a stimulant which does not feed muscle but gnaws one's nerves? Nerves are the criterion, the sensitive evidence of life's fluctuations, stocks, the weather, clothes, friends, and love. Nerves are index, sense, and soul.

And then she lost her husband—by divorce. But love still donned his ribbons, without regret.

And then she gained a new sweetness—love which could be

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technically construed under the law. That is an achievement. It is one of those things that incidentally happen to Love—not a triumph for the law. She had her lover, an ardent devotee—the treasurer of her nerves.

They rejected marriage—the testimony of love was in a mutual embrace. We will defy all laws except those which preserve the integrity of our sensate selves.

She loved him beyond all distant dreams, failing of absolute happiness till she finds the master love. She experienced delightful and crucial sensations when a voice, sweet and strong, uttered consciously its "I will's." Alas! Eleanor's feeling was not for one. It was for the sex!

She redeemed the slavery she could not prevent by making the conqueror unhappy. Jealousy is the golden sceptre of the slave.

When opportunity was tempted by chance she loved another, then, more than one other. To Eugene it became apparent that Eleanor was not ruled by affection but by passion.

All of his subtlety found a reward in bitterness. He was minded to end where he had started—drowned in wine. But the purpose lacked eccentricity. Love now was no more unique. Nerves vainly craved a sensation.

Resolving to resign himself to being bored, Eugene traveled away with his grief, a cynical soul and barren heart. He went—he came back.

First for him to seek was Eleanor. He loved her as he did of old. She was more beautiful to him, more wondrous, now that the Queen of Passion had become the Empress of Fickleness. How we love a soul able to play us false!

She was in her boudoir when he found her. Glorious in person, radiant with life and folly, she was a temptress in whom is oblivion. To love her one forgets forever. She was no longer a woman—she was a being tempered and gilded in flame. She was blameless—being Blame. What a love to love!—one granting her own indulgences. She was beyond reproach for she was forsaken. And also for this he more madly loved her.

A spell was cast over the new Eleanor. A lamp amber, golden, revolved with a flame reflecting gold. Luminously, it bathed her matchless beauty.

He had solved the question of old: Where was life?

He kissed her madly to seal the sensation—then he leaped back.

Where was life?

Paul G. Clark.

A Modern Fairy Tale

The Far-Sighted Poet.

A King lay at the point of death. There was mourning in the Kingdom. The Poet Laureate, who had been deposed from his office a fortnight previous for making "love" rhyme with "cove" saw a chance to reinstate himself in public favor, at the expense of his late master.

He therefore sat himself down to compose an exquisite eulogy in ambidextrous pentameters upon his Monarch. The Requiem took him several days to write, and when finished was a marvelous work. He read it over and then took it to the Palace to get the Grand Vizier's opinion as to its merits.

But when he entered the courtyard he found flags flying from the towers, and from the windows floated sounds of rejoicing. The King had fooled them all. He had recovered.

But while all else was joy, and every heart was glad, the Poet Laureate crept home with saddened feelings, his Requiem in his suit-case. The verses that he felt were his masterpiece and would place him among the great poets of the day were useless. Instead he must compose a Sonnet of Joy on the King's recovery or else remain in retirement forever.

Cast down in mind, and with joyless heart, he was just about to shut himself up in his room to nurse his grief, when a courier from the adjoining Kingdom passed his door.

"What news?" asked the Poet Laureate, though he did not care in the least what was happening in the other Kingdom.

"Our King lies at the point of death," was the answer.

With ill-concealed joy the Poet Laureate ordered his horse saddled, and with his suit-case strapped on his back he journeyed to the neighboring Kingdom. Before the day was done he had himself appointed Poet Laureate to the sick Monarch, who died three days later.

The Requiem caused a great sensation, and the Poet's former Master, regretting that he had ever deposed such a Genius, sent him post-haste a command to return to his old post at a tripled salary.

Thus was quickness of wit rewarded and out of one's misfortune another's fortune re-made.

—The Philosopher.

His Answer

Do I love you? I do, if distrust can be love;
If the fear that I feel when I press your warm hand
That you'd grant the same favor to some other man
Were the time but auspicious, and I out of sight;
If the certainty, here, in my heart, that your glance
Would caress me, then turn to some other, perchance
Who has merited less what I deem as my right;
If the madness that throbs when I feel your embrace,
And despair that o'erpowers when I look in your face,
Irresponsible, weak, vacillating, untrue—
If a certain contempt that steals into my breast
When the overwrought senses are stilled and at rest,
Can be love, then, I answer you, yes, that I do.

Mabel Porter Pitts.

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A Wonderful Discovery

The average individual who requires the attention of a dentist thinks a long while before he finally surrenders to the inevitable. He puts off the evil day so long, sometimes, that when he does muster up courage to visit the dentist, it is too late for anything but a set of false teeth. Even the most expert dentist cannot perform the impossible. The average individual, when it is his turn to march to the dentist's chair, does so with little grace. For, among all the ills that man is heir to, teeth troubles are the most disagreeable because the cure is so strenuous. Even to see one of the buzzing drills in operation sends cold shivers down the spinal vertebræ of the neurotic, and how immeasurably worse is the sensation when the operator gets to work on an ulcerated tooth. There is no use in attempting to palliate the painful matters that hinge about our "thirty white horses on a red hill." To keep them in good condition means, or has meant, until the Basford Obtunder was invented, the most intense pain even to the phlegmatic patient.

As dentistry, with the other professions, has advanced step by step, the inevitable exception made its appearance. The whole dental profession united in the friendliest praise for the young inventor who has finally succeeded by the aid of his wonderful device in eliminating pain during a dental operation. C. R. Basford, D. D. S., of San Francisco, is the inventor.

It was not mere luck or chance that discovered the invention to Dr. Basford. Other dentists had worked toward such an instrument for years, and Dr. Basford himself had spent years of study upon his Obtunder. Its perfection was a matter of time, but now it is in perfect working order.

Anæsthetics were for a long time considered the only way to help the patient endure the pain of having his teeth extracted or filled. For pulling, the anæsthetic worked all right, because the pain was only momentary. But in filling, after the drill entered the tooth the anæsthetic served only to dull the pain, never to stifle it entirely. With very sensitive patients, the agony was not lessened at all. But the Obtunder has changed all this. Instead of the anæsthetic being applied before the operation, the Obtunder permits the anæsthetic spray to be ejected upon the tooth and nerve while the drill is forced through its rubber tubing, a tiny tube projecting by the side of the drill. The tiny spray of anæsthetic is ejected by a simple adjustment while the drill is in operation. It can be regulated by the mere pressure of the operator's finger, and before the drill has touched the tooth the spray has completely deadened it to pain.

Dr. Basford, in demonstrating the uses of his invention at his offices in the Callaghan building, shows how simple it is, yet how efficacious. He explains the anæsthetic used, which does not injure the teeth as many others have done in the old way of applying them. To enjoy absolute immunity from pain will seem a paradise to the average individual who shrinks from the dental chair as from a chamber of torture. Even the thick-skinned person who goes to his dentist without fear, and takes his agony as he would his after dinner coffee, is glad to know that he will no longer have the agony to suffer. This device for doing dental work without pain, the Basford Obtunder, is certainly the most beneficent invention of the age. That it is the invention of a San Franciscan reflects honor upon our city.

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SATURDAY APRIL 11, 1903

239 VILLA LOTS AT SAN MATEO 239

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Tickets may be obtained at our office on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and on Saturday morning up to ten o'clock a. m., date of sale, April 11, also at depot up to time of departure.

SALE COMMENCES AT ONE O'CLOCK P. M., ON THE PREMISES, BOUNDED BY E, F. G and H streets, and Mt. Diablo, Tilton, Dairy and Creek avenues, SAN MATEO, CAL.

For further particulars, Catalogue, etc., apply at our office.

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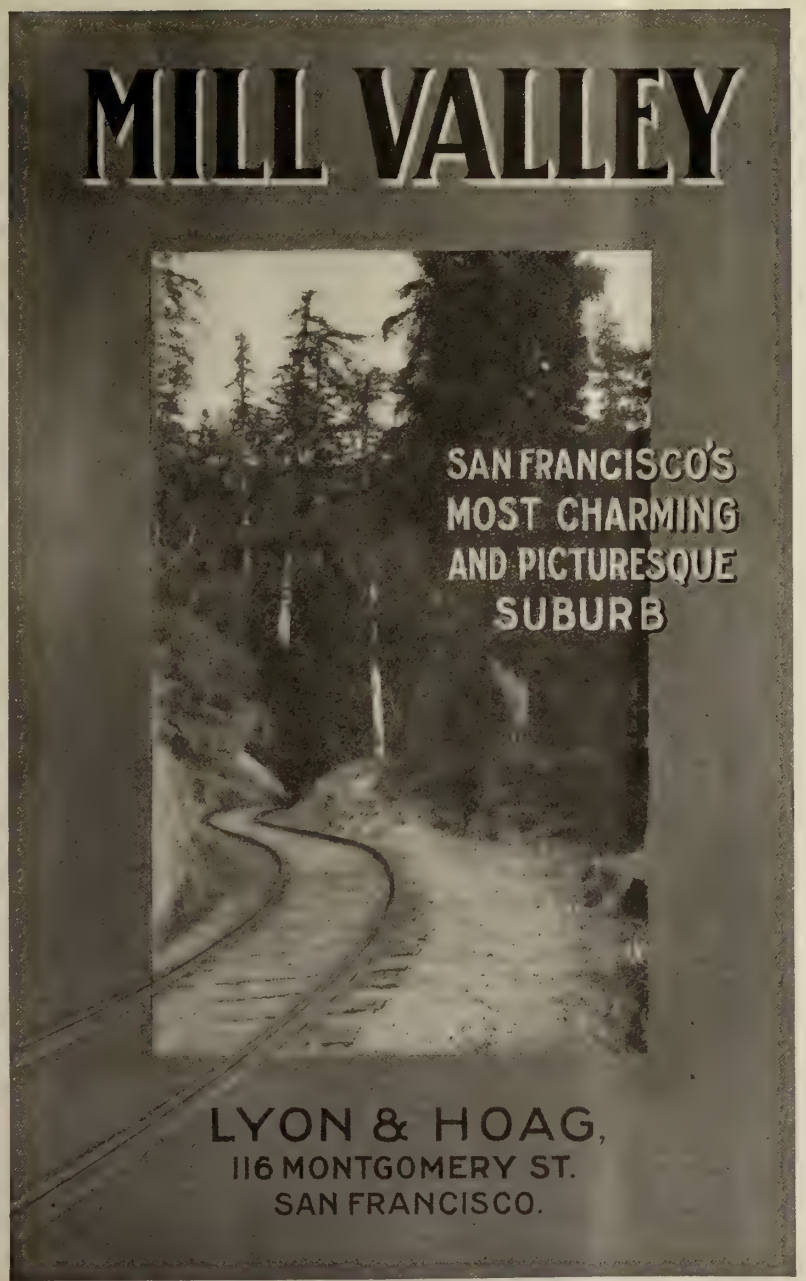

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CORRECT TAILORING FOR MEN.

It is a popular fallacy that there are no well-dressed men outside of New York. But look around the streets of San Francisco and make your own observations, and you will find that this impression is not a correct one. There are well-dressed men here, men who need fear no comparison with those of London and New York. There are men who, possessing natural good taste and good carriage, have their clothes built by a tailor who is worthy the name. This is the season of the year when man looks his best. The spring is the season when he replenishes his wardrobe. To be strictly up-to-date in the respect of raiment he must have a new spring suit, for it is impossible to fool the people with a last fall's suit and spring it on as a new spring style. Fashions for men change as well as those for women. A modern tailor must be as on the alert as a modern milliner. He must read up on styles, keep abreast of the fashion-plates and cut for his customers garments that will suit their several styles. A visit to the establishment of Charles Bliss, 407-411 Claus Spreckels building, gives one an excellent idea of the correct tailoring for men this spring. He shows a very fine line of suitings and trouserings of styles the very latest.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

W. S. Townsend, manufacturer of *glace* fruits and choicest of candies, will remove on Monday, April sixth, 1903, from the Palace hotel building to 715 Market street, three doors from the Call building, and two minutes' walk from the Palace Hotel. Townsend's is the pioneer candy store of San Francisco and its name is known all over the world, owing to its large patronage by tourists.

AUCTION SALE OF LOTS.

Next Thursday, April ninth, at the real estate offices of Lyon & Hoag, 116 Montgomery street, at twelve o'clock, there will be sold at auction fifty lots facing Haight, Cole, Waller, Clayton and Belvedere streets. The entire block surrounded by above streets will be put up for absolute sale on easy terms. Don't miss it. The property is the best in the famous Park Panhandle District—surrounded on all sides by finest class of improvements, near the Park, unexcelled car facilities, rapidly growing in value, all lots large and level, sold on easy terms at your own prices. An opportunity you cannot afford to miss. Send for diagram. See the property and be on hand.

THE MACHINE FOR FAMILIES.

There is no sewing-machine so universally liked, and which stands so well against all competitors, as the Domestic. It is the light-running machine that makes sewing a pleasure, and the Domestic is pre-eminently for family use. J. W. Evans, 1021 Market street, is the local agent.

Mr. George Q. Chase, Vice-President of the firm of Kohler & Chase, who has been on a business trip throughout the East for the past three and one-half months, returned home last Saturday morning.

STAGE

Comparison That Jars

The provincialism of San Francisco is best exemplified by its stubborn loyalty to those whom it is pleased to regard as its own by right of discovery. Occasionally we have heralded a new genius to the world, and thereafter we have declined absolutely to concede superiority in any other that came with the brand of approval from foreign critics. Hence it is not surprising that our local critics should be reluctant to enthuse over Zelie de Lussan in the role of Carmen. Collamarini is ours by right of discovery, and therefore we are constrained to judge others by the standard set by the untutored, crude little Italian woman. Collamarini is a Tivoli favorite and de Lussan is an interloper. Fortunately Zelie de Lussan never saw Collamarini. Not having seen the rough-house Carmen of the strenuous Italian, her feelings have been spared. To compare the Carmen of Collamarini with that of Zelie de Lussan is to rank a pot-boiler with a *chef d'oeuvre*. The Carmen of Prosper Merimee was an illiterate factory girl of loose morals, a dissolute young woman, whimsical in her amours but eager for revenue, passionate but sensible of the commercial value of her charms. Skilled in the art of love, she had certain graces and she was fascinating in her deviltry and in her abandon. Collamarini's Carmen is of the type presented in the story, but it is not alluring. Collamarini coquetted after the soggy fashion of a washerwoman. She flirted frowsily. Hers were not the methods that inspire ardent passion. She was never piquant, and she exhibited none of the insinuating arts that captivate. To borrow from the argot of the curbstone, "her work was coarse." The Carmen of Zelie de Lussan is that of the bewitching, fervid and fetching peasant girl, conscious from experience of the wiles that win. She walks with the rakish, hip-flaunting stride so suggestive of the energy that passion invokes in amorous dalliance. Her smile is roguish and full of hints of lascivious yearnings. The glance of her eye is eloquent of desire. In a word, Zelie de Lussan is alluring. When you see her flirting with Don Jose you feel that there is reason for the ready response. As you witness the consummate art with which she shades her various emotions in the several scenes you readily understand why this woman is regarded in London as the greatest Carmen on the stage. Calve fails to approximate her in the role either histrionically or vocally. Zelie de Lussan's vocal art is without a flaw, and her voice is of superb quality. Yet here in San Francisco she is brought into comparison with Collamarini, a woman whose voice from lack of training has lost its natural color, and whose singing is less artistic than her acting. Collamarini is not impossible on a dull night. She is pleasing to lovers of Zolaesque types, and she is not an uninteresting study, but Zelie de Lussan should be spared comparison with her. It was remarkable condescension on the part of this great artist to appear with such a cast as that now interpreting Bizet's charming opera at the Tivoli, and we should be grateful to her. It was moreover remarkable that she was able to put so much enthusiasm into her work, especially when singing with the imported Don Jose, who is said to have come from the Castle Square company of Boston. That company surely never had a worse tenor. It was odd that Marie Welch was not permitted to repeat her success as Michela, for Miss Davis was unequal to the vocal demands of the role.

Rose Coghlan in Pinero's Great Play

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" has been called the greatest play of the nineteenth century. Certainly there is no finer example of precise dramatic technique in the English drama. There is not a superfluous word in it, not a line or an episode, nor even a scene, which does not have its exact bearing on the development of the story. However it makes no departure in the art of dramatic writing. The materials which it employs are as old as the hills, and the moral which it exemplifies is one of the oldest known in the history of dramatic literature. Pinero sets forth the miserable tale with the most uncompromising plainness of speech and action. Having chosen the conditions he works them by a rational process to the only possible conclusion—complete catastrophe. The piece is wholesome, for the whole tendency of it is to illustrate the folly and danger of defying the laws of society. In the last act Paula says, "The future is only the past again, entered through another gate." Pinero could have chosen no better motto for his play than this sad reflection. It is the keynote to the whole tragedy. Rose Coghlan gives us a Paula that it would be difficult to excel. Of course Pinero imagined a younger and more beautiful woman as his heroine, and although Miss Coghlan is not always in the picture her magnetism and graceful manner more than compensate for her shortcomings. She showed the gradual development of the lower instincts in Paula Tanquaray's nature with remarkable skill and power, and her advance toward the ruin of all her own and all her infatuated husband's hopes was as cunning a study as we could wish for. She was fully equal to the great climax of the play where she recognizes in the accepted suitor of her step-daughter a man with whom she had lived in her wilder days. Miss Coghlan's support is not a remarkable one and a few are temperamentally unfitted for their parts. The most unfortunate in this respect is probably the Captain Ardale.

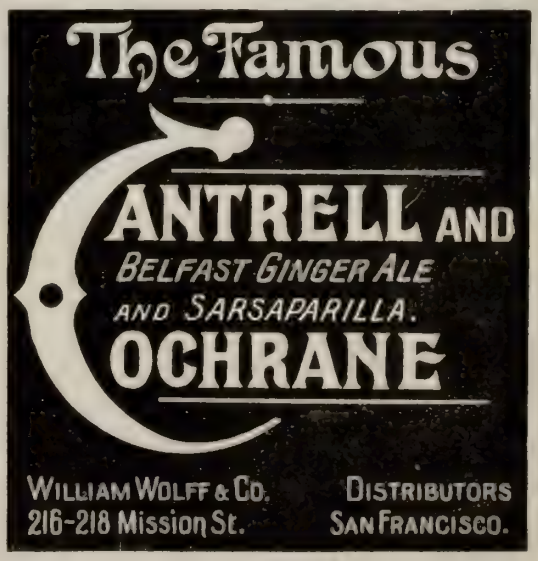
Her First Lines

Though Rose Coghlan has appeared in many important productions, she was never really nervous except upon the occasion of her debut. She has told the story more than once. It was in Edinburgh, Scotland, and the play was "A Pretty Horsebreaker." She was so nervous that she continually mixed her lines. The men in the piece were always making up boating and riding parties, and Rose Coghlan in her excitement would speak of the "starboard" side of her horse and the "near" side of her boat. Indeed she says she made a botch of her part and even her continual successes later on cannot make her forget her bungling debut.

Carton Comedy Alcazared

You never know who is going to be the star of a production when it is locally stocked. Sometimes it is one of the minor characters that makes the piece go. In the Carton comedy, "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," at the Alcazar, the hit on Monday night was not made by Captain Dorvaston, notwithstanding his trick laugh, nor by the lady-cook, played by the new leading woman, but by Ganby, the Vicar's man-servant. George Osbourne had the role. He managed his loaded tray in the first act as if he had been born to "stand and wait," and throughout the three acts which dragged along until twenty-five minutes to twelve had the audience with him. He also had a basket of flowers given him, which he seemed less able to dispose of than his arduous role. Though the lady-cook comedy goes on in undertones for the most part, a neat English drawl, it has a few strenuous moments and these the company made the most of. Charles Francis Bryant was the dipsomaniac Earl in disguise and nothing could be more thrilling than the scene where Ernest Hastings throws him over his shoulders and carts him out of the kitchen away from the presence of the charming lady-cook, his Countess in disguise. It was a display of muscle that the audience appreciated. The play as a whole was given an all-star cast. Juliet Crosby had a character part such as she enjoys, in the slatternly slavey, far removed from

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."



the dainty Leontine of last week. Bacon is delightful as the Vicar and young Morrison as the Curate, Miss Howe as the maiden sister and Miss Waldrop as her pretty niece are all well cast.

Miss Creighton Made Friends at Once

A new leading woman is always worth a paragraph to herself. Bertha Creighton affords an object lesson for slipshod players. After a five days' ride across the continent she walked into rehearsal dead letter perfect within forty-eight hours of the time that she was handed one of the most exacting of parts, one that she had never seen and never played. The titled lady-cook has few long speeches, but the part bristles with stage business, and Miss Creighton handled it as reposefully and resourcefully as if she had played nothing else for six months. It was a clever thing to introduce her in a role which suggests much higher achievement and which inspires the desire to see her called upon for greater sweep of passion.

It is not generally known that Ernest Hastings, the Alcazar's popular leading man, is an attorney-at-law, licensed to practice in the courts of Canada. He is a graduate of an Ontario law college and his father is a very wealthy resident of that province. Hastings Sr., by the way, is a mining man, who delved in the mines of this State in early days. He has two sons on the stage, one of them being Cuyler Hastings, who is starring in Australia in the title role of "Sherlock Holmes."

The Russian Singers

There have been other Russians at the Orpheum, the Princess Dolgorouky and her violin, and the singer with six feet of beauty and a title who sang marching songs, not to speak of dancers, acrobats and contortionists. What comes out of Russia is generally good. The Russian trio that are singing in this week's bill are the best yet. There is one man with two women who, against a picturesque changing background sing the grand national hymn of the Russians, "God the All-merciful," and an odd folk-song before they launch into American rag-time. They give the untraveled almost as good an insight into Russian ways as a Tolstoi or Jokai novel.

Lillian's Collection

Lillian Burkhart has the finest collection of "tributes" of any vaudevillian star. Every season she involuntarily increases her assortment of verses and prose poems. But I think the most charming thing ever written to, or about her, was Adachi Kinnosuki's "The Night I Saw Her," in which he apostrophizes the Burkhart eyes in language that reaches the heights of poesy. Even Arthur MacDonald Dole's poem, "To Dorothy in 'Fifty Years Ago,'" cannot approach the Japanese writer's tribute.

An Actress Dies From Smallpox

The Janet Waldorf company, which comes here in a fortnight from Honolulu, where it is now playing a three weeks' engagement, is minus a leading lady. Miss Yorke, who had been taking the most important female parts under the star, Janet Waldorf, died of the smallpox in Shanghai a few weeks ago. The company had great success in Hongkong and Shanghai, and Miss Yorke was a decided favorite in the latter city. Just before they were to take ship for Hawaii, Miss Yorke and the comedian rickshawed to the Chinese section of Shanghai to buy some trinkets. One can buy things much cheaper in the frowzy dens of the Asiatic purlieus than in the handsome English and German stores of the European quarter. Miss Yorke and the funny man poked into delightfully picturesque hovels and picked up unheard of bargains. They also picked up the black smallpox, and after two days in the pesthouse the unfortunate actress died, while the comedian recovered with a memory not soon to be effaced. The company has made money in the Orient, and intends to play here if it can get a theatre. Most of its members are Australians, it being an antipodal organization. Pearl Snyder, of the Frawley company, who returned with her husband, John T. Wade, from Manila ten days ago, was offered the place made vacant by Miss Yorke's death, but refused it.

From a New York corerspondent I hear of the engagement of Ailene Anglin, a sister of the great Margaret, to Bertram Harrison, a member of the Henry Miller company. The engagement has not yet been formally announced, but the wedding is expected to come off early in the summer, just before Margaret leaves for her European trip. Mr. Harrison has long been a friend of the Anglin family and it is due to Margaret's influence that he has risen so rapidly in his profession since leaving the dramatic school a year ago.

Gottlob Gets Big Attractions

During his latest visit to New York, Mr. Gottlob of the Columbia succeeded in booking some exceptionally fine attractions for the Powell street playhouse. Perhaps the most important is "The Darling of the Gods," which is said to be the most notable of all David Belasco's achievements. This is the play in which Blanche Bates has made her greatest hit. Mr. Gottlob arranged for the opening of the company at the Columbia in October. The company will come on a special train direct to this city. It is also reported that Mr. Gottlob has secured the original "Ben Hur" company for a brief engagement in the latter part of the year. Owing to the elaborate character of the production the management of the Columbia will arrange for the presentation of the play at the Grand Opera House.

George Ade has turned his attention to writing a comedy dealing with life in Indiana. He is at work on a comedy called "The Circuit Judge." The first act has already been finished. The successful opening of "Checkers," the play written by Henry M. Blossom Jr. caused Mr. Henry W. Savage to decide to produce the opera "Lieutenant Commander," written by Mr. Blossom and Alfred Robyn, at an early date.

It must warm Dick Jose's heart, when he rises to do his stunt at the Republic, so enthusiastically does the audience greet him. He is truly a beloved singer. The audience's heart beats as one when Jose sings. But how the big, good-natured singer must hate "Dolly Gray"!

Elbert Hubbard, editor of the *Philistine* and head of the Roycrofters of East Aurora, N. Y., will lecture on Tuesday evening, April twenty-eighth, in Steinway hall, under Will Greenbaum's direction.

William Lamp, who left the Alcazar company to join the Neills, is now with Nance O'Neil's company on the northern circuit.

Features of Next Week's Bills

The coming of Mrs. Patrick Campbell to the Columbia is to be made more noteworthy, if such a thing can be, by her appearance in Sudermann's "The Joy of Living," a play that has never been seen here though it long since made a great success in Europe and New York, where it was given in English. The play is written on a high plane, treating of a vital, moral question, and Mrs. Campbell is said in Countess Beata to have a very strong role. She is supported by her London company. During her second week she will appear in repertoire. There will be a Wednesday matinee next week but no Good Friday performance.

Next Monday evening will see "Helter Skelter" at Fischer's. This was one of Weber & Field's earlier successes and ran for an entire season varied with new skits and travesties. The scenario has been changed to Burlingame from the original Tuxedo. Kolb and Dill as Germans, with Bernard as a Jew old-clo' man, appear as circus grafters, beer slingers and amateur actors, Winfield Blake as Polington Shetland, a clubman, and George de Long as a society reporter, who is also an agent for a European Titled Marriage Syndicate which places poor noblemen as husbands for rich American women. The first act shows the railroad station at Blingum, the second act is in Shetland's conservatory and the third at a bal masque given by the clubman. Sub-plots contain all the elements for laughter continuous, with a substituted circus queen, burglaries and all sorts of excitements. Olive Vail has the role of a society bud.

It will be interesting to see what Ernest Hastings will do with the title role of "An American Citizen," which has never been given in San Francisco before save by little red-headed, always American Nat C. Goodwin. Miss Creighton seems to possess just the right kind of material for the part of the English beauty, which Maxine Elliott invested with attraction but not magnetism. After this play "Her Majesty" will be revived. "Lover's Lane" is to be given an early production at the Alcazar with Hastings in the part he created in the New York performance.

Connoisseurs of perfect goods appreciate "Jesse Moore" Whiskey for its purity and delightful flavor. It is without a peer.

When Odette Tyler married the rich R. D. MacLean she said she would retire from the stage. And so she did for a time, but she returned and brought Mr. MacLean with her. They will appear in "Richard III" to open their Grand engagement. Mr. MacLean is said to give a most striking performance of "Rchard III" and Miss Tyler, who is well known here for her charming work in "Shenandoah' 'and other Frohman productions, will be Prince Arthur, the king's ill-fated kinsman and victim. The play will be splendidly staged.

At the California Kate Claxton is to be welcomed back after an absence of twenty years. And she is still playing the part she played then, Louise, the blind girl in "The Two Orphans." Since the original production, a quarter of a century ago, Kate Claxton and "The Two Orphans" have become inseparable. No actress on the stage today has been as faithful to one part as Kate Claxton has to Louise, having appeared in that role over four thousand times. An elaborate scenic production is promised, also an exceptionally strong supporting company. Henrietta will be played by Ethelynne Palmer, who was out here last season as leading lady with S. Miller Kent in "The Cowboy and the Lady."

Zelie de Lussan as Arline in "The Bohemian Girl" will be one of the strongest cards the Tivoli has played this year. It is long since the pretty Balfe opera has been sung here. The cast will include Carrie Roma as the gypsy queen, the part usually assigned to contraltos, Cunningham as the Count and Tennery as Thaddeus. The opera will be given Monday, Wednesday and Saturday nights with "The Mikado" to alternate. On April thirteenth "The Daughter of the Regiment" will be given.

New business will be given during the last week of "Chop Suey" at the Republic. On Sunday afternoon, April twelfth, "The Siege of Goat Island," Wallace Irwin's latest burlesque, will be presented. In this Stine will have a laughter-provoking part as General Lafter and Mack will have a character suited to his capabilities in that of Stiffington Hearse, president of the Undertakers' Trust. McDonald will be Admiral Sly and Conlon Sergeant Kilkenny, who drills an awkward squad. For one week only Young Corbett will act as interlocutor.

The Colby family will be a novelty at the Orpheum. They are father, mother, son and daughter. Little Byrle, a seven-year-old wonder, sings, dances and plays on any number of musical instruments, while her brother Frank gives imitations of Creatore and Sousa that have won unstinted praise. In "Hooked by Crook," presented by the Mason-Keeler company of farceurs, a most amusing comedietta is promised; it is dramatized from Gelett Burgess's story that appeared in *The Smart Set*. McCue and Cahill, high class vocalists, will also be new to this city. Joseph LaFleur, who presents the greatest single acrobatic act on the stage, employs a silver ladder and table for drop somersaults and his swings of tumbling are said to be remarkable. The Beaux and Belles Octette, Frank Gardiner and Lottie Vincent in new specialties, Kronau's Russian trio in new selections, Milly Capell and her trained horse and hunting dogs will remain.

Montague's Cockatoo Circus, birds that do everything but talk, and some of them do that, Carroll and Nealey, knockabout singing and dancing comedians, the Kobers, aerial artists, and little Irene, a juvenile contortionist who ties herself into seemingly inextricable knots, will be Chutes novelties. Rome and Ferguson will introduce new specialties in their skit, and Miss Tunison, the soprano, and G. Herbert Mitchell, the baritone, will change their selections. The animatoscope will show new moving pictures. LaMont will make his daring "slide for life" on a silver wire from the top of the Chutes to the foot of the lake every afternoon and evening. —*The Playgoer.*

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The First Law of Nature

The automobile crashed against something. The shock was terrific and the man and woman, the occupants, were thrown heavily to the ground. She was the first to recover her senses. The man lay, with the blood flowing from a wound in his head. It stained her white gown, as she lay close to him. The smell of the fresh blood sickened her, and she pulled herself, with an effort, away.

What a terrible end to an evening's pleasure! They had started out gayly enough, after their dinner, for a spin. There had been a little supper, at midnight, and then they had started toward town. But the man's head and hands were both weakened after the last stop, and he lost his control of the motor.

They automobiled at the machine's will, not their own, and now they lay, he with his life-blood ebbing away, and she faint from the fall and the sight.

What was to be done? It was cruel, bitterly cruel, to place her in such a predicament. What would the world say, what would her friends not whisper, if they heard? *If* they heard! What else could happen?

And there was her husband! They had come together from their far home to this Eastern city, on a business trip, and he had left her for a few days in the large city while he went South. She had enjoyed herself, as best she could, in his absence. This automobile ride was to have been the last outing before her husband's return.

She wrung her hands as she thought of the consequences, so unforeseen. She stole a glance, full of horror, at the still figure lying beside the overturned machine. Then she placed her hand, timidly, over his heart. It was beating.

Then she thought of her predicament. What would become of her? The fog closed in about her white-gowned, fur-coated figure, and shed a gray light over the unconscious man. Her nerves were paralyzed. Her brain refused to act. There was only one thing to do—to get away, to conceal her error of judgment, to keep from her husband the knowledge of her folly. It had only been folly, thank God! But what a folly!

She struggled to her feet and with an inarticulate cry moved swiftly from the spot, just as she heard voices approaching. She could do nothing for him. The strangers would take care of him, but he could not live. But she, she must live. Her husband would return tomorrow. She must be in the hotel where he had left her. She must greet him with a smile. She must tell him she had missed him. She must act, act, act!

Swiftly she moved toward the city. She, a delicate woman, a stranger in a strange city, found her way through the silent, deserted streets, toward her hotel.

Entering her room she threw off her clothes and settled herself in bed, but there was no sleep for her. Her fevered brain was too busy with the tragedy in which she had figured, and with speculation as to developments. Presently she arose and sought balm for her nerves in a cold bath deliciously perfumed. In the morning she eagerly sought the paper and read the account of the Park tragedy and of the mystery surrounding the dead man and his missing companion.

The reporters were on her trail but they could never learn. If they did, perhaps they would be charitable.

Her conscience stung her as she thought of the man she had left dying on the lonely road, but she argued that it was a duty she owed both herself and husband.

Later in the day, when she had recovered her composure in a measure, she was joined by her husband.

"Wasn't it dreadful?" he asked as they sat down to lunch.

"What?" she asked in a tone of surprise.

"Why, that tragic death of our friend in the Park."

"Yes," she assented, "it was dreadful."

"They say that he was accompanied by a woman and that she deserted him. Just like a woman's selfishness."

"Yes, she was a selfish wretch."

—*The Cynic.*

One Qualification Lacking

Young Millions: I'm sorry I can't ask your daughter to marry me. If she only had a past, now—

Matchmaking Mamma: What?

Y. M.: A past, I said. My mother insists that my wife shall be a woman with a past. She says they make so much better helpmates.

M. M.: Oh, that is all right. My daughter has a very dashing present, and I think it would count as a past with your mother.

Y. M.: I'll talk it over with her, then.

—*The Valet.*

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MUSIC

[*Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.*]

The Strenuous Hambourg

Mark Hambourg may not be the most delicate of pianists; he certainly is not "precious" like Paderewski; but he has much of the magnificence of the savage, and a primitive power that is able to possess us—at times, it is true, in spite of our more critical selves. Kipling should delight in him. Our strenuous President heard him, it is said, with gladness. Unlike his countryman, Gabrilowitsch, who has infinite seductiveness and knows how to make musical love, Hambourg tries to take his audience by storm. He plays precisely as he looks. In places his playing is almost grotesque, but then grotesques before now have been great art. To enjoy Hambourg, one must grant him his "peculiar difference," and give one's faculty of appreciation a new liberty, almost a license. He is not a pedant of the piano, and the pedant of the pen who writes him down a ploughman is very far from the mark. In music, as in literature (and, for that matter, in life), the Russians are themselves; and that in these days of imitation is no little merit. Mark Hambourg is himself. He is no poet; but he has in him Walt Whitman notes that are wonderful, that sound an awakening. He gives you peeps into hidden places of the human heart. His reading of Chopin was not felicitous, and Chopin calls for felicity; and his Beethoven "Apassionata" was a revelation of the goat foot of the god Pan, not pleasing, but impressive and thought-provoking. "Hambourg has no soul"—for the over-civilized critic who seeks it on his sleeve.

Mr. Henry Holmes, San Francisco's grand old master of the violin, announces a series of four chamber music concerts, to be held in Heine hall, 237 Geary street, on Tuesday evenings, April seventh, fourteenth, twenty-first and twenty-eighth. Mr. Holmes's programs are invariably works of art, and give us evidence of being prepared by one well versed in the psychology of music. There will be five Beethoven numbers. And the visits of musicians who know their Beethoven better than Henry Holmes, and interpret him more nobly, are as short and far between as are those of the angels of the Choir Invisible itself. Kathleen Parlow, who bids fair to be the Kocian of California, will be heard in violin solos, and the impeccable Fred Maurer will be the accompanist. The "evenings" will be musical events.

At the Hopkins musicale on Thursday evening a feature was the violin solo by Henry Heyman, the composition being a new one, in manuscript, by Gerard Barton. Beside the charming "Album Leaf" of the Californian composer the violinist rendered a Jadassohn "Romanze." Miss Bessie Rosenbaum and Mrs. Harry Arnold were the vocalists of the evening and Mr. Gerard Barton the organist.

Mrs. Anna von Meyerinck will shortly issue invitations for a concert and operatic recital, to be given at the Alhambra on the twenty-first of the month. The affair promises to be of special interest as the program includes some numbers never given before in this city, such as the cantata "God Thou art Great" by Spohr, for soli and chorus, and some French dance songs.

At the Adelphian Club of Alameda's union meeting this afternoon the program will be given by Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, pianist, Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, soprano, Mr. Fletcher Husband, accompanist. Mr. Mansfeldt will play numbers by Beethoven, Bach, Schumann, Raff, Strauss-Tausig, Chopin and Weber-Tausig, and Mrs. Northrup will sing songs by Hadley, J. A. Stewart and Coguard.

Mrs. Alfred Abbey, whose husband sued her for divorce last week in Santa Rosa, was formerly well-known in musical circles here. She first made her appearance as a society amateur, but later she went to New York and became a professional singer. She sang at the Waldorf-Astoria musicales, and was a great favorite. When she returned to California she gave recitals in San Francisco. She is a very handsome woman, and sings with a charming method, though her voice is not large.

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & Co. are most effective.

Our Impresario

Before an ungrateful sanity succeeds our Mascagni madness, it might not be amiss to say a word or two expressive of our musical indebtedness to Mr. Will L. Greenbaum. In a manager's life there may be a beer or two, but the rest of it is not all skittles by any means. The man who has to deal with touchy artists often feels pretty sore; nor has he always in his pocket some box-office salve to soothe himself withal. Whether the halfpence come his way or not, the kicks are sure to come. Moreover, a manager has to combine artistic sense with business ability—no easy matter. To freight your bark with beauty and yet to steer clear of bankruptcy requires nice calculations. Had San Francisco to forfeit all she owes directly or indirectly to Mr. Greenbaum, she would be very much poorer musically than she is at present. When we recall Gabrilowitsch, Kocian, Mascagni—to mention only names fresh in memory—let us not forget that of Will Greenbaum.

Several of Grace Hibbard's poems contained in her volume entitled "California Violets" have been set to music. Flaxington Harker, the organist of All Soul's Church at Biltmore, N. C., wrote to the publisher, A. M. Robertson, for the privilege, and J. H. Metcalfe of Oakland and Mr. True of Boston have also composed music for some of the poems.

TEL. PAGE 2254

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Return of Mrs. Mason

A song recital is announced for Monday evening, April thirteenth, at Steinway hall by Mrs. Caroline McLaine Mason, with Dr. Stewart and Nathan Landsberger assisting the singer. Mrs. Mason, better known as Carrie McLaine, is a daughter of the late Laughlin McLaine, and a niece of Mrs. Henry J. Crocker. Prior to her marriage seven years ago she was a great social favorite and prominent in musical circles in this city. For the past seven years she has resided in Pittsburg and has appeared in concert and oratorio in several Eastern cities. Her voice is a dramatic mezzo soprano of unusual range and rare quality. The program will consist of selections from Grieg, Wagner and Liszt, Mac Dowell, Chadwick and other modern American composers.

An Insane Choir

Mrs. Hughes, widow of the late resident physician of Philadelphia's insane asylum, has launched a novel choir into the Quaker city's church swim. It is composed of lunatics and beside the choir there is an orchestra, also of lunatics. The choir will sing on Easter and the program includes solos, duets, quartets and sextets from the classics. One man imagines he is the Saviour; another thinks he is Rockefeller; one has the suicidal mania; a woman, the best of the singers, has a fancy for eating pins, needles and tacks. The material looked unpromising but Mrs. Hughes, so writes a correspondent, has done great things with her lunatics.

The Un-Moral in Music

Music, *per se*, remarks a recent writer, is not always and necessarily a good thing. Indeed, it may be, even it often is, distinctly evil. In itself, music may be elevating and noble; in itself it may be degrading and vile; moreover, in itself music may be of an indeterminate character, and in that case its beneficial or its harmful effects depend upon the hearer's moral attitude, or upon determining environment. For example, certain florid styles of music may be used in the Mass; the devout auditors hear the jubilation of angelic hymns. Precisely the same style of music rendered under non-religious conditions presents to the listeners visions of gay, wholly mundane revels. Like strains provike one person to holy contemplation of the Blessed Virgin, another to thoughts of wanton luxuries. The bells beat madly their carillon of joy to the crowds on a festival of mirth; the same tones are a fierce jangle of alarm to those who listen in terror when the bells warn that an enemy is near.

Seats for the last of the Zech symphony concerts, which will take place on the afternoon of April sixteenth, will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Monday, April thirteenth, at nine o'clock a. m.

Madame Eugenia Mantelli, the famous grand opera singer, will make a tour of the coast next May and give operatic concerts.

—*The Music Critic.*

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LETTERS

Feminine Wage Earners

"The Woman Who Toils" is a remarkable volume. It contains the records of the experiences of two women accustomed to luxurious living, who actually took up the life of factory and mill hands, living, working and associating with them on equal terms. The narrative is plain and straightforward, without any attempt at philanthropic deductions or exaggerations, on the side of either employer or employe. Some of the chapters incorporated in this volume appeared in *Everybody's*, and it is in connection with it that the letter of President Roosevelt on the subject of marriage and the propagation of the species was called forth. Incidentally it may be worth while to mention that that much-quoted document is like an isolated text of the scripture, a very different matter when taken in its proper connection to what it is made to appear when garbled and distorted by editors and philanthropists who quote one from the other, without having recourse to the original document. Mrs. John Van Vorst took for her field of observation a pickle factory in Pittsburg, a shirt factory in a New York town and tailoring in Chicago, with brief turns in a picture frame factory and a printing establishment. She worked for ten hours a day or more, subsisted on what she earned, and learned for herself what it means to be a part of a machine, driven like a machine, treated like a machine and subjected to such wear and tear as is never given to any machine. While one cannot question the facts learned by experience, some of the deductions, one cannot but feel, are inadequate. For example, many of the girls who drudge for ten and twelve hours a day every day in the week, and are fortunate if they make as much as $7 in that time, assert that their fathers and brothers are willing to support them without their going into the factory, and others boast that all they earn is spent in dress. It is preposterous to believe that girls will bind themselves to such slavery if there is an open choice. Mrs. Van Vorst does not appear to comprehend the love of romancing which would lead them to brag to the new hand. Undoubtedly there are many girls who would not be taken bodily by the shoulders and turned into the street if they did not work, and there are many fathers who would prefer to keep their daughters at home, and brothers who do not like to see their sisters "join the innumerable caravan" which leaves home in the morning twilight, to return after dark. But there are other forms of compulsion than the physical, and these girls know only too well the self-sacrifice on one side and the selfishness on the other, which would make it possible for them to be supported without effort on their own part. Again, when girls assert that all they earn is spent for dress it does not follow that the dress is entirely for their own adornment. If the needs of mothers and little brothers and sisters are supplied from the daughter's purse she is in her way contributing towards the expenses of the household. In instances where the girls turn all their earnings into the family purse and are boarded and clothed therefrom, parents frequently assert that they "support" the household. One needs some acquaintance with the meaning of words as used by the class represented to be certain that the right idea has taken hold. That girls talk of anything but housekeeping and home-making is not to be wondered at when they know so little of house or home. It would be as wise to expect young men to discuss the intricacies of dressmaking or millinery. While it is deplorably true that the American working girl spends a disproportionate amount of her hard-earned wages on foolish adornment and taudry trinkets, both the Mesdames Van Vorst unconsciously place their fingers on the pulse of the matter. Apart from the innate love of finery, a well-dressed woman receives consideration which is withheld from her less fortunate sister. Can the factory girl be blamed for wanting to be "treated like a lady," and when she sees only the external difference, is she at fault for doing her poor best to try to look like one? When Mrs. Van Vorst divested herself of her fashionable raiment and donned her working garb she made her way to the depot from which her train was to leave. She had displayed no ignorance, asked no question, showed no hesitation, but: "I get no further than the depot when I observe that I am being treated as though I were ignorant and lacking in experience. As a rule, the gateman says a respectable 'To the right,' or 'To the left,' and trusts to his well-dressed hearer's intelligence. A word is all that a moment's hesitation calls forth. To the working girl he explains as follows: 'Now, you take your ticket, do you understand? and I'll pick up your money for you; you don't need to pay anything for your ferry—just put those three cents back

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in your pocket-book and go down there to where that gentleman is standing and he'll direct you to your train.'" Miss Van Vorst tells in her experience how the Pullman porter treated her. "Although I called him first and purposely give him my order in time, he viewed me askance and served me the last of all. As I watched my companions in their furs and handsome attire eat, whilst I sat and waited, my woolen gloves folded in my lap, I wondered if any one of the favored was as hungry, as famished as the presser from Parson's, the cleaner from Marches'." Miss Marie Van Vorst confined her operations to Lynn shoe factories and Southern cotton mills. What she relates of the cotton mills, more especially of the child labor employed therein, is disheartening, but in no way different from the accounts of other investigators. This is the worst feature of it, that she merely confirms the worst that has been said before. As to home life, if such a travesty can be called either home or life, with dirt, insanitation, and not a vestige of morality, it cannot be laid altogether to the mills, for some things seem ingrained in the nature of the po' white. Here, in California, where they have settled in the foothills in many places and own large farms, they are still the same gaunt, sallow race, living on "hawg meat" and hominy by preference, going barefoot the year round, wearing but a single shapeless garment, day and night, and regarding such "slickin' up" functions as washings and combings as only called for on high-days and holidays. They build their cabins without windows, and dip water for all purposes from the "branch" or an unprotected spring, yet they are under no coercion from soulless mill owners. The conclusion which is reached, with regard to the improvement of the wages of women, which Mrs. Van Vorst sees is affected by the competition of two classes, the woman who must toil and she who need not, is that the more favored class should be drawn off from mill and factory life and taught industrial arts, such as lace-making, hand-weaving, embroidery, goldsmithing, bookbinding, rug weaving, wood carving and inlaying, but it is difficult to see how this will help the situation. Why should these, who have the less need for work, be taught the lighter grades of work, and what is to be gained in the long run, by removing the pressure from the factories, if it is to be applied elsewhere? Goldsmiths, bookbinders and wood carvers also have their livings to earn, and there is no reason why they should be subjected to a wage-cutting competition more than the factory hands. Incidentally the root of the domestic service problem is dug up, in this book, though the subject is never mentioned or hinted at. The companionship of the many makes it possible for each to do more than she would alone. "Once more I make the observation that men are more agreeable bosses than women. The woman, when she is not exceptionally disagreeable, is always annoying. She bothers and nags; things must be done her way; she enjoys the legitimate minding of other people's business. Aiming at results only, the masculine mind is more tranquil. Provided you get your work done, the man boss doesn't care what methods you take in doing it. For the woman boss, whether you get your work done or not, you must do it her way." "The forelady at Parsons' didn't know whether I worked well or not. She never came to see. The foreman at Marches' taught me himself." There is the whole situation in a nutshell, from preface to appendix. One cannot but admire the courage and perseverance of the Mesdames Van Vorst in making their experiment. They have added a valuable contribution to the subject of the woman at work, and written an absorbing book besides. It is one that must be read to be appreciated, and cannot be ignored by any one interested in the question. Doubleday, Page & Company are the publishers of the volume, which is profusely illustrated from photographs.

Elder & Shepard have issued for Easter "An Easter Song" by Grace Hibbard, in Easter card shape with a beautiful design of irises by Gordon Ross. It is a dainty thing to send to some "shut in" friend. The price is seventy-five cents. They have also issued a compilation of quotations on "Happiness," made up of the sayings on that subject by eminent writers. The price in pasteboard cover is fifty cents; leather, one dollar and a quarter. The *Impressions Quarterly* is out, and contains many interesting articles and verses.

A novel from the pen of Charles Warren Stoddard is the welcome promise of one of our local publishers. It is to be called "For the Sake of His Company: a Tale of a Misty City." Apart from the plot, one can always look forward to any book of Mr. Stoddard's as a treat. The charm of his style is unique, and he is one of the few writers left to us whom we can turn to for the beauty of his diction. —*The Bookworm*

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With the Money Makers

Sugar Trust Invasion

The sale of the 13,500 shares of the total of 27,121 in the Alameda Sugar Company, to Eastern capital through Sutro & Company, has been the chief topic of interest in financial circles during the past week. After a month's work on the part of the brokers the climax was reached, but who the real buyers are is still a mystery. While it has been reported that Charles J. Welsh, of New York, was behind the deal, it is not positively known who is back of Welsh, although it has been commonly intimated that the Sugar Trust, or more definitely the American Sugar Company, is the purchaser, with previously secured stock enough to have a controlling interest since the transfer of this block of 13,500 shares. In response to a letter sent out to the shareholders of the company, throughout the week the brokers have been receiving numerous small parcels and the aggregate number of shares now in their hands, to be turned over to the new controlling interests of the refinery, with the original block of stock secured, is now well up to 20,000 shares. All stockholders of record on the books of the company on March 26, 1903, will, upon delivery of their stock, receive at the rate of $30 a share for one-half of their respective holdings, and a receipt for the remaining one-half on the stock so delivered. New stock will be delivered in exchange for these receipts on or after April 3, 1903, upon return of said receipts. The balance, namely, $1.50 a share, will be accounted for when the 1902 crop of the company has been entirely sold, as the exact amount is contingent upon the price obtained for this crop.

Since its inception the Alameda Sugar Company has paid more than 51 per cent in dividends. It has paid 15 per cent on its stock this year, and on April 14th the directors are to meet and it is believed that they will declare another dividend. During the last year the company's sales aggregated between $900,000 and $1,000,000. The enterprise has done remarkably well in the face of opposition, and now, with the Crockett refinery closed, it may be expected to do better. The buying of the shares at $31.50 is regarded as a comparatively low rate, and certainly seems a good investment for the purchasers. Wherever the Sugar Trust has absorbed beet refineries in Michigan, Utah, Colorado and elsewhere, it has continued operating all paying plants, and it is quite likely that the two refineries at Alvarado, which it is believed it has acquired, will continue to run, giving employment to some 200 men.

'Change Echoes

Speculation in investment securities was fairly extensive during the week and fluctuations in prices on some of the leading stocks showed a little wider margin than usual. The lighting stocks, which have been receiving so much attention during the past few weeks, have quieted down, but the speculative influences of the street have been so well maintained that there is no doubt that many buyers at the high prices, which for a time prevailed, are now less enthusiastic over their purchases. For the holders of San Francisco Gas & Electric shares who secured their stock under $45, and sold out to the eager buyers of a week ago, quite a handsome profit resulted. Considering all the facts in connection with these lighting stocks it seems rather remarkable that the prices could be bolstered up and appear to be so well maintained. Now that the excitement has comparatively cooled down it is easily discernible that the speculative element of the street has been about the sole beneficiary. The chief stock involved in this advance in price was the San Francisco Gas and Electric and as far as known the only reason for the advance was the pooling of the stock with the Mercantile Trust Company, subject to the disposition and order of the board of directors. A careful study of the situation fails to reveal any substantial reason why the price of shares should be so suddenly advanced from $42 to $65, particularly when it is known that the board of directors has not yet developed an opportunity for realizing the suggested $90 a share for all stockholders who chose to turn over their stock and accept in lieu thereof a Trustee's certificate. Furthermore, these facts are now substantiated by the steadily declining prices ever since the speculative interests realized a substantial cash returns on their operations. The prices of shares in the other lighting companies were involved to some little extent in a sympathetic way, but the one on which there was a definite option and a settled price was comparatively unaffected. This only tends to show, however, how the speculative interests of the

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street have been playing upon the public with rumors and points and at the same time doling out the shares and pocketing the proceeds. The option on the Equitable Gaslight stock of $5 per share is tangible of itself and the intent and good faith of the buyers is shown by the fact that they have already put in coin their first payment as promised. The Equitable stock has been largely placed in escrow and now that the buyers are showing their reliability by making their advance payments it is more than probable that all holders who have not already deposited their stock will be glad to do so. The outcome of these deals in lighting stocks will be productive of one good feature, and that is that consumers of gas in this city for both fuel and lighting purposes will be benefited by lower rates, which will not be temporary for cut-throat purposes. This will benefit the city at large, particularly the small consumers. In water stocks there has been comparatively little movement. The usual speculative operations in Spring Valley shares which always occur about the time the Supervisors are called upon to fix rates has quieted down and the price of shares has got back to normal figures. Sugar shares have been held quite steady although prices all along the line are a trifle below the standard of two weeks ago. Hawaiian Commercial readily brings $46, but sellers usually are demanding $47.50, with buyers very backward and not disposed to meet that figure except perhaps in very small parcels. Paauhau sells readily at $18 and Hutchison brings $15 equally well. Makaweli has been dull and it is now offered at $27.50 with no bids. All the other sugar stocks remain fairly steady with transactions small in volume. Giant Powder shows scarcely any change. At present $65.75 may be considered a full price although occasionally a buyer can be found at $66. Vigorit Powder is very easy and $2.50 per share is the best bidding price. Oceanic Steamship shares drag along slowly and $14 is the best bid. California Wine Association while a fraction lower than a week ago is firmly held at $104.50. Bank shares are still the strongest on the list. For Bank of California stock there is a standing bid of $500 with no offers to sell, and the same may be said of Mercantile Trust Company, for which $220 is being freely bid. Several lots of bonds have changed hands, but there has been very little fluctuation in price.

Financial Notes

The United States Steel Corporation paid its seventh dividend on the common stock March 30th, and checks for the total amount, aggregating $5,000,000, were mailed to over 27,000 holders of common stock. When the first dividend on the common stock was paid in September, 1901, tnere were on the books of the corporation 13,918 common shareholders.

The coinage at the United States Mint in San Francisco for the month of March, 1903, amounted to $5,132,386, and included $3,940,000 in double eagles, $960,000 in half eagles, and $232,386 in half-dollars.

The Bank Clearing at the San Francisco Clearing House for the month of March, 1903, aggregated $129,046,292.19, an increase of $8,248,356.91 over the clearances of the corresponding month of 1902. —*The Financier.*

THE NEW CURE FOR INTEMPERATES.

De Quincey, from the viewpoint of a victim, wrote of the evil fascination of opium. Dr. E. A. Hawks, at his Three Day Liquor Cure Institute at 295 Geary street, shows living examples of the evil fascination liquor exerts on the weak. Side by side with the victim, however, he shows his prototype, cured, sane, after three days' treatment in the Institute. Dr. Hawks has studied his subject from the ground up. He has testimonials to prove what he has done. Best of all he has these living examples of the system by which he cures. In nine cases out of ten the man or woman victim of the liquor habit contracted it from the wish to be social. But the habit grew with the result that it became impossible to root out. Dr. Hawks has made the impossible possible. In three days under his care, the liquor habit is eradicated, root and branch.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Thomas Gallagher, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Gallagher deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the Estate of
Thomas Gallagher, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 14th, 1903.

FRANK McGOWAN, Attorney for Administrator,
Rooms 75–79 and 80 Chronicle Building.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 84313.

HENRY DAVIS, Plaintiff
vs.
ELIZABETH DAVIS, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

ELIZABETH DAVIS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

{ SEAL } GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 25th day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk.
By H. H. ST. LEGER, Deputy Clerk.

LEO. KAUFMANN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
222 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 84405.

ERNEST A. CROWSON, Plaintiff
vs.
MINNIE H. CROWSON, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

MINNIE H. CROWSON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of February, A. D. 1903.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk.
By H. H. ST. LEGER, Deputy Clerk.

ROBERT W. KING, Attorney for Plaintiff
611 Hearst Building

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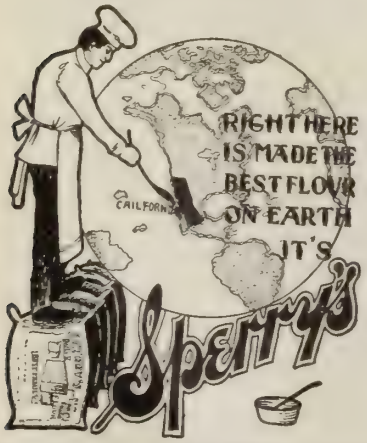

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Other People's Ideas

From "Senator North," by Gertrude Atherton:

"Corruption" is the father of more platitudes than any word in the American language.

It is only the woman with a certain masculine fibre in her brain who ever really understands men, and when these women have coquetry also they convince the sex born to admire that they are even more feminine than their weaker sisters.

Life is serious only for women with babies and bills. As for charities, they were specially invented to give old maids an occupation in life.

Women make a god out of what they cannot understand in a man. If he has a bad temper they think of him as a "dominant personality." If he is unfaithful to his wife, he is romantic in the eyes of a woman who has given no man a chance to be unfaithful to her. If he comes to your dinner with an attack of dyspepsia, you compare him sentimentally with the brutes that eat. (Sally Carter.)

If you only knew what the censors said about the old ideals when they were alive! If Time will be as kind to us, we can swallow our own dose with a reasonable amount of philosophy. John Quincy Adams arraigned the politics of his day in the bitterest phrases he could create; but today we are asked to remember the glorious past and hide our heads. (Senator Burleigh.)

There is no problem in plain duty. Problems exist principally in works of fiction and in the minds of unoccupied women. If you meet each development of every question in the most natural and reasonable manner—presupposing that you possess that highest attribute of civilization, common sense—no question will ever resolve itself into a problem. And difficulties usually disappear as the range of vision contracts. If your house takes fire you save what you can, not what you have elaborately planned to save in case of fire. Train your common sense, and let the windy analysis pertaining to problems alone. (Senator North.)

Europe will console an American woman for every ill in life. (North.)

All of us possess every good and bad instinct in the whole book of human nature, but few of us have imagination enough to find it out. And the less we know of ourselves the better.

The egotism of love reduces scenery to a setting and the splendors of sunset to a background.

Any woman who has a secret on her mind is bound to become secretive, not to say deceitful, in other ways.

In dealing with methodical scoundrels, you know, at least, where you are.

How wonderfully well people behave whose common secret would set the world by the ears.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—Department No. 7. No. 81356.

NELLIE G. PAULSELL, Plaintiff, vs. O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of this plaintiff and upon the further ground of defendant's extreme cruelty toward this plaintiff, said action is further brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court awarding the minor children of the parties to this action to plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two.

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

Endorsed: FRANK McGOWAN, ELMER WESTLAKE, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 75-79-80 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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arguments in any brain, and after they have been reiterated a sufficient number of times they pall.

Breeding has carried many a woman over the plowshares of life.

People capable of the deepest and most enduring impressions often receive these impressions upon apparently shallow waters. They feel the blow, but it skims the surface at the moment, to choose its place and sink slowly, surely, into the thinking brain.

There is no position in the world so unenviable as that of a girl who gets herself talked about with a married man. Men lose interest in her and raise their eyebrows at the clubs when her name is mentioned, and women gradually drop her. Money and position will cover up a good many indiscretions in a married woman or a widow, but the world always has demanded that a girl shall be immaculate, and if she permits Society to think she is not, it punishes her for violating one of its pet standards. (Mrs. Madison.)

One of life's compensations is that there is always something ahead, some trifling event or interest or pleasure upon which one may fix one's eye and endeavor to forget the dreary tissue of monotony and commonplace between.

—*The Gleaner.*

Clyde Fitch's Wit

From "The Way of the World":

Mrs Cake (speaking of Mr. Nevill): She's the sort of woman who would do anything—throw vitriol; why, she dyes her hair mahogany one season and straw color the next, and she wears blue veils.

Mrs. Croyden (to Mr. Lake, referring to her "platonic" flirtation with Jack Nevill): Two childlike canaries couldn't carry on a more innocent affair. (To which Mrs. Lake retorts: Well, you may be a canary, but Nevill is too old a bird for the little bill you're making out for him.)

Mrs. Croyden (as her husband prepares to leave her, carrying her pet dog in his arms): Good-by, darling.

Mr. Croyden: Were you speaking to me?

Mrs. Croyden: No, no, no, to the little dog.

Mrs. Croyden: I don't know how Catherine Bowker manages to spread gossip as fast as she does. I think she has learned the Marconi system and carries a cylinder in her pocket.

Mrs. Lake (who dislikes politics): I think the snake breaking up Adam and Eve's happiness was only a figure of speech, for the "general election" in Eden.

Mrs. Lake (in the last act, referring to Mrs. Nevill): Her way of thinking is all wrong, but her soul's right. All that peroxide she pours into her head hasn't eaten its way into her heart yet.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, April 11, 1903

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The Easter Festival

The Lenten season has drawn to a close and tomorrow, throughout the civilized world, festivities and ceremonies will be held in commemoration of the resurrection of Christ. Easter is the one day in the year that is of distinctly religious significance to all Christians. Christmas has become a day of festivity to Jews and Gentiles, and to many people it has no religious significance, but to the Christian mind Easter is symbolical of the resurrection, of the glorious triumph of the Victim of the greatest tragedy in the world's history. Various are the customs observed in Christian countries in commemoration of the event that so signally exemplified the doctrine of immortality, and all are more or less of a religious character. In Catholic countries especially are the religious customs most strictly observed, and Easter is the day on which even the most lukewarm Catholics renew allegiance to their church. In far-away Palestine pilgrims from all parts of the world assemble at Eastertide and make the rounds of the holy places. In the most remote regions of South America, the natives devote themselves to religious exercises throughout Holy Week, and on the day before Easter they consign effigies of Judas to the flames. Then they are all prepared for the festivities of the succeeding Sabbath. The observance of Easter in this country is becoming more widespread every year, for even the indifferent are beginning to have their interest aroused in a festival that marks the close of a period in which there is a general manifestation of respect for Christian customs. Church pews will be occupied tomorrow by people who pass through the portals of a sacred edifice but once a year. Many are lured by the elaborate character of the services and the promise of exceptionally refreshing musical features, but they cannot fail to receive invigorating inspiration, and to feel when they once more pass into the open air that the diversion was wholesome, and that more of such experience would conduce to the leading of a better life.

Compounding a Felony

Some interesting revelations were made in the Police Court the other day when the case of Edith Bernard was called and the defendant failed to appear. Edith Bernard is a chronic swindler who has been embezzling money from local merchants by means of fictitious checks. She has been arrested more than once on complaint of her victims, but nobody has ever prosecuted her. It appears that they prefer to force her to reimburse them in the small sums of which they have been defrauded than to punish her for her crimes. It is through no spirit of mercy or leniency that they withdraw from the prosecution. The criminal proceedings started by them are a species of blackmail, their only purpose being to force the swindler to disgorge. Their conduct is as reprehensible from the standpoint of public morals as that of the criminal with whom they compromised, thereby committing an offense known to the law as "compounding a felony." It is a question whether their conniving at the defeat of justice isn't even a more serious and degrading offense than that of the chronic swindler herself, for they were neither subjected to temptation nor actuated by necessity. Moreover as prosperous citizens of this community, enjoying its patronage, it is their duty to assist in the suppression of crime and the banishment of swindlers that prey upon the unwary. It appears that the proprietors of the City of Paris and Armand Cailleau were the chief offenders. No doubt they regard themselves as upright citizens and would become highly indignant if told that they were no better than the common embezzler with whom they entered into a criminal compromise. Not only did Mr. Cailleau refrain from prosecuting Miss Bernard after she had swindled him on a worthless check, but he actually employed her as a saleswoman in his store. Perhaps she was reimbursing him by rendering service to the extent of the sum that he lost. It probably never occurred to him that he was giving her an opportunity to win the confidence of his patrons and swindle them, too. And perhaps he didn't care. Altogether the case is a sad commentary on the selfishness of some of our so-called leading citizens who pose as exemplars of propriety.

Police Corruption

The police have ceased temporarily from levying blackmail in Chinatown. A police commissioner who obviously was not sharing in the corruption fund raised by the Chinese for the purchase of police protection, having protested against the maintenance of such cordial financial relations between the authorities and the gamblers, all parties concerned resolved to be virtuous for awhile. Of course there will be a resumption of the traffic in the near future. The authorities are reluctant to let so much good money go to waste in the purlieus of Chinatown. There will always be gambling in Chinatown for the Chinese are inveterate gamblers, and they will always find a way. The corruption fund way has always been regarded as the most expedient. It has been demonstrated many times that the police can drive the Chinese gamblers out of business, and it is therefore obvious that when all the gambling houses are doing business openly the police are not performing their duties. And when the police become apathetic in Chinatown it is because they regard activity as unprofitable. The president of the Board of Police Commissioners pretends to believe that the police are powerless because the

Chinese are guaranteed immunity in the police courts. He either knows that such is not the fact or else he is a fool. It is ridiculous to seek to "pass the buck" up to the magistrates when it is so notorious a fact that the police can close every gambling house in Chinatown merely by harassing the gamblers without securing a single conviction. The defence of the police by the commissioners is so surprising as to excite suspicion. It has a tendency to stimulate speculation as to the extent of the corruption in the police department. It does not seem likely that a sergeant of police would incur the risk of losing his position by so flagrant a neglect of duty as that of which the head of the Chinatown squad was guilty. The probability is that he relied for protection on a higher authority. The white lottery dealers of this city do not rely for protection on the patrolmen or the sergeants. Nobody ever hears of their being molested, and yet they carry on their business as openly as though it had the sanction of the laws of the State. Are Mr. Newhall and his confreres unaware of the fact that the white lottery dealers raise a corruption fund with which they purchase protection?

Faulty Educational Methods

Notwithstanding all the tinkering to which our educational systems have been subjected in the last quarter of a century they appear to be as remote from perfection as ever. Some of the brightest of our university presidents admit that the methods of the day are a failure. Scarcely a month passes without some university president or professor discovering a flaw in the course of study which he proceeds to discuss for the enlightenment of magazine readers. President Nicholas Murray Butler, in a recent issue of the *Columbia Literary Monthly,* utters a wail of sorrow over the colleges which within the past twenty-one years have changed into universities, and he longs for the old-fashioned institutions. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to return to first or at least earlier principles. President Butler says that the course of study in vogue in many of the leading colleges is not worth spending four years on. We are pleased to have President Butler agree with what *Town Talk* has said many times. He discusses the subject as though he has been a close reader of this paper, for in the same article he deplores the fact that the college student has been deprived of the benefit of character-building, which was the main feature of the educational systems of long ago, but to which attention is no longer given except in religious institutions. "That the love of letters and polite learning and the knowledge of the older humanities have declined," says President Butler, "is made evident in a hundred ways. Too early specialization is at the root of some of these evils, and the modern passion for being in a hurry and for spelling success m-o-n-e-y is at the root of the rest of them." President Butler should guess again. The weakness of our modern system of education lies in the fact that too much effort is spent in cramming the mind and too little in training it. Instead of the student being taught how to think, how to reason and how to apply himself to thought and research, he is forced to absorb knowledge already prepared for his mental nourishment. Knowledge injected into the brain through the ear does not always remain in the cells in which it is deposited, but if the student is taught how to acquire knowledge he becomes able to perfect his own education after he leaves college.

The next bottle of whisky you buy resolve to try the "Jesse Moore." You've heard it was the best; prove it by practical test.

Demoralized by Legislatures

It is said that many of the members of the recently adjourned Missouri Legislature fled in haste from the capital to escape being interviewed by the Grand Jury of the county. From the opening of the legislature until its close the air of the capital was laden not only with charges but with evidence of corruption, and the Grand Jury is now on the trail of the boodlers. During the recent session of our legislature the Sacramento ozone was heavily charged with rumors of corruption, but nobody heard of any investigation or inquiry by the Grand Jury. It would have been most astonishing if the law officers of Sacramento county took cognizance of the biennial boodling of the Solons with the itching palms. The fact is that boodling has been a profitable pastime in Sacramento so many years that it has had a demoralizing effect on the community. The people of Sacramento listen to the stories of corruption as they do to current news, and take no great interest in them. They know a cinch bill when they see it and they know the dishonest legislators, but they never complain about corruption. Almost everybody in Sacramento, even the waiters in the hotels, the bootblacks, the car conductors and the barkeepers know the exact sums that were paid one Assemblyman who represents a district not a thousand miles from the geographical centre of the town, but the Grand Jury took not the slightest interest in his activities. It is estimated that he cleaned up twenty thousand dollars during the session, but he is at large, and within easy reach of the Sacramento Grand Jury. Mr. Arthur Fisk, the Speaker of the Assembly, finished the session with great credit to himself, and it is said that the only enemy he made was an Assemblyman whom he threatened with exposure if he accepted money to vote against a certain measure. The man had been negotiating with a lobbyist and was about to accept a bribe when the Speaker interposed. An honest, energetic Grand Jury could have made a great record during the late session, but the people of Sacramento would discourage interference on the part of their law officers for they fear that if they attempted to jeopardize the "graft" of the hungry politicians of the State, the capital would be removed to San Jose by way of rebuke. But the people of Sacramento are of the same temperament as those of other State capitals and probably they are not more complaisant. The fact is that legislatures are demoralizing to the communities in which they hold their sessions.

The Burden of a Name

The subject of names in fiction is one of more than passing interest. But the most unusual and far-fetched amongst them—those which seem to be the outcome of some nightmare dream of the author—are no worse than

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names foisted upon innocent children by romantic and ill-balanced parents. The Cecils and Montmorencis who stalk through the pages of sentimental novels would not be there if the readers of such literature had not a penchant for the high-sounding names. A rector in Australia is rapping his congregation over the knuckles for their tendency toward the hifalutin and their neglect of the staple article which did good service to former generations, but he may as well economize his breath. If Mrs. Mulcahy thinks Montmorenci the only name suitable for her darling, Montmorenci he will be, in spite of baptismal registers and three generations of Patricks to precede him, until he is old enough to join a juvenile football team, and then he will be transformed speedily into Micky. If Mrs. O'Brien, oblivious to red hair and the pug nose of her infant daughter, sets her heart on Gwendolyne Gertrude, in vain is the argument that she should be content with Mary Ann or Bridget. And keeping within reasonable bounds, parents are not to be blamed if they avoid names with which the association is not agreeable. It is a positive hardship for a little girl to be sent out to face the world with such a name as Bridget, notwithstanding all the virtues of the saint who bore it, or the agreeable sound of the name itself. Little Patrick or Michael or Jeremiah has enough to face on his first day at school without the onus of an unusual name. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes protested against the fashion of using children to hang old names upon, as we hang old clothes upon pegs, and expecting an inoffensive urchin to rejoice in being named Peleg because some curmudgeon relative, supposed to have a fortune stowed away, might be induced to liberality by the subtle flattery of having a namesake. But at the other extreme is the idiocy which invents such appellations as Blossom, Dearestine, Treasure, Berrita, Birdilena, Goldina and Lillita. Are they any better than the Morleena which Mrs. Kenwigs concocted for her earliest treasure, or the Jurilda of Mrs. Matchin in "The Breadwinners"? Many a child has carried a lifelong burden as the result of the mental aberration of its parents. "Garaphelia Mohalba" might as well have had smallpox as such a name, and "Abcdilla," which perpetuated the folly of an earlier generation in giving to twins nothing but AB and CD to distinguish them, had a heavy handicap to contend against. Names which are appropriate enough in one country are silly or worse when transplanted. It is one of the rules of the Catholic church that infants shall receive in baptism the name of some saint. This would seem, at first sight, to offer an insurmountable obstacle to the romantically inclined, but a study of the saints' calendar soon suggests Jacqueline, Imalda, Elodie, Leocadia, and innumerable others. When people want romance they will get it, and "Pishy" Bines is not the only instance in which the selected appellation proved too much for the selectors. If people cannot see the incongruity of the combination which James G. Blaine described as a "Queen Anne front and a Mary Anne back," nothing that can be said on the subject will have any effect. As Miss Braddon said of the gorgeous dress and surroundings with which she supplied her characters, "It doesn't cost anything," and if high-sounding names give their owners any satisfaction at least they are in no danger of meeting with trusts and combines to limit their chances of enjoyment.

The Exuberance of Youth

Chicago is swinging into line on the subject of "race suicide." They have a proposition on foot there to fine landlords who object to children, but many an enthusiast who is ready to cast his vote in favor of some such measure would quickly swing to the other end of the arc if he should himself become a property owner. Landlords have real grievances, and parents are themselves to blame that children are indiscriminately barred. There are well-behaved children, but they are few and far between. The well-bred child is such an exception in the world today that it needs ocular demonstration to prove its existence. Parents appear to have simply abdicated, and since they will not, or cannot, or in any event, do not make their children amenable to discipline, the rest of the world is forced, in self-defense, to object to the presence of the little savages. Some of the most lenient to the shortcomings of their own brood are loudest in their condemnation of others. The modern custom of living in layers one above another has much to do with the objection to children in flats and apartment houses. Besides the noise of their boots tramping and dancing overhead there is apt to be a procession of boys following each other down the balustrade of the back stairs, to the imminent danger of life and limb, while entrance to the front door, or the use of a common stairway, is bought at the expense of sprained ankles and broken bones as a result of marbles, blocks and other impedimenta. Tenants will not remain where they are subject to such annoyance, and the result is, idle apartments, which must be whitened every few months or so, for a new occupant. Parents who have never owned their own homes, and have only a vague idea of the current rate of carpenters' and painters' wages, will calmly look on while Johnny tries his new pocket knife on the window sill or Mary practices free-hand drawing on walls and wood work, or the youngest darling lets his heels fly through the door panels in an outburst of temper. Plumbing is damaged and bricks dug from foundations, and the one attraction of a flower garden is the joy of uprooting it. In spite of all that is written against the rapacity of the landlord, it not infrequently happens that at the end of the year, between bad tenants and idle months, in addition to repairs, the owner is actually out of pocket. While no one expects children to have adult sense in infant years, there is no gainsaying the fact that the present generation is allowed to grow up inconsiderate of any rights and conveniences but its own. If parents really feel aggrieved because children are barred from eligible residences it behooves them to look at the other side of the question and see why.

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Titles and Tomfoolery

Doctor Dose may reasonably be expected to have a fair knowledge of medicine. The title tells us something about the man—something sufficiently definite to be of use. Quite useless, however, in this regard, is, for instance, the title Duke. It indicates nothing. From it we may not reasonably infer any particular qualities in a man; any special ability, beauty, grace, or the like. To think that any nincompoop who, through a concatenation of circumstances that would make very pretty effects in fiction, falls heir to a dukedom, is a natural born leader of men and should be put to work at that business, is to trifle with thought. It is a last straw of absurdity and breaks the back of the doctrine of design; a bit of etymological mummery, and should be left for exploitation by mute, inglorious Carlyles. Nevertheless the word is used as a mark of great social distinction. In what wonderful way a duke differs from a man is not very evident. It takes a nice courtier to discover a prince in disguise. I remember as a boy chatting with a then to me incognito duke—no less a one than the Duke of Connaught. When informed afterwards of the rank of my chance acquaintance and reproved for the straightness of my knee, I remarked that his royal highness conversed but indifferently well, and could never pass for Apollo.

Let opportune Death cut a convenient path for Everyday John Doe, poor relation of the Duke de Dicout. Forthwith Everyday's commonplace opinions on all possible and some impossible subjects pass as pronunciamentos of authoritative value. A word, mere air, adds weight to his lightest utterances. The confirmation of a ducal coronet is strong as proofs of holy writ. Hitherto Everyday John Doe's repute as a philosopher had been no greater than his name. And yet this disguise of a dukedom is so thin that any child should, and no doubt would, recognize Everyday beneath it. But a brow adorned with strawberry leaves has no need to become "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

A duke may be a wise man. In such happy case, it is to Wisdom, not to a worthless word, that our respect is due. But the merits of princes find ready appreciation. When the king cracks a joke, courtiers show pleasant teeth. If, on the contrary, his grace be but Everyday John Doe in dazzling disguise, I see no reason why the tinsel of a title should be good to buy him golden opinions of all men and save him from the fate of a fool.

Call Everyday any nonsense-name you will—"Fluke," let us say, instead of "Duke." Does not the new dignity leave him the identical indifferent fellow he is in himself? Did not the old? I do not mean to say that a title has no psychological effect upon the possessor of it; but I do mean to say that this effect is not always deserving of our respectful admiration—insufferable ill-mannered condescension, it may be; exasperating expectancy of homage due—due to God knows what. When the author of "In Memoriam" was made Lord Tennyson, was anything thereby added to the poem? Did the disconsolate friend of Hallam thereafter deserve additional regard? Does the word Laureate make Alfred Austin a greater poet than Swinburne?

To behave naturally in the presence of a prince; to speak fair, without fawning, is to be accused of insolence; while common courtesy on his part is accounted supererogatory graciousness. The ease with which a prince wins applause is death to his development; to get honor without earning it paralyzes effort.

A short while ago Prince Henry of Germany pronounced a certain woman the most beautiful he had seen in America. The praise of a prince was considered such a compliment that the pictures of fair competitors for it appeared weekly in the papers. No one thought of asking: "Has Henry a finer æsthetic sense than is common; or else, uncommon culture in matters of art?" I know nothing of the prince's accomplishments, but it is probable that the first garret portrait painter fallen in with would make a more competent Paris. Beauty is his (the artist's) business.

In my youth I once got into a discussion with an earl on a sociological question. His lordship, poor fellow, was lame of both feet; so was his argument; and it is without a taint of vanity that I assure the discerning reader that I had the better of the debate. My father chid me, a crownless child, for daring to have more brains than an aged earl. I asked my learned sire (he is a gold medallist) if he thought that the science of mathematics would alter to suit an aged earl who contended that twice two makes five; or chemistry—would it change should he assert that water is composed of *nitrogen* and oxygen? Age and title, I held, had as little to do with the case as the flowers that bloom in the spring; and I added a defiant tra-la-la-la or two. The Constitution of things did not (so I declared) care a—any more than I did for age and title.

That was long ago, in aristocracy-ridden Europe. In America, Democracy—which consists in large part in giving to every man his due—no more, no less—is supposed to have cut many a gap through "the divinity that doth hedge a king." There are few more subtle fallacies than that of fondly believing that a change of name denotes a change of nature. The word mephitis stinks less than does the word skunk, but the animal—! Because we do not confer titles upon any one, it is inferred that we do not defer to any one upon absurdly inadequate, merely nominal grounds, as do the Johnnies overseas.

What of the Anglo-American mesalliances made in notoriously open marriage markets? what of our bestowing golden crutches for gouty toes to get along with? of our supporting tottering titles with our sweetness, our beauty, and our strength? What of the thousand and one evidences that Herbert Spencer spoke our need as well as that of his native land, when he exclaimed: "Were the honor now given to wealth and title given exclusively to high achievement and intrinsic worth, how immense would be the stimulus to progress!" ?

Harry Cowell.

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Out of Charybdis

The drone of the sea
Lulled me to sleep and I dreamt of thee;—
The light of thy mightiest love enwound thee
And lay like the mantle of Mary around thee!

Love enwound thee
And lay like the Virtue of Mary around thee.
The winds through the sails with low choruses rang
And bore to me songs that thy lips once sang.

Their choruses rang
Sweet with the songs that thy lips once sang.
And he, the good dæmon that guarded my breast,
Caught up the strain and my fancy the rest.

The heart in my breast
Thrilled with the strain—Fancy brought me the rest:
I felt every throb of thy blest heart repeating:
Our love is eternal,—the world it is fleeting!

Thy wild heart repeating:
Our love is eternal,—though all things be fleeting!
I felt this—I felt all thy kisses as warm
As when my swift arms had encinctured thy form.

Thy kisses were warm
As when thy soft arms had encircled my form,—
Thou was't mine!—O, all changed to embraces as cold
As those the sea hath for her lovers untold!

Embraces how cold,
When she clips to her bosom her lovers untold!
Down to the floor of the floods sank the ship
And I with the sound of thy name on my lip.

Down, down with the ship,—
My prayer was the sound of thy name from my lip!
Now, God's Heaven is Heaven the more at thy side:
This is the tale how I loved thee and died!

April, 1903. *Herman Scheffauer.*

The Saunterer

The Folger Boom

Great and unusual interest is being taken in the approaching Bohemian Club election, all because of the shelving of Dr. J. Dennis Arnold and the resurrection of J. Duval Phelan. During the week there has been talk of running Athearn Folger on an opposition ticket, and for a time it appeared as though the resentment of Dr. Arnold's friends was so bitter against the powers that control the politics of the club, that Mr. Folger would snow Mr. Phelan under should he care to make the effort. A strong sentiment in favor of Folger was being worked up when somebody dropped the hint that he was the choice of the seceders who were responsible for the organization of The Family. Now the little coterie of disgruntled Bohemians who organized The Family Club are objects of intense hatred in Bohemia. They are referred to as soreheads, and it is said that they quit the Bohemian Club in a pique because they were not permitted to "run things." Louis Sloss and a few of his cronies are said to have been the chief conspirators in a scheme to entice members away from the Bohemian Club by representing that they would establish a more exclusive organization; one in which good-fellowship predominated, and the flames of conviviality would be fanned by the wings of friendship. It was to be an ideal club, bohemian in its atmosphere and free from the taint of commercialism.

They're Sore on Sloss

So indignant are the members of the Bohemian Club over the organization of The Family by the disloyal and disgruntled element, that when it was suggested that those who had retained their membership in the parent organization were trying to put an opposition ticket headed by Athearn Folger into the field, they became positively profane in their utterances. It was the consensus of opinion that Dr. Arnold could beat millionaire Jimmy with ease if he cared to head the opposition ticket, but Athearn Folger as the representative of the conspirators of The Family was impossible. How cordially those club men hate one another! And how accomplished they are in the feminine art of picking one another to pieces. When Louis Sloss was a member of the Bohemian Club before the days of The Family, he was regarded as a very popular gentleman. The name of Sloss has always been highly respected in this community, but now he is denounced for all sorts of shortcomings. "Imagine Louis Sloss kicking about the commercial spirit," said one Bohemian, "why, he typifies commercialism, and yet he never inherited any of the commercial ability of his father. The firm had to recall him from Alaska." Another Bohemian declared that Sloss was sore because he couldn't get some of his relatives into the Bohemian Club. The hammer was being swung at a terrific pace, and all sorts of sneers at the personnel of "The Family" were indulged. "It's a spite club," said one Bohemian, "and it isn't worthy of our notice. When Joe Redding was out here they tried to induce him to join but he roasted those that asked him for trying to disrupt the Bohemian Club." Meanwhile The Family is becoming prosperous, though it is conducted on a modest scale, and its members are taking a keen interest in the resurrection of Phelan, the millionaire Bohemian.

Startling Doings in Hawaii

All Hawaii is in ferment over the seemingly never-ending disclosures of official dishonesty, writes a correspondent. The epidemic of rottenness among employes of the Dole administration has created a panic in official and commercial circles, to say nothing of the social upheavals.

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Bondsmen are hastening to free themselves from the risk of loss, and there are few office-holders not looked at askant. Investigation of all bureaus is being clamored for, and the very suggestion of illness or absence from duty of an official is enough to excite suspicion. The manner of living of these men is being pried into, and the unwise employe who drinks wine in public or appears behind a fast horse may consider himself in line for examination as to his accounts. The absconding of Wray Taylor was the severest shock to the Doleites. Taylor had been in office under the Dole oligarchy—Republican and Territorial—for nearly ten years, and was looked on as a war-horse of the Missionary party He was the head of the Agricultural Bureau, and a special pet of Dole. He was promoted when Hawaii was made a Territory, and was pointed to with pride by the psalm-singing adherents of the venerable Dole. Taylor never drank in public but had a nose which was the ensign of a bottle-lifter if ever nose was. He was the leader of the choir in the Episcopal church, and lectured at the Young Men's Christian Association. Like fifty others, he had early in his residence in the islands sold his heart to a Kanaka girl, and lived in the slipshod fashion of all who take the brown to wife. He was the very model of the missionary crowd which controls all things official and financial in Hawaii, and when after a month's unaccounted for absence in California a hint of something wrong was mooted, the missionary forces proclaimed it a libel.

The Hypocritical Missionaries

But revelations soon followed. He had been crooked for years. Where he spent his stealings is only known to that grave, sardonic crew who rule the Paradise of the Pacific, and take their pleasures under the rose. The aisles of the churches echo to their tread whenever their chosen pulpiteers call them together, but their voices, eloquent then in song and praise of their Redeemer, know well the lilt of the forbidden chants, and their feet the wild rhythm of the hula-hula. Decrying all things immoral, and ever ready to throw the lava at the public sinner, these lecherous, bearded Sybarites are no strangers to the midnight orgie under the palms, where dusky sirens woo their hypocritical souls, and the clinking of glasses and sound of seducing songs are drowned by the boom of the surf. The gilded dens of vice here and in other cities they visit on their journeys from their island homes are familiar to these strong men, under whose beneficent rule the kanaka is being wiped out and the gospel spread. Among the effects of a former tenderloin queen who died in her gilded cage not long ago, were signed photographs of some of these devotees which, had they been published in Honolulu, with the heated sentiments of their donors and signers, would have caused the very pews to creak. Now and then some scandal does break out openly, and then the leprous life of a missionary is disclosed, but for every such one there are two score whose silent licentiousness gives forth no echo to the world.

They Saw Bugs

Jack Wilson and Billy Barton, the author of "The Lay of the Lingering Lung," are back from Honolulu, where they augmented their repertoire of post-prandial stories. They report that they saw all that was worth seeing in the islands, and that they had experiences both exciting and ravishing. Wilson says that a trip to Honolulu is more effective than a course of treatment in a Keeley institute. During the first few days in the islands a man sees so many crawling and creeping things that he becomes convinced that he "has 'em sure." They saw hordes of black spiders as big as silver dollars, and were very much afraid of them until they heard that the spiders grew fat on mosquitoes and cared for no other diet. One night Wilson was greatly alarmed owing to the presence of an uninvited bedfellow. He was seized round the ankle, and in his fright he jumped out of bed. He found that his ankle was in the embrace of a centipede, but he had fortunately crushed its head before it had time to plunge its poisonous fangs into him.

Canny Fra Albertus

According to those who profess to have found him out, Elbert Hubbard, the editor of the *Philistine*, who is to lecture here this month, is a fakir of fakirs. Far from being the Fra Elbertus he pictures himself in his little monthly—the careless, pelf-despising Bohemian whose gods are of no clay—Hubbard is painted by those who know him well as a shrewd, cold business man, affecting the litterateur who loves his fellows for money's sake alone. He has made heaps of money in the past ten years in his East Aurora workshop, though it must be said that he started in there with a fair-sized pile. He built this pile of soap. He was a soap drummer when one day in Chicago, washing his hands, he thought out an invention to revolutionize the making of a certain kind of soap, and finally sold his ideas to a firm for a hundred thousand or more.

His Aurora Community

Then he began his East Aurora colony scheme. He gathered about him a score of artistic and literary geniuses, and by a clever use of their output he made quite a reputation for the Roycroft Shop. Pretending to be the mere guide, philosopher and friend in a delightful, Utopian community in which all worked for the joy of working, and where all profits were divided among the dwellers therein Hubbard catered to that peculiar anarchistic instinct in the

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soul of most people which makes them secretly to admire any one bold enough to cry out against the things that are. In his *Philistine* he said that he was but the leader in a plan to ameliorate the condition of handicraftsmen, to aid in the search for the Beautiful, and to lift the American from the inartistic woes of antimacassars, drapes and chromos. Hubbard did this very well. He has built up a cult of worshipers who take his fiat in all matters of books, manners, morals and art, and he has gradually trained them to buy his high-priced bindings and his hand-wrought andirons at fancy prices, believing that they list to the pronouncements of a generous, marvelously original genius, and that their money goes to help on the good work of art education at East Aurora.

What His Critics Say

Hubbard's success has been phenomenal, and whatever may be thought of his sincerity or lack of it, it is certain that he is a thinker, that he expresses his thoughts in an entertaining way, and that his essays are read. The first that attracted widespread attention was his "Message to Garcia." Since attaining prominence he has been the object of some very bitter attacks. People who know him, and who regard him as a poseur, say that he is a skinflint; that he has worked and does work a gang of miserably paid dreamers and toilers to their utmost limit, and that he takes all the gate receipts himself. He has made a half-million dollars, become a celebrity, and now lectures on a guarantee of two hundred dollars and expenses, about altruism, art and Aurora. He wears slouch hats, flannel shirts, trousers tucked in high boots, and uses all the other friend-of-man gullery. His wife lately got a divorce from him, and Fra Elbertus has to dig for alimony.

Quoted Against Himself

His divorce suit, by the way, excited much interest, and some of the details were wired all over the country. During the trial of the case some of his magazine articles were quoted against him. He once wrote that he had been inspired and helped by half a dozen women with whom he had been in love, one at a time. The article was produced as evidence of his unfitness for the marital state, but a more specific charge was that one of the women from whom he had received inspiration lived in his home for more than a year, and that she was the mother of one of his children.

Hobson's Choice Is the Limelight

In strong contrast to the free-loving Roycrofter is Lieutenant Hobson, but only in the matter of temperament. He too betrays some of the mannerisms of the poseur. Having decided to capitalize the fame he achieved by a vain but spectacular heroism, he resigned from the navy to take the lecture platform. He appears to have undertaken the task of stimulating a national sentiment in favor of a greater navy, and therefore he should be on the payroll of the Shipbuilders' Trust. If he neglected to persuade Mr. Nixon to put him on the payroll then he is lacking in financial sagacity. In quitting the navy to become a public speaker Lieutenant Hobson showed that he was sensible of the cash value of the advertising that he had been receiving ever since he availed himself of the opportunity to emerge from obscurity. If he had never sunk the *Merrimac* and been kissed into fame he would not be worth while as an experiment on the lecture platform. But now he deprecates that kissing episode. His manager declares that the lieutenant was never kissed except in public, and that he is not of an amatory nature. On the contrary he has always been cold to the fair sex. In other words he prefers to pose as a misogynist than as a passionate lothario. If he really wishes to have that kissing episode forgotten, why, I should like to know, does he talk so much about it?

Lionized by the Ladies

Confirmed lion-hunters in Los Angeles, writes a correspondent, have been worshiping at the shrine of Hobson who, if he objects to large chunks of adoration, makes such faint indication that "you couldn't hardly notice it at all." He has persistently placed himself where the limelight of publicity could not by any chance miss him and has then proceeded to pose, to the delight of the admiring women and the disgust of the men. While in Los Angeles he visited the Friday Morning Club and after allowing three or four hundred women to gush over him in the reception hall accepted an invitation to say a few words. His few words were the usual spread-eagleism with which he usually favors the public. He was followed on the program by Professor Henry Morse Stevens of Berkeley who, although he is sometimes blunt in his speech, not veiling what he means, by sugared words, probably knows more in a minute than the young naval hero does in a week. Prof. Stevens's subject was Kipling and he naturally talked of India. In the course of his address he told how three million natives are kept in hand by only twelve hundred young British soldiers. Then followed details of acts of heroism of these same soldiers, the speaker closing that portion of his address by saying, "And instances might be multiplied of such unrecorded heroism." As the professor laid especial stress on the "unrecorded" the inference was that he wished to contrast the persistent posing of Hobson. The young officer left a few minutes later.

In the South

The Sheldon Bordens, who are entertaining L. Maynard Dixon, the artist, at their Los Angeles home, belong to the ultra-Bohemian set. They enjoy society, but prefer

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that of clever people. Before her marriage Mrs. Borden lived in San Francisco. She was Margery Frances Burnett, a granddaughter of General Alexander S. Burnett. Her husband used to write very bright stories.

His Feelings Must Be Spared

An attache of the American legation in Vienna sent me an amusing story the other day anent the preparations being made for the visit of King George of Saxony to the Emperor Francis Joseph, set for some time this month. As usual it was decided to hold a gala performance at the Opera House, and for such occasions it is customary to choose such operas and ballets, or fragments of the same as present a thoroughly new *mise-en-scene,* including costumes and decorations. The choice of a suitable opera in this instance was a perplexing matter because it was necessary to avoid all subjects which could in any way remind the royal spectator of the recent embarrassing drama at his own Court. The newest opera in Vienna is Tschaikowsky's "Queen of Clubs." But it could not be considered because it involves the story of a bride who deceives her future husband on the very day of their engagement. Attention was therefore turned to Charpentier's "Louise," and the painters and decorators were set to work to portray the Seine and Montmartre, with a wonderful sunrise as Paris awakens, when presently along came the Court functionary with despair on his face. "It won't do! Think of the program: Gala performance in honor of His Majesty the King of Saxony—'Louise,' a musical romance by Charpentier. Louise, who runs away from her parents for love of a young fop. It will never do." It was finally decided to give a performance of an extract from the new ballet, "Der Fraule Hans."

An Emperor's Past

According to one of the dailies Washington V. Plise, teacher of the piano and of voice culture at 1641 Howard street, is emperor and sole lord of the island of Pedro Gonzales, lying near the western outlet of the proposed Panama canal. It was stated that back in the forties Victor Plise was one of the wealthiest pearl fishers of Panama, and that he acquired the island by right of settlement. He bequeathed it to his son who is now willing to sell it for a mere quarter of a million dollars. I first heard of Washington V. Plise and his island in the early seventies. He was then something of a lion in Vallejo society, and was taken under the wing of General Frisbie. He was engaged in teaching music and while doing so captured the heart of one of Vallejo's daughters, a Miss Murphy, who became his bride. She was the daughter of poor but honest parents who felt that they had annexed a Monte Cristo for a son-in-law, so much were they dazzled by visions of tropic islands and pearl fisheries. I believe the young couple went to Panama on their treacle moon trip, and returned disenchanted. The marriage proved a failure and in the course of time the inevitable divorce took place. I believe that Plise has been twice married since. I never pass the modest Howard street flat and read his sign without thinking of those romantic tales of the island kingdom and the rich pearl fisheries.

The Papyrus Ladies Were Shocked

The Papyrus Club is composed of some of the cleverest women in town, and the object of the organization is to encourage and foster wit among its members. Their meetings are devoted to story telling and it has already been demonstrated that while they have a sense of humor and an appreciation of wit, the spirit of tolerance lacks development. There is only one Jewish member of the club, and at a recent meeting her feelings were lacerated by a story that reflected on the idiosyncrasies of her race. She followed it with one that involved some shocking allusions to Irish Catholics, and the meeting almost broke up in a row.

Mrs. "Pat" Was Shocked

Acton Davies, the brilliant dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Sun,* has been telling a good story on Mrs. Patrick Campbell and it has followed her to this city. It is the story of a contretemps which occurred during Mrs. Campbell's engagement in Philadelphia. It happened at a large supper party given in Mrs. Campbell's honor at the Bellevue hotel, by a dashing and well-groomed society man. Somebody started a conundrum contest and Mrs. Campbell herself gave a very amusing riddle. When it came to the society man's turn two or three of the women who knew his reputation for risque wit grew apprehensive and urged him to be "good." The host frowned as though his feelings had been hurt, and as he turned to Mrs. "Pat" to ask the momentous question he looked as innocent as a babe.

"What is it that a cow has four of and a woman only two?" was the riddle.

A hush fell upon the assemblage. It was a silence that throbbed. Then Mrs. Campbell drew herself together in a most frigid manner, and fixed upon her host a withering look.

"Really, sir—I think you forget yourself. I'm not accustomed—"

"Oh, it's all right," he hurriedly exclaimed, "it's all right; the answer 's feet—f-e-e-t, feet."

But the feeling of relief was palpably artificial.

The whiskey of the particular — Chapin & Gore.

The Kipling of Germany

Now that Mrs. Patrick Campbell has revealed to us the charms of Hermann Suderman's play, "The Joy of Living," a deeper interest will probably be taken by local literary people in the works of the distinguished German author. Sudermann has done such wonderful work in the last few years that some knowledge of both his novels and his plays is necessary to those who wish to be well informed in literary matters. Sudermann is best known by his dramas, one of which, "Magda," we have been familiar with for many years, but he thinks that his novels possess more merit than his plays. He is a writer of facile pen and active imagination. He produces successful plays with one hand and successful dramas with the other. Sudermann broke through the traditions of German literature in his first novel, "Frau Sorge," for he made his studies from life in an original manner, and ignored the sentimentality which had previously been utilized as a factor in the plots of the most revered of German authors. He has been styled the Kipling of Germany, but his methods are a compound of Rousseau and De Maupassant, and he has the delicate touch of Sardou and the constructive skill of Pinero. In appearance he is a blue-eyed, golden-haired, muscular giant. He is a man of the world, well poised and calm, without any of the eccentricities of genius. He is the son of a brewer and in his youth he served in turn as apothecary's clerk, university student, tutor in a private family and journalist on a Berlin paper. When he gets a novel or play under way he leaves his wife and children and buries himself in Paris until his manuscript is completed.

Newton's Silent Exit

It is an ominous silence that the Rev. R. Heber Newton preserves concerning his alleged resignation, or whatever it may be, from the pastorate of Stanford Memorial church. But a few months ago, with a great flourish of newspaper trumpets, Dr. Newton came here from the East. Now he must needs leave California for his health! Did any Native Son (or Daughter) ever hear the like? The work, of course, is not particularly healthful. Efficiently to supply the spiritual demands (if any there be) of a modern university audience, composed of scientists, scholars, students of every creed and of every no-creed in the calendar, and a charming variety of visitors, is no sinecure. Not infrequently does the student of today fret and strut through the four ages of the college man (the freshman, etc., etc.) without experiencing any special spiritual need. The unhappy cure must provide souls before he has many, or even any, to take care of. Im-"morality touched with emotion" is the best definition of the religion of the eds, and the cult of some Apollo of the chair, of that of the co-eds. It is easy for the Roman Catholic priest to exhort the faithful. For the Episcopal minister, the Methodist preacher, to do likewise is likewise easy. Each has a place to stand on, ready to foot, as it were. But the college clergyman has to make a foothold for himself. The very man for this difficult position seemed to be Dr. R. Heber Newton. And now—!

The Procession Moves On

Of late Stanford University seems to have lost its one-time heart-hold on its faculty. What, through death and dismissal (resignation, I mean), its glory is with that of Greece. Dollars do not make a university, but rather your inspiring Agassiz on one end of a log and your inspired student on the other end. When Dr. Thoburn died, President Jordan was tear-choked as he quoted, "The gap in our loved and chosen The long years may not fill." And the gap is there to this day. Heaven had need also of Amos Warner, whose noble lay sermons were wont to fill the old chapel lecture-room to overflowing. When Dr. Warner was sick unto death, some curious fool wondered aloud why the university kept him on as a paid professor. To him (the fool) the wise Head of Stanford made answer, That Warner would more than earn his salary by showing himself once a day on the campus. And Mary Sheldon Barnes, of exquisite memory, who exhaled culture as a flower its fragrance—Heaven had need of her. "Hers was a white soul." Thus Professor Howard at the memorial service. Where now is Dr. Howard himself, that great historian? where her husband, Professor Earl Barnes, also one of the "big ones"? where Dr. Edward E. Ross, whose work, "Social Control," has given him a place among the world's great sociologists? where Edward Howard Griggs? Gone, but not by death! Here also be gaps the long years may not fill. When Dr. Jordan now talks to the baby class of "the freedom of teaching and the freedom of learning" enjoyed at Stanford, somehow the voice of the great educator does not ring in such rightwise as it did in "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '94."

HENRY RATHJEN RE-ENTERS BUSINESS.

A new establishment which will prove a boon to well conducted homes and people who delight in high class wines is the new store opened this week at 46 Ellis street by Henry Rathjen. Mr. Rathjen, well known as the former president of the firm of Rathjen Bros., grocers, and quoted as an authority on wines by hotel men, has established the new store. He will appeal to the best class of buyers, to ladies particularly, and will have no bar in connection with the place, nor sell by the glass. He will sell in bulk, by the case or in broken lots at prices much lower than will be quoted elsewhere. Nothing but the finest wines, liquors and cordials will be sold. Mr. Rathjen is one of the best-known connoisseurs in liquids on the Coast, and his stock is sure to be of the very best. The average householder who likes a good wine with his dinner does not know what brand to buy, but puts his trust in a dealer who often fails to make good. Mr. Rathjen's store comes as a long-felt want to such buyers, who will be able to get just what they want without any worry or trouble.

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The McAllister Pearls Missing

Judge Ward McAllister will not be among the summer attractions at Baron von Schroeder's San Rafael hotel this year. He has decided to withdraw his patronage, for he has a grievance against the hotel. He spent several months there last year, and contributed materially to the gayety of the season while touting for a champagne firm. The hotel regained much of its lost prestige during the sojourn of the scion of the house of McAllister, for the proprieties that had been so rudely violated a few seasons before were observed strictly. Nobody's reputation was damaged in the slightest degree. But now it appears that virtue is not the only thing that may be lost in San Rafael. After his return to this city McAllister became ill, and he sent over to the Hotel Rafael for his goods and chattels. And now he declares that he has been despoiled of his family jewels. Among the missing articles are his Marlborough pearls which were presented by the Duke of Marlborough to Ward McAllister pere upon the occasion of the Duke's marriage with Miss Hammersley. There are other McAllister treasures missing but the Marlborough pin he values more than all else. He intends to sue for the recovery of the stolen articles.

Baldwin's Proverbial Luck

"Lucky" Baldwin appears to have taken a new lease of life physically and financially. He is about to close a deal with an Eastern syndicate for the purchase of a part of the Santa Ana ranch for over a million dollars. Not long ago the tottering millionaire was suffering from cancers on his lips and in his throat. With his usual shrewdness he went in cognito to the hospital of a specialist, fearing that if his identity were revealed the medical man would charge for his services in proportion to the wealth of his patient. The cancers were extirpated and the millionaire was charged only three hundred dollars.

Merely a Contretemps

During her brief sojourn here Ella Wheeler Wilcox has made it apparent that she has a penchant for matchmaking. On several occasions she has expressed the opinion that certain young people she had met for the first time were of congenial temperament, and that it would be a blessing to mate them. At an evening party given in her honor she whispered to one of the ladies seated by her side, "I think that tall, handsome man over in the corner there would be an ideal husband for that beautiful little Miss. Don't you?"

"I am afraid," was the reply, "it would be more ideal than possible; that gentleman is my husband."

Grant's Grandson Quits the Army

Algernon Sartoris, the well known grandson of the late Ulysses S. Grant, is no longer in the United States Army. Some weeks ago I told of Sartoris's efforts to get release from Uncle Sam's fighting force, and how he invoked the influence of his relatives to procure the acceptance of his resignation. Uncle Fred, the Brigadier, would not help his nephew out of the Army. Fred Grant was glad enough to get his own commission and rank a few years ago, and finds the service most congenial. Ulysses Grant, Sartoris's California uncle, said he wouldn't put his finger in the pie. "Algernon was wild to get his shoulder straps and must wear them," said Ulysses. Jesse Grant thought his nephew changeable. Nellie Grant Sartoris, Algernon's mother, implored him to remain with his regiment in the Philippines. "The discipline is what you need," she wrote. Lieutenant Sartoris wrote and wrote. Then he cabled and cabled. Finally he sat down in his island quarters and indited a letter which did the work. The Secretary of War has accepted his resignation. Just what Algy said to Mamma Sartoris is not known, but from his previous threats to desert from the Army and flee to England, and there to assert that he was a British citizen unlawfully detained by the Yankees, it may be guessed that he put the matter very forcibly.

The Matter-of-Course Kiss

A certain "Humdrumite" of my acquaintance was once spontaneously kissed by his wife on the morning of a holiday. Now this was a dear and surprising thing, for the good lady's kisses (for her husband, at least) had long since become unconscious, custom-cold. But the man could not rise to the occasion, was dead to the delight of it, indifferent to the divine distinction between the kiss that is a matter of emotion and that which is merely matter-of-fact. "Good-bye, dear," he drawled, and mechanically sought his hat and overcoat and proceeded to go down town to his "work," being set in motion to do so by what seemed to him the customary parting kiss. Before going far, however, he ran into a reminder that it was a day of rest (or, rather, the reminded ran into him), and it then dawned upon his dullness that his wife had actually kissed him. He returned home with a little less lead than usual in his shoes and a faint flutter in the nameless organ that stood him instead of a heart. Knowing my interest in such matters, he underwent the exertion of telling me the story. Would it a were a new one.

Hall Has a Past

William Hammond Hall, who is trying to prevent this city from diverting water from the Tuolumne river within the confines of the Yosemite Park, poses as a public spirited citizen who has only the interests of the people at heart. His reputation for sincerity, however, is not flawless. He is known in Oakland, where he figured in the water rate suit. He first volunteered his services as an expert to the water company, and when they were declined with thanks he appeared as an expert witness for the city. Perhaps his motives are not so disinterested as he would wish people to believe. Mr. Charles Webb Howard believes with

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Mr. Hall that it would be an outrage to divert the waters of the Tuolumne river for the benefit of San Francisco, but he does not pose as a public spirited citizen. His interests are those of the stockholders of the Spring Valley Water Company, and he doesn't care who knows it.

Fighting for the Limelight

It would not be in consonance with tradition for the prominent cits who are to "do the honors" when President Roosevelt comes over the border, to get along harmoniously. Our prominent cits have from time immemorial behaved with most unbecoming indecorum whenever they were expected to comport themselves with the dignity that bespeaks polite breeding. Therefore it is not surprising that envy, jealousy and politics should threaten to disrupt the committees engaged in preparing for the Roosevelt reception. The first evidence of friction was developed in the legislative joint committee of Senators and Assemblymen. The Senators wanted to elect Dr. Chester Rowell of Fresno, chairman of the joint committee. He happens to be Senator Bard's choice for Panama Canal Commissioner, but Bard and Perkins have had a row, and the Perkins men stoutly objected to putting Rowell in a position in which he would have an opportunity to get "close up" to the President. As a consequence there was considerable manœuvring with the result that Arthur Fisk was elected chairman, much to the disgust of Rowell, who has been sulking ever since. Efforts are being made to achieve both social and political capital out of the President's visit, and the probability is that many sores will be opened before he swings around this arc of the circle.

The Prolific Brady

One of the inducements for readers to give their attention to the new novel by Cyrus Townsend Brady is the announcement that he has spent more time on the composition of "The Southerner" than he usually does. Cyrus Townsend Brady is one of the most prolific of the modern class of lightning-speed producers. His press agent has furnished tabulated statements of the number of novels, short stories, boys' books, and sermons he turns out weekly, in addition to the necessary reading in preparation, the revising and correcting and even re-writing, and the addresses delivered, and social and civic duties performed. Just how much time Mr. Brady usually devotes to the preparation of a book no one can justly state, but apparently he runs typewriters with both hands and feet simultaneously, and dictates to half a dozen secretaries and stenographers at the same time. If Edward Everett Hale's over-worked minister, Frederick Ingham, was in need of a double to lighten his labors, Cyrus Townsend Brady must have agents abroad buying them up in carload lots. And the worst of it is that Mr. Brady is not doing anything at all that is worth while. In spite of his abnormal activity it is a question whether anyone, taken unawares, could give the name of three of his books. He is the gentleman who gave up his pulpit to devote himself to "literature" because it would pay him better. If his preaching did not stay with his congregation any better than his books do with readers, he was no loss to the church.

Fair Californians in the Orient

Miss Lola Davis and her friend and chaperon, Mrs. Bertha Rogers, are still abroad. When last heard from by San Francisco intimates they were far up in the Himalayas, peering into esoteric mysteries through the delightful clairvoyance of the handsome Indian yogis. Miss Davis has been a revelation in dash and buoyancy to the wearied dwellers in the far East. To them the merry spirit and ceaseless energy of the fair San Franciscon have been cause for wonderment, and in India, where she and her companion were extensively entertained, she was named "The Electric Blonde" on account of her rare personal charms and her seeming possession of an inexhaustible storage battery. In India Miss Davis won the Allahabad ping pong tourney, which is open to all comers. Although pressed by many suitors, she is said to be still disengaged. D. E. Brown, general manager of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company in the Orient, was most ardent in his devotion to Miss Davis, but his suit was in vain. He is wealthy and has an income of forty or fifty thousand dollars a year. He is one of the best known transportation men in China, and has a handsome home in Hongkong. At the recent St. Andrew's ball, the annual social event of the foreign colony in Hongkong, Miss Davis and Mrs. Rogers were the guests of Brown and were the centre of attraction for the American men present.

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'Rah for the Schmitz Brothers

It appears that Mayor Schmitz has been sadly handicapped by a lack of brothers, and other near relatives. It it is a most unfortunate predicament to be in. Here he is, the Mayor of a great city, with more jobs on his hands than brothers to fill them with. In consequence one brother has to resign a position as secretary of the Park Commission, a vacancy having occurred in the Board of Public Works. The secretary's salary was raised fifty dollars a month for that brother, who unfortunately is barred by law from drawing two salaries. Of course he preferred the higher salary paid members of the Board of Public Works and besides, the job to which he has just been appointed is to be of four years' duration. So the Schmitz family is to be perpetuated in municipal politics long after Eugene takes down his fiddle and his bow. However it was tough to have to resign a good job just because the Schmitz progenitors had neglected to anticipate the demand for Schmitz freres.

Feathering the Schmitz Nest

That the spirit of fraternity is strong in the Schmitz family is certainly to the credit of the loving brothers. And nobody should criticise Eugene for keeping as much public patronage as possible in his own household. The salaries are there to be drawn and why shouldn't the Schmitz brothers pocket them? However it may be interesting to know that they aggregate sixteen thousand dollars annually. Quite a tidy sum for one family to take from the pockets of the taxpayers! There's Eugene, whose salary is six thousand a year. In addition he draws three hundred a month out of the contingent fund provided for by the charter for secret service work, and for which he is not required to present any voucher. He is presumed not to use it except in the interest of the public, but I have not the faintest idea for what purpose the Mayor has spent it. But it appears that he needed it even when he was in New York, for he drew while away. Perhaps he was trying to get track of the Chinese corruption fund in the Waldorf-Astoria. The salary of the brother appointed Public Works Commissioner is four thousand a year, and that of the Superintendent of Public Buildings is twenty-four hundred. This last named position is a civil service job but 'Gene's brother never took the examination. Being one of the family, he didn't have to.

Bombarding With Drugs

A crisis is approaching in the retail drug war, that very lively commercial scrap of which *Town Talk* was the first to give notice. All the small dealers have come in under the union trust banner except three, and the shops of this trio of independents are being bombarded with cut-rate prices as any person may see who cares to walk down Market street. The fight is directed mainly against Dick Miller of the Owl and there's nothing he likes better than a scrap. Never in the town's history have the valetudinarian, the anæmic, the dyspeptic and the distempered had such a glorious opportunity to get panaceas and cure-alls at bedrock prices. Months ago the manufacturers and wholesalers of drugs promised the petitioning retailers to sell no stock to cut-rate shops, providing the retailers could get seventy per cent of their brethren to stand together to maintain prices. The original promoters of the idea have been working unremittingly ever since and all have come under the trust flag except the defiant three who still valiantly flaunt the cut-rate banner over their portals.

Called Out the Union Clerks

Last week the united retailers made a deadly flank movement on the strongholds of the three stalwarts by getting the drug clerks' union to call out all the salesmen behind their counters. In one shop over a dozen clerks walked out on short notice and the surprised manager had to use his women bookkeepers to dispense drugs till he could summon salesmen to help him out. And now the "called out" union clerks are each putting up twenty-five cents a week and helping in a way to swell the fund that is being used by the united retail druggists to hammer the three stubborn independent dealers into line. The plea of the independents is that they want to buy as cheap as they can, sell as cheap as they can, do business on the lines that they wish and not be hampered and controlled by any union or combination that is trying to succeed by pinioning the enterprise of wide awake business competitors. If these three independents are forced to surrender the combination druggists will certainly put up the prices of their wares and thus make the public pay for this costly war and a lot of other things not down in the prescriptions.

A Forum Club Treat

Mrs. Grace Morei Dickman sang for the Forum Club last Wednesday afternoon. It was the first time she had been heard in song recital since her return from Europe; and it was very evident to her audience that she had

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brought back with her all her well known, beautiful voice, plus that indefinable something, not quite covered by the word technique, that comes of continental culture. As for style, the singer was born with that. The program was artistically arranged—"infinitely various"—including more than one delightful but difficult number seldom sung except by the big professionals. To choose for special mention, never an easy matter, is here harder than ever; but it is probable that the "Stances de Sapho" of Gounod, Saint-Saens' "Amour—Viens Aider" and "Ich Lieben Dich" (Grieg), will linger longest in the memory of those who heard them. Mr. Will King's accompanying had the artistic reserve and the sympathy that are so essential and, alas, so rare.

"He writes poetry that will live."
"But it doesn't enable him to live, poor fellow."

And Now Vesta, Too

Nearly every member of the Shortridge family has dabbled more or less in literature. Now the literary mania has fallen upon Vesta, the pretty fiancee of Emil Bruguiere. While in Monterey she has been engaged upon a work that is said to be promising. Not so long ago, Miss Shortridge had stage aspirations. She is a clever girl and does well everything she undertakes. Her fiance is soon to leave with his mother for New York, so the marriage of Miss Shortridge and Emil Bruguiere will not take place for months yet. Mrs. Bruguiere intends to storm Newport this summer, and by virtue of the success there of her son Louis during the last two seasons she will not find society there difficult to enter.

"Dr Smart has been urging us all Lent to pray for light from above," observed Mrs. Pacific Avenue, with a gentle pressure of her silver-mounted prayer-book.

"How absurd!" exclaimed Miss Beauty Spot, "he ought to know how unbecoming to our make-up that would be!"

A Bunten Mot

The commercial element has not driven all the wit from the Bohemian Club to The Family. One still hears an occasional *mot* in the green room. The other day Colonel Laurie Bunten was guilty of one. Colonel Bunten, by the way, although a Scotchman, was brought up in Germany and he likes to speak the German language. Orrin Peck was rallying him because he spoke so much German, and finished with:

"Colonel, you don't care for English, do you? I never heard you speak English."

Returned the Colonel: "You wouldn't understand me if I did."

What the Colonel Could Do

Colonel Henry J. Kowalsky, the attorney who is reputed to have an incubator for the development of illegitimate heirs to large estates, returned home this week after a long absence in New York, where he tried to break into the contest over the Fair estate. The Colonel betrays no evidence of his disappointment over his failure. He is as breezy and buoyant as ever. It is said that his failure to foist his services on the relatives of Mrs. Charley Fair was due to the fact that they had already retained a New York lawyer whose specialty is the digging up of positive proofs. He is one of the craftiest case-builders in the country. He happened to be in Paris at the time of the Fair tragedy, so he had a great advantage over other members of the legal fraternity. He succeeded in rounding up witnesses who were not heard of at the inquest, and upon whom he relies to prove that Charley Fair died first. However, it is believed that the Nelsons erred in not hiring Kowalsky. I have heard it suggested that even yet Colonel Kowalsky could go over to France and pick evidence off the branches of the tree against which Charley Fair was hurled. So wonderful is his ingenuity that he might be able to find a statement in Charley Fair's handwriting that he entered eternity just a few seconds ahead of his wife.

In Chicago:

Mrs. Grand Boulevard: Will your marriage occur this Easter?

Mrs. Lakeside Drive: Oh, of course. For four years I've never failed to have an Easter wedding.

Not Until Autumn

The marriage of Miss Aline Ford and Lewis Pierce is not to take place until some time in the fall. Mr. Ford considers his daughter too young to marry, and indeed would prefer to postpone the wedding for a few years. The Fords are a very devoted family and Aline is the only child. But the young people are very much in love, and if they had their way would be married much sooner than the date set. Their engagement, which I exclusively announced some weeks ago, has now been formally confirmed. One of the dailies had a picture of the bride-to-be, but it was not a good one, as she has not sat for the camera in years. She is such a pretty girl that the portrait published was the basest of libels.

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Lyon & Hoag's auction sale of real estate on last Thursday was the most successful sale of vacant property during the year. Fifty lots were sold and standing room during sale was at a premium. The first lot offered, corner Haight and Cole Sts., 50x95 feet, sold for $7.950.00. Lots on Haight, b t. Clayton and Cole Sts., sold from $2,675 to $2,875. The lot on cor. Clayton and Haight Sts., 50x96 feet, sold for $7,550. Eight lots adjoining sold for prices ranging from $2,550.00 to $2 700.00.

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A Thief in Society

Petty larceny is rife in Oakland social circles, and there's a terrible storm brewing. Oakland has had many social scandals, for Oakland society is painfully bourgeois and its blood has been sadly mixed, but the one that is imminent will have the distinction of being the worst yet. The petty peculation has been going on somewhat systematically at little gatherings held for the purpose of playing cards. Purses left carelessly about were rifled of small sums. At first it was thought that there was some mistake, but repeated losses by different women soon banished all doubt. The servants in one house were suspected by the guests, but the hostess was most emphatic in her assertion of their innocence. About that time suspicion began to centre on one woman, and though there has been a good deal of unpleasant gossip about her nobody has the courage to launch an accusation. To make matters worse, there has been cheating at cards, and there has been talk of inflicting the penalty of social ostracism on more than one woman in Oakland's smartest set.

The Folly and Immorality of Gambling

The fact is that Oakland is having the experience of other communities in which rein is given to the passion of gambling. Society is being demoralized wherever bridge-whist is the fashionable diversion. Bridge, as many a youngster now learning his lesson of that high-priced teacher, Experience, knows to his cost, is the *pons asinorum* of polite society. The animal that brays cannot get over it. Yet the thing is as thistles to him; has the fascination of a favorite fodder. So he nibbles at the dainty and damns the expense. In less parliamentary speech, the man who allows himself to be fleeced because the shearing is done by a fashionable woman, is a fool; the woman is a knave. Cheating itself is no greater knavery than taking advantage of an unwritten law of lightning society to the effect that a man must either lose to a woman or win but nominally, not economically. This means a man's giving a woman money under the guise of gambling. And many a woman who would be outraged by a man's offering her an overt present of ten dollars seems more than willing to accept in this way a covert present of ten thousand. How darling a thing, ladies, is self-deception! How convenient, how profitable, the lack of a little logic! Concerning the man, the question arises: Why does he do it, the fool? —or does he think to get his money's worth, the rogue? Why? In any case, because he's an ass.

Also the Vulgarity of It

The ruinous immorality of ungodly gambling in high places I leave to the protest of the pulpit. It is enough for me to consider its vulgarity. Modern commerce-cursed society has no greater spiritual need than rooms full of art suggestion where brain-fagged business men may *withdraw* from the sight and sound and smell of money. To obtrude the purse in private; to turn a *with*-drawingroom into a "den," and a hostess into a "steerer" of social "hayseeds," or even into a tactful "bully" for compelling "victims" to pay up—it is not only vice, it is vulgarity, and a stench in nice nostrils. The man who does not at dusk, when the day's work is done, leave business behind him in the office, but must needs bring it home with him, is a boor. Dollars-and-Cents may be chief of our public deities, their religion recognized by the government; but they make poor Lares and Penates. It is not in good taste to make a "hell" of the hearth. Gambling of all kinds would better be done downtown. The home is not nowadays, as once in "the grandeur that was Rome," a house of prayer, but that is no reason for making it a den of thieves. . . . Well, if I'm not a-preachin', after all. See what comes of reading Ella Wheeler Wilcox!

Don't Know Harrison Is Dead

Carter Harrison, who has just been elected Mayor of Chicago for the fourth time, is a very lucky young man. He has had so much political success that outside of Illinois he is regarded as a coming statesman. It is believed in some parts of the country that he would lend strength to a national ticket. The fact is that Harrison is not taken seriously at home. I took occasion to make inquiries concerning him during a visit to Chicago a year ago. From what I could learn I should judge him to be of the type made familiar to us by the late Judge Campbell. His father was his prototype and the first Carter Harrison was one of the most successful political fakirs the country has ever seen. Like Judge Campbell he was a capital campaigner and he practiced the same wiles that won votes for our irrepressible Police magistrate. Chicago is the most cosmopolitan city in the country, and half its population is made up of a heterogeneous aggregation of foreigners representing every country in Europe. Socialists predominate among them. The elder Harrison won their confidence by attending their meetings, their picnics and their dances. He familiarized himself with a phrase or two in almost every language and patois and whatever gathering he addressed he was able to use a few idioms that won applause, and he never failed to intimate that he could trace his ancestry back to their country. It is said that many of the foreign element in Chicago are ignorant of the fact that Carter Harrison Sr. is dead, and that they are still voting for the son under the impression that it is his father they are supporting.

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Not "In Society"

One of the newspaper comments made apropos of Jere Lynch's entertainment of the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon was that it was surprising because Jere is "not in society." It is true, the millionaire who prefers to pose as a literary man is not often seen in society in his own town. But when he goes abroad he is invited to the most exclusive houses. When he was last in Egypt he had several titles among his house-boat guests, and titles are an everyday matter with him. In Dawson he would have been made socially much of had he been willing, but during his stay in the Frozen North he was somewhat of a recluse and only one family could boast that he enjoyed dining with them. As a matter of fact, when Jere Lynch is at home he doesn't bother about the swim. He prefers to keep his literary reputation intact by associating only with his Bohemian Club friends. But his dinner to the Carnarvons was a delightful function, and those invited included only women and men of brains.

Mrs. Martin's Protege

Now that Lieutenant Harry Howland is to leave for Manila, rumors are afloat as to the result of his social campaigning in this city. It is said that the lieutenant was not manœuvreing aimlessly; that he was not frittering away his time merely through love of social diversion, but was ever on the qui vive for signals familiar only to those versed in Cupid's code. He was the protege of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who took a great interest in him and made his ascent of the treacherous social ladder very easy. She was credited with the desire to marry him to an heiress, and it is vaguely hinted that she was not unsuccessful. Indeed it is said that the match has been made.

Presents for Miss Oge

Miss Marie Oge who, as I announced exclusively two weeks ago, is to marry Truxtun Beale in New York, has been receiving many handsome things from the relatives of her fiance. One of the most beautiful of the presents is a stunning sunburst of unusual size and with stones of exceptional purity, worth several thousands of dollars. It was the gift of Mr. Beale's sister, Mrs. John R. McLean of Washington. It was John R. McLean's sister, by the way, who married Admiral Dewey, and received for a wedding present the residence presented to the hero of Manila bay by the people.

The Henry Breedons have returned from their tour of the Southern part of the State. They intend to join the colony of society people at the Hotel Rafael this summer. Mrs. Breedon is the possessor of a large fortune, and the prospective heiress to another. She is one of the best dressed women in society, and entertains a great deal in her pretty home in Broadway.

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Airy, Fairy Ethyl

Ethyl Hager's reputation for originality in designing novel costume for mask balls has spread far and wide, and as a consequence she is the recipient of suggestions from all parts of the world. Several costumers in New York have offered to supply her with material for freak displays, and they have furnished her with elaborate descriptions and pictures. One costumer has agreed to rig her out as the battleship *Oregon* with a complicated device for the shooting of confetti from miniature cannon. Another suggests an aeronaut's costume and has elaborate plans for a sensational descent from a parachute to be cleverly arranged as a ceiling decoration. Fancy the airy, fairy Ethyl doing the star drop without wings! But watch her when the next ball is pulled off.

"Did your wife forgive you for missing that theatre-date with her?"

"Yes, she forgave me—and showed me the bill for a thirty-nine dollar Easter hat."

Maurer-Robinson Marriage

That rare and beautiful thing, a real marriage, took place at high noon last Wednesday between Mr. Oscar Maurer, "the poet of photography," as Gabrilowitsch, the poet of the piano, calls him, and Mrs. Margaret Fenn Robinson, the poet's choice. The wedding was private; the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Mr. Hosmer, pastor of the Unitarian church, at Weltevreden, Berkeley, the artistic home of Mrs. Volney D. Moody, mother of the bride. After their return from some Eden in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Maurer will spend the summer in the college town.

At the first banquet, given by the citizens of the City of Chicago to

President Roosevelt

on his Western trip, at the Auditorium Hotel, April 2nd, the only wine used was

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A Bard-Otis Compact

My Los Angeles correspondent writes that since the return of Senator Bard, an endless chain of pink teas and angel cake debauches has been started in his honor by R. N. Bulla, A. W. Kinney, Thomas Hughes and R. D. Wade. The news has leaked out that Bard has grown ambitious, and that he thinks he has a chance of becoming the Republican candidate for Vice-President. Indeed his boom has already been started, and he told a newspaperman the other day that he was sure that the next Vice-President would be a Western man. It is said that his ambition has been fanned by General Harrison Gray Otis who is eager to wear his uniforms and medals in Washington, and who has had visions of himself as a cabinet officer. "I'll make you Vice-President if you'll make me Secretary of War," is said to be the Otis proposition.

Why Club Women Are Weary

For more than a year the club women of Los Angeles have shown signs of brain-fag. Pink teas have taken on a salmon hue, whist parties have dragged and even the latest in lingerie has failed to attract the usual attention. The girl just out of her teens and the ancient Miss, both have had the same weary look. Their one time admirers could not account for the fading of feminine beauty, but their case has been diagnosed since the publication of the doings at a meeting of the Monday Morning Club. Some of the subjects discussed were, "Liquid Air," "Bacteria of Laziness," "Religious Liberty in Russia," "The Social Evil," "The Work of the Legislature," "The Tobacco Habit," "Situation in China," "Reform in Afghanistan" and "Hopeful Signs in South America." And these were discussed only by the Monday Morning Club. There is a Wednesday Morning Club and also a Friday Morning Club. Ponder the mental effort indulged by the women of Los Angeles, ye masculine clubmen who burn the midnight oil in consideration of such trivial problems as the exact quantity of sugar that should enter into a cocktail!

Northam's Great Achievement

Colonel Bob Northam, epicure, millionaire, politician and tinsel-soldier of ease, is now posing in Los Angeles as the friend of overworked cooks and housewives. He has invented a cooking machine, guaranteed to cook bacon, beans, onions and even cabbage without fuel or odor. He has organized a company with himself as President and Dr. J. De Barth Shorb as Vice-President, to manufacture and market the patent odorless, fuelless hashmaker. If he has really solved the problem of how to prepare a boiled dinner without taking the neighborhood into the family confidence, he has surely conferred a boon on his species.

The Rev. Father Goode of the Church where the Angels Rest paused by a tiny girl in one of the south-of-the-slot districts.

"Why do you weep, child?" he asked.

"'Cause my mudder makes me wear dis dress," returned the infant, "an' it ain't no fit."

The Rev. Goode turned away. He had no consolation to offer. The garment had been sewed by the Society Lenten Sewing Class of the Church where the Angels Rest.

Deserting San Rafael

The summer throng in San Rafael threatens to be smaller than usual this year. The Pinckards have already opened up their pretty home, and the John F. Boyds are expected soon, but it is said that this will be their last season in San Rafael. The Sidney M. Smiths will be missed from their colonial house in Irwin street. Mrs. Smith, the Misses Smith and Mrs. Lansdale intend leaving for Europe shortly. The Gerstles will not occupy their cottages, intending to summer elsewhere.

The Temperance Issue in Politics

The politicians of San Rafael are growing feverish as the election approaches. The Good Government, otherwise the Commuters' Contention Club, is almost to a man for a high license and the town faction is opposed to it. Major Charles Christiansen is one of the commuters who is not an enthusiastic high license man. He is opposed to the extermination of the saloon. One of the most earnest workers in the cause of temperance is C. C. Stevenson who received his first taste of political intrigue in the Presbyterian church of which he is a deacon. He has proved a great strategist in church circles and is now eager for broader fields to exploit.

Mrs. Francis's Latest

It was at Mrs. Vincent Neale's Twelfth Night party, the most important function known to the Upper Thirteen, that Mrs. Francis, famous from Tiburon to Tomales for

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her wit, sprung her latest bon mot. It was during a discussion about a certain young man whose efforts to break through the Upper Thirteen's brass-bound exclusiveness have been crowned with success.

"He's English, ain't he?" asked one matron as she surveyed him through her lorgnette.

"Dear, no," said Mrs. Francis, "only English-speaking."

Gossip of the Service

It is probable that ere long Fort Mason will be the scene of gayeties to which it has long been a stranger, for General and Mrs. McArthur have a reputation for cordial hospitality to sustain. Mrs. McArthur is said to be an accomplished hostess by those who have met her. The fact that one of the General's aides is a bachelor is another thing that pleases civilian buds and their mothers. Captain Parker West, beside being eligible for matrimony, is a Californian by birth.

Captain and Mrs. Amos W. Kimball will sail on the twentieth of April for Manila on the *Sumner*. Captain Kimball has for two years been Quartermaster at the Presidio.

Brigadier General M. C. Foote, who arrived from the Philippines on the *Thomas*, is with his wife and little son at the Richelieu.

One of the jokes on Hobson that passed current in the Navy, shortly after his great kissing exploit:

"Hobson made his fame on a collier and lost it on a smack."

Edith McBean's Home

The home of the Kierstedts is far more luxurious than most army residences. Money can do anything, even make over an old house into a little palace. In this instance the old rooms were made over, new rooms added and hardwood floors put in. The furniture, which was Mr. McBean's gift, is magnificent and quite up to that of the smartest civilian dwelling. The dining-room is entirely in mahogany. The young couple have a full staff of servants, and they will undoubtedly take the lead in army hospitality.

"My fish-dealer is a very nice man. I call him Robinson Crusoe."

"Why, because he lives on an island?"

"No, because he depends so much on Friday."

Young Palmer's Wife Known Here

Miss Mabel Jacobs, whose marriage to Jose Estrada Palma, son of the President of Cuba, was recently reported, was formerly a resident of this city. She is a niece of Lee Lash, who is well known in local art circles. Lash, by the way, located in Philadelphia after studying about ten years in Paris. Finding that legitimate art work was not profitable he took up scene painting in theatres. At present he has a studio in New York and is very successful.

Mrs. Willis G. Dodd left for the East last Wednesday. She intends visiting several friends on the Atlantic coast, and her sojourn there will be a protracted one.

THE PRESIDENT'S WINE.

The news comes from Chicago that at the first banquet tendered President Roosevelt on his Western trip, by the citizens of Chicago at the Auditorium hotel on April second, the only wine used was Ruinart Brut '93—the President's wine.

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Meyer's Conv. Lex. (German Encyclopedia, 4th Edit.)

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The Tiger-Lily

A great bank of lilies, tall, slender-stemmed St. Joseph's lilies, almost concealed the altar. Palms surrounded the chancel rail. Lilies pointed the entrance to each pew, and a wide white satin ribbon divided the space within which the guests invited to the breakfast were distinguished from those bidden but to the church. It was a regulation wedding but the sumptuousness of the decorations was eloquent of wealth and the Easter lilies predominated because of its being a post-Lenten ceremony.

The church was sparsely filled when the Tiger-Lily entered. It was early and she had no card, but she walked with such assurance by the pompous darkey who guarded the portal that he had not the temerity to oppose her entrance. She was a warm-hued brunette, faultlessly gowned, and her face wore an expression of recklessness that ill-conformed with the character of the occasion.

The Tiger-Lily had come to the wedding with a purpose. She had announced it beforehand, but the Man had not believed she would dare carry it out. For years she had said that if he ever went to the altar with another woman, he would never approach nearer the ceremony than the *prie-dieu*. But he had no inclination in those days to test the sincerity of her threat. He was of a domestic temperament, but he had no yearnings, for was he not playing at domesticity in a most realistic fashion? The Tiger-Lily was a wife in everything but the name, and though at times the Man was oppressed with a sense of the unconventionality of the situation, he did not permit it to agitate him to any great extent. He had drifted into the relationship without a thought of its becoming a permanent companionship, and he had a vague notion that he would drift out of it some day. However, he enjoyed it so much that it would probably have continued to the end of his life had not the Tiger-Lily begun to repeat her threat at short intervals. As a consequence it suddenly occurred to the Man that he was being subjected to coercion. Then his proud spirit rebelled.

Each repetition of the threat induced serious reflection. And sober thought has a chastening effect. Meditation is a stimulus to conscience, and an active conscience is fatal to pleasure when it is achieved by infraction of the moral laws.

In the course of his meditations the Man suddenly felt that he owed a great debt to society. Moreover, he argued that a woman who would insist on living with a man who had ceased to love her was not worthy of even a passionate embrace. The Tiger-Lily was such a one, for had she not declared that she would never permit him to marry? To heed such a threat would be to confess himself a poltroon.

About that time he met the Calla Lily, and he felt a thrill. She was a pure woman, and though he had never pictured to himself any special type of woman upon whom he would be eager to lavish his affection, he was suddenly persuaded that he had an ideal, and that the Calla-Lily was its incarnation.

When the wedding day was set he thought of the Tiger-Lily, and his enthusiasm was chilled for a brief space, during which he permitted himself to reflect that perhaps she really loved him; perhaps if they had started their blissful relationship under other circumstances, his whole life would have been different. But she was only a scarlet passion-flower.

"I will shoot you if you marry another," said the Tiger-Lily.

It was a silly threat. It angered him. He had heard of other men that had been restrained from marriage by such a threat and he pitied them. He would rather die than live to feel that he was the companion of a woman who would have him against his will.

On his wedding-day he did not give the matter a thought. The Calla Lily, pure and white as she was, was not wholly ignorant of the existence of her more gorgeous sister. She had heard rumors, but then one always heard those things of the men in her set. One could not expect them to be like women. They never were. Her fiance was not different from his friends. She would not have him otherwise.

In her bridal robes she looked more like a lily than ever. She was all white, except the bit of traditional blue that was invisible, the narrow ribbon that was woven into the lace of her corset. The bridesmaids were in white, too, for was it not an Easter wedding?

The organist entered and began to play softly classic selections that were the prelude to the bridal chorus. The church was full now, with many standing at the back as if it were a standing-room-only matinee at the theatre. Murmurs reached the ears of the Tiger-Lily.

"She's very rich," said one.

"And a beauty, too," was the whispered retort, "one of the favorites of fortune."

"He's a lucky man," in a masculine voice.

"She's a lucky woman," in a feminine tone, "why, he is quite the most popular man in our set."

"Never a wedding without its scandal accompaniment," breathed a reporter from one of the daily papers, "if all were told this is like all the others."

The Tiger-Lily heard that, and opened her ears for the rest.

"The usual woman, the other woman, you know. One reason he didn't marry before. Fancy if there were to be a scene."

"There never are, though, except on the stage. They settle it out of church."

"For a good round sum," laughed the first reporter.

The Tiger-Lily clenched her white-gloved hands.

"So that is what they think," she said to herself, "well, they'll see."

"Hush—sh—sh."

The strains from "Lohengrin" began. The wedding-party entered, as wedding-parties always do at regulation marriages in church. The ushers, then the white-frocked maids two and two, then the maid-of-honor, preceding the tall blonde bride, on her brother's arm. She was an orphan as well as an heiress. Truly, the Man was lucky, thought his friends who were blessed with parents-in-law not too agreeable.

The Tiger-Lily craned her graceful neck. So this was she who had won from her the stake of her life, this pale Calla Lily. How coarse her own warm coloring seemed beside that delicate blondeness. She lost herself in thoughts of her girlhood, and was not recalled to the present until the Bishop had begun the solemn ceremony.

The Man was standing with his lily bride before the Bishop.

"I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment, why ye may not be lawfully joined together in Matrimony, ye do now confess it. For be ye well assured, that if any persons are joined together otherwise than as God's Word doth allow, their marriage is not lawful."

The Tiger-Lily had seen a play once where a woman had thrust herself forward at this stage of a marriage ceremony. She had intended to reproduce the scene herself. But the Bishop made but a short, conventional pause. He had never officiated except

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at well-bred weddings. He knew nothing of the Tiger-Lily.

The Man was embarrassed and nervous, as bridegrooms always are, but he too had forgotten the Tiger-Lily. Neither he, nor the Calla Lily who was not ignorant of his past, knew any *lawful* impediment to bid their union pause.

The ceremony went on. There was no interruption. The fateful moment had passed.

"She's a lovely bride," said one of the spectators, as the Man and his wife passed up the aisle, "there hasn't been such a charming wedding in ages."

The Tiger-Lily was the last to leave the church. She was faint after the tension. Her mind had been keyed up to action, but her will refused to act. She fell on her knees with her eyes fixed on the lily-decked altar. Above was the silver crucifix. It had no significance for her, though she, too, was a martyr—to the social law.

The sexton touched her on the shoulder.

"Madam," he said, "we are going to close the church now. It will be opened in an hour—there's going to be a funeral."

He wondered at her laugh, so out of place in a church.

"A funeral after a wedding," she exclaimed, "how appropriate!"

It was like the burial of her own hopes. —*The Tragedian.*

Si Jeunesse Savait

"Go away, don't bother me," said the Boy.

She was six then, and he was eight.

Though she liked him best, she went away and played with Another Boy, whom she did not like so well.

* * * * * * * * *

"Why do you weary me with your attentions?" said the Girl, "you know they only bother me."

She was twenty then, and he was twenty-two.

Though he loved her, he went away and lavished his flowers on Another Girl, who liked him better than he did her.

* * * * * * * * *

"I was a fool to send him away," said the Woman, "I always loved him ever since we were children together. Why didn't he know?"

She was thirty then, and he had married the Other Girl. —*The Poet.*

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On Easter Morn

I THOUGHT:

That we gave as much Time to our Souls during Lent as we give to our Clothes,
That a marvel, indeed, to our eyes, to the world, Easter day would disclose
As we sit in our soft, cushioned pews, near the aisle, with our eyes on the Flowers,
But comparing that Hat on the left, Draped in White, or that Red One, with Ours,
While the organ throbs on and, our thoughts gentler grown, to ourselves we confess
Mrs. Ryche, who was fagged for awhile, looks quite well in that gray, clinging dress.

I THOUGHT:

That, instead of the Gowns of the Flesh, we could see all about, shining through
Like an aura, bright Raiment of Souls, corresponding to Deeds Good and True;
And the gray, clinging gown, trimmed in white, Mrs. Ryche so becomingly wore,
Was of Charity woven, embroidered in Love shown to Friendless and Poor;
That the Flowers on her hat were a bunch of Kind Thoughts sent each day to a friend,
And the Book which she bore were the Prayers Which She Lived from year's end to year's end.

I THOUGHT:

That a Sinner, a Magdalene, came, blind with tears, and Choice, Forward Seat,
And they Welcomed her there, Moving Up with a Smile that was winning and sweet.—
For the Robe which they saw was of White, made by hand, of Much Toil Bravely Borne,
And the Glow round her head showed the Cheer her Smiles brought to hearts lonely, forlorn;
And the preacher stepped down from his place in Great Haste when the service was o'er
To Shake Hands IN HIS NAME with the Least of HIS Flock ere she reached the front door.

I THOUGHT:

That a Sinner, a Magdalene, came, blind with tears, and knelt silently down;
And they Gathered About Her and said, "Stay with Us; GOD is Love; Wear HIS Gown;"
Then I heard all the voices burst forth into song—The LORD Stood at the Door!
But in Rags, Bruised with Thorns, Bare of Feet; Thin, Old-Fashioned the Cloak which HE wore.
"Will the People receive him in Rags?" was my thought—then I woke with a lurch—
And the answer 's unknown. The long service was done; I'd been dreaming in church.

April, 1903. *L. Clare Davis.*

My Plea

When God's good angel sadly questions me
As to my fitness for eternity,
I'll say you loved me, and when that is done
My sins will be forgiven, and heaven won.

Mabel Porter Pitts.

Whiskey and soda is the most popular drink just now—but the whiskey must be Chapin & Gore's old bourbon.

STAGE

Sudermann's Powerful Sermon

Inability to enthuse over such a play as "The Joy of Living"; not only to enthuse but to rhapsodize, is to betray symptoms of mental atrophy. To discern in such a play an unwholesome philosophy or to deprecate the motif is rank pharisaism. It is the only play I have ever seen in which adultery is discussed without salacity. Indeed Hermann Sudermann has achieved a wonderful paradox in "The Joy of Living"—a play with adultery as the stimulus to its action, and not the faintest suggestion to indecency in its five acts. The whole tone of the play is edifying and elevating. It is a poetic sermon that thrillingly pictures the awful, harrowing consequences of wrongdoing. Why argue against such a play, and yet approve of discussion of the Commandments in the pulpit? There is nothing Ibsenesque in this play. Sudermann's choice of material is a matter that belongs to his own artistic conscience: to find fault with it would be a critical impertinence. His manipulation of his material is as unlike that of Pinero and Wilde as Mrs. Campbell is unlike Mrs. Langtry. Nobody needs fear contamination from any of his characters. The sin responsible for the play took place fifteen years before the first act opened. The unfaithful wife and her lover, overcome by conscientious scruples, had ceased their criminal intimacy, and though the affection of neither had cooled, there is no prospect of their resuming the criminal relationship. They lived to regret and to suffer the pangs of remorse, pangs that were made poignant by the nobility of the husband's character and his kindness to the man who had wronged him. There is no attempt, as in "The Gay Lord Quex," to picture with sculptural distinctness and in the colors of enamel, the social modes of a demoralized smart set. Sudermann makes no exposition of indecency, nor does he set his situations in an atmosphere that reeks of immorality. He points a moral, poses a problem, and preaches the most powerful and convincing sermon that has been written by any modern playwright, without ever hinting that people of high station may lead lecherous lives, and enjoy immunity from criticism or conscience. His argument is pitiless in its severity and he holds no brief for free love. He aims at effects, as does Sardou, and he accomplishes them with sonorous rhetoric, and with human souls exposed, naked and unvisited by the consolations of a sympathetic creator. He is given much to dialogue in the first act, but Sudermann demonstrates that in its talky stages a play may be of absorbing interest so long as the dialogue is devoted to development of the plot, rather than to plausible epigram. He begins to play on your emotions from the beginning, and there is not a moment in which you are not interested in the fate of Beata and Baron Richard. To create character is the *summum bonum* of the dramatist's art, and both Beata and Richard are wonderful studies. Beata is a wife who loves two men. She loves her husband because he is a man of fine character and because he is the father of her children. Her love for him is the love that proceeds from sympathy. Her love for Richard is the passion that proceeds from the emotions. Richard is that paradoxical character—the man of honor who stoops to dishonor through his passion for a woman. And dearly does he pay the penalty! There are some exquisite touches in the handling of these characters, and at all times there is apparent a masterly unity of ideas revolving around one central idea, and that being the sufferings of the sinners. Could anything be more exquisite than the scene in which the son of Richard reveals to the wronged husband the fact that his wife's honor had been aspersed? Throughout the play the son is used with telling effect. He is even called into requisition to decree the penalty that his father should suffer. Sudermann has a wonderful faculty for devising situations and all so natural. As witness the one in which the wife reveals her own infamy and the final great climax at the supper table when, after taking poison, she proposes the toast, "To the joy of living." The play is the most powerful tragic drama that has been presented in this city in many a day. And as for Mrs. Pat Campbell—well, Sudermann could not find a more capable woman for the character of Beata, or one who could more thoroughly merge herself into the creature of the playwright's fancy. Press notices could give us no exaggerated notion of the art of this weird yet womanly woman. Hers is the art that conceals. When she is acting her very best she convinces you that she isn't acting at all; that she is actually experiencing the emotions she portrays and that she is oblivious of the audience. There are moments when the tension produced by her superb art is painful. Like a responsive instrument, every key of the mood she touched sounded. Perhaps it is an intellectual impersonation that she gives. I should call it intensely emotional. Perhaps, as Ella Wheeler says, she must have had experience, but I prefer to credit her with the imagination and the intellect essential to grasp the purpose of the author. And by the bye, Mrs. Campbell has a splendid company with her. Wright Kramer is a capable foil for her and the Norbet of Charles Bryant is refreshing in its naivete. There is not a weak one in the company.

There is no more refreshing drink at this season than a high ball of Chapin & Gore.

She Is Still Youthful

It is rather hard to believe that Kate Claxton has been playing Louise in "The Two Orphans" for twenty-five years. Effie Ellsler, charming as she still is in manner, and Rose Coghlan, with all her magnetism and brilliant art, "show their age"; Kate Claxton does not. She is a sweet little woman and she has "grown up" with the part of Louise, so that she has positively assimilated the personality of the blind girl. "The Two Orphans," verbose and antique as it is, can still wring the hearts of sentimental women. It is given an admirable production by Miss Claxton's company. On Tuesday night Ethelyn Palmer, the Henrietta of the cast, was unable to appear by reason of illness, and her part was assumed by Mary Stewart Cone. As Miss Cone was already cast for two parts, Marianne and Julie, her assumption on short notice of a third role, and a principal at that, is deserving of commendation.

At the Alcazar

It always detracts from one's enjoyment in a repetition of a play when one happened to see it first by the original company. Especially is this so when the play was first produced by the star for whom it was written. You would like to leave out invidious comparison, but you can't. Now, "An American Citizen" is such a play. Nat Goodwin put so much of himself into the character of Beresford Cruger that any one else in the role seems an intrusion. But "An American Citizen" has gone into stock. It is one of the happenings that can't be helped. Ernest Hastings gives a very sympathetic performance of the title role, and George Osbourne as the senior partner is rather better than the original impersonator of the part. Miss Creighton appears again in a role giving her small chance to show her capability. That she acts it without obtruding herself further than the playwright intended is a second proof, after last week, that she is an actress worthy of the name. Oza Waldrop is charming as Georgia Chapin and Miss Van Reynegom makes the little French maid most attractive. Frank Bacon has a servant's role this week, the English valet, which is well done. There must be a demand for servants' parts in the company, judging by George Osbourne's in last week's play and Frank Bacon's in this.

Their Original Roles

When William A. Brady selected "Her Majesty" for the stellar exploitation of his pretty blonde wife (Grace George) at the Manhattan theatre, New York, in October, 1900, he got together the strongest company that money could obtain. Ernest Hastings had just declined the leading support of Blanche Walsh, in a new play suggested by the siege of Quebec, and very wisely, for the piece was a complete failure. Having the choice of two parts in "Her Majesty" he selected that of a half-crazy degenerate German prince, in preference to that of the "lead," a dreamy, namby-

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pamby sort of a hero. His performance caught the blase town because of its virility and novelty, and created quite a stir. George Osbourne, whose many-faceted art is even more highly appreciated in New York than in San Francisco—which is saying a great deal—scored very heavily as a bearded and bloodthirsty revolutionist. During the run he also personated with Mansfieldian skill a blase, battered and burned-out old roue, with acute diplomatic craftiness. In the Alcazar revival Hastings will be seen here for the first time as Casimir and Osbourne as sanguinary Papa Schmidt. When "Lover's Lane" follows, early next month, Hastings and Osbourne will personate their original characters—the broad-minded clergyman and the amiable, hen-pecked storekeeper. They created these at the Manhattan, New York, and played them for months including an all-summer run of the Clyde Fitch pastoral, at McVicker's, Chicago, two years ago.

The Latest Weberfieldian Burlesque

Burlingame was chosen as the locale for "Helter Skelter," described on the programs as a dramatic conundrum in three guesses. If life at the exclusive little suburb were half so attractive as it is pictured by the clever comedians and pretty girls at Fischer's the rural resorts would lose half their patronage and there would be a mad stampede for tickets at the Townsend street station. The latest offering at the O'Farrell street playhouse bids fair to become the most popular production since "Fiddle Dee Dee." The lines are racy and scintillating, the situations ludicrously funny, the music catchy and the girls are radiant in the smartest and most artistic gowns that were ever flaunted over the little stage. Kolb and Dill do not appear until the second act but Barney Bernard as Isidore Nosenstine, an old-clothes man, and Harry Hermsen as Funius T. Barnum, proprietor of the World's Greatest Show, keep the audience in such rollicking good humor that the German dialect comedians are scarcely missed. Kolb and Dill as the two grafters, Meyer Longman and Mike Shortman, have their usual difficulties with the English language. Kolb is the same supercilious pessimist with his old disposition to snub Mike on every occasion and to vent his spleen on his partner's rotund body in the most unexpected bursts of passion. Mike is as timorous and wary as ever and still retains a cheerful composure under the most trying circumstances. Maude Amber is ponderously piquant as Mlle. Celestine Maloni, the equestrienne, for the shapely singer is not in the featherweight class of circus riders. What a sensation she would make jumping through a hoop! She sports some very becoming new gowns and has several good scenes with Winfield Blake, who plays the part of a debonair club man and does it successfully. Flossie Hope and Gertie Emerson dance with more than the customary abandon. As usual George Lask achieves with his chorus those kaleidoscopic effects that are a tribute to his genius.

Shakespeare Again

So few managers are willing nowadays to risk money in Shakespearean revivals that there is danger of the younger generation knowing its Shakespeare only through elocutionists, dramatic readers and Shakespeare clubs. There are no Booths and Barretts nowadays, and Warde and James are getting on in years and will be retired before we know it. Occasionally a Mansfield comes along and produces a Shakespearean play but his desire is only to give his conception of one of the characters, in nine cases out of ten a freak conception. Many actors, stars in comedy-dramas, have yearned to play "Hamlet." Several "Macbeths" are under way for next season. And syndicate managers who run to big things have sent spectacular Shakespearean productions on the road. There's not much money in Shakespeare these days, though, and the financial point of view is that of most managers. It is therefore noteworthy that R. D. MacLean has essayed a Shakespearean revival of that erstwhile familiar play, "Richard III," in which Edwin Booth starred for many years, but which has seldom been produced since except by Tom Keene. Mr. MacLean gives a very scholarly reading of his Richard. He is a fine-looking man with mobile features and a good command of facial expression. His voice is not agreeable, being hoarse and strident at times, but he never rants. He is especially good in the scenes where Richard's diplomacy is in play. I should fancy he would give a strong Richelieu. Odette Tyler has so little to do as the Prince of Wales that one wonders why she should do it at all. One of the most charming comediennes on the American stage was lost when Odette Tyler married; her return in the legitimate is by no means satisfactory. Can it be that Miss Tyler always had a hankering to do boy parts in Shakespearean plays? She is to give another next week in "King John," when she plays Prince Arthur. The stock company at the Grand seems to enjoy the return to the legitimate. Fred Butler gives a forceful impersonation of the King and Miss Stoddard's Lady Anne is a fine piece of work. Herschel Mayall is always strong in Shakespeare. As the Earl of Richmond he is a manly and handsome figure, and in the final act has his audience's sympathies well with him.

"Are You a Mason?" will open on Sunday night, April nineteenth, at the Columbia. John C. Rice, Thomas A. Wise and Edward Abeles are in the cast.

Features of Next Week's Bills

Mrs. Pat Campbell's second and last week at the Columbia will be devoted to repertory—Monday and Tuesday nights and Wednesday matinee, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," in which Mrs. Campbell first made fame; Wednesday and Saturday night and Thursday matinee, "Magda"; Thursday night and Saturday matinee, "Aunt Jeannie," which is new here; "The Joy of Living," Friday night. Mrs. Campbell will appear at three matinees.

At the California tomorrow night the biggest novelty of the season is promised by Manager Ackerman. This is Denman Thompson's successor to "The Old Homestead," "Our New Minister," which is claimed by the Eastern critics to be one of the greatest pastoral comedies ever written. The original cast in its entirety will be seen here, including John Barker, who played Josh Whitcomb in this city five years ago. Joseph Conyers, village detective, was the original constable in "Old Jed Prouty" when that famous comedy was in its prime. Henry R. Scott, storekeeper, created the part of Seth Perkins in "The Old Homestead" eighteen years ago. John W. Brawn was the original whistling boy in Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown," playing the part for five seasons. Charles Stedman was the villain in the original Frohman production in New York of "The Fatal Card." John Terriss, who plays the title role, is a protege of Denman Thompson and an actor of acknowledged ability. The feminine members of the company include Ethel Brooke Ferguson, Phila May and Clara Rainford.

"Helter Skelter" will continue to pack Fischer's to the doors.

R. D. MacLean and Odette Tyler offer "King John" as the attraction at the Grand. During the past four seasons, Mr. MacLean has made this drama the chief attraction in his Shakespearean repertoire and in the name role has scored triumphs. Miss Tyler as Prince Arthur in "King John" will undoubtedly show to still greater advantage than as the Prince of Wales in "Richard III."

Wallace Irwin's "The Siege of Goat Island" will have its

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first production at the Republic tomorrow afternoon, and will depict amusing phases of the army and navy. Charlie Stine will be General Lafter, William McDonald, Admiral Sly, William Keller Mack, Stiffington Hearse, president of the Undertakers' Trust, Peurl Wilkerson, Don Mocha de Java, Harry Conlon, Sergeant Kilkenny, Olive Evans, Evelina Hearse and Claudia Rogers, Bessie Brass. There will be a patriotic American first part entitled "The Deck of the Battleship Oregon," in which new songs and jokes will be presented by the clever vocalists and comedians of the company. Mack, Stine, Conlon and Ryder will be able seamen and Sylvester, McDonald, Guise and Epperly will be attired as Captains in the U. S. Navy with Wilkerson as an Admiral.

"Her Majesty," while not new here will have an almost entirely new cast in the Alcazar production. It is a pretty play and will be a springlike Easter week attraction. "The Dancing Girl" comes next.

W. C. Fields, kingpin of eccentric jugglers, heads the Orpheum's new bill. He was here a few years ago with the Orpheum Road Show and made a hit then. Chris Bruno and Mabel Russell, modern singers and dancers, in "Tricks of the Trade," will be new. The former is a clever mimic and the latter an adept in grotesque dancing. Lizzie Wilson, who Phil Hastings says is "piquant and pleasing," is a German comedienne also a novelty. Frank Aumann, an athlete who punches bags retail and wholesale, is another new to us. The Colbys, Mason-Keeler company, McCue and Cahill and Lafleur will be the holdovers.

By overwhelming desire Zelie de Lussan will sing "Carmen" on two more occasions at the Tivoli—next Tuesday and Thursday nights, and these will positively be her last two appearances on the coast. Monday night and for the remainder of the week "La Fille du Regiment" will be the bill. This opera made a hit in New York during the last Grau season, when revived with Sembrich as the Daughter, but it has not been sung in San Francisco since Pauline l'Allemand gave it as one of the Hess opera company's bills at the Orpheum. Bertha Davis will have the title role and Caro Roma will be the Countess and Cunningham the Sergeant.

Chutes attractions will include Martin and Ridgeway in a bright character sketch; Leff and Carr ("Max and Jake") in an amusing Hebrew act; George and Laura Lewis, the "two Rubes"; Baroness Von Tilse, balladist, in the latest popular selections; Carita, the girl conjuror; the Kobers, little Irene, and the animatoscope. LaMont will make his daring "slide for life" hanging by his teeth to a wire seven hundred feet long, stretched from the top of the chutes to the foot of the lake. —*The Playgoer.*

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MUSIC

[*Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.*]

A Genius in Our Midst

I wonder if San Francisco, that goes mad over Mascagni and wild over the wonderful Kocian, discerning, appreciative San Francisco, is aware of the fact that for years a great, but modest (*and* modest, rather) master of the violin has been living in her midst. In Europe there is hardly a musical centre where the name of Henry Holmes is heard without emotion. A. Ehrlich, author of a German book, "Famous Violinists of the Past and Present," is of the opinion that Mr. Holmes belongs to "the best contemporary English virtuosos," and further informs us that, after making, in company with his brother, Alfred, another famous violinist who died in Paris in 1876, concert tours through Belgium, Germany, Austria, Sweden and France, he "settled permanently in London, where he became teacher of the violin at the Royal College of Music, and as such, and as soloist and quartet player, gained a high repute. He wrote a violin concerto, two string quartets, several violin solos, four symphonies, one concert overture, two cantatas, and revised the violin sonatas of Corelli, Tartini, Bach, and Handel. The brothers Holmes were for a short time pupils of Spohr, who dedicated to them one of his last violin duets, which circumstance alone is proof of their extraordinary ability." The Germans do not love the English, but they do love music and know a master when they hear him.

At the Von Meyerinck School

The first public appearance of the members of class four (1901-'02) took place in the recital hall of the Von Meyerinck School of Music last Thursday evening. The affair was quite "en famille," the audience being composed mainly of friends of the graduates. The participants were Miss C. Ehrenpfort, Miss Alma Holm, Miss A. Horton, Miss H. McGuire, Miss Angelita Strauch, Miss Edna Wilcox and Mr. L. H. Strauss. Miss Edna Wilcox easily bore off the honors of the evening by her two solos and the Mendelssohn duet with Miss Ehrenpfort. Miss Wilcox has a good stage presence, marked individuality, and a voice with a strong dramatic note in it, all of which qualifications for success were at once apparent in her first number, "Gretchen am Spinnrad" (Schubert). Miss Angelita Strauch gave a good rendition of her double number, "An die Musik" (Schubert), and a Chopin Folksong. Mr. Strauss, the sole gentleman among the graduates, followed with five songs from the Cycle, "Poet's Love." Mr. Strauss has an agreeable delivery and a sincere and modest manner, and made a most favorable impression on his hearers. Miss Holm's voice was hardly equal to the exigencies of her two songs, Taubert's "In Exile" and Schubert's "Hark, Hark the Lark." The recital closed with a scene and ballad from the "Flying Dutchman." The full strength of the class, reinforced by members of classes one, two and three, was heard in the Spinning Song with fine effect. Miss Helen Heath took the part of Senta and delivered her ballad in her own inimitable manner. Miss Feldheim made the most of the small part of Mary. Refreshments were served at the close of the program, and the graduates received the congratulations of their friends and relatives.

Miss Gussie Mast's recital was one of the musical happenings of last week, and drew a large and appreciative audience. Miss Mast has a voice which is at once sweet, strong and sympathetic, and there is no doubt that she can fit herself to be a valuable church singer. The fact of her blindness precludes, of course, any hope of a stage career. Miss Mast expects to go East soon and hopes to go to Europe some day.

There will be but one more of the Hopkins musicales during the present spring exhibition. It will be given next Thursday evening, and Henry Heyman has arranged a most interesting program for the occasion. At this week's musicale those taking part were Miss May Lippitt, soprano, Miss Alfreda Tibbitts, contralto, Mr. Lloyd R. Wertheimer, violoncello, Mrs. Gerard Barton, accompanist, Mr. Gerard Barton, organist.

The Zech Symphony Concert

Frederick Zech Jr. will give the last of his series of symphony concerts at Fischer's on Thursday afternoon, when the following excellent program will be rendered: Rustic Wedding, Goldmark; The Raven, Symphonic Poem, first time here, Zech; Serenade for strings, Volkmann; Suite (first time here), Von Der Mehden; Slavonic Dance, Dvorak. The sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Monday morning.

The Pasmores—Mary, Susan and Dorothy—will give a concert in the assembly hall of Stanford University next Thursday. Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner, soprano, Miss Anne Moore, mezzo soprano, A. E. Nowlan, tenor, and Miss Zueletta Geery, accompanist, will assist.

A little boy, a pupil of Nathan Landsberger, made a favorable impression at the Press Club jinks last week. He could not have been more than eleven years old, but he played with intelligence and expression far beyond his years.

The program at St. Dominic's church tomorrow at 11 a. m. will be: Organ prelude, Paques Fleures, Mailly; Vidi Aquam, Dettner; Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnes Dei, from Hummel's Mass in E flat; Veni Creator, Lejeal; offer-

TEL. PAGE 2254

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tory, "Victimæ paschali laudes," Stewart:—Soloists, Mrs. B. Apple, Miss Ella V. McCloskey, T. G. Elliott and Charles B. Stone; harp, Miss Helen de Young; Dr. H. J. Stewart, organist and director of the choir. Dubois' celebrated oratorio, "The Seven words of Christ," was sung at St. Dominic's on Good Friday evening.

Dr. H. J. Stewart will lecture before the Adelphian Club of Alameda this afternoon on the subject of "Modern Songs and Song Composers." The illustrations to the lecture will be sung by a number of Dr. Stewart's pupils, including Mrs. Wallace Wheaton Briggs, Miss Florence Darby, Miss Juliet Greninger, Mrs. J. E. Jolly, Miss Ella V. McCloskey and Miss L. C. Stone.

Dr. Franklin Palmer is again on this side of the big pond, having returned to America after a tour around the world.

—*The Music Critic.*

"Merely an Easter contribution," remarked the hen as she turned to proudly survey her latest egsploit.

Then she passed on into the sunshine, trilling her Easter lay.

AT BAB'S, THE ORIGINAL.

Have you been to Bab's lately, the charming little restaurant in Larkin street, and seen the new rooms? There's a cork room that suggests all sorts of delightful treats, a log cabin room, a horse room decorated with saddles and harness, an Indian room, a Chinese room, a Prison room where you are waited on by men in stripes, and an Inferno where the future state of the wicked is suggested. Bab's is the most unique restaurant in San Francisco.

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"How do you do it?"

"I coax her into an argument every day, and I always let her win out."

AT BYRON SPRINGS.

The weather is now beautiful at Byron Springs. Plans are being made for establishing a camping-ground for the night on Mt. Diablo. The stable is being re-fitted with riding horses and busses and an orchestra will soon be an additional attraction at the hotel. Among the recent arrivals were George Spencer, H. C. Kohler, Col. H. W. Brady and Jasper N. Toler from San Francisco, with many from other cities and States.

Answers to Correspondents

When Without a Servant.

Mrs. Poor Swell writes me: "I have no servant and it is very hard for me to do all my housework and attend the door for callers. What would you advise me to do if I am engaged in making a mayonnaise and some smart friend of mine rings the door bell?

That is easy. If you can't do a lightning change act, don't go to the door. Let your smart friend ring until she gets tired, and then she'll go away.

When Without a New Hat.

Miss Impecunious Fashionplate writes: "If I don't wear a new hat to church Easter my friends will think me hopelessly out of date. I have no money to buy one and have no way of getting one on credit. What would you advise?

If you can't do a millinery stunt yourself, with a new ribbon on your last year's hat, stay away from church. Your friends may think you are visiting at some country-house and they'll be more envious than if you appeared in a forty-dollar Paris hat.

The Children Problem.

Mrs. Youngwife writes: "I am anxious to live in town, my husband being tired of commuting, but we have two children. We have tried to rent a flat but no one will rent us one on account of the children. Can you suggest any way so that we can accomplish our desire? The children are too young to put at boarding-school.

Try a baby-farm, or treat them as if they were unwelcome kittens. Drown 'em. *Aunt Prudence.*

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LETTERS

A Village Love Story

"In the Garden of Charity" is the second novel of Basil King (Rev. W. B. King), whose "Let Not Man Put Asunder" attracted so much comment last year. The new book bears no resemblance to its predecessor. It is a story of the simple folk and the simple life of a Nova Scotia village, and the title may be taken literally as referring to the material garden of Charity Pennland, the heroine of the novel, or it may have a metaphorical significance, in the great virtue of charity which she possessed and developed. The plot is the world-old story of the love of two good women for one worthless man, but the treatment and development are novel. The village of Fisher's Grant is an odd little settlement whose original inhabitants were French refugees after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but whose descendants have but a vague and garbled tradition of their origin. Charity Byfleet belongs to a different stock. She is one of a family of Massachusetts Tories who left the "Boston States" in order to remain loyal subjects of their king, but they, like their Huguenot neighbors, have lost trace of their history. Charity is an exalted personage. She "lives on money in the bank," dresses in bright muslins, and has a garden which is as much of a pride to the village as to its owner. Charity also has a romance. Eleven years before the opening of the story, while on a visit to Halifax, she was married to a gay artilleryman who, three months later, sailed to the West Indies with his regiment. As his term of enlistment had nearly expired, his young wife did not accompany him, but returned to her own home to await him. William Pennland, possessed of all the virtues but the moral ones, has no intention of tying himself down. He interprets literally the sailor's license of "a wife in every port," and while Charity burnishes her copper saucepans and arranges her best tea cups, works in her garden, and "dresses every day for company," the gay William gives her no further thought until, worn out by dissipation and disease, it comes to him that he "needs to be taken care of," and he steers a course for home. But he never reaches it. He halts by the wayside for one more blossom, and there begins the tragedy of the women. Charity and Hagar, the two principal characters, are as different as day and night, and though the Fates have tangled their threads of life so that they are fain to live together, one cannot feel that it will ever be more than tolerance on one hand and indifference on the other, with the child between, on whom to lavish all their affection. There is an abundance of humor in the story, but of the kind which is imperceptible to the humorists themselves. Jonas Boutilier's fear of his letter, because "there's ginerally bad luck in them things," and Long Tom Jolimoeur's" dread of being "had up" for a witness presented no amusing side to them or their neighbors. Sam Boutilier's Henny's hooking frolic was a veritable event to Fisher's Grant, and whatever incongruity may be presented to readers in a green rose with blue leaves trailing over a yellow background, be sure the vividness of the coloring made up for it amongst the villagers, for although one of the workers expressed her opinion that the like was not to be found outside of a hooked rug or the better land, it is not to be supposed for a moment that mere conformity to nature in the matter of coloring is a virtue in a hooked rug. "In the Garden of Charity" is an interesting story, but it is not to be set down as a tract or a problem novel. The problem which was presented to Charity was for her own solution. It is an unusual one, and what course she pursued, and whether it was the wisest, or the only one open to her, readers must find out for themselves. Mr. King appears to be more at home amongst his characters here than he was in his other novel. He has not created a masterpiece, but humanity would starve if there were nothing but masterpieces. This is a healthy, homely, plain story, well worth the attention of readers.

A Home Library

The Mercantile Library Association has made another new departure in the interests of its patrons. In addition to the usual library privileges they have arranged a delivery system under which a conveyance, under the charge of an assistant librarian, will call for and deliver books weekly at the homes of subscribers who wish to avail themselves of the additional privilege. A catalogue of new books with press notices concerning them will be mailed monthly, so that members will be kept in touch with literary matters. The fee for this extra and special service is placed at the nominal rate of fifty cents per quarter, or two dollars a year in addition to the regular library dues. It just about covers the price of car fare and obviates the necessity for carrying books back and forth, not to take into consideration the saving of time. When the proposition to consolidate the Mercantile with the Mechanics' Library was voted down by an overwhelming majority a few weeks ago, it was promised that plans then under consideration would, when put into execution, materially increase the efficiency of the institution. This is one of several, and practically amounts to giving each subscriber a home library. When one can command the use of eighty thousand volumes without going from under one's roof tree there is not even the shadow of an excuse for not reading—old books or new, fiction, science, or anything else.

Roland Molyneux has taken to literature. His volume, "The Room with the Little Door," is favorably commented on.

—*The Bookworm*

Books Received

In the Garden of Charity. Basil King. Harper's.
Star Dreamer. Agnes and Egerton Castle. F. A. Stokes.
Studies in the Thought World. Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard.
Spiritual Evolution. R. C. Douglas. Lee & Shepard.
Lees and Leaven. E. W. Townsend. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Comedy of Conscience. S. Weir Mitchell. Century Co.
Lizette. Edward Marshall. Louis, Scribner & Co.
Spinners of Life. Vance Thompson. Lippincott & Co.
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With the Money Makers

Sugar Stock Pool

From the action of the directors of the Union Sugar Company issuing a notice to the shareholders of the company calling their attention to the agreement for the exchange of their stock for trustee certificates, the report has become current in local financial circles that the sugar trust has completed its invasion of California, finally capturing the last of the independent plants. At the offices of the company this, however, is strenuously denied, it being stated there that the agreement for the turning over of the stock to John L. Howard, E. R. Lilienthal and John F. Merrill as trustees, was made in June, 1902 and was signed by the holders of 21,000 shares, but the exchange of trustee certificates was not accomplished then. This is a rather flimsy explanation for last year the stock was worth but $10 a share, while now it is held strongly at $25. Another feature which gives street talk support is the fact that the Union Company is officered by the same officials as the Alameda Sugar Company, which last week passed into the control of the new owner, presumably the sugar trust, and it occupied the same office. The close connection of the two companies is a strong reason for the supposition that the trust is to gather in the Union as well as the Alameda company. The Union Sugar Company is capitalized with 40,000 shares of which 30,000 have been issued. The stock of the company has cost the shareholders $32.50 a share. The first cost was $25 a share and there have been three assessments of $2.50 each. The company has a large plant at Santa Maria in the northern part of Santa Barbara county, where some 4,200 acres are under cultivation. For the past few years conditions have not been favorable to large crops from lack of rain, but this season it has been estimated that the output would be some 9,000 tons, nearly double that of last year.

Quiet Trading on 'Change

Quietness has ruled the local market for stocks and bonds and the sales of the week have been comparatively light. Investors have been very backward and the buying orders have been confined mostly to small parcels. While the situation has been dull there has been no material falling off in valuations, in fact, considering all the depressing influences prices have been remarkably well sustained. Unlike the preceding three or four weeks the sales of the past week have not been so largely confined to two or three of the leading stocks. The interest in lighting stock appears to have almost completely subsided as far as general speculation is concerned, and the volume of sales of this class of securities has about got back to its normal state. San Francisco Gas & Electric shares have fluctuated but little, but the price holds up very well in comparison with the low figures at which it ruled for so many months. During the last few days it has fluctuated from $57 to $60, but these changes were unimportant and only incident to usual trade influences. The stock of the company is gradually being placed in escrow but the total deposited is not known outside the officials of the company. Whether any action towards changing the status of the present corporation either by sale or consolidation is in progress or not cannot be said, but stockholders have great expectations that the directors will be able to accomplish something along this line, so that the prospective $90 per share will become a reality. This explains the real cause why the present prices for the stock are maintained. The Pacific Gas Improvement Company is a sort of side partner of the San Francisco Gas & Electric and the price of shares in the former corporation have been advanced in a sympathetic way, probably for the reason, or hope, that in the event of the San Francisco Gas & Electric being absorbed or rehabilitated the Pacific Gas Improvement plant can also be worked into the deal. Equitable Gas shares remain about steady, the price averaging from $4.50 and $4.75 per share. But few shares are changing hands, however, because most of the stock has been placed in escrow. Central Light and Power shares are steady at $3.87 1-2, but the majority of holders are asking $4.25 with little disposition to shade that price. Pacific Lighting Company shares are offered at $58.50 with no buyers. Water stocks have shown but little change during the week with the exception of Spring Valley, which has eased off a trifle, bidders being inclined not to offer more than $83.25 or $83.37 1-2 for round lots. The holding interests, however, are quite firm and while some shares might be picked up at $83.75, there is not much disposition to sell. Port Costa Water continued neglected with $64 the best bid. As both buyers and sellers are very firm in their ideas there are practically no transactions. Powder stocks remain about the same, the sales being small but price steady. Giant shares are a trifle firmer than during the last week, some transactions being recorded at $67. Bank stocks remain very firm. The buying orders as a rule are in excess of the offers to sell. There is a standing bid of $500 for Bank of California shares and $220 for Mercantile Trust stock, but holders are loath to sell. Anglo-California shares are in demand at $99 to $99.50 with nothing obtainable under $101. Sugar stocks have all been quiet and steady. Hawaiian Commercial is offered in a small way at $46, but the best bidding price is $44.25. Hutchison remains firm at about $15 and Makaweli is likewise at $25. There has been some inquiry for Paauhau and some few offerings at $18, a portion of which were subsequently transferred at $17.50. Hana remains steady at $4 and the same may be said of Honokaa at $14 and $14.25. Oceanic Steamship shares are very dull, with $15 the asking price and $13.50 the best bid. California Wine Association shares are offered in a small way at $106, although some days ago some moderate-sized parcels changed hands at $105. Alaska Packers stock is a trifle stronger. The question of wages which has interfered materially with operations at the North has now been adjusted and preparations are in progress for a very large pack. The outlook for this corporation was never more propitious for everything looks very favorable for a successful year's business. The sales of bonds have been moderate and prices very steady, fluctuations as a rule being merely fractional and unimportant.

Fifty brokers of this city have organized the San Francisco and Tonopah Mining Exchange, to deal in Tonopah mining stocks, and predictions are made that there will be a big boom in the business. The officers of the organization are Henry C. Cutting, president; Emile E. Kahn, vice-president; Louis Hagan, secretary, and J. L. Ewen, treasurer. —*The Financier.*

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A Roman Easter

In Rome Easter Sunday is the climax to the beautiful, solemn rites of Holy Wee. Formerly there was a service in St. Peter's in which the Pope took part, attended by the aristocracy and the populace, the women all dressed in black and the men in evening dress or handsome uniforms. At dusk St. Peter's was illuminated by four thousand four hundred lamps and was a magnificent sight. The great cross on the big bronze ball at the top of the large dome looked like a cross of fire. Then, when the lamps were shining all at once they were transformed to flaming torches. Travelers from all parts of the world used to assemble in Rome to see the great spectacle of St. Peter's, as it were, on fire. But the old custom of illuminating St. Peter's fell into disuse after Pio Nono's death. —*The Traveler.*

O, she dances such a way
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.
—*Sir John Suckling.*

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Other People's Ideas

From "Glass and Gold," by James O. G. Duffy:

Miranda: A man's heart recovers easily from the damage inflicted by a woman unless his head is weak. Then he finds his way to a madhouse or kills himself. In either case the world is the gainer, since only the fittest should be permitted to survive.

Elizabeth: A secret love is a girlish folly. To do something that will kill it is a kindness that appears only superficially cruel. Your Dobbins of romance are never flesh and blood realities. The more I see of life and love and marriage the more I am convinced that Max Nordau is not a cynic, but a philosopher when he says mutual attraction is only a matter of sex. One whole sex has a general attraction for the whole other sex, and it is quite immaterial to the man as well as the woman which man or woman becomes the other's companion.

"Life is at utmost a meeting and a parting,
A glimpse into the world, of 'what might have been.'"
—*Gerald Massey.*

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.
—*George Herbert.*

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7:45 a.m. week days does not run to Mill Valley.
SUNDAYS AND LEGAL HOLIDAYS—7, †8, †*9, †*10, 11, †11:30 a.m.; †12,30, †*1:30, 2:35, *3:50, 5, 6, 7:30, 9, 11:45 p. m.
Trains marked (*) run to San Quentin. Those marked (†) to Fairfax, except 5:15 p. m. Saturdays. Saturdays 3:15 p. m. train runs to Fairfax.

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Easter Thoughts

Easter: A church festival commemorating Christ's resurrection, and occurring on Sunday, the second day after Good Friday. It corresponds to the pascha or passover of the Jews, and most nations still give it this name under the various forms of pascha, pasque, paque, or pask. *Webster.*

Easter-day, on which the rest of the movable feasts depend, is always the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar moon which happens upon or next after the twenty-first of March, according to the rules laid down for the construction of the calendar; so that if the fourteenth day happens on a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after. *Eng. Cyc.*

Therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. —*I Cor. v: 7.*

Origin of Easter Eggs

The custom of coloring eggs for Easter originated in Germany, where in no other corner of the earth is the festival kept in quite such an elaborate way. A story is told of a noble lady who was obliged during a cruel war to flee with her family to a mountain retreat. No fowls had ever found their way to this benighted region. As Easter approached, the noble lady sent her servant to the far-off town whence he returned with some fowls. The lady saved up their eggs and, desiring to give the village children an Easter treat she colored the eggs by boiling them with mosses and roots. Then she made nests of moss which she divided among the children, bidding each look on Easter Sunday and see what would happen. After a simple feast the children sought their nests, and in each found five bright-colored eggs with a pretty verse printed on one. They were delighted and could not imagine what hen had laid such beautiful eggs.

"It was not a hen," said one little girl, "but it must have been the little hare that I saw when I placed my nest by the tree."

And afterwards the children believed that it was the hares that were responsible for the pretty eggs, which explains why the hare figures in the candy-stores at this season.

When the noble lady returned to her home she left a sum of money to be expended in giving the mountain children a feast every Easter. That was many hundred years ago, but Easter eggs are now a part of the festival not only in the Fatherland but all over Europe and America. In Germany servants are also given presents at this season, and there are games of egg-throwing with prizes that are an annual custom.

—*The Historian.*

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—Department No. 7. No. 81376.

NELLIE G. PAULSELL, Plaintiff, vs. O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant:

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of this plaintiff and upon the further ground of defendant's extreme cruelty toward this plaintiff, said action is further brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court awarding the minor children of the parties to this action to plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

Endorsed: FRANK McGOWAN, ELMER WESTLAKE, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 75-79-80 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, April 18, 1903

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His Policy and His Finish

Mayor Schmitz is engaged these days in patching up his tattered political prestige. But Mayor Schmitz has too long deferred the work of repair. If he had been guided by the old proverb that a stitch in time saves nine his prestige would not now be irreparably perforated. The fact is that Mayor Schmitz has lost the confidence of the people of San Francisco and if he were nominated tomorrow by the Union Labor party and endorsed by the Republicans and Democrats, a good strong independent candidate could be found to defeat him. His case is more hopeless than was that of James D. Phelan at the end of his term, for though the people were eager to repudiate Phelan they could not deny him the credit for his notable achievements in municipal reform, whereas Schmitz has accomplished nothing. He has devoted himself exclusively to machine politics, the interests of the Schmitz family and the enrichment of Ruef. The resurrection of Phelan is not impossible. There can never be a pretext for infusing life into the Schmitz cadaver. The Schmitz political policy affords an interesting study. Though in strong contrast to that of Phelan it was equally fatuous and disastrous. Phelan antagonized the press and was crushed by it. Schmitz courted the influence of the press by catering to the wishes of the proprietors of the dailies, all of whom have irons in the political fire. He won what he sought—approval of his Administration and immunity from criticism—and the consequence was that he became reckless in the furtherance of his own ends, deluding himself after the manner of the unsophisticated bird who sequesters merely his head to conceal his whole body. If Mayor Schmitz had not ingratiated himself into the good will of the newspaper proprietors he would have been more cautious in his official conduct. There never was a Mayor of San Francisco who gave more occasion for adverse criticism and received less than Schmitz, and yet though *Town Talk* is the only paper that has kept the public posted regarding his preposterous pretensions and his transparent hypocrisies, it is evident that he has lost the confidence of the people, and that he is no longer accepted at anything approximating his own appraisement. However the Mayor is not despondent. He made a star "gallery play" when he called attention to the Chinatown corruption fund, but if he really objects to that sort of thing he should seek to uncover other funds that are used for corrupting public officials. After all, gambling in Chinatown is not a menace to the morals of this community. The Chinese constitute a separate and distinct element of the community, and their manners and customs interest us only when they concern our health. Their Oriental morals cannot be Occidentalized. Gambling is a legitimate pastime with them. The only gamblers that menace the morals of this community are the white lottery dealers and the several proprietors of pool-rooms conducted with feigned surreptition in cigar stores and saloons. They are receiving protection from the authorities of this city, and Mayor Schmitz is surely not so optimistic as to believe that they are not assessed for immunity. Why are the white gamblers unmolested? It is surely not an impertinence to ask if Mayor Schmitz knows if there is a corruption fund collected in the interest of the white gamblers, and if so whether he knows how many officials of the city government share in its distribution.

Collins on Dunne

When Judge Frank H. Dunne was a candidate for reelection last year *Town Talk* called attention to his unfitness for the bench. We stated that he was worse than incompetent; that he proved himself a dangerous man when, in furtherance of the ends of designing tricksters of the bar, he exercised his temporary authority as Presiding Judge to divert the probate business of the court from Judge Coffey's department. We asserted that saloon influence was largely responsible for Judge Dunne but that he owed much to his activity and that of his family in fraternal and religious societies. We were sincere in our protest against the re-election of Judge Dunne because we regarded him as a mountebank, but he secured the requisite number of votes. That we were not wrong in our estimate of Judge Dunne, and that we did him no injustice in our enumeration of his shortcomings, everybody must be convinced who has devoted attention to the *Call's* exposure of the looseness of the records in his court. Those records are an eloquent commentary on his incompetency, and the exposure of them should have humiliated this fledgling jurist. But it appears that he lacks the capacity to appreciate the seriousness of his manifest misfeasance. The scandal is said to have amused him. However, if his risibles were excited by the scandal there must have been speedy reaction, after the verbal castigation he received at the tongue of George D. Collins, the attorney, who is recognized as one of the most experienced practitioners in criminal law. Never in the history of the bench in this State was a Judge subjected to such a severe denunciation. Lawyers usually conceal their contempt for the court. Seldom have they the courage or the candor to publicly censure, much less excoriate, a judicial officer. Therefore the fulmination of Collins against Dunne was most surprising. "I always thought," said the attorney, "that Dunne was an imbecile, but I did not know he was so far along as this." That's pretty plain language. "He

has never been credited with knowing any too much law." Indeed he hasn't. In the last campaign we stated that he was being educated in the law at the expense of the taxpayers, who were not only supplying him with instruction but were also paying him a salary. But if he is an imbecile, as Collins thinks, the instruction is being wasted.

Credit Where Credit is Due

President Roosevelt has touched on a great variety of subjects since he began his series of speeches on his western trip, and they are not all political. He has discussed the Monroe Doctrine, the expediency of a naval armament in the highest degree efficient, our Cuban and Philippine policies, and trust repression, but the topic that appears to be nearest his heart is the fundamental importance of steadfast attention to the propagation of the American species. That has risen to the dignity of a Presidential hobby, and Mr. Roosevelt is riding it with that ardor that characterizes his devotion to everything that smacks of reform. He is convinced that there should be reform in the family circle; that married people should ever be sensible of the highest of their obligations in society, and he has therefore resolved to impress others with the importance of the subject. On the evening before his departure from Washington he took occasion, despite the fact that he was exceedingly busy, to address, as President, a letter of warm approval to a father of triplets, all boys, in Gloucester city, New Jersey. Of course a personal letter from the President to an humble citizen is inspiring and encouraging, but probably if he had not been so busy, and had given the matter more mature consideration, he would have addressed the letter to the mother of the triplets instead of to the father. It was the old Roman notion that the father should be encouraged in such matters, but nowadays we are more inclined than formerly to acknowledge the part played by woman in every sphere of activity which she has invaded, and surely there is none in which her importance as a factor is more deserving of consideration than that in which she contributes to the propagation of the species. The father of triplets is entitled to no more approval than that given to the father of a single child. The mother is the one that should be felicitated and encouraged. So great is the conceit of man that he usually does the posing and the chest expanding in such cases, and he is as ridiculous as the clown who acknowledges the applause given to the skilled acrobats. In seeking to discourage race suicide nothing is to be gained by preaching to the male of the species.

Critics and Authors

"Humility becomes critics more than Hectoring," is the oracular utterance of a contemporary, and forthwith he proceeds to act the critic in anything but an humble spirit, but plies his quarterstaff right lustily about the sconces of those whom he feels have offended him. "A good deal," says he, "has been written about standards or rules for literary criticism, but there has been no noticeable improvement in the methods, manners and decisions of critics," which statement goes to show how very little this castigator knows of the history and literature of criticism. It is the constant practice of a certain class of writers to deplore those "good old times," when the giants did not disdain reviewing, entirely losing sight of the truth that the giants of those days seized upon reviewing as a means to pillory their opponents by deriding and sneering at their books. Criticism was for the few, a battle of wits, and was most frequently unjust. The critic of today who would be guilty of deliberately venting his spite on an author would not find employment on any reputable publication. It is absurd for a publisher to complain that critics disdain to gratify writers by furnishing categorical reasons for their conclusions. Let him take the case home to himself. How much time would he have, or space for other purposes, if he were to enter into an argument pro and con with every contributor whose wares he rejected? Does he not consider it sufficient that the merchandise is not what he wants, and does not that end the matter? The one fault of the average book, which is a concentration of all faults, is that it is weak. Why should the critic demand more space for some poor, trashy novel than is given to the most important events of the day, in order that he may *try* to show the author what ought to have been apparent to him; that his production is but a lump of fat with neither bones nor muscles, and so like a hundred thousand others of the same variety that nothing but the title differentiates it? Where is the advantage in pummeling a feather bolster? What authors want is indiscriminating praise, not honest opinion. The one great fault of critics is that they are too lenient. They honestly try to find something good to say of even the poorest books, for they realize that by the time the thing is in print and on sale it is too late to do any good by pointing out blemishes. The feeling is akin to that which restrains people from castigating in public ill behaved children, especially when the children are not their own. What is sadly needed in every community is a stoical censor who will kill in the embryo all the trash which for any reason should not be printed. All the poor, weak imitations, realistic horrors, and inept and disagreeable things should be rooted out like noxious weeds, before they ripen and go to seed. As to pedantry in the critic, calling to his aid little scraps of specialized knowledge and obscure bits of information, that is more often the fault of the writer. Nine-tenths of all the biographies, histories, works on art and popular science, in which the popularity is so great that the science is lost sight of, are rehashes of the works of earlier authors, who, in all likelihood, also "lifted" their material. When the author knows a great deal more about the subject than the critic does he is in neither fear nor danger of being abused. His difficulty is in convincing the public that it needs to know what he knows and to buy his book. When it comes to judging works of fiction, exactly what the reviewer ought not to do is to "approach with humility and modesty," or to judge it leniently. At the present moment *cacoethes scribendi* is a more fashionable disease than appendicitis. The inky forefinger is cultivated in society as a beauty spot, and since it is considered clever to write, every one must write, whether there is the bacillus of an

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idea back of it or not. One woman marries into literature by espousing the far-off descendant of the original Vox Populi; another saturates herself with Ouida, Duchess and Rose Nouchette Cary, and like a luminous dial or match safe, she is capable of giving out a faint and feeble imitation of what she has been absorbing all her life; still another, gaining an inkling of how the trick is done, exclaims like the Cornish giant in the old fairy tale, after witnessing the exploit of the valiant Jack in ripping open the sack where he had stowed his hasty pudding, "Odds, splutter hur nails! Hur can do that hurself," and forthwith proceeds to do it. Whether the success is apparent to every one else as to the performer is another matter. Literature is fairly cursed with amateurs, and it is the first duty of the critic to discourage them. If they can be discouraged they have no business to try literature. If John Keats had had sufficient stamina for the ordinary purposes of life the critics would not have prevented him from being a poet. We do not trust our bodies to the amateur physician nor our business to the amateur lawyer. Why should our brains be at the mercy of the amateur scribbler? When the society woman is suffering from stage fever she engineers some charitable scheme which gives her the opportunity to appear in a leading role with a company recruited from her own rank, and carefully chosen with a view to cast no shadow on her greatness. A small hall, an audience composed chiefly of admiring friends, and curtain calls and flowers galore are apt to strengthen her opinion of her own merits. When she essays even a minor role in a company of professionals she comes face to face with another kind of criticism. The general public pays for seats in order to see a play, not a beautiful young lady whom it is the height of impoliteness to criticise. When the society woman scribbles a story, it is the envy and admiration of her associates. If she were wise she would limit the circulation of her work to her own circle. When she puts herself into print, places her wares on the market and demands of the book-buying world the same price for her apprentice work that is asked by the masters of literature, she has nothing to complain of when she finds that society standards are not commercial standards. Book-buyers have good cause for complaint when, misled by the plaudits of some unwise critic, they are bunkoed into giving as much for some piece of trash as they are asked for "Vanity Fair" or "Mill on the Floss." When these society writers send out autographed copies of their twaddle to personal friends, and receive in return most glowing tributes to their genius, they are not obtaining fair and unprejudiced opinions. On the contrary, it is a case of not examining the teeth of the gift horse. The professional critic is in no such position. To him the author is nothing, the book everything, and when he views his table piled ten-deep with poor, anæmic imitations of poor models, and thinks of his neglected Hardys, Thackerays and Eliots, the wonder is not that he is occasionally severe but that he is ever anything else. If critics were governed by the rule that "a book is good if he likes it and bad if he does not," it would go worse with the amateur author than it does now. So far from being actuated solely by personal bias, the critic who is worth his salt always does his best to imagine what class of readers would be attracted by the book in hand and how they would be apt to view it in comparison with others of its class. The author of the brilliant editorial which has furnished the text for this sermon entirely mistakes the position. It is not the critic who should assume the humble and devout attitude, but the author. There are plenty of good books in the world, new and old, and there is no occasion for gratitude that there are so many poor ones. There is a new baby born into the world every minute in the twenty-four hours, and each is as wonderful to its admiring parents as Cain was to Mr. Adam and Eve. The officiating physician is solicited to give his testimony that each is the finest child from Creation up to date, but to him the whole affair is commonplace and matter of fact. So, each writer is duly astonished at the miracle of his own manufacture, but the weary critic sighs when he recalls the fact that there are something like a hundred books published every day and that most of them are bad. The average critic, and admitting for the sake of the argument that the average is bad, is infinitely superior to the average writer. A critic has a wide field of comparison, for he probably reads more books every year than the average writer in the course of a lifetime. There is many a book which receives half a column of notice solely through the courtesy of the critic. If it were treated according to its merits, a perfunctory mention amongst the list of "Books received" would dispose of it.

The Fashionable Craze

In these days of ours when fortunes grow colossal, and our plutocrats have gained unlimited power for the indulging of their whims, we are inclined to flatter ourselves that art is being fostered and that culture is becoming widespread. But may we not be deluding ourselves? There are surely signs which would seem to herald the dawning of a day of light on our benighted, materialistic souls, but there is so much evidence of sham among those who have the greatest opportunities for the acquisition of culture that perhaps we should not be too sanguine. Many of our newly rich have plunged into literature and exposed their Philistinism. Every little while facts come to light that warrant the inference that superfluous wealth is applied to the accumulation of paintings and statues that are not first-rate examples of art. Books are bought for their sumptuous bindings rather than for their contents, and musicians and singers are touted as artists by rich patrons though they have never received divine inspiration, while others of genius are overlooked. We have seen a charlatan in literature, a mere scribbler, lionized by the educated (?) club-women of the community as though she possessed the true brand, and we wonder whether this alleged culture of which we hear so much is not merely a craze to be interested in art. It is true that the supremacy of the beautiful is establishing itself, but there is much that is factitious in our present notion of beauty. There is an elect number who possess true culture but the Philistines who are the loudest in affecting it are quite numerous.

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Governor Pardee's Earnest Look

By Antolycus.

The decision in the Northern Securities case has opened the bunghole for a muddy and voluminous flow of confused thinking. It is vaguely characterized as "a blow at the trust" and this is true, although the eminent thinkers do not know why. The decision changes none of the essential conditions that existed before it was made. The control of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific still remains vested in Pierpont Morgan and J. J. Hill, as it was before the decision was made. The only change is that the judgment hampers business in a way that may have serious consequences, not only to the trust but likewise to the whole commercial community, should a stock market panic follow from the inability of the underwriting syndicates to dispose of the great mass of "undigested securities" which they are carrying largely on borrowed money.

In order to understand the conditions it is necessary to explain the nature and purpose of a holding company like the Northern Securities. The strategic objective point of modern high finance is to hold the control of railroad systems or great corporations like the Steel Trust—this for the enormous patronage and pickings which follow the control. In order to control it is necessary to hold a majority of the stock, but this is expensive. The shares do not always pay dividends or pay less than money is worth in active banking or stock jobbing. To meet this difficulty the holding company was invented. For instance, let us say there are one hundred shares in the capital stock of a corporation. You hold fifty-one or more, and therefore control. But you would like to retain the control and sell some of the stock. Accordingly you incorporate your fifty-one shares as the Blank Securities Company. You can then sell forty-nine per cent of the Blank Securities stock and still retain control both of that and of the original corporation. Thus instead of having a vast sum locked up in the control of the parent corporation you can realize on nearly half of it. Instead of holding the fifty-one per cent you can cut down the investment to something like thirty per cent or less. That is to say, you can do so if you can persuade the public to buy shares in the Securities Company. It is an ingenious device to have your cake and eat it.

Another object of a holding company is to mobilize capital, to make it more easily negotiable in the shape of securities, more liquid, so to speak. Where a great corporation like that of the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific and the Burlington is effected it simplifies stock dealing to have all three properties represented by a single set of share certificates. These were the objects sought to be attained by the Northern Securities company. But in order to effect the consolidation it was necessary to borrow enormous sums of money. Multiply this operation half a dozen times for underwriting the Steel trust, the Louisville and Nashville and Southern Railway combination, the Southern and Union Pacific combination and other great undertakings, each one involving perhaps one hundred million dollars of borrowed capital, and you easily explain the frequent recent scares over the tight money in New York. The fact is that some of the biggest banks in New York have the larger part of their available funds locked up in these undertakings and the public is not coming in to relieve them of the load.

Why? One of the chief reasons for the public distrust is this very litigation instituted by the President against the trusts, and this state of mind must be aggravated by the recent decision. In that sense it is a very serious blow at the trusts. The general public could afford to feel indifferent over the sufferings of the trust magnates and let them fry in their own grease, were it not for the fact that should financial disaster overtake them it would bring panic and hard times that must involve everybody.

The root of the trouble lies in the fact that the underwriting syndicates and stock speculators have control of the big banks and are thus enabled to lock up vast sums in undertakings which are not legitimate banking. The power to use this money has made the trusts possible but so long as the public stay out of the market the condition is dangerous to the last degree.

But the decision has done nothing to break up the trust. Nor can any decision take from a man his right to buy as many shares of stock as he has money to pay for, whether that money is borrowed or his own. There are two ways to break up the trusts. One is a financial crash and the other government ownership.

In view of these conditions the comments of the statesmen are amusing. Governor Van Zant of Minnesota speaks of the Northern Securities case as if it were his private property and in a way he is right, because he is the only man in wide America who will reap any advantage therefrom.

Governor Pardee, being asked for a sentiment appropriate to the occasion, said of the decision: "I think it is a good thing." As this seemed to leave much unsaid the reporter helped out with the remark, "But the Governor looked earnest." Is not that delicious? Of course Dr. Pardee does not know whether the decision in its effects will be good, bad or indifferent. A man who has fifteen hundred or two thousand hungry Joes pulling his coat-tails for easy jobs has his hands full. There is a heap of trouble on the old man's mind without bothering about trusts. But he contrived to look solemn enough to impress the reporter with a sense of his wisdom and inflexible purpose to smash the trusts. Therefore speak gently to him, because he understands the importance of being earnest for publication.

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The Saunterer

The Entente Cordiale

Many readers of the *Examiner* blinked their eyes last Sunday when they picked up a copy of the paper and saw a picture of James D. Phelan. The wise ones who are in touch with current events, and who enjoy that blissful privilege of tapping the private wire that leads beneath the surface of things, blinked their eyes only once and then sat up and took notice. The picture was a surprise to them but they quickly recovered from it, and then they began to speculate on the probability of Gavin McNab's picture appearing next Sunday. Mr. James D. Phelan has been a "dead one" so far as the *Examiner* office is concerned, ever since he retired from the Mayor's office. So long had it been since his name was ticked off on a linotype in the office of the monarch, that when the printer was engaged in setting up the caption for the Phelan phiz the machinery broke down. It seemed as though even the linotype rebelled against the intrusion of the ostracized millionaire.

The Hearst Slogan

The *Examiner* should have prepared its readers for the shock by nailing to its editorial masthead the legend adopted by Mr. William R. Hearst to do service as his slogan in his coming political campaign. It is a familiar one, being as old as Christianity—"Peace on earth, good will to men." That is it. The modern paraphrase is, Keep the pregnant hinges of the gladhand well oiled. Mr. Hearst anticipated the visit of President Roosevelt by dropping into town unannounced last Friday, and two days later the *Examiner* published Phelan's picture. From now on the readers of the *Examiner* should not be surprised at anything they see. The Hearst campaign is on, and harmony must be promoted at any cost. Phelan has stopped calling Hearst names and may be permitted to go to the National Convention. Others are to be placated, too. Who could have predicted that William R. Hearst, the most fearless and uncompromising of newspaper publishers, would put on his most winning smile and school himself in affability that high office might follow hotairing?

The Lane Boom

The fact is that Mr. Hearst wants a united delegation from California in the next National Convention, and I haven't the slightest doubt that he will achieve his end. Indeed I think he could achieve it without taking to the highways with the gladhand in the hope of placating his enemies. However he has adopted a policy with harmony for a keynote, and now it will be interesting to watch the hastening of the representatives of Phelan push toward the *Examiner* office. A little later we may expect to see the big daily engaged in booming Lane for Mayor. Lane pretends to be after something higher. He says that he owes it to the Democratic party that nominated him for Governor to keep out of the municipal political pool; that it would not be in keeping with the dignity of a defeated gubernatorial candidate to accept a nomination for Mayor. But Lane is a common job-chaser, and he knows that his intimate friends are now engaged in stacking the political cards with a view of having him urged by a convention to run for Mayor. That is the program and the *Examiner* will make no strenuous effort to obstruct it.

Lane's Tact

All the job-chasers of the Democratic party are for Lane for Mayor. They regard him as a popular man and capital vote-winner because of his persistent demagogic appeals to the labor unions. It does not interest them to know that Lane's conduct as city and county attorney has appealed to all the quasi-public corporations in town. His demagoguery has never given offence to any of the corporations. He has protected their interests not by what he has done but by what he has refrained from doing as a public official. He is a genius at side-stepping when it is up to him to set the machinery of the law in motion in the interest of the dear people. But what care the job-chasers or the politically ambitious? They never care what sort of Mayor a man will make. His chances of winning are all that concern them. Meanwhile the Republicans are not short of mayoralty timber. Arthur Fisk, John C. Kirkpatrick, Sam Shortridge, Treasurer McDougald and Adolph Spreckels are all under consideration by the men that make up the ticket. Fisk could have the nomination but he wants to go to Congress.

A Physician's School of Vice

A story comes to me so weird, so Zolaesque in its illustration of the fantastic whimwams of degeneracy, as to challenge credulity. According to the bizarre recital, one of the best known of the younger physicians of this city is engaged in conducting a school of vice such as only the morbid mind of a Poe could imagine. The queer tale involves, beside the physician, a princess of the small hours whose lures drew to shame and disgrace Lieutenant Jack Neale, the former dashing cavalry officer who is now wearing the stripes of a convict. The readers of the dailies may recall her for columns were devoted, after the exposure of Neale's defalcations, to the story of his downfall, which was attributed to reckless passion for Vivian Alcott, a beautiful blonde of the half world. The girl was in her teens then and save that, like most of her kind, she loved

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the inward blaze set by constant change of scene and admirers, she was not really bad when Neale met her. He spent thousands on her and went to prison. Then she met the physician. He lives at a leading hotel, is married to a woman of fortune and family, and is himself received in the most fashionable circles. He has or has had a large practice, and his fascinations of person and manner make him a favorite among women. If Vivian Alcott and others of her sort may be believed, this doctor finds his keenest pleasure in making drug slaves of them, and maintains a shrine for their initiation into the mysteries of the pipe.

His Tenderloin Den

Vivian Alcott is now in India. She crossed the Pacific to China on the steamship *Nippon Maru*, and after tarrying a few weeks in Hongkong left for Calcutta. She is a mere wreck from opium smoking. The beauty which drew Cavalryman Neale to ruin has been effaced by the fumes of the pipe, and she has become the consort of Asiatics—cursed by the craving for the exaltation of the poppy. And all through the Orient she is naming and damning the man who cast the spell that has enthralled her. She says that he has an apartment in the tenderloin here and that thither he invites young women and puts in their mouths the pipe which soon owns them. He derives the highest satisfaction from seeing them become victims of the witchery of the powerful drug. He smokes the pipe, too, but rather in a dilettante way, seeming to escape the thralldom which seizes others. It was here that the Alcott girl first got the taste for opium, and according to her story, in that same den dozens of others have been made fiends. It is incredible that the doctor should have escaped exposure so long, but I am informed that his relatives are aware of his degeneracy, and that he is threatened with a divorce suit.

The Superfluous Chaperon

When the engagement is announced of a society spinster and a gray-bearded bachelor, does conventionality then call for a chaperon to accompany the lady every time she goes to the theatre with her fiance? I ask the question because I have noticed that the society-gush writers of the dailies have frequently mentioned that a certain Miss Spinster who is engaged to a certain Mr. Graybeard was accompanied by her chaperon on occasions when she attended public performances. I inferred that she was a young thing and knowing her fiance I didn't blame her for having a chaperon. Ordinarily I should recommend a barbed-wire fence. But after seeing the betrothed of the middle-aged bachelor I wondered what pretext there could be for a chaperon. The lady is herself mature enough for the role of a chaperon. Is there no age-limit beyond which chaperons should be barred? Why should a lady in the remote thirties be chaperoned in the company of her fiance? These are questions that should suggest topics for discussion in club circles.

The Poet Returns

Joaquin Miller is back once more in his picturesque home across the bay. He has been away from that home quite awhile, and during his travels in the East and the South was lionized a great deal. Though Miller is a poseur, and sniffs greedily the fumes of incense burned at his pedestal, he was not always thus. It was not until he discovered that it paid to be a freak and to court adulation that he started out to bask in the limelight, but he is never so happy as when in the shade of his own roof-tree, inhaling the fragrance of his luxuriant garden, far from the lion-hunters. The poet, by the way, has been passionately fond of flowers from early manhood, and years ago he told me that at one time it was his early ambition to build up a little home and make a moderate living by raising something in a garden, such as fruit and flowers, and also practicing law in a quiet way, for though it is not generally known Miller is a lawyer. In early days, after leaving the mountains of Northern California, he went into the goldfields of Idaho to practice law, but there was little doing in the law there, and he became an expressman for the miners, to ride to and fro from the nearest settlement, to carry their gold out and their letters in.

The Story of His Name

Later on when Miller settled in Oregon he began the practice of law in a small town, and he was elected county judge. He never cared for the title of "Judge," however, but preferred to be known as "Joaquin," though that is not his right name. And yet when it was bestowed on him he was very indignant. He acquired it shortly after taking up his pen for the first time. It was in the early days of this city when he wrote a public letter in defense of the Mexicans with whom he had been associated in the mountains. At that time the tradition prevailed that Joaquin Murietta, the fiercest outlaw this State has ever known, had not been killed as reported but was still in the mountains. When Miller's letter came out, a Sacramento paper, in a spirit of banter, stated that now it was certain that the outlaw was not only alive but had the audacity to write to the press in defense of himself and his fellow-robbers. Thereupon Miller was hailed by his friends as the great desperado, Joaquin.

People returning from the East tell me that one would hardly recognize Mrs. Tomlinson, who was Miss Ethel Keeney, so dignified and serious is she become. She

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takes her matrimonial duties very seriously and dresses in the most *comme il faut* Eastern style. She lives not far from the Allan Wallaces, and she and Mrs. Wallace, who were always great friends, have resumed the intimacy of their girlhood.

The Resignation of Newton

Since the resignation of the Rev. Heber Newton from the Memorial church at Palo Alto, the rumor is once more current that Mrs. Stanford is seriously thinking of seeking admission to the Catholic church. The rumor is given credence by many of Mrs. Stanford's acquaintances who have heard her express her views of theology, and who are of opinion that she has given the Catholic religion much study and is inclined to seek further enlightenment from one of the clergymen of the church with a view of becoming a communicant. A story to the effect that she contemplated joining the church was published in an Eastern paper about the time that Rev. Heber Newton announced that he had accepted a "call" from Stanford. And that announcement put the quietus on the rumor until the other day, when it became known that the ex-New Yorker had resigned on account of differences that had arisen.

Jordan's Restraining Hand

There is also a story in circulation to the effect that Mrs. Stanford would long since have become a convert to Catholicism were it not for the influence of David Starr Jordan, who fears that if she declared allegiance to the Church of Rome the effect on the Palo Alto university would be disastrous. However, though she is not a Catholic, she objected to certain utterances of the Rev. Heber Newton which excited the derision of clergymen of the Catholic church. Father Yorke took occasion to poke fun at Newton's theology, and at his efforts to harmonize all the jarring sects, it evidently being the opinion of the priest that the Palo Alto divine is a faker who affects Christian beliefs though in reality he is an agnostic, if not an atheist. Father Yorke scoffs at the suggestion that his attack on Newton was responsible for the latter's resignation, but many of Mrs. Stanford's friends believe that it was.

The Baptizing of Bushnell

While on this subject I am reminded that many people were surprised when it was announced that Fred Bushnell, the well known photographer who died a few days ago, would be buried from the Catholic church. It was learned that he had been baptized by a priest shortly before he died, and complaint was made by his relatives who thought that he had been unduly influenced. Upon inquiry it was learned that before the fatal operation was performed he sent to St. Mary's Cathedral for a priest. Father Dempsey responded, and Bushnell said he wished to become a Catholic. He was told that he should receive some instruction before entering the church, and as the physician did not expect any serious results to follow the operation the ceremony was postponed. Bushnell told the priest that he had contemplated becoming a Catholic ever since he visited the city of Rome some years ago. After the operation he again sent for Father Dempsey and as he was then in a critical condition the ceremony was performed.

There is only one way to look at the work we *must* do. That is to fall in love with the work, even if it is only for the time it lasts. This is the secret of success.

Blacked William's Eye

The promotion of General von Hahnke to the rank of Field Marshal has occasioned a deal of talk for the reason that his chief claim to distinction seems to be that his son was the hero of a sensational affair that occurred on board the Hohenzollern some years ago. The truth about the affair is known to very few, and it has never been published. Lieutenant von Hahnke was the guest of the Emperor. He was an ardent cyclist and practiced the sport on the deck of the Hohenzollern, although the Kaiser had forbidden it. One day as the yacht was lying off shore at Odde, William caught young Hahnke at his favorite pastime, and high words ensued. Both lost their temper, the lieutenant telling the Emperor that his own nobility was older than the Hohenzollern royalty. Blows ensued and the Emperor received a black eye. In the confusion the lieutenant made his way ashore, taking his wheel with him, and a few days later it was found smashed to pieces on the rocks high above the sea. The supposition was that the young man committed suicide, but the fact is that he made his way to this country, where he is alive and flourishing.

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A Pioneer Wanted

There's a chance for some enterprising, impecunious swell to make some money in San Francisco. Mrs. Jacob Vanderbilt has paved the way in New York. Her tea-room, with its "smoker" attachment, seems to have filled a long-felt want. The woman's club-house, often talked of among women here, that will have a smoking-room as one of its conveniences, has never materialized. Smart women are shy on pioneering a custom, and prefer to indulge themselves in a quiet smoke at home. They fear the adverse comment of—not their enemies, but their friends. But let a woman of recognized social position start a tea-room a la Mrs. Jacob Vanderbilt, and it would soon become the fashion.

That Souvenir Program

That Easter card which found such a ready sale, with a poem by Grace Hibbard illustrated by Gordon Ross, has a history. When Mrs. Horace Hill gave her De Lussan musicale a few weeks ago, she desired something unique in the way of a souvenir program. In her home is a beautiful stained glass window with a design of fleur-de-lis. This she decided to have copied and used as the decoration for the program. Gordon Ross was employed to do the job, and he charged Mrs. Hill ninety-five dollars for his work. Later, he decided to utilize the design on an Easter card, which was done. But very few who bought the card knew that the fleur-de-lis was a copy of Mrs. Horace Hill's stained glass window.

The Story of a Story

The story of millionaire Baker's hospitality is so good that the Oakland *Tribune* published it twice in a single issue, a circumstance that constitutes a pretty good story in itself. The *Tribune* has two correspondents who draw inspiration from the same source. One is George Hatton, the prince of political impresarios, and the other is a local newspaper man who writes over the *nom de plume* of "Magruder." Both heard that Mr. Baker, a visiting millionaire from the East, met Charles Rollo Peters, the artist, at the Bohemian Club, and invited him to take a trip on a private car to the Yosemite. Peters accepted and on the return trip to this city Mr. Baker charged the artist his pro rata of the expense bill. Both Hatton and Magruder sent the story to the *Tribune* in their Saturday correspondence and each devoted half a column to it. It appeared on two pages. Hatton stated that the trip cost Peters thirty-six dollars and fifty cents, but "Magruder" reduced the amount to thirty dollars.

In Society Again

Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson accepted an invitation the other day to meet Ella Wheeler Wilcox at a luncheon, and the hostess congratulated herself on wooing this clever artist into society again. For Mrs. Richardson very seldom appears at a formal function, though it is not for lack of invitations. She loves to work and when she gets a good subject she finds her labor all-absorbing. She is one of our most successful portrait painters. One of the best things she has yet done is her portrait of Monsieur Paget, the French professor. Some years ago she did some portraits of her nieces, the Curtis girls, that were very lifelike. Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan (Elizabeth Curtis) received a deal of encouragement from Mrs. Richardson when she, too, decided to take up portrait work. Both found kind words and countenance from their relative, Benoni Irwin, one of the most distinguished portrait painters in America. Mrs. Richardson used to live in Oakland, in a quaint house opposite the Pringle home. Her home for many years, however, has been in an even quainter house on the pinnacle of Russian Hill.

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

A Corpse as Bride

C. E. Lorrimer sends me the following story from Japan: "Since the panting, sighing days of 'Romeo and Juliet' there has been no such dreadful tragedy connected with the course of true love as one which recently occurred in Japan. The gruesome awfulness of it is calculated to send cold chills down the modern spine. Its effect is quite as 'creepy' as a ghost story by candlelight and no less strange and unreal, in these practical days, when love is as much out of fashion as sunbonnets. A certain lady, daughter of one Mr. Kintaro Sameda, of Takasu Mura in Kochi Prefecture, committed suicide by drowning herself on the very eve of the day on which she was to be married to a Mr. Taketomi of a neighboring village. She left neither explanations nor farewells and the poor young man was briefly told the news on the following morning. Half crazed with grief, he hastened to the deceased's home as soon as he received the message, and he wore the crested kimono and the rich silk petticoat which had been made expressly for the wedding ceremonies. The mournful reminder of the services which were to have taken place so touched the already grief-stricken parents that they besought the young man to go through the forms of marriage with their dead daughter. He willingly consented. Accordingly the little group assembled in the best room of the house, the wedding guests were bidden and this most extraordinary marriage began. The bride's father poured the sacred rice, or rice wine, the drinking of which constitutes the rite, into the

red lacquer bowls, and, amid tears and lamentations, the groom exchanged cups with the corpse. It is said that a sadder wedding has never taken place in Japan, the sweet marriage chant of 'Calm Sea and Evergreen Pine' sounding like a funeral dirge."

Miss Bessie Cole and Dick Rountree having attended the latest society weddings in each other's company, the tabbies will have it that they are taking notes for a similar affair in which they will be the leading performers. Miss Cole is the elder sister of Mrs. Martin Crimmins and is a pretty blonde of refined feature. She was the intimate friend of Mary Bell Gwin before the latter's marriage with Mr. Follis.

The Gunn-Woods Wedding

Generally the sexton at St. Luke's performs his duties as Cerberus with argos-eyed vigilance when officiating at smart weddings. But at the marriage of Kate Gunn and Charles M. Woods, on Tuesday night, he relaxed his vigilance on the side door, with a sad result. There was a scene decidedly not in the bill when forty or so of the uninvited, and in decidedly ungala-like attire, burst into the church. Poor Cerberus could do nothing at that late moment; it was close on to eight-thirty. There was another happening at the wedding which was not on the program. It was when the lights went out. The ceremony was about two-thirds over, and the central chandelier alone shed light on the scene. The ceremony proceeded but it was not until after the wedding party and most of the guests had left the church that the lights went up again. It was a pretty wedding despite the semi-darkness, and the wedding procession with the maids carrying enormous bouquets was quite picturesque. Miss Lacey, the maid of honor, was stunning in pink, and the bride looked even prettier than usual in her white costume. One of the bridesmaids, Miss Bruce, is to be a bride herself on April thirtieth, when she marries the Rev. Macon.

The Hamilton-McEnerney Marriage

The marriage of Garrett W. McEnerney and Genevieve Green Hamilton last Tuesday was refreshingly free from formality and ostentation, but it was a most impressive ceremony, performed as it was by Archbishop Riordan in the solemn manner characteristic of the rites of the Catholic church. The Sacred Heart church, which was the scene of the marriage, was thronged with the friends of the bride and groom, and they included many of the most prominent people in the city. Representatives of the legal and journalistic professions predominated, and there was also a sprinkling of society people. There was no wedding feast after the ceremony; the newly married couple leaving almost immediately on a trip to Oregon, where the honeymoon will be spent.

Oakland's Scandal

Oakland gossips are again busy with the domestic affairs of Dr. Crowley. As usual Mrs. Crowley is responsible for the stimulus given to the tongues that are wagging. In a fit of tantrums she blew the lid off an unsavory mess. Dr. Crowley is one of Oakland's most prominent physicians. Mrs. Crowley is a lady with a past. She was formerly the wife of Hugo Mansfeldt, the musician, and before that she was the handsome and vain Alma Moore, remotely connected, she was always pleased to say, with the family of Jefferson Davis. The original Crowleys and Mansfeldts were chummy neighbors until the wives caught the divorce fever. Later on Dr. Crowley married the former Mrs. Mansfeldt. In time the wife grew jealous of her husband's patients and then there was a divorce, followed by the remarriage of the pair. From the recent horsewhipping episode it is evident that Mrs. Crowley has not subdued the spirit of jealousy. She says that she wished to preserve her husband's purity. How good of her! It is a remarkable thing about Oakland that some of the gayest and friskiest wives over there are forever safeguarding their husbands against the wiles of the sex.

Mrs. Gus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels will leave New York for Paris next week.

Divorced—Next?

Now that Mrs. Louise La Montagne has returned to single blessedness her friends are wondering how long it will be before they are invited to another swell wedding. They say that she is too brilliant a woman to protract her grass-widowhood, and they hint that there is already a suitor in the field, a well known clubman of New York. I believe that Mrs. La Montagne's mother, Mrs. John F. Darling, who passed through grass-widowhood herself. expects her daughter to take unto herself a second husband in the near future. Mrs. Darling is an up-to-date woman in every respect, and she derives a great deal of amusement from contemplation of the *comedie humaine,* and the social strivings of the new rich for whom she has an exalted contempt.

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Too Many Climbers

Mrs. Darling's long absence from this city is said to be due to the fact that she is disgusted with local society, so tolerant has it become of the climbers. Many years ago Mrs. Darling dominated the smart set of this city. She had just come from a tour of Europe during which she was presented at Queen Victoria's court. Her father's wealth and her dashing style and brilliant wit attracted a large following, and she was a leader in many important social events. At one time she was engaged to Dr. Bowie's eldest son, A. J. Bowie Jr., but they did not long agree. Miss Clara married an old love in Colonel Catherwood, an ex-Army officer, and Mr. Bowie married Miss Friedlander. In the course of time Mrs. Catherwood went abroad to have her children educated, returning when they were grown and "out" in society. One daughter married Ernest La Montagne, from whom she was divorced the other day, and another is the wife of Dr. Edward Keyes of New York. After a separation from Colonel Catherwood Mrs. Catherwood married Major John A. Darling, U. S. A., now retired.

She Snubbed the General

Mrs. Darling is a born leader and even during her residence at the Presidio she dominated social circles in the army. She became known as the "mother of the regiment" and she took occasion to snub General Graham, a martinet who was in command of the post. On the occasion of an entertainment given at the Presidio by Mrs. Darling, General Graham ordered the band to leave the scene of the festivity, and later on the indignant hostess exercised her "pull" in Washington in a way that made General Graham regret that he had ever been ungallant to the "mother of the regiment."

Where the Line Should be Drawn

It was also during the residence of this proud dame at the Presidio that she took occasion to express certain views about corrupting military society which had the effect of putting Cupid into mourning, grieving a popular young heiress and spoiling the chances of a handsome young officer with more red corpuscles than yellow gold. Mrs. Darling remarked that she did not mind young officers of good family putting their army titles on the market, but she thought that out of respect for the ladies of the Presidio who would be put to the painful alternative of either snubbing or accepting the vulgar rich, they should draw the line at pork, sugar and whisky. The remark was repeated and the engagement was broken.

The Papyrus Club's Show

Judging from the Papyrus Club's "classical vaudeville" on Monday night, the members of that organization are not going to elevate the stage, except perhaps in a social way. From an artistic standpoint the performance was not a great success, though it was by no means bad. The length of the entr'actes wore out everybody's patience. There was a large audience and many beautiful gowns, chiefly white, were worn. The ladies taking part in the program were also elegantly frocked. Mrs. W. P. Buckingham, in the scene from "The Winter's Tale," wore a yellow gown that was a dream. The minuet, too, brought out some picturesque Colonial costumes. It was a graceful dance, though the men, in white satin knickers, were cautious in bending through fear of dire consequences. Miss Jean Logan gave a Japanese dance, with limelight effects, that was original and fascinating, and later on she danced in another of her unique creations, "La Boheme," in which her costume was of flame-red relieved with black. The one-act farce, "Bunkoed," written by W. H. Clifford, had its premier on this occasion. It served to show Lieutenant Harry Howland in a new role, but his success was not great. "He is too pretty to act well," was a comment overheard apropos the Lieutenant's histrionic effort. Mrs. A. R. Kerwin, wife of Captain Kerwin, was the star of the farce. She was really witching and *chic* as Teressa, the model. Her costume, of green velvet and tulle, with a big picture hat covered with pink roses, was Parisian from brim to hem.

Its Methods Ineffective

The Papyrus Club was organized to develop a sense of humor among its members, and I am convinced that a sense of humor is what they most need. Last week I wrote a brief paragraph about a story told at a meeting of the club which I said almost provoked a riot, or words to that effect. Bright and early Monday I was visited by a very mild-mannered, polite and serious woman who said she had been told about the paragraph. She wanted to see it because she had heard that it contained something shocking. It was shown to her, and she really appeared very much shocked. She wanted to know who wrote it and what member of the club had given the information. She said she had attended every meeting and was quite sure that nobody's feelings had ever been hurt by a story. She also stated that she would like a retraction because the paragraph tended to make the club ridiculous. It is evident that the club's methods are not effective for here is a woman who has attended every meeting and yet her sense of humor has not developed beyond the embryonic stage.

Mrs. Gerberding's Achievement

Mrs. Gerberding's play, "The Euchre Prize," which was presented by the Spinners' Club at Century hall last Monday evening attracted one of the most fashionable audiences that have ever assembled there. The play was bright, the situations original, the lines clever and the foibles of feminine card players deftly and amusingly satirized. Ella Bender and Dr. Shiels, probably the best amateur players in society, made the best of their parts, while Mrs. Mark Gerstle showed unexpected dramatic force as

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the social adventuress. I should like to see Mrs. Gerstle in a more ambitious role. I imagine that she would give "Magda" a very interesting interpretation. After the performance Mrs. Gerberding, an imposing figure in black velvet, was overwhelmed with congratulations. Among those present were Mrs. Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates, the Misses Spreckels and Elsie Sperry.

The Spinners' Club is an organization whose brilliancy is equaled only by its exclusiveness. You cannot dream of entering its sacred membership unless you have done something—or somebody (preferably an editor). The Spinners consider Mrs. Gerberding one of their star members, which she is. Her work as a dramatist has lately attracted favorable attention from high theatrical powers. She has an order for one three-act drama from an actor of stellar fame, though not of the Syndicate. She has also the plots for two more dramas and it is that she may work on these without interruption that she is going abroad. She would have left for Italy last winter had it not been for her son's wedding coming off in the spring, and then Mrs. Ernest Peixotto's illness made another detention. The Peixottos and Mrs. Gerberding had planned to go to Europe in one party.

To Propagate the Species

San Francisco is to have a novel school. Indeed it will be a school so novel that it will be hard to go about the advertising of it in print, and yet withal it is to be quite a swell affair. Mrs. E. G. Sparks is the founder of it, and she carries about with her the sanction of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, herself. It will be called "The Foundation of Life School," and will be instituted on the lines laid down by the writings of Mrs. Wilcox. The social world will be invaded and society will be told of its great crime. The young matrons who figure in the Sunday supplements as the leaders of cotillions and the instigators of divorces will be urged to take up the duties of the home and stimulate the perambulator trade. Young couples especially will be appealed to and taught. The fee is not stipulated in the bond. Mrs. Sparks will make a personal call upon all those she feels are neglecting to perpetuate the race, and after reviewing the teachings of Mrs. Wilcox, will enjoin them to attend her school.

Christened by Ella

Much stress is laid by the lady upon the enthusiasm of the poetess. "I called upon Mrs. Wilcox at her hotel," she explained. "I sent up my card along with hundreds of others who were very desirous of seeing this talented woman, but I was the only one granted an audience. When I came into her apartments I found her ill. She was in bed, yet she urged me to unfold my plan. I told her that I intended to found a school that should give an equal chance for the struggle of existence to the poor infants brought into the world by ignorant parents, and that our theme should be a constant tirade against the crime of society.

" 'What are you going to call this school?' Mrs. Wilcox asked me.

" 'That,' I said, 'I shall leave to you.' She could not think of a name during the whole time I talked with her, but just as I was going—just as I had my hand on the knob of the door, she suddenly sprang up in bed (she wears lovely robes) and cried out: 'I have it, I have it! It has just come to me; it is an inspiration! Call it " " "The Foundation of Life School" " " " '

"So that is what I shall call it, in honor of this great lady who helps so many people on the road to happiness through the columns of the daily papers."

Preaching but Not Practicing

Singular as it may seem, neither of these estimable ladies who are intent upon teaching the perpetuation of the race and the elevation of the species has any children of her own. Whether they intend to give practical demonstrations or merely to dwell upon the medical discussions in the abstract is not known, but it is safe to say that, give them three apiece to start with, and Mrs. Wilcox would do no writing nor would Mrs. Sparks teach school. It is the most delightful theme in the world, this talking about babies (and that is the extent of Mrs. Sparks' and Mrs.

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Wilcox's progress) but when the average mother has bathed her three precious dears, and laved the linen, and fed and rocked the youngest one to sleep, it is safe to say that you had better not talk Ella Wheeler Wilcox to her—at least not for an hour or two. Give her a rest and she may listen patiently awhile without scratching you; but talk gently to her, for the chances are her back aches. Mrs. Sparks will make her biggest killing with the women in her own condition. She may grow poetic with some poor wretch who has never felt the claws of baby fingers, but if she goes fooling around any woman who is already well launched in the kindergarten trade she is likely to get hurt.

When Ella Met Mrs. "Pat"

By the way, that meeting between Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Mrs. Pat Campbell was much funnier than the newspaper represented. The actress is a woman of nimble wit, and she abhors the patronizing airs of the pretentious. Being a cultured woman she rates Mrs. Wilcox at her true value, and she resented the latter's intrusion because it was evident that the puerile poetess of fashion visited her in a a spirit of condescension. Now an actress who has been steadfast in her refusal to do drawing-room stunts for hire even in the palaces of our most puissant plutocrats isn't likely to flush with pleasure over the ostentatious magnanimity of an Ella Wilcox. Hence it was that Mrs. "Pat" accorded Mrs. Wilcox the same freezing reception that Mrs. Cortelyou received at the hands of Paula Tanqueray.

"Surely you have read my book," exclaimed Mrs. Wilcox after several efforts to explain what a famous woman she really was.

"No, I must confess I never read your book," said Mrs. Pat, "but I shall make amends. I shall be delighted to buy your book."

Then turning to her maid she said, "Jeannette, go right out and buy Mrs. Wilcox's book."

"My book!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilcox, "why, I've written nineteen books."

"Jeannette," said Mrs. Pat, with the air of one who had money enough to buy a whole library, "go out and buy Mrs. Wilcox's nineteen books."

The Secret of Her Greatness

With something akin to mock graciousness Mrs. Campbell requested Mrs. Wilcox to proceed. It was as though she believed her visitor had something very important to impart. And during all the time they were together the newspaper woman talked incessantly of herself. Finally the actress became so bored that she interrupted the flow of perpendicular pronouns. In her sweetest tones she said:

"You're quite vain, aren't you, Mrs. Wilcox?"

"Vain!" was the reply, "my vanity is the secret of my greatness."

His Affections Alienated

News comes to me from Solano of a divorce suit instituted in that county by the wife of a surety company magnate whose office is in one of the local sky-scrapers. The plaintiff, it is said, has no desire to be divorced, but is suing for a decree because she was coerced into assuming the role of plaintiff. It is the old familiar story of the heartless husband whose affections have been alienated, and who has resolved to shake off the matrimonial shackles and give rein to his passion for the latest object of his fancy. The conquest of his heart is said to have been made by a pretty typist employed in his office.

That Hayward Hat

All things come to him who waits—even style. There's Mr. Alvinza Hayward, for instance, the millionaire of the antique garb, who has been wearing a plug hat of the vintage of 1820 for nearly half a century. It is so old-fashioned that it looks like an heirloom, but it has at length come into fashion again. Out from New York came William R. Hearst, the other day, and he donned his long suit to appear at a wedding. On that occasion he wore a silk hat which is an exact replica of the flat-brimmed affair that has so long distinguished Hayward from all other mortals. Mr. Hearst is a well-groomed young man, and he would not wear a hat that was not strictly up to date.

The Plutocrat's Vulgar Show

That Miss Nielson that was is now a Vanderbilt is no news; it is notorious. If ever any woman was married, it is she. If by this time all the world is not aware of the fact, the fault is not to be laid at the door of the friends and families of "the high contracting parties." Abroad we have the unenviable repute of being a nouveau riche nation; of being socially impossible because of a national vice of vulgarity; of having no "artistic reserve" in the use of gold. As a matter of fact, we are not greater money-

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lovers than other nations, but we are better money-makers. It is our naivete, our lack of gumption, rather than our greed, that makes us the laughing-stock of the old-poor nations that receive our daughters and our dollars with the very best grace. However, to see this requires a spiritual insight such as belongs not to our Brother Bull. To have a bad reputation is for most men to lead a hang-dog's life; to deserve it is to lead a devil's. The American millionaire who makes a pow-wow of a sacrament is not a friend of the Republic.

Are They Fit for Corsica?

Whenever I read in the newspapers of the marriages of the ridiculously rich, I am minded of Guy de Maupassant's great short-story, "Happiness," and fall to wondering if the heroine of the space-writer's "story" could make of some dreary, beautiless Corsica a happy isle, or, as Carlyle would have it, an island of the blest. For it is not true that "even love is sold." For once Shelley was mistaken. It is not love, but a cheap substitute, a meretricious imitation, that is sold. Much nearer the truth, if not the very soul of truth itself, is the dictum of a lesser poet, that "Gold and iron are good To buy iron and gold." If there is any one thing that emerges in significant clearness from the shadow that veils the face of Fact, it is this, that happiness is not to be had at so much the heart-ful. That delicate thing, bred in a divine atmosphere, is sickened by the noxious smell of gold. Unless Reginald Vanderbilt and his bride are intrinsically fit for fifty years of solitude in bare, bloomless Corsica, with no millions of millions may they buy of Fate one jot or tittle of "the joy of living."

That Obvious Farce

Unfortunately for the young people, nothing could be less prophetic of future happiness than the setting out upon the joint journey under the auspices of that Prince of Vulgarians, Parade. (The "wild ride" back of the thoroughbreds to escape observation was the most obvious, the most inartistic of farces.) Poverty itself were better patronage, better company to keep. Indeed, lovers whose fine instincts prompt them to draw down decent window-shades need not fear the wings of Love when the fateful footsteps of Poverty are heard without the proverbial cottage door. But fulsomeness of all kinds will Love fly; with that and the like the god will not house. If the police present at that fashionable function at Arleigh had done their duty, they had prevented the indecent exposure. As it was, ostentation could no further go. For days, private people have read the papers shamefacedly, for fear of coming upon the "scoop" of a pestilential reporter present by invitation in the *thalamos.*

The Bride's Pedigree

"Reggie" Vanderbilt, the bridegroom of this latest vulgarly spectacular marriage, is the young man whose failure to graduate with his class from college was deemed of sufficient importance as an item of news to be wired all over the country. Later on we were told of his escapades in gambling houses, and of the efforts of the District Attorney of New York to summons him before the Grand Jury when the Canfield case was under investigation. "Reggie" is a fast youth and he has cut a very wide swath in tenderloin circles. From the reports in the dailies one would imagine that it was an act of phenomenal condescension on the part of a Vanderbilt to take for a wife a daughter of the house of Neilson. The fact is that the Neilsons have long held an excellent social position in New York. The bride's mother was Miss Belle Gebhard, sister of "Freddy" Gebhard of Langtry fame. Belle Gebhard was a daughter of a veteran New York merchant and a Miss Davies whose parents were born in Cork county, Ireland. Miss Gebhard married Frederick Neilson, the scion of an old Philadelphia family. He was one of the most dashing men in society. The Nielsons were separated in the eighties but as Mrs. Nielson was a strict Catholic there was no divorce.

Birdie's Muriel Was There

The papers have had it that all is not smooth between Cathleen Nielson and Birdie Vanderbilt. The announced departure of the W. K. Vanderbilts before the wedding has been taken as an index of the thermometer. But the prophets are evidently wrong as to relations between the two women, for an old friend of "Birdie's" in this city has received a picture of Muriel, the little daughter of the "W. K.'s Jr.," dressed in the dainty frock she wore as a flower maiden at "dear Miss Nielson's" wedding. Little Miss Muriel is a tiny dot of a girl and if a photograph is evidence, looks very much like her Aunt Tessie. She had as a floral partner at the wedding little "Chiffon" Kemp, who is a niece of the bride. By the way it is now the mode to fasten on youngsters names that hitherto were reserved for pet canines. "Chiffon" is going it mild, for there are several blue-blooded youngsters, I hear, who answer to names like "Nifty" and "Razzles."

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To Avoid Temptation

Speaker Henderson is rusticating with his wife at Long Beach, near Los Angeles, and his son Don Henderson is at San Pedro, a few miles away. The latter came to the coast in a private car, two years ago, and for a year and a half he has worked as a laborer in a lumber mill at two and a half dollars per day. Recently he was promoted to the position of bookkeeper. Henderson is a fast young man, and it was for the purpose of avoiding temptation that he located in San Pedro and proceeded to develop a laboring man's appetite. San Pedro is a slow town, and occasionally Henderson found it deadly dull. On such occasions he broke loose but of late he has been on his good behavior. A correspondent informs me that he has been under the watchful eye of Congressman McLachlan, and that it is reported that his father may secure him a position on the Civil Service Commission of Los Angeles.

Whisky and Religion

George G. Brown, the Kentucky distiller who arrived at the Palace this week from Southern California, stirred up quite a rumpus among the temperance forces while in Los Angeles. He has the distinction of being a pillar of the Presbyterian church as well as a distiller, and he has published several articles in the *Arena* and other magazines, arguing that a man can be a Christian and manufacture whisky at the same time. He has quoted Scripture to show that liquor if not abused is a blessing instead of a curse. In an interview in Los Angeles he not only expressed those views but went further and asserted that prohibition is infidelity and not sanctioned by God. All of which called forth a fusillade from the temperance leaders. The two veterans, Dr. E. S. Chapman, of the Anti-Saloon League, and Francis Murphy, led the opposition. Dr. Chapman asserted that he did not think the church was very proud of a member who was manufacturing the "poisonous drug." Mr. Brown replied and the battle raged for awhile.

The Man for the Job

The story of how John J. Boyce secured the appointment to the position of United States District Attorney at Juneau, Alaska, has just leaked out in Los Angeles, writes a correspondent. Senator Bard was Boyce's sponsor, but shortly after his name was sent to the President, the anvil brigade in Southern California began to show signs of activity. The leading hammer wielder was a man named Parsons, a resident of Santa Barbara. Parsons protested vigorously against the appointment and Senator Bard wired out to Boyce for an explanation of the opposition. Boyce wired in reply that some fifteen years ago Parsons called him a liar in open court during the trial of a case, and that he licked his man on the spot. When Bard repeated the story to Mr. Roosevelt, the President beamed approvingly. "By Jove," he exclaimed, "Boyce is a man after my own heart. He's just the man we want in a tough place like Juneau." The next day Boyce was appointed.

Old Families United

The wedding of Miss Ruth Childs with Alpheus Redman which took place in Los Angeles last Tuesday unites two of the oldest families in the State. It took place at the old cathedral in Main street and all of the elite were there; that is, the most exclusive set, for in spite of the bohemian tendencies of Mr. and Mrs. "Willie" Childs, the rest of the family hold themselves aloof from the ordinary mortals. It was the home of the mother of the bride of last week that H. E. Huntington purchased for his home, but the family has never taken possession because Mrs. Huntington does not like Los Angeles.

A Lunch Club for Women

Some of the prominent women of Los Angeles, driven to desperation by the impossible restaurants of the town, are going to start a lunch club. It is bound to be a success for the leaders are Mrs. J. H. Johnson, the wife of Bishop Johnson; Mrs. Roy Jones, Mrs. H. T. Lee, Mrs. S. C. Hubbell, Mrs. Gilbert E. Overton and others equally prominent. The club will be a place where weary shoppers and callers can drop in for a little rest, a cup of tea or something stronger, and the inevitable bit of gossip.

The Strenuous Lillian

Lillian Burkhart, the actress, leads a life so strenuous that she almost out-Roosevelts President Teddy himself. She is always kept more than busy in Los Angeles, where she is probably more of a favorite among the members of the swell set than any other place in the country, although

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she seems to capture the people wherever she goes. Last Sunday morning at ten-thirty she attended the Passover services at B'nai B'rith synagogue, after which she was guest of honor at a luncheon. Then followed the afternoon matinee from which she went to Kaspare Cohn's to dinner. At the close of the evening performance she was a guest at the home of R. H. Hay Chapman, whose Sunday evening informal musicales, while not heralded in the daily press, are delightful affairs at which are heard some of the best local as well as visiting talent.

His Sixtieth Birthday

"Honest Frank" Walker was the host at a pleasant little function the other evening, at his home in Los Angeles. The affair had no political significance but was in honor of the sixtieth anniversary of Mr. Walker's birthday. There were present guests from Canada, Tacoma, Wash., and San Francisco. Mr. Walker is one of the richest men in Los Angeles but he is simple in his tastes and does not believe in ostentatious hospitality. When he entertains at his handsome home, corner of First and Flower streets, it is always a group of congenial friends that constitutes the company. Mr. Walker lived in Tombstone before he came to Los Angeles, and it was in Arizona that he laid the foundation of the fortune he now enjoys. He is a Canadian by birth, but all-Californian in feeling.

The Kakawak

The American cakewalk has invaded the drawing-rooms of Europe. Ragtime is popular not only in the music halls but also in private and fashionable homes. Nearly every letter that one receives from touring Americans abroad these days contains something about the spread of the cakewalk craze. Even stolid Germany is under the spell and all France is whistling ragtime. "Le Kakawak" is what the Parisians call the American dance, and those that can appreciate nothing that comes from foreign countries have rebelled. They declare that it is vulgar and in polite society there are many conservatives who protest most bitterly. *"A bas le Kakawak"* is the cry that they have set up, but in vain. The craze must run its course.

The World Is His Oyster

Arthur Brisbane, who originated the idea of the freak editorial and who writes most of the "heart to heart talk" articles for the Hearst papers, is an odd character in the newspaper world, aside from the circumstance that he draws a salary as large as that of the President. He spends it after the manner of his kind. After he knocks off work one of his favorite pastimes is to visit some select hostelry in New York and call for a bottle of some rare old vintage that a connoisseur would gloat over. He delights in the bouquets and fine flavors and prides himself on his delicate taste in detecting the fine qualities of these rare nectars. The wing of a chicken adds something to the cost of such reveries but Brisbane is usel to lunches of a kind that cost from fifteen to thirty dollars. He comes of a scholarly family. His father was an associate and colleague of Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana in the old *Tribune* and American Encyclopedia in the middle part of the century. Besides being something of a scholar himself, a linguist and a connoisseur in the arts, he can put up his fists in a creditable manner. On one occasion he had a rather exciting scrap with Charley Mitchell and made a good showing. He can play billiards, read Dante, select wines and pick the winner in a horse race with equal felicity and judgment. He is not pretty to look at, though he has a pair of biceps that Apollo might admire. At one time, when he first went on the *Journal,* he had a great hobby for squandering his spare cash in polo. Later on he joined the young philosophers who were handling economic problems and gradually took up the work of putting them into editorial form. The world is his oyster and no subject is too big or too little for him to tackle. If you don't believe it, read his last editorial. Like many another "find," Hearst found him in Pulitzer's employ and lured him away with a bigger salary.

The Wail of a Caterer

The caterer of one of the most fashionable apartment houses in the city has severed his connection with the establishment because he found that his business was unprofitable. His explanation is instructive. "People that live in expensive apartments," he says, "cannot afford to

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on his Western trip, at the Auditorium Hotel, April 2nd, the only wine used was

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dine sumptuously. It is easy to make a front in a swell house, providing you don't spend too much money for grub. I took charge of the dining-room as soon as the house opened, and many of the swellest people in town became its patrons. There were carriages standing outside all day long. But the guests had no money to spend on their stomachs. Their spare cash went for clothes and for room rent. I served dishes fit for a Savarin but they were untasted. The guests came into the dining-room arrayed magnificently, but they ate sparingly. It seemed as though the most of them were banting. There wasn't any money in it for me so I retired."

An Inheritance from Mother

Young Algernon Sartoris comes rightly by his waywardness, and not solely from the paternal side of the family, either. Gail Hamilton, in her "Letters," tells how Nellie Grant, when a girl in her early teens, was sent to a fashionable school to be "finished off." But General Grant was so fearful that his darling would have a hard time with "naughty lessons" that he told her she need not stay if they asked too much of her. Next morning Nellie had a headache, and all the other ills followed. In a short time she went home and that ended her education so far as books and school were concerned.

Gossip of the Service

General Charles F. Humphrey is expected to arrive on the next transport from Manila. The General is well known here, for he was stationed at the Presidio in General McDowell's time. His military record is a fine one. A medal of honor was awarded him for distinguished gallantry in the action at Clearwater, Idaho in 1877, and his readiness to be in the forefront in times of need such as the Cuban campaign in 1898, the Chinese trouble, and later in the Philippines, indicates, better than any words, that he is a true soldier.

Several San Francisco favorites are included among the appointees on the Board of Officers, General Staff of the United States Army. These are Captain Sydney A. Cloman, Twenty-third Infantry, Captain Dennis E. Nolan, Thirtieth Infantry and Captain William G. Hahn, Artillery corps, all of whom have been popular here. Among others are Colonel John L. Chamberlain of the Inspector General's Department, Colonel Crosby P. Miller of the Quartermaster's Department and Major Sedgewick Pratt of the Artillery Corps.

One of the officers affected by the recent retirement of Major General Hughes is Major John A. Hull, lately Judge Advocate of this Department, who has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Colonel Hull is now Judge Advocate of the Department of the Platte, stationed at Omaha, Nebraska.

When a few favored civilians received the other day this invitation,

"Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Vogdes
Major and Mrs. Kneedler
Invite you to gather wild flowers
At Fort Rosecrans, California

Wednesday, April fifteenth, nineteen hundred and three"

they scarcely knew what to make of it. But it turned out to be a picnic, with a trip on the water to Fort Rosecrans.

Is it not a misuse of terms for the daily papers to refer to the "venerable" mother of Mrs. Charles Fair? Veneration seems scarcely the term to apply to one who would rake up an erring daughter's past for the sake of a few dollars.

Le Conte as Cicerone

Joe Le Conte, son of the beloved "Uncle Joe," has been asked to be guide, philosopher and friend to President Roosevelt on the Yosemite trip and has accepted the honor. No one knows and loves the valley better than Mr. Le Conte, and no one is more loved by the handful of Indians who still come down every summer to fish in the waters of the Yosemite. It has come to be an accepted fact that no white man can catch fish in the valley. Walter Hobart and Tom Driscoll went down there last summer to knock the bottom out of this theory but they only verified it. They bribed the Indians to take them to the fishing grounds but the red men evidently led them astray for never a trout could they hook. Even the fact that Roosevelt is the "Great White Father" would not conciliate the Indians into initiating him into the trout craft of the valley. But they will do anything for the son of "Uncle Joe," so the President will have a chance to prove that the fish do not entirely draw the color line.

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The Rum Demon Victorious

The Commuters' Contention Club has been snowed under, and old Demon Rum is now rampant in San Rafael. Stormy Petrel Stevenson has met the enemy and defeat is his'n. All his tireless weeks of heart-to-heart campaigning on the seven-forty train came to naught. The fight which was started over the issue of high and low license ended in a struggle between the trades' people and the commuters. The merchants of the town objected to the autocratic manner in which the commuters undertook to seize the political machinery and run the government. They threw their support to the low license people except in such cases in which the character of the candidate was objectionable; then they put up one of their own choice. That was how David Duncan was elected trustee. It was said that R. Lee Duncan, who also ran for trustee, was put up bv the commuters to confuse the voters, rather crafty work for churchmen such as the Rev. Arthur Crosby and Deacon Stevenson to indulge in. However, the Good Government club suffered defeat, and all sorts of direful consequences are predicted by those who are on the qui vive for rebukes from Providence.

Among those stopping at Byron Hot Springs this week were W. F. Whittier, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goodall, Mr. and Mrs. Heber N. Tilden, Dr. and Mrs. James H. Hatch.

A Birthday Breakfast

At the breakfast given by Raphael Weill last Sunday morning, to commemorate the eighty-sixth birthday of "Uncle" George Bromley, the guests were nearly all chosen from the older members of the club. It was a genial affair, not at all formal, with the exception that there were speeches of congratulation. Frank Deering acted as toastmaster. Poems were read by Peter Robertson and Lucius Harwood Foote. General Foote's is given here:

Brave Uncle George! for four score years,
  This gospel you have taught and sung,
That smiles are better far than tears,
  That happy hearts are always young.

How we recall the quirks and quips,
  Which woke to life the festal board;
What rare conceits escaped your lips,
  When loud the fun and frolic roared.

Your grave Ben Franklin face revealed
  A pained expression, when we laughed;
And not a smile your lips unsealed
  When forth you shot the feathered shaft.

In all the shining wit no sneers,
  No spleen or malice in the thought;
And thus, Old Boy, for four score years,
  You've lived the gospel that you taught.

Old things are best, we love them still,
  Pray call them chestnuts if you dare;
When Uncle George is on the bill,
  "Hells-bells" is in the startled air.

The organ grinds, and Gretchen sings
  "Eight bells have struck," "March on, March on,"
While loud the semiquaver rings
  From Raphael Weill and Doctor Swan.

March on, we follow where you lead,
  In calm content there is no strife;
And we accept your gracious creed,
  To laugh at all the ills of life.

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"The Fitting Climax"

"AND NOW," said Noel Barton, author and playwright and the host of the dinner-party, "now that we have finally gotten around to the cigars, I want to tell you, gentlemen, my real object in asking you to accept of my hospitality tonight. I am, as you know, something of a literary man. I have written several stories and plays which the critics have received with favor, and have been the recipient of many compliments on the originality of my work. Now you fou rgentlemen whom I have brought together here this evening are not literary men; yet I think you will understand me when I tell you that my great ambition at present is to write a short story which will be so striking and powerful that it will grip the minds of the reading public with an iron hand and place me at one bound among the foremost short story writers of the day. I think you can help me, gentlemen, to achieve this end, and aside from the pleasure of your company, it was for that reason that I asked you here."

Barton paused, and knocking the ashes from his cigar, settled back more comfortably in his chair. His guests were silent.

"I suppose you are thinking, gentlemen, that I ought to ask my literary friends for suggestions rather than ask you who are not particularly interested in literature. The truth is, that, though I have several such friends, I do not like to ask them to give me ideas in their own line of business. You gentlemen are in other work and therefore will not feel that I am forcing you to give up, as one might say, 'trade secrets.' And now for the kernel of the matter.

"Gentlemen, the story which I wish to write is to be entitled 'The Fitting Climax.' The plot of it—if one may call it a plot—is this:

"Two young men, residents of San Francisco, go on a vacation trip among the foot-hills of the Sierra. There they become acquainted with a beautiful girl who knows almost nothing of the ways of the world. The younger of the two men falls in love with this wild flower of the hills, because of her beauty and sweet, simple nature. The other man also pays some attention to her at first, but later affects indifference. The girl therefore chooses the younger man, they are married and go to live in San Francisco. For several months they are very happy; then the husband begins to notice a change in his wife's manner towards him, which culminates finally in his finding the house empty one night when he comes home and his wife gone. Of course he went to his friend in his grief and perplexity, and his friend sympathized with him deeply, and to all appearances sincerely. But all search for the wife fails, and the husband at last comes to the conclusion that she must be dead."

Here Barton paused again, for one of his guests had evidenced uneasiness and now half rose from his chair.

"Keep your seat, Pearson, keep your seat. I know this is a damnably old plot, and I don't blame you for finding it wearisome to listen to. But just have patience for a few minutes longer and I will have done with that part of the matter. There is not much more to tell. One day the deserted husband receives a letter—and this part of the plot is very, very old also. The letter is from his wife, who is dying in an interior town, and it begs him to come to her before she dies. The husband—try one of those cigars in that other box, Pearson; and have patience, man, I'll be through in a few words more—the husband, as I was going to say, went to his wife at once. Then it was that he learned the truth about his friend. For that friend, gentlemen, had been the cause of the wife's desertion. Under cover of friendship he had blackened the husband's name and then made love to the wife. She had left home at his instigation and he promised to meet her in a few days' time. He did not meet her, however, but wrote to her that he had another fancy and that she must therefore go her own way. And she went the downward way."

Again Barton paused. Three of his guests lay far back in their chairs and sent smoke-wreaths curling upward. Pearson, however, leaned with his elbow on the table and his cheek resting on his hand. Barton looked at him just once, and then seemed to stifle a grim smile.

"And now, gentlemen, what I want you to help me with is the ending of the story—the climax. The husband, after he has buried his wife goes back to the city and meets her betrayer. Naturally, the husband desires to avenge his wife and himself; but in what way shall he do it? Willis, can't you suggest something?"

Willis took the cigar from his mouth and blew forth a cloud of smoke. "Well, I know what I'd do: I'd shoot the damned scoundrel as I would a dog."

"And you, Thomas?"

"Kill him, of course."

"And you, Walters?" Walters stirred uneasily. "Well, I'm not a very bloodthirsty man, but I guess that's about what I'd do with him, too."

Barton smiled. "That's the opinion of three of you. Now for the fourth man's views. Pearson, what do *you* think would be a good wind-up for the story?"

The man addressed seemed to be laboring under some intense emotion, and did not answer immediately. Then he appeared to recover himself. With a smile that was almost ghastly he looked into Barton's eyes. "Shoot him, I guess, Barton."

Barton picked out a fresh cigar and lit it.

"But, gentlemen," he said, "would shooting the man be a fitting climax? Remember that the plot is an old and hackneyed one, and the settlement of such matters with pistol-balls is even more hackneyed. You see, as the body of my story is not new, the end of it must contain the whole point. The end must therefore be original, striking, forceful. And yet, I suppose, the gun is what nine out of ten such injured husbands would use. I presume that is your idea, Willis?"

"Yes, that's my idea, Barton. I'm not, as you just remarked, a literary man; but I sometimes read stories, and I must confess that I like those best which are the most true to life—the most natural. It seems to me, therefore that the husband, when he meets his betrayer, should shoot him at once. If I were you, Barton, that's the way I would end it."

For a long minute Barton tapped the table with his fingers and seemed to meditate deeply. Then he roused himself and looked up with a clear face.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I had hoped that you would be able to suggest some novel mode of vengeance. Shooting, as I said, does not appeal to me as the fitting climax; but as you all seem to agree—and you are, as I happen to know, men who differ each from each in thought and temperament—as you all agree that shooting is best, I will give in to your judgment. Fill your glasses, gentlemen, and we will drink a health to the success of

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the story that is to make me famous—a health to 'The Fitting Climax.'"

Four men drank the toast standing, and none of them seemed to notice that the fifth man did not join them, but sat bent forward, gripping his chair and watching Barton with a white face. The toast drunk, the three guests reseated themselves at the table, but Barton remained on his feet. Setting the wine glass on the table, he stepped back a pace, drawing a pistol from his pocket as he did so. Then he raised his arm quickly.

"Gentlemen," said Barton, "you have kindly given me your advice, and I take pleasure in following it."

Then the pistol cracked sharply, and Pearson, just as he made a desperate leap from his chair, was shot squarely through the heart.

Elwyn Hoffman.

The Sensible Maid

The maid was young and the maid was fair,
And she loved a youth with golden hair;
The youth so loved, had dollars few,
Yet the maid cared not, for her love was true.

But the youth returned of love no whit,
No Cupid's arrow his cold heart hit;
With head held high, he uttered no word
To show he the maid's love plaint had heard.

The maid was young, but the maid was wise;
She took no carbolic to close her eyes;
Instead, she lived! this maid so fair,
She lived—to marry a millionaire!

B. L. R.

Toast

Now that we've drunk to sweethearts and wives
To love, to pleasure and fame,
Let us drink a toast to "memory"
And the woman we never name.

M. C. B.

THE DOG SHOW.

Interest in blooded canines has increased year by year in California, and the annual exhibition of the San Francisco Kennel Club is therefore looked forward to as one of the principal events of the year. The exhibition opening next Wednesday at the Mechanics' Pavilion will be one of the best ever held in this city. George Raper of Gomersal, Leeds, England, the premier bench show judge of the world, will judge all classes of dogs except cocker spaniels at the San Francisco show. He has a world-wide reputation as a judge and it is said that he was the model from which Richard Harding Davis drew his famous portrait of the bench show judge in that wonderful sketch of a dog's life, "The Bar Sinister." There will be exhibits in this bench show that have never been seen here before, and some of the old champions will also be on exhibition, trying for more cups and ribbons to add to their collection. George Turner has brought some of the prize dogs of Victoria, B. C., including some from Mrs. Bradley Dyne's kennels. Several of San Francisco's society women and clubmen will show their blooded canine pets. On the last two days of the show the Pacific Cat Club will exhibit the feline darlings of its members. There will be a fine showing of French bull terriers, cocker spaniels and St. Bernards at next week's bench show, and the other breeds will also be in large evidence. The officers of the San Francisco Kennel Club, which has done so much to keep alive interest here in dog-breeding, are: W. C. Ralston, president; John E. de Ruyter, vice-president, E. Courtney Ford, second vice-president, Charles K. Harley, secretary-treasurer, W. S. Kittle, director; bench show committee, W. C. Ralston, J. L. Cunningham and C. K. Harley.

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A Picture

Gray the sky; the earth was gray;
Smoke from sacrificial altar,
Darkly heavy, trailed away.

Near the shrine a woman stood,
And, as incense to Ambition,
Burned the wealth of womanhood.

Desolate to heart and eye;
Not a trace of color trembled
'Neath the grayness of the sky.

* * * * * * * * *

Near the work the artist stood.
"What is this?" at last I ask her,
"Why portray such solemn mood?"

Stilling then an inward strife,
With dispassion born of patience,
"This," she answers, "is my life."

In my glance deep passion glows,
And upon the sacred altar
Quick I paint a scarlet rose.

* * * * * * * * *

Long the rose of scarlet lay
On the altar of Ambition,
Flushing red the sky of gray.

Tired, one day, and callous grown,
She, with brush annihilating,
Gave Ambition back its own.

But the cruel hand, 'tis said,
Hesitating in its firmness,
Left behind a blush of red.

Mabel Porter Pitts.

Fair Play

They met at the parting of the way. The woman loving, the man obdurate.

"This cannot go on any longer," the man said. "My reputation is at stake, as is yours. I can not afford to run further risks. When exposure comes—as I know it will come—my prospects will be ruined. I am, as you know, ambitious. Disappointment would be something I could never brook. Think of it as I do, Eleanor. We must never meet again. This must be our last good-bye. Believe me, it is best for you and best for me."

The woman looked at the topaz clouds a moment or two, then faced her lover with tear-dimmed eye and exclaimed softly:

"It must be then as you say. But it is very hard, Algernon. I—I have given up so much for you, and yet you are tossing me from you as lightly as you would your cigarette. Do you realize what your words mean to me?"

But there was no answer from the one who had sought this interview. It even seemed as if eternal silence had set its seal upon her lover's lips.

* * * * * * * * *

They met again at the parting of the way—this time also at the man's request. Two years had drifted on to join eternity, but the woman was still young and beautiful, the man comely as ever—or as comely as women chose to think him. In this instance, too, the man took the initiative.

"Eleanor," he said, "you were right about it. You were right. We cannot live without each other. I can't, I know. I have tried it. It was the work of an unthinking man—that plan of mine to leave you out of my reckoning. What has political triumph, the clamor of the multitude, meant to me? What has a moneyed success brought to my heart? Nothing. Eleanor, Eleanor, forget that I said it. Blot it out. Remember only that I love you, love you, love you!"

The man had fallen at the woman's feet and was awaiting her answer.

But he had not reckoned rightly. It was the woman now who was obdurate.

She was looking at the topaz clouds, too, this time, but her eyes were not tear-dimmed. Turning to her erstwhile lover, she said icily:

"We must never meet again, Algernon. And why should we meet anyhow? I can not warm your heart. You? You killed my love. You killed it two years ago this day. This must be"—said the woman, icily—"must be our last good-bye. Believe me, it is best for you and best for me."

Bessie L. Russell.

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At a Society Theatrical Show

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THE AUDIENCE.

Miss A.: What bores amateur affairs are. I wonder they can get an audience together.

Miss B.: Oh, they have to come, you know, so they will be mentioned as "among those present."

Miss A.: I think the old way was much better—when the papers just took the Blue Book, and ran all the names.

Miss B.: Even the dead ones!

Miss C.: I wonder Scribbly Millions tries to write farces. The only decent book he can make is at the races.

Miss D.: And I wonder Mrs. Fashion tries to act.

Miss C.: She does it much better off the stage.

Miss D.: Yes, I understand she fools her husband to the top notch.

Polly Scribe (who does Society for the *Daily Spread*): I suppose I must say that the actors were all clever and the farce a gem.

Jim Carper (who does space writing for the weeklies): I shall satirize the whole affair.

(*Some of the actors come among the audience, soliciting opinions on their performance.*)

Miss A.: Oh, Mrs. Fashion, you are a second Mrs. Pat.

Miss B.: And you looked beautiful in that pink.

Miss D.: I didn't know you had so much comedy talent, Major Silly.

Miss F.: And how sweetly you did the love scene.

(*After the actors return to the green room*):

Miss A.: Such a fool—trying to act at her age.

Miss B.: That pink makes her look like a lobster.

Miss C.: Wasn't the Major a stick in the love scene?

Miss D.: I thought *she* was altogether too gay for a married woman. I'm sure it was a *real* kiss she gave him.

Miss G.: But he didn't return it—I saw his fiancee glaring from the wings.

(*When it is all over*):

Miss A.: Thank goodness, it's the end. Catch me coming to another of these shows again. I'd rather attend a funeral. *There* one at least gets something for one's money.

Miss B.: You might call it that—when you send flowers.

Miss C.: Here we pay to listen to bores, and reward them with flowers.

Miss D.: Let's go and get a highball and forget all about it. — *The Josher.*

The Bargain Counter Habit

The first day of the drug-store war there was a line of people in one store extending from sidewalk to counter, that suggested a sale of grand opera tickets. One young woman, the picture of health, stood for about an hour and to while away the weary wait engaged in conversation with her neighbors.

"Did you ever take ——?" she questioned, mentioning a widely advertised medicine that was among the druggist's "marked down."

"Oh, yes, it's a very good thing," answered the other, "what is your ailment?"

"Oh, I'm not at all sick," said the blooming girl, "but I thought I'd try it—such an opportunity when you can get a dollar bottle for twenty cents." —*The Clerk.*

The public will be delighted to hear that the management of Fischer's has acquiesced to the constant demands of the patrons of the house and will put on "Fiddle Dee Dee" for a run to follow "Helter Skelter." The production will excel anything of the kind ever put on at Fischer's and many new features will be added to the original production. The chorus, orchestra and cast will be doubled in size and all the scenery, costumes and paraphernalia will be made new from first to last.

When Nance O'Neil played in Salt Lake City last week an organ recital was given in her honor at the great Mormon Tabernacle. Miss O'Neil is an immense favorite in the Mormon capital and her engagement there was an ovation from start to finish. She is in Denver now.

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The Mutual Savings Bank will remove to its new office in its own building, 710 Market street, opposite Third, on April 27, 1903.

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STAGE

Mrs. "Pat's" Paula

After all is said and done I quite agree with Mrs. "Pat" Campbell herself. Some may prefer her Paula, and others her Magda, and yet some there may be who enthuse over her Aunt Jeannie with that protracted kiss which, if a stop-watch is to be relied on, lasts exactly twenty-eight seconds, but I think that the personal charm and exquisite art of her Beata are unsurpassed in anything else that she does. Her Beata enthralled by its very simplicity and truthfulness many an old stager who had not batted his eye in a theatre in many a long night, but at no time in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" does she exert that spell which enchants in "The Joy of Living." So delicate is her art, so convincing is the weird voice, deep, sensitive and sympathetic, that it gives to the lines of Paula an expression that makes many a hardened old sinner pay tribute with a tear. But while her characterization does not lack effectiveness, it has not that distinctness, that evidence of thoughtful analysis that so impressed her audience of last week and held them spellbound. But the weakness is in the character, not in the actress. Paula is not an unusual woman; Beata is. Pinero's Paula is a woman that must always arouse deep sympathy, for you cannot resist the thought that she is getting much the worst of it. But there have been many Paulas. In this role Mrs. Campbell sets the task, apparently, of arousing sympathy, and therefore she refrains at all times from accentuating the viciousness of her past. She loves her husband and wishes to make him happy. Mrs. Campbell impresses you with the thought that Paula was not altogether lacking in refinement; that with a little encouragement she would not have been an unfit associate even for Ellean. But Aubrey Tanqueray was not the man to give her that encouragement. The fact is that Aubrey Tanqueray is a cad. None but a cad would have discussed his wife's past and her present shortcomings with a friend in his own house. None but a cad would have humiliated his wife in the presence of a woman who had snubbed her. Therefore your sympathies are with the wife rather than with the husband, and this would not be so were Paula an apparently vicious woman, lost to all sense of decency. So far as choice of material is concerned I should be more inclined to object to the husband in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" than to the better half of Beata in "The Joy of Living." However, the choice of material is the playwright's own business; the task for him to accomplish is to mould the material in such shape as to make it plausible. The cunning Pinero always does that. He is perhaps more technically ingenious than any other English-speaking playwright. And nowhere is his superior craft, his finesse and thumb-touch delicacy more striking than in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." As usual Mrs. Campbell looked alluringly lovely this week in a succession of exquisite gowns.

At the California

The rural drama has more patrons than any other kind of theatrical show. This is because the rural drama is regarded as a "clean" play, suitable for grandparents and children. They can see it without having their moral sense shocked. And so people who would not be seen inside of a theatre ordinarily will buy seats days in advance for a drama like "Our New Minister." There is plenty of good stuff in this new Ryers-Thompson play. There is humor, good American humor, and there is a proper amount of balancing pathos. The plot shows how a humane minister snucceeded in boosting a repentant convict into public confidence, and is a lesson to pharisaic Christians. The company portraying the characters in this charming picture of rural life is an admirable one. John Ferris as the minister, Charles Stedman as the convict, John Brown, the New York boy, and Henry Scott as the postmaster are particularly good.

Actor, Artist and Hypnotist

While going the rounds of the local Quartier Latin the other day Mr. Emmet Corrigan, the actor, let slip the fact that he was an ex-member of the brotherhood. He commented on the difference between our art world and the Parisian Quarter immortalized by Du Maurier and Murger in a manner that marked him as something more than a dilettante. "But I never could draw for sour grapes," confessed Mr. Corrigan. "I just hung around because I liked the life. I saved a crowd of real artists from being thrown out into the cold world once, though. The concierge demanded the rent. None of us had a sou. The man was one of those weak-minded fellows that are such easy subjects for hypnotists. I am a sort of one, you know. Well, I caught his eye and held it and in a little while I had him, and I made him sign a receipt for three months' rent. That is the only time I put my little hypnotic powers to any very practical use."

The Son of His Father

Chris Bruno and Mabel Russel are easily the stars of the very interesting performance at the Orpheum this week. Chris is the son of Gus Bruno of Reed and Emerson fame, and as a laugh-provoker proves himself to be a worthy offspring. Our old friend, W. C. Fields, who is here for a week or two en route to Australia, amuses the crowd by his clever juggling and drollery. "Cu-urses," he mutters as the billiard ball misses his pocket and falls to the floor. Lizzie Wilson sings a number of coon songs in German which the Teutonic element in the audience vociferously applaud. McCue and Cahill, billed as refined lyric artists, are more refined than lyric.

At the Alcazar

Ernest Hastings has this week a new blond wig, and a different kind of a trick laugh from that he introduced in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment." The revival of "Her Majesty" proves that the little comedy is worth retaining in repertory. It is given a more faithful presentation this season than last. Miss Creighton gives a very charming personation of the young Queen, disguised as a peasant girl. Hastings as the crazy Casimir has only a small part, but it is one of the best things in the production. Osbourne, too, and Bacon have character parts to which they both do full justice. Miss Crosby as Lisa as usual slights nothing of her role's demands, and Marie Howe is amusing as Rinira von Altenheim.

Bryant to Go to Belasco

Charles Francis Bryant began with the Alcazar stock company as call boy. Now he is its stage director. The artistic taste which he has revealed in productions shifting as rapidly as the

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bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope has found the recognition of the master. David Belasco has bidden Bryant go to New York, to the great Belasco theatre, where wizard-like wonders of stagecraft are wrought. Belasco and Mayer of the Alcazar are sorry to part with their protege but realize the wider opportunity opening up for one of his youth and ambition. As a parting token of regard they will give him a farewell testimonial benefit at the Alcazar Wednesday evening, May sixth. The play will be "We 'Uns of Tennessee," and Bryant will appear in his favorite role of Lige Monroe. There is the subtle fragrance of orange blossoms in the air. When Bryant reaches New York he will find some one waiting to share his happiness and double his expenses.

Our Second "Resurrection"

Ashton Stevens thinks his brother Landers is a "bad actor." But he should go and see that brother act in "Resurrection" this week, and then perhaps he would change his opinion. There is a deal of provocation to overact in the role of Prince Dmitri, the whilom betrayer and later penitent, but Stevens does not yield to the temptation. He acts the part in a manly and convincing manner. Dmitri, however, has little to do in comparison with the opportunities given to the heroine. Maslova is the keynote of every act, every scene, and Eugenie Thais Lawton brings out the various phases of the character with wonderful insight into the Tolstoi creation.

When Landers Stevens is doing a detective stunt at the Central next week, by the way, his wife (Fanny Gillette) will be playing Trilby to Emmett Corrigan's Svengali at the California. The Stevens's played for some seasons in Oakland, at a ten-twent'-thirt' theatre of which they were the managers. They gave shows of all degrees, ranging from the classic drama to musical farce comedy.

Irwin's Second Satire

Now that Wallace Irwin has got his pen in, so to speak, on stage business, he is going to give some satires to San Francisco that are worthy the name. His second burlesque at the Republic, "The Siege of Goat Island," shows a considerable improvement on its predecessor. It is a take-off on some army and navy doings, and the characters are burlesques of General Shafter and other prominent officers. The company enters into the spirit of each part. The minstrel first part has some changes this week.

"La Fille" at the Tivoli

"The Daughter of the Regiment" was the most popular opera in the Grau repertoire the past season. Marcella Sembrich as Marie, the dashing daughter of the Twentieth, put new vigor into the charming old opera and made such a palpable hit that the New Yorkers treated the Wagner music dramas with such stars as Eames, Nordica and Anthes in the cast, as off nights, and crowded the house whenever the Donizetti opera was announced. The Tivoli this week gives an admirable production of "La Fille." Bertha Davis sang the title role and was effective in the ensemble work. Arthur Cunningham as Sergeant Sulplice is a dashing figure and sings the interpolated Schumann number with great effect. Ferris Hartman manages to amuse the audience in a Jim Dumpian version of the bouffe part of Bruno. Edward Webb, essentially a comedian, is not very successful in the pretty tenor part of Tony. Aimee Leicester was very funny as Babette, although she was made up to look more like Sis Hopkins than a grisette.

Odette Tyler Scores

Last week was Mr. McLean's week at the Grand. This week belongs to Odette Tyler. Not that the King John of McLean lacks force or virility; it is a well-rounded conception of one of the most distinguished king-murderers in history. But Miss Tyler's Prince Arthur is so winning, so pathetic, that one forgets the other roles in contemplation of hers. Her scene is that in the tower, where she pleads with Hubert when he is preparing, per order of King John, to shut out with cruel irons the light in Arthur's beautiful eyes. Miss Tyler brings out all the horror of the contemplated act, all its pathos, in a manner that wins by its pure naturalness. The play is particularly interesting as it is rarely given nowadays, and it is well acted throughout. Miss Stoddard's Queen Constance is a strong piece of work, her mad scene being most effective.

Mr. Ravlin's Promotion

Clarence N. Ravlin, who has been the press agent at the California theatre for some time past, was advanced last week by Mr. Ackerman to the position of assistant business manager of the California and Republic. Mr. Ravlin is well fitted for the position, for he has had wide experience in theatrical work. He is very popular and has friends all over the State. For years he was connected with the newspapers here as sporting writer, and he is an authority on cycling and automobiling.

Recites in Darkey Dialect

Miss Clara Alexander will give a dialect recital in Steinway hall this evening. The patronesses include many prominent society women. This clever young Southern girl has become the rage this winter, her recitals being quite out of the ordinary. She is not an elocutionist, but gives her darky stories and songs simply and naturally, in the dialect that she heard her own "mammy" use in the South in her childhood.

Features of Next Week's Bills

Prices go down to the one-fifty scale for "Are You a Mason?" at the Columbia. John C. Rice and Thomas A. Wise appear as the two Masons, who are not really members of a lodge, though they tell their wives that they are. Sally Cohen, always clever, and George Richards, are in the cast. The play is a genuine New York success. Indeed, it has made a greater hit than any farce written in recent years.

Odette Tyler will play Desdemona in the Tyler-McLean production of "Othello" at the Grand. It will be a fine production scenically and histrionically.

Emmett Corrigan, who made such a hit at the Grand when co-starring with Maude Odell, will be Svengali at the California in "Trilby," which opens tomorrow night. He has a strong company headed by Fanny Gillette, who will be remembered as having scored here in the title role of the Du Maurier drama eight years ago.

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AMERICA'S GRANDEST STORE

"The Dancing Girl" will be the Alcazar's offering. It is one of the best things Henry Arthur Jones ever did. "The Man from Mexico" comes next, with "We 'Uns of Tennessee" and "Lover's Lane" to follow.

"Fatinitza" will be the Tivoli bill. It is a pretty opera, one of Von Suppe's most popular works. Caro Roma has the role of the young officer who masquerades as a girl, and with whom the general (Cunningham) falls in love. Hartman is the Turkish pasha and Bertha Davis is the niece of the general. Webb plays the war correspondent.

Even in Holy Week "Helter Skelter" turned people away from Fischer's, the S. R. O. sign being continually out. It is still on and will be for awhile yet.

The satire "The Siege of Goat Island" will be continued at the Republic and the minstrel first part has made such a hit that it will be repeated as it is.

One of the Orpheum's most important engagements this season is that of Charles J. Rose and Mabel Fenton, the New York favorites who have been featured at Weber & Field's for several seasons. They were here, at the Baldwin, some years ago. Their sketch is called "After the Ball" and introduces travesties on "Fedora" and "Virginius." Snyder and Buckley, musical comedians, are new here. William Friend and company, with Thais Magrane as leading lady, will present "Miss Bruno's Burglar," written by Richard Carle of "The Storks" fame. Arthur Deming, black-face monologuist known as "The Emperor," will be on hand with the latest stories and songs.

Heading the Chutes bill comes the "Cycle Maze," introduced by Messrs. Gus Seyfried and F. W. Sheelor the originators of the "Cycle Whirl" which created such a sensation last year. Green and Werner, the "babes of the jungle," will present their pleasing turn, the Alarcons, a Mexican musical quartet, will give languorous songs and dances, and Lizzie Wilson, the German comedienne, vocalist and dialectician, will appear here for the first time. Evans and Lindsey will offer an amusing triple horizontal bar performance, Brooke Eltrym, the pleasing mezzo-soprano, will be heard in ballads and operatic numbers, and Kalacratus will present an equilibristic and hoop rolling exhibition.

Every one who has read "David Harum," and who is it has not? will be glad to know that the dramatization made of the book will shortly be presented in this city by William H. Crane in the title role. The comedy is now in its third year.

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EXCURSION TO UKIAH.

On Sunday, April twenty-sixth, the California Northwestern Railway will run an excursion to Ukiah. In accord with the custom of that company on these excursions, it will not sell any more tickets than it has provided for. Each ticket therefore that is sold insures a seat. The fare for the round trip will be only $2. Time of departure from Tiburon ferry will be 8:30 a. m. Train will not stop in transit. About four hours will be allowed in Ukiah. On the return the leaving time from Ukiah will be 5 p. m. Tickets will be on sale about a week in advance of the date of the excursion at the ticket offices at 650 Market street (Chronicle building) and Tiburon ferry.

A choleric German novice stood clutching his heavy gold watch chain on the steps of the race course club-house during the finish of the third race, yesterday, and just as the shouting died away, he howled, excitedly:

"Vot odds ends is she, eh?"

REFORM OF LANGUAGE TEACHING IN EUROPE.

The American conquest of Europe in purely material matter has become an acknowledged fact. The superiority of our mechanical devices and of many of our staple and fancy articles is fully recognized abroad; the invasion of Europe by American capital and the establishment of gigantic enterprises are also well known; even the lighting of Paris—"la Ville-Lumiere," the city of enlightenment—by an American syndicate, has been seriously considered.

But even in matters not purely material, American expansion now progresses with giant strides. Europeans, hampered and annoyed by the dryness and scholasticism of their scientific systems, were not slow in discerning the advantages of our methods of instruction, due to the American instinct for the practical. This is particularly evident in the teaching of languages. The old European methods are rapidly being replaced, or at least reformed, by the Berlitz method, called in Europe, on account of its origin, the American Method. The Berlitz Schools, the first of which were founded about twenty-five years ago in Providence and Boston, have about two dozen branches in this country, but have spread over nearly two hundred European cities.

President Loubet of France entrusted the linguistic education of his children to this institution, and the Emperor of Germany displayed his confidence in the Berlitz School by placing in its care the French course at the Military School of Potsdam, while in another Berlitz School the Crown Prince perfected himself in speaking foreign languages. These are clear indications of success, the victory not only of American energy, but also of American intellect.

Col. A. Andrews, proprietor of the Diamond Palace in Montgomery street, celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday on April seventh. The Colonel, who is the youngest looking veteran in the city, received congratulations from a host of friends and relatives at his apartments in the Lick House. An informal entertainment was given in honor of the popular diamond merchant.

"When time which steals our years away
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay
And half our joys renew."—*Moore.*

JAPAN.

Few people know that Japan has more mineral springs than almost any country on the globe. Most of them are hot sulphur and hot arsenic springs. Japan is the great health resort for English and Americans in the Orient. There is one spring, a short distance from Kobe, called Tansan (natural water), which has a world-wide reputation. Tourists always visit Tansan's bottling plant, knowing that this water is reputed to be the only uncharged sparkling table water retaining its effervescence after bottling. When shown how this Tansan is taken from the spring and bottled without being artificially charged they marvel at its wonderful properties. (See cover of this issue of *Town Talk.*)

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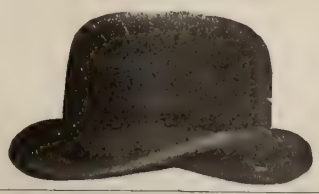

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MUSIC

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The Holmes Recital

Like a bit out of the Bible, a psalm of David, say; like a song of Shakespeare's, "Full Fathom Five Thy Father Lies," for instance; like anything you will, divinely dignified, all simplicity, nobility, inspiration, was the Beethoven Sonata in G (op. 96) as interpreted by Mr. Henry Holmes at his concert in Heine hall last Tuesday evening. There be those (their name, alas! is Legion) who have no joy of the Bible, of Shakespeare, or of Beethoven; who in art prefer not him who is "the priest of his profession," but him who is the zany. *They* do not go to hear Henry Holmes. And that exquisite young artist, Kathleen Parlow, who, not yet in her unlucky first teen, reads the Max Bruch Romance in A minor with all the understanding of an adult; whose rare performance has moreover all the added sweet of promise—neither do they go to hear her. And Schumann's Quartet in A major (No. 3) played as it should be played (not easily this side of Germany will you hear it better played)—that delights them not. Others there be, music knowers and music lovers, who rejoice that in this "Philistine's day" there are still "a few who, nourished on some secret tradition, or illumined, perhaps, by a divine inspiration [keep] aloof from the reigning superstitions, never [bow] the knee to the gods of Canaan; and one of these few [is] called" *Henry Holmes.*

Good Society but Indifferent Singing

Mrs. Caroline McLaine Mason, assisted by Dr. H. J. Stewart and Mr. Nathan Landsberger, gave a song recital in Steinway hall last Monday evening. At the recital was more society than song; fashion was there, but fine art was not. Mrs. Mason is not magnetic. She cannot create musical atmosphere. Neither dream nor other delight is hers to give. Her singing has that icy regularity whose effect is "frost." To her and to the hearer the three Grieg numbers were as (*a*), (*b*), (*c*). Her Liszt was trite. Against her voice there is nothing in particular to say, save this, that there is nothing in particular to say for it. In short, Mrs. Mason's singing was indifferent.

The Impolite of Society

Polite people, people of taste, with some sense of the fitness of things, who attended the now famous reception given to Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the maple room of the Palace, must have minded them of the At Homes, with music in the corner, condemned so well by Mr. Haweis in his delightful "Musical Memories." Music and literature (?) clashed frightfully. There was a regular rumpus between smart-set magpies and the sweet sounds that the talented "Pasmore children" were discoursing, or endeavoring to discourse. To play against that chatter was impossible for a bag-pipes, even. If any there could converse more artistically than the Pasmore children play, I want to hear him, her, or them. But the best conversationalists speak at opportune times. While music is being played they keep golden silence. The impoliteness of "polite" society passeth understanding.

Never have the Hopkins musicales been more enjoyable, or more largely attended, than this year. Henry Heyman arranged for every one a charming program and on one occasion he himself added to the evening's pleasure by two violin solos. The final musicale of the season was held on Thursday evening, when the participants were Miss L. Purlenky, contralto, Hubert Clyde Linscott, tenor, Arthur H. Young, violin, Miss Frances Wertheimer and Miss Orrie Young, accompanists, Gerard Barton, organist.

Madame Eugene Mantelli, the distinguished soprano of the Grau Metropolitan opera company, who will give some concerts here shortly, will sing several grand opera selections and fully portray each with superb costumes. Among her selections are "L'apre per te il mio cor" from Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delila," "Der Arsa" (Rubinstein), "Sans Toi" by Hardelot, and "April Rain" by Oley Speaks.

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & Co. are most effective.

Madame Elizabeth Mowry Carter, who died this week of pneumonia, complicated by heart trouble, had won not a little fame as a dramatic soprano. She was a great student, and spoke five languages. She was a Southerner by birth, her native home being Rockbridge, Virginia. Her father, the late Dr. W. N. Hardin, was at one time family physician to Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Mrs. Anna von Meyerinck has issued invitations for a concert and operatic recital at the Alhambra next Monday evening, when Spohr's cantata, "God Thou Art Great" and Mascagni's "Zanetto" will be given, with a group of French Dance Songs (eighteenth century), four quartets by Mendelssohn and a group of songs sung by Miss Feldheim.

The Neapolitan Mandolin and Guitar Club gave a concert on Thursday evening in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, under the direction of Theresa and Lily Snerwood. The club was assisted by Miss Pettigrew, soprano, D. M. Lawrence, tenor, and the Eureka Quartet; Signor Martinez, pianist, and Miss Brooks, accompanist.

Next Monday evening some of Miss Lotte D. Siegel's pupils will give a recital in Steinway hall. Those pupils who will take part are Mrs. George D. Graham, Mrs. L. Stern, Miss Olga Wagner, Berton Einstein, Oscar Frank and Lucius L. Solomons. The

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selections will include compositions by Cantor, Metcalf, Mozart, Franz, Leoncavallo, Liszt, von Fielitz, Mitchell, Bemberg, Denza and others. The affair will be invitational.

The Easter music given at St. Dominic's last Sunday will be repeated tomorrow morning. It includes Hummel's great mass in E flat and an offertory by Dr. H. J. Stewart, "Victimæ paschali laudes," written specially for the Easter service. At the evening service there will be a special musical service, at which Nathan Landsberger will assist.

"In oratorios and concerts, the form of the musician constantly disturbs us; true music is intended for the ear alone; a fine voice is the most universal thing that can be figured; and while the narrow individual that uses it presents himself before the eye, he cannot fail to trouble the effect of that personality."—*From Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister."*

Decima Moore sang at a concert in London recently. Miss Moore is remembered in San Francisco as one of the prettiest of the London beauties who appeared in "The Gaiety Girl" at the Baldwin years ago. —*The Music Critic.*

FOR A GOOD PLATE OF OYSTERS.

Once upon a time the fallacious opinion prevailed among epicures and gourmets that the only place to obtain edible oysters was on the Atlantic coast. That fallacy was long since exploded. California now produces oysters that are as delicious in flavor as the far-famed Blue Points of the East. Pay a visit to the oyster-beds of the Darbee & Immel Oyster Co., whose local market is at 212 O'Farrell street, near Powell. The beds are at San Lorenzo and the choicest bivalves are grown there. They can be eaten in every month of the year, too, which cannot be done in the East where they are careful of the months minus the "r." The Darbee & Immel Co. are planters, wholesale and retail dealers in the choicest oysters. In no other place in the city are the oysters cooked quite so satisfactorily as here.

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LETTERS

Ned Townsend's Latest

"Lees and Leaven" is the title of the latest novel by Edward W. Townsend. The lees and leaven appear in about equal proportions and the scenes, chiefly laid in New York city, are set in the tenderloin and the top story. There are two stories interwoven, those of the Paxtons and the Buntons. Both, originally residents of White River, in the western part of the State, journey by the same train to the metropolis, the Buntons as the latest new millionaires, and the Paxtons in the hope of making fame, if not fortune. Bunton, in his initial appearance, is a coal and iron merchant. He has the opportunity to make an investment which, owing to the information he has concerning the state of the market, he knows will prove enormously profitable, but he has not the necessary capital. Dr. Paxton, who is under some obligation to Bunton, happens along in the right nick of time, and is induced to mortgage his home for five thousand dollars. Bunton sells to him a parcel of land in the iron district of Michigan, which is easily worth the full sum. No one but the two men knows of the transaction, and by a series of unexpected occurrences the deed, instead of passing into Dr. Paxton's keeping, is believed to have been destroyed in the fire following a railroad wreck. Dr. Paxton is killed in an accident on the same day, and the five thousand dollars which he is known to have obtained at the bank is supposed to have been stolen by tramps. Up to this time Bunton has been an honest man, but the circumstances are too tempting for him to resist. He says nothing to the son and daughter of his deceased friend about the iron land transfer. It becomes the keystone upon which two rival combinations depend for the completion of their schemes, and the necessity which each sees for either obtaining possession or making certain that the other will not be able to purchase it raises the value of the property to a fabulous sum. Bunton does not intend to dispose of it. He never admits to himself that he intends to defraud the Paxtons, and yet he has no intention of deeding the property to them. His successful investments in iron ore, which were made on careful computations of the market, have given him an idea that he is a great financier, and he goes into Wall street, where the manipulations by which he is reduced to bankruptcy are as interesting as those which reduced young Percival Bines of "The Spenders" to seeming poverty. Meanwhile, Howard Paxton has come on to the metropolis on the invitation of a yellow journal, and the methods of that particular journal, or perhaps of yellow journalism in general, are laid bare. The Worthingtons, who were incidentally brought forward in "Days Like These," are important factors in "Lees and Leaven," where the Worthington interests are concerned in the destiny of that important tract of iron land. One of the most interesting characters in the story is that of Harry Lawson, weak, cowardly and incapable, but "such a pretty boy" that every woman is in love with him. Harry is the keystone in the arch. Through his very lack of character he becomes an important character. Had he been launched at the top, or anywhere near the top of society, he would have made a successful society clown, of the Harry Lehr order. As he began near the bottom he could only drift lower down, but even as the "sea food man" he was picturesque. Lawyer Bannister, through whose agency the knots are untangled, is an excellent character also. His hobby of fancy farming, and his interest in the study of plant life, remind one of Wilkie Collins's detective whose leisure moments were devoted to rose culture. Lawyer Bannister's eccentric family, each of which considered himself the only one who was normally sane, is a mild comedy element. There is a love-story apiece for each pair, for Howard Paxton and Madge Bannister see heaven in each other's eyes, and Jack Worthington and Grace Paxton do likewise. George Bannister and his Gertrude are a pair of comedy lovers, while Daisy Bunton and Harry Lawton are as happy together as either of them deserves. Some criticism has been directed against the police outrages which are depicted, but unfortunately for objectors, the two instances which are made use of were transcribed from the proceedings of the Lexow Investigating Committee. On the whole "Lees and Leaven" is not such pleasant reading as "Days Like These." But to any one interested in phases of metropolitan life, it is a book not to be neglected. [McClure, Phillips & Co.]

The Star Dreamer

Amongst the innumerable host of novel writers there are something less than a dozen from whom we expect BOOKS.

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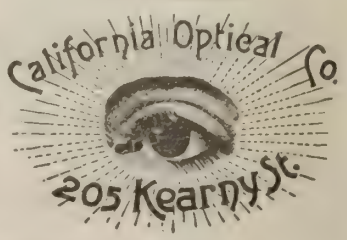

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Agnes and Edgerton Castle is one of them. I say *is* advisedly, for though this husband and wife are collaborators their work is done in such a manner that it is impossible to put a finger on any two incidents and say, this is his idea and this hers. They are so essentially one that their books appear to be the product of one mind alone. "The Star Dreamer" bears no resemblance whatever to the last book, "The Secret Orchard." This is not an historical novel in any sense. Though the time in which the events take place is definitely mentioned as "when George III lay dying," the conditions and characters are not typical of that time nor any other. The story is a pure romance, with love and counter-plot for its interests. David, the master of Bindon-Cheveral, still a young man, has, as the consequence of a disappointment in love, a deceit on the part of a friend, and the derision of his only sister, withdrawn himself to his castle, where he devotes himself to astronomy. Within the castle there also lives a cousin, Simon Rikart, an aged man who buries himself in an underground laboratory, where he spends his time distilling essences and searching after the panacea which he believes it is possible to prepare. Between the two recluses the servants live in clover, feasting on the best, and drinking the priceless wines, while the masters are regaled with small beer and the thin ears of corn. Upon this blissful state of affairs enters Ellinor, the lately widowed daughter of the old simpler. She has had a disastrous experience as a wife, and returns to her father because she has neither means nor shelter. Her cousin, David Cheverel, installs her as housekeeper and makes her welcome, much to the disgust of the old servants, who see the end of their lives of ease and luxury and set themselves to work to oust her. Naturally, David falls in love with the beautiful and in all respects worthy Ellinor, whose arrival at Bindon-Cheveral is simultaneous with his discovery of a new star, an omen which he is convinced is propitious. The appearance of Maud, Lady Lochore, sister of David, on the scene, and her plottings to secure the estate for her little son, are not the only obstacles to the course of true love, nor is the interest entirely centered about David and Ellinor. Aunt Sophia is a delightful character, such as we may never more meet in the flesh, since board schools and universal education have banished forever such refreshing and egotistical ignorance. Aunt Sophia has married a clergyman with a genuine love for books and her attempts to render herself an efficient coadjutor, and to quote scripture or what passes for it in her mind, are as whimsical as the Widow Bedott's famous "Timothy, X, 16." And Margery Nutmeg, the housekeeper, and old Giles, the butler, are a worthy pair. Amongst them all Ellinor had no light task to keep the peace and perform her various tasks. What they were and what tragedy and comedy were intertwined, readers must discover for themselves. It will be worth their while. In a book which gives so much pleasure, it is a pity to point out even small discrepancies, but when we are told that ten years before a messenger had been sent to announce the birth of the little son of Lady Lochore, it is somewhat startling to find that the child, a few pages further on, is but three years of age. One cannot but wish that the Castles would write the other stories which are hinted at in the Introductory. F. A. Stokes is the publisher of "The Star Dreamer," and the volume is a tasteful and attractive one from every point of view.

Christian Science Lectures

"Spiritual Evolution" is a volume of essays in the form of lessons in Christian Metaphysics, by R. C. Douglas. The essays or lectures have been embodied from class teaching in Christian Science, and cannot fail to interest students or those already *en rapport* with the subject. They are simple and plain in language and present no technical difficulties. Whether they would prove convincing to an unprejudiced mind is another question. Admitting that a large share of the ills of mankind are purely imaginary, there yet remain a goodly number which are real. It would seem about as sensible to assert that an empty pocket-book is filled with gold, and to purchase goods on the strength of such possession, as to declare that a jumping toothache is a freak of the imagination or that the deaf may hear and the blind see if they will assert their belief that they can. But if people can convince themselves to the contrary, far be it from me to disturb their faith. [Published by Lee and Shepard.]

Professor Henry Wood is one of the best known exponents of the "new thought." Briefly expressed, he *does* what Ella Wheeler Wilcox *tries* to do. The tendency of Professor Wood's writings is decidedly hopeful and optimistic, and his language clear. The style is forceful, and often epigrammatic. It is as far from dogmatic assertion and cant as is Emerson or Ruskin. The essays comprised in the present volume, "Studies in the Thought World," are twenty-two in number, some of which have appeared in different periodicals. Their incorporation without change accounts for repetitions and similarities which occasionally appear. Grammatical lapses are probably due to careless composition. [Lee and Shepard.] —*The Bookworm.*

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With the Money Makers

The Tevis Investments

The purchasing of the stock held by R. R. Colgate of New York and C. W. Childs of Boston in the California Gas & Electric corporation by William S. Tevis, representing the various Tevis financial interests, has been the leading feature of interest in local money circles during the past week, and has generally been favorably commented on. While street rumor has placed the consideration at close on to $1,000,000, which seems a conservative estimate considering the amount of stock believed to have been held by the Eastern capitalists, it has been authoritatively stated at the Tevis headquarters that the deal was closed for much less money, although the exact amount or a fair estimate was withheld from publication. It was further stated that Mr. Tevis took the stock in belief that it was a good investment for his surplus stock. According to Frank G. Drum, manager of the Tevis interests, the controlling interest in the corporation had not been acquired, as was common gossip on the street, and there would be no change in the management. The reasons attributed for Messrs. Colgate and Childs disposing of their holdings of stock is said to be their inability to give them proper attention, owing to their non-residence in the State. They still, however, retain their large holdings of the corporation's bonds. The California Gas & Electric Corporation was incorporated some two years ago with a capital of $30,000,000, which was subsequently reduced to $15,000,000. An issue of bonds to the amount of $10,000,000 was authorized, with which the controlling interests in the Bay Counties Power Company, the California Central Gas & Electric Company, Fresno Gas and Electric Light Company, Oakland Gas, Light and Heat Company, Sacramento Electric, Gas and Railway Company and the Valley Companies Power Company, were purchased, the final merging of the foregoing concerns into the corporation being effected about the first of the current year. Colgate's interests were largest in the Bay Counties Power Company, and when the company was sold to the new corporation he received for each share of his stock $83.50 in bonds and one-half share of stock in the new concern. Another recent investment of Tevis was the purchase of most of the 12,000 shares of the treasury stock of the North Shore Railroad Company at $9 a share.

Quiet Week on 'Change

The sales of industrial stocks in the local markets have been rather light during the last week, but while there has been a general air of quietude there has been no weakness in values beyond the ordinary and usual fluctuations incident to the business. The buying orders have been comparatively few and mostly confined to small parcels, but the paucity of buyers had no discouraging effect upon sellers and the latter have manifested no disposition to force trade by making concessions. The record of sales for the week shows that no particular stock or stocks constitute a special feature as was the case during the month of March, but the most of the listed securities were fairly well represented in the transactions. Lighting stocks are no longer the leading feature, the few sales during the week being no more than usual at this time of the year. San Francisco Gas & Electric has sold moderately but at lower prices than for the preceding week. There have been some offers to sell at $57 to $57.50 but buyers generally have been reluctant to bid more than $56 and occasionally $56.50 for small parcels. Even at this figure there was no activity, and it is doubtful if a round lot could have found a purchaser. The street appears to be bare of rumors and the usual gossip concerning this stock so it is safe to presume that the board of directors have thus far been unsuccessful in any effort towards carrying out the project as outlined in their circular letter to the stockholders when the latter were requested to deposit their stock in escrow with the Mercantile Trust Company. This, however, must not be construed to mean that the desired object may not be attained for there remains about eleven months within which the board of directors may successfully carry out their plans. Meanwhile, however, it may be reasonably expected that the stock will get back, in the course of time, to its normal market value. The other lighting stocks have been quiet with few sales in progress and prices remaining substantially the same as a week ago. Pacific Gas Improvement, which is a sort of side partner of the San Francisco Gas & Electric, is being offered at $40, but no one appears to be willing to bid more than $39.50 with $39.75 as an extreme. Pacific Lighting shares remain steady at about $57.50, although some holders are making a firm stand for $58.50. In Mutual Electric Light shares buyers and sellers are far apart, the asking price being $9, with the best bid $6. Equitable Gas is held strongly at $4.75, although there are some buyers on the street vainly seeking to obtain some shares at $4.25. United Gas & Electric is in demand with buyers bidding $34.50 and no sellers. Water Stocks have attracted but very little attention. Spring Valley has been weaker and a trifle lower, but holders of this security have every confidence in its future and consequently offering very sparingly. A few sales have been recorded at $83.75 and more stock could have been disposed of at $83.50, but this was below holders' ideas and consequently there were no transactions. There has been quite a drop in the price of shares of the Contra Costa Water Company, the bidding price being only $55, as against $60 a week ago. At present about $59 is the asking price with practically no business doing. This sharp drop in prices of the Contra Costa shares may be attributed to the fact that the annual report recently issued is not as satisfactory as shareholders had expected. In addition to this there have been a number of changes in the board of directors and this has not been very well received. Sugar shares have been quiet with prices in most instances at a slightly lower standard. Hutchison shares have remained fairly steady with $15 to $15.25 as the bidding price and holders asking $15.50. Paauhau has also remained steady, although at a lower standard than a month ago. Shares are in demnd at $17.50 although holders as a rule are asking $18. Onomea is being offered at $22.25 and readily taken at that figure, while Honokaa is being offered at $14.50 with $14 the maximum bid. Hawaiian Commercial is inactive although in some request at $44.75, with no sellers willing to dispose of their holdings at that figure. Bank shares show but few fluctuations, the feature of the week being the sharp advance in German Bank stock. The shares of this bank are now in demand at $2,200, but holders are demanding $2,300 and it is doubtful if any could be induced to shade this figure. Giant Powder stock has fluctuated slightly and is a trifle lower. Shares can now be had at $65.50, although sellers are demanding time for delivery, sales at this figure being usually seller 90 days. Oceanic shares are still neglected with $16 as the asking price and $13.50 the best bid. The bonds of the company are unchanged; offers to sell are made at $80, but buyers refuse to pay more than $75. There is some talk on the street that the bonds of this corporation will be higher in the near future, but as the rumor carries with it no satisfactory reason for an advance the statement has had no effect whatever in influencing the market value. Alaska Packers remains about steady at $153 to $153.50 with transactions few and usually small in volume. California Wine Association stock is strong at $104 with holders asking $106. Bonds sold quite freely during the week with fluctuations slight and prices generally well sustained.

—*The Financier.*

CALIFORNIA NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY'S ATTRACTIONS.

The California Northwestern Railway Company has made its usual elaborate preparations for the summer vacation time, as is evidenced by the handsome hundred-page booklet that it has just issued, giving a list of places that take summer boarders, telling of the special attractions of each place, and the rates by the week, among the many places reached by this railway or its connections being Mark West, White Sulphur, Aqua Caliente and Lytton's springs, Blue Lakes, Soda Bay and the Geysers. For campers there is no end of attractions, the Russian river affording good boating, bathing and fishing. R. X. Ryan is the general passenger agent of the road.

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Other People's Ideas

From "The Velvet Glove," by Henry Seton Merriman:

The majority of human beings are gregarious. They meet together in order to quarrel. The majority of women prefer to sit and squabble around one table to seeking another room.

There are many persons of doubtful social standing, who seek to make up—to bridge that narrow and unfathomable gulf—by affability.

Those few who see below the surface, know that the restful man is he whose life's task is well within the compass of his ability.

Men never discuss a woman in whom they are really interested, though fools do.

It is not difficult to be prophetic if one can sink self sufficiently to cloak one's thoughts with the mind of another and thus divine the workings of his brain.

What a simple world this would be if more of its women knew when to hold their tongues!

A man having once been nursed in sickness by a woman parts with some portion of his personal liberty which she never relinquishes.

There is no face so baffling as that which a woman shows the world when she is hiding her heart.

We all carry with us through life the remembrance of certain words probably forgotten by the speaker. A few bear the keener, sharper memory of words unspoken.

* * * * * *

From "Ciphers," by E. O. Kirk:

Breck: Life is a perpetual fast and vigil for anybody who wishes to accomplish anything in this world.

Ruff: She cultivates too assiduously the art of being misunderstood by dull people.

Breck: An insufficient talent is the cruelest of gifts.

Milly: Not everybody can be a lioness or a tigress, but the least of creatures can put up her back and spit.

Milly: I envy men their opportunity to make real friends. It might be almost worth while to be a man to have men's friendships. I suppose the reason you all hang together so is that you know such dreadful things about each other.

Contarini: A *succes* colossal at ze outset may be a meesfortune colossal.

Ruff: Times were that when the brains were out the man would die. Nowadays their loss seems to add a lease of life to poets, novelists, even painters.

* * * * * *

From "The Mississippi Bubble," by Emerson Hough:

John Law: There is no such thing

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NELLIE G. PAULSELL, Plaintiff, vs. O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of this plaintiff and upon the further ground of defendant's extreme cruelty toward this plaintiff, said action is further brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court awarding the minor children of the parties to this action to plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

Endorsed: FRANK McGOWAN, ELMER WESTLAKE, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 75-79-80 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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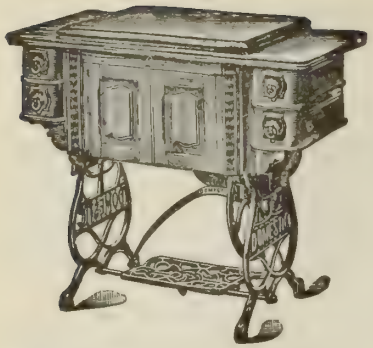

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* * * * *

From "The Virginian," by Owen Wister:

The creature we call a *gentleman* lies deep in the hearts of thousands that are born without chance to master the outward graces of the type.

It's not a brave man that's dangerous. It's the cowards that scare us (at cards).

All America is divided into two classes—the quality and the equality. The latter will always recognize the former when mistaken for it. Both will be with us until our women bear nothing but kings. It was through the Declaration of Independence that we Americans acknowledged the *eternal inequality* of man. For by it we abolished a cut-and-dried aristocracy. We had seen little men artificially held up in high places, and great men artificially held down in low places, and our own justice-loving hearts abhorred this violence to human nature. Therefore, we decreed that every man should henceforth have equal liberty to find his own level. By this very decree we acknowledged and gave freedom to true aristocracy, saying, "Let the best man win, whoever he is." Let the best man win! That is America's word. That is true democracy. And true democracy and true aristocracy are one and the same thing. If anybody cannot see this, so much the worse for his eyesight. —*The Gleaner.*

A NEWSPAPER NOTE

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, April 25, 1903

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No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded. We cannot undertake to preserve or return manuscripts.

Peddling Positions in Society

Breaking into society, or, what Mr. Yellowplush called the most "xquizzit suckles," is rapidly becoming a well-regulated and well recognized business. The unwary and unsophisticated may not recognize the smartly gowned drummer, press agent, spieler and principals of this new high calling, but they are abroad in the land, and industriously grafting for all they are worth. Why not? Society, on a basis of wealth, offers a fat field for just such birds of prey. Henry Labouchere of *Truth* has culled the following advertisements from a late London daily to show how, like an unconscionable tradesman, the "smart set" sells its friends:

"A lady of title, moving in the best London society, is prepared to introduce a lady of means. Luxurious home in the West End; carriages kept. Terms must be liberal. The highest references offered and taken. Address Box — — —."

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"A lady—a member of one of the oldest country families—having a beautiful place in the country, would receive a young lady during the winter months and introduce her to the society of the neighborhood. Good hunting, hospitable country. An unique opportunity."

"A West End dressmaker, who desires to extend her connection, wishes to meet with lady or ladies who would introduce business. Liberal commission offered. The strictest confidence may be relied upon. Address."

"An old-established firm of wine merchants (city) is desirous of obtaining West End orders. A high percentage given to ladies or gentlemen introducing business."

"To noblemen or gentlemen of position in society, able to influence capital: A large sum wanted by an old-established firm. Genuine concern. Particulars in confidence through — — —."

"A young lady, rich, desires to spend the season in London and to be introduced to the best society. Would pay handsomely for services rendered. Absolute secrecy guaranteed. Address Box — — —."

Swindler Hooley, by the lavish use of money, had no difficulty in getting dukes, earls and lords to head the directorates of his "get-rich-quick" concerns, and thus help fleece the foolish rich who were trying to break into the court set. Whitaker Wright steered his dizzy course for years through the higher English circles and reaped golden harvests because he knew where to bestow royal largesse among those who lead the society rout. Harold Frederick in his novel, "The Market Place," made use of this same theme, the ability of a business man to rise from obscurity to great eminence through judiciously bribing society leaders to lend their names and influence to promoting his schemes. The "guinea pig" who came into prominence just before the Boer war illustrated how "gentlemen" can trade on their social standing. The condition is not so flagrant in this country, because the leisure class is as yet small and in its infancy. The society sharks of England and the Continent, however, are beginning to work this land because of the large numbers of our newly rich. But for a long time to come the staunch common sense and a healthy moral tone of the better class of the American people can safely be relied on to laugh at their allurements. Only the moths will be caught, and they'd burn themselves in penny rushlights anyway.

Will He Act as Pacificator?

Not the least interesting of the bunch of comicalities in the shape of hand-shakings, banquets, toasts, droolings, anvil choruses, bursting hot air calliopes and the like bestrewing President Roosevelt's picturesque "swing around the circle," will be the "peace pow-wows" of the factional Republican leaders in some dozen States along the line. These rancorous hatchetmen have agreed to conceal their weapons for the time being and to unite in waving the party flag of amity in order to honor the President. Of course, if either side can safely reach the Roosevelt car with his tale of the strife it is safe to say that his opponent will be given the roast of his political life. The late President McKinley was an artist in patiently listening to these little family differences and diplomatically patching them up. President Roosevelt is of another composition; he is rapid, blunt, and the warring factions must be in a receptive condition to get the full benefit of his methods of conciliation. California and Oregon each offer him a happy field for the role of pacificator. In Nebraska two factions are battling for control of the Grand Old Party. In Missouri the Republicans are calling each other suggestive names from two opposing camps. Minnesota has two Senators clawing each other's reputation to pieces in the struggle for Federal patronage, and the sugar beet farmers are at loggerheads over the Cuban reprocity treaty. Iowa Republicans are divided under Governor Cummins and his tariff revisers and the anti-revisers under Secretary of the Treasury Shaw. Alger and the Anti-Alger camps divide Michigan with their taunting shouts and Wisconsin has a world of trouble over the claims of Governor La Follette and Senator Spooner regarding Federal patronage. The artful and judicious dispensation of this same Federal patronage was McKinley's panacea for healing factional wounds. President Roosevelt's remedy will be watched for with keen interest by the under dogs.

The Perfunctory Gift

The "co-operative wedding gift" is the latest form of joint production, and it is not such a bad one, either. Like many another good thing, it is of humble origin, since its birth was among the starving class of England. For some time past the dependents and retainers of the aristocracy have been in the habit of contributing to a general fund from which one nice gift has been presented instead of each purchasing such humble tokens as individual purses would permit. Now it is quite the thing for friends to club together in the same way, and, instead of the dozen pickle jars, score of vases, and clocks by the dozen, there is a consultation, and some article especially desired by the bride takes the place of the quantity of duplicates which could not be exchanged without offense to the givers or the ornamental trash which the recipients must often have longed to consign to the flames. It is a pity that so many gracious customs are killed by becoming burdensome, and that what ought to be a genuine expression of regard becomes solely a perfunctory obligation, discharged as a matter of necessity, and with no other feeling than regret that money needed for other purposes has been sacrificed in order to keep up with the fashion. Wedding gifts, which were at first donations toward the setting up of the new household, and took the form of sheep, pigs, a cow and calf, feather beds, household linen and such homely furnishings, contributed by the immediate families, have long since lost any utilitarian value. Jewelry, silverware, stocks, bonds and real estate are expected from the relatives, the immediate friends follow suit as nearly as possible, and the train of mere acquaintances, in whom it ought to be considered an impertinence to give at all, must likewise contribute until the display is as composite and heterogeneous as that of a rummage sale. Between the universal Christmas giving, the perennial wedding gift, the Easter offering of flowers which is coming into vogue, and the hundred and one other occasions which call for recognition, a large part of both time and income must be sacrificed. Gift making, like calling or entertaining, must fall apart by its own weight, and we shall soon be back to first principles and a new start, but meantime the co-operative gift is a solution for a part of the problem. Everyone need not be shopping all the time, but it is going to work havoc with the business now transacted in duplicate wedding gifts.

A Curious Phenomenon

What is the cause of the curious approachment in type that is said by foreigners to be so evident in the case of the two sexes in America? This is an interesting phenomenon. It naturally strikes the visitor more forcibly than it does ourselves, but, once called to our attention, we are impelled to sit up, take notice and confess that it is so. There is undoubtedly a gradual *rapprochement* of man and woman in this country, and it is not altogether due to the cult of the tailor-made girl, for the male biped has developed a penchant for raiment of a decidedly feminine style. He affects shirts made of material generally reserved for women's dresses, and he goes in for picturesque vests, fluffy neckwear, ornate socks and clean-shaven face. Occasionally he adopts a coat that bulges at the hip and fits tight at the waist, and in summer he wears fancy bands on his straw hat. But the evidence of *rapprochement* is not confined to clothes. Foreigners have noticed and have written about the delicately cut features of men in America, their large eyes and slight hands and long hair; also, the business-like character of the average American girl; her square shoulders and steady walk; her strongly marked, level eyebrows and powerful chin, and her almost excessive love of athletics. Yet the American man is not effeminate; neither is the American girl masculine. But each is coming more and more to partake in some degree of the other's mental qualities, and, as is always the case, the physical type is responding to the influence of the mind. It would be interesting to study just how far this curious development is likely to go, and also to speculate on the subtle influences that are effecting it, for it may prove a serious matter. The closer the types approach, the fainter will become the attraction of one for the other. It would be dreadful to face the prospect of a race of effeminate men and masculine women.

Pernicious Legislation

Nowhere in the world have labor unions accomplished so much for the laboring man as in Australia and New Zealand. They have succeeded in legislating for the practical enforcement of many of their pet theories, and the result is not altogether satisfactory. Ignoring the law of supply and demand, they have endeavored to keep up the rate of remuneration in most industries by legal enactment, and, as a consequence, there is much suffering. The effect of this legislation is described by Mrs. Ada Cambridge in her book, "Thirty Years in Australia." She says: "What, I wonder, are the number of those who starve — really starve—in secret, because the law forbids them to work for less than seven shillings a day, which they cannot earn with a service not worth the half of it—all the old, and slow, and weak, but yet self-respecting and self-reliant, whose honest bread the Minimum Wage Act has taken out of their mouths? One is sick of the continual begging of these victims to inexorable inspectors and boards t be allowed to work for thirty shillings a week—for twenty-five. One poor tailoress who had supported herself with her needle for fifteen years stood up in court and begged, with tears, to be allowed to work for twelve and sixpence, which, she said, would keep her. The rule of labor unions is the rule of might, and wherever it is enforced there will be suffering and hardship. It interferes with the rights of the individual, but it is supposed to contribute to the good of the greatest number. Legislation which prescribes a minimum rate of wages is a blow to the freedom of contract, and that is a precious privilege."

The New Anti-Flirt Buttons

The very latest thing in New York is the edict of the Law and Order League that it will label its girls who don't

The next bottle of whisky you buy resolve to try the "Jesse Moore." You've heard it was the best; prove it by practical test.

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flirt with conspicuous buttons, so as to protect them from rowdies and mashers in public places. Volunteer deputy sheriffs will promenade the thoroughfares and support the good work of the militant buttons. Stout as this protecting hedge seems to be against the machinations of the bold flirter, the President of the League fears trouble, as is evidenced in the following statement recently issued to the members of the league: "The great difficulty which our organization will be compelled to overcome will be that many times in cases of common street and car flirting our deputies will be uncertain as to whether the persons addressed or 'smirked' at wishes the matter stopped, or whether they connive at the same." To obviate this chance, buttons will be issued only to ladies asking for them. The personal display of this sign manual will accordingly be notification to the wide, wide world that the wearer, under no consideration, wishes to flirt. Thus far, there has been no great rush for these "I don't flirt" buttons. Whether this is indicative that most members of the league are not total abstainers and relish a little judicious flirting now and then is puzzlng the much-exercised officers. It may be that individual members consider such badges a sign that the wearer has been subject to annoyances from smirkers of the other sex or that she considers her attractions sufficient to require protection against philanderers. It is safe to say that the wearers of the buttons will attract far the most of the objectionable attentions. Meanwhile both the smirkers and the guileless deputies are wondering if the league members who don't wear the button really want to flirt.

The Irrepressible Prodigy

While the agitation of the subject of child-labor is hot on every tongue, there is one phase of the matter which is in danger of being overlooked. And yet there is not an argument to be urged against the breaker-boy, the newsboy, the cotton-spinner or any of the rest of the juvenile bread-winners which does not apply with equal force to the child poet, the infant historian and the baby novelist and playwright. It is universally conceded by political economists that child-labor invariably follows in the wake of female labor, so that when women plunged headlong into "literature," it was only the expected that happened when children began to appear, at first, sporadically, but with increasing frequency, until now it is with fear and trembling that one takes up a magazine or weekly paper, lest several pages be found devoted to the maunderings of some precocious infant whose injudicious parents have not the mercy to conceal its shortcomings from the public. Why periodicals will accept the rubbish, even if it is donated, is a mystery. These infant phenomena never blossom into perfect flowers. Their childish verses and compositions are apt to be their last appearance in public, and if their souls are in the least sensitive, one might readily believe that it is because of the forcing of their immaturity. If the parents of these youthful prodigies whose productions are spread at large and whose precocity is exploited on stage and in concert hall, had elementary perceptions they would note that of all the vast army of stage wonders that have appeared in the last generation, those that rise in maturity above mediocrity are notable exceptions. Of the musical wonders, scarce one is heard from after its first flights across the concert stage, and the child artists, where are they? Reasoning by analogy, there is no better chance for their own darlings to distinguish themselves. Undoubtedly some, at least, of these juvenile prodigies have talent if not genius, but more often they have merely muscular agility and bone suppleness which belong naturally to youth. But in any case, whether it be genius, talent or facility, the one thing that they want is stern discipline and hard work. Nothing is accomplished without application and regulation, and nine times out of ten these are just what are not enforced. The child musician is dragged about the country, giving concerts which, in plain English, are simply showing-off stunts, and the little actor becomes the bread-winner for father and mother who travel with it. The child writer does not have quite the same opportunities to develop big-head, but the cultivation is carried on in private until people learn to avoid the vicinity in order to escape "Jessie's last poem," or "Wallace's new story."

Diaz Taking Precautions

The belief in some quarters that the integrity of Mexican institutions will be seriously tested when President Diaz retires from office finds some support in the recent action of the leaders of that Republic. Mexico has just adopted a policy of military expansion which seems likely to develop a highly efficient system of national defense and adequate to meet any possible clash with the usual Spanish-American revolutionists when the present strong hand of the government is removed. President Diaz is now bending his energies so that within two years Mexico will be able, on short notice, to mobilize an army of 200,000 thoroughly trained and perfectly equipped soldiers. Three hundred thousand boys and young men are now receiving regular daily military instruction in 11,000 public schools in the country. The regular army will be chiefly recruited from among these cadets. Concurrently detailed plans have been made to strengthen the navy. Two vessels are now under construction in a New Jersey shipbuilding yard to be added to her fleet. Evidently the prudent Diaz, having put Mexico on a stable and enlightened basis, does not propose to take any chance of having his great work placed in jeopardy by the bandit practices of any up-to-date Spanish-American candidate who aspires to succeed him in the Presidency. Diaz made Mexico, and if his present precautions will preserve it for half a decade after his death he can leave no greater monument to civilization.

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Right vs. Might

"Force and right are the governors of this world; force till right is ready." This is how Matthew Arnold translates a thought of Joubert's. And he adds, with significant italics: *"Force till right is ready;* and till right is ready, force, the existing order of things, is justified, is the legitimate ruler."

A pretty apology this; a new and neat disguise for Pope's infamous fallacy, "Whatever is is right"—that doctrine for dullards and sluggards. How facile a rejoinder it puts into mindless mouths: "But, my dear fellow, right is not yet ready for us, nor we for it; therefore is force still the legitimate ruler." Injustice has the argument by heart. Thus is the day of right deferred. But, alas, Death is not so easily put off. Is it not high time to make ready for right—right *the* legitimate ruler; time to depose force, the usurper? The old right was might; but Right shall be the new might; man shall recognize it as his king, and the old might shall minister unto it.

In the year 1893 the large-minded Huxley—a man who could say many a word at once new, true, and beautiful; a man beside whom Darwin felt himself a babe in brains, and Lyell *himself* an infant in intellect—gave what is known as the "Romanes" lecture, choosing for his subject the rich theme of "Evolution and Ethics" and handling it with a result remarkable alike for its intellectual and moral power and its literary perfection. There that giant of thought flung himself against the fallacy, then and still prevalent, that the discovery of Darwin gave the support of the constitution of things, and therefore moral support, to the doctrine that might makes right; and it is almost pathetic to see him, that high priest of precision, that apostle of accuracy, that ideal talker, whose speech (to borrow from our beloved Stevenson) "corresponded and fitted upon the truth of fact—not clumsily, obscuring lineaments, like a mantle, but cleanly adhering, like an athlete's skin"; it is, I say, almost pathetic to see him, for the first and last time in his life, forced beyond the limits of the facts by the fury of his indignation against such a misuse of the great theory of evolution which he himself had done so much to establish. Here is how he puts his foot down:

"Cosmic nature is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature." And again:

"Let us understand, once for all, that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it."

Cosmic nature is ruinously red in tooth and claw, but it is not cruel. It is non-moral an-ethical; neither good nor bad, but indifferent. Right and wrong are no concern of nature's. In the cosmic process might may mean survival, but it connotes no right to survive. Nowadays the world is well aware of this and is so far ready for right. Even in war, where we copy the cosmic process most closely, we feel the need of deadening our consciences with the anodyne of "Divine intention."

Nineteen hundred years of Christianity co-operating with other forces have so changed the mental and moral outlook on life that today civilized nations must need shoot against the light, and the recoil of the cannon deals death-blows to the characters of the men behind the guns. The momentum of their animal and militant past forces modern peoples into the making of war despite the protests of head and heart. The savage feared what was unknown to him, and hated what he feared. All men but those of his own tribe were unknown to him; he feared them, he hated them. But culture is conquering ignorance, fear and war. Even seventy-odd years ago, when Macaulay, for the furtherance of "just principles," wrote his noble essay on "The Civil Disabilities of the Jews," the world was much farther away than it is at present from that ideal state of tolerance that passes so imperceptibly into appreciation. When Washington Irving visited Walter Scott, the latter's countrymen looked on the French as barbarians; now, to the native of Edinburgh, the Parisian is but as a Scotchman who speaks French. The speech of men from oversea is no longer "bar-bar" to us. Distance-destroying science is bringing together and making as one Man whom impassible mains and mountains had parceled into men. Propinquity is the mother of sympathy and sympathy the mother of morality. The cosmic process and the ethical process here co-operate, converging toward the goal of aggregation. A world-wide whole, with nations for units—nations specialized according to their several peculiar aptitudes and the natural resources of their habitats, and so mutually dependent as to make war practically impossible.

Day by day the socius is growing more self-conscious, its now examined life becoming more purposive; sometime tomorrow it will learn to walk in the pleasant ways of wisdom, to pursue her paths of peace, to recognize Right's right to reign.

Meantime, to be sure, we will feel as heretofore the hard hand of Heredity, that "Nemesis without her mask... the last of the Fates, and the most terrible . . . the only one of the Gods whose real name we know." The harsh voices of our brutal forbears will speak at times through our milder mouths, to our infinite astonishment and terror. Our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers will try to work their moldering wills through us, but the wise will have an everlasting Nay for them.

Meantime, as heretofore, Pan will play his varied pipes and the old world waltz through space, keeping time and step as best she may. As of old, about the first of April, Nature will find her fools a-plenty and the love-lure beckon every living thing. The young lambs will bound atop the hillocks as to a tabor sound, and the blackbird grow him a beak of gold to sing his rival down; and man—well, man, the master, the magician, carrying climate in his pocket, is privileged to make love (or a most precious fool of himself, if you will have it so) all the year round; and I take it that this new note of man, the master, the magician, working wonders under the rule of right, will be heard more and more hereafter in thy playing, Pan, and the world move man's way as well as thine, thou good old Goat-foot!

Harry Cowell.

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Hearst's Magic Spell

The work of reorganizing the local Democracy is now in full swing. All factions, all cliques and all elements of the party that was so ingeniously disintegrated by James D. Phelan are to be reunited in one harmonious whole. It will be interesting to watch the discordant and jarring elements come together and smoke the pipe of peace. The local Democracy has been split wide open for many years. It has not presented a solid front to the enemy since the days of Christopher Buckley, and it was the blind boss who started the work of disintegration. Mr. Phelan had a chance to harmonize the factions, when the revolt in the ranks was in its incipiency, but he preferred to build up a personal machine, and he undertook to make the local Democracy as exclusive as the Pacific-Union Club. He favored the establishment of a political Holy of Holies from which should be barred the proletariat. He not only sundered the organization but he sought to deprive men of the elective franchise. He forced men to become bolters, he alienated friends, and stirred up animosities that are rankling yet.

Great Democratic Love Feast

However, the *entente cordiale* is to be restored; the spirit of amity is to be promoted; the immaculate bird of peace is to be induced to spread his wings over friend and enemy, and the representatives of all the jarring factions are to be invited to spread their legs beneath the mahogany at a real old-time Democratic love-feast. When this phenomenon is achieved the Democracy will owe a debt of gratitude to William R. Hearst, for it is the ambitious journalist who has undertaken to reunite the dismembered party. And already there are signs that presage the happy culmination. Politicians and job-chasers who have been among the ostracized for years are working shoulder to shoulder with the erstwhile Phelan exclusives by whom they were long since repudiated. Buckley lambs, Rainey heelers, Popper squaws and McNab whisperers are all rallying to the Hearst standard. If the young Congressman is able to exercise his alluring fascinations on the politicians of New York and Chicago as successfully as he is employing them in this city he should have no difficulty in obtaining the nomination for President.

Will Bachelor Hearst Wed?

Now that it is generally understood that William R. Hearst, the strenuous young newspaper publisher, is to test the gratitude and strength of the plain people by becoming a candidate for President, there is speculation as to whether he will qualify for the high honor by taking unto himself a wife. Though there is no law, written or unwritten, prescribing a wife as one of the essential features of the Presidential entourage, and notwithstanding the fact that we have had bachelor Presidents, there are many people who think that Mr. Hearst as a bachelor candidate would not be so popular as Mr. Hearst in the role of a married man. They appear to resent the suggestion of a young man of wealth becoming President without a wife to grace the White House. They completely ignore the fact that he has a mother who would make an ideal hostess in the Executive Mansion. Some of them, with astonishing impertinence, have ventured to choose a bride for him, and I have even heard it hinted that he himself has been giving the matter serious consideration. Mrs. Grundy has remarked that the handsome young Congressman has been very eager of late to find pretexts to visit the Coast, and she has hinted that Cupid has been taking a hand in his affairs. In a rather significant way she has reported that a very strong friendship has sprung up between Mr. Hearst and the sister of a young Oakland matron whose husband has long been an intimate friend of the proprietor of the *Examiner*. Mr. Hearst has been entertained a great deal in the Oakland home, and the circumstance has whetted the curiosity of the matchmakers.

Gowns Got Her Into Trouble

A few months ago the friends of a dashing young San Francisco beauty were congratulating her on her marriage to a wealthy mining man of Redding. Their honeymoon included a trip to Europe and the husband is still there, but the handsome young wife dropped into town alone the other day and is quietly preparing to ask for a divorce on grounds agreed to by the capitalist. What the real reason of their separation is no one seems able to surmise. About three months ago a swell dressmaker brought suit against the belle for gowns furnished before the marriage but the threatened legal proceedings brought an immediate cable and enough money was flashed across the water to induce the modiste to hush up the matter. But the dressmaker had already done enough talking to give Mrs. Grundy some choice tidbits.

Paying for Her Trousseau with Alimony

It seems that when the young woman, who was older in experience than years, found that her charms had struck pay dirt, she went to the dressmaker and induced her to furnish her with a trousseau befitting a rich mining man's

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bride. She agreed to pay handsomely for the things as soon as she had a finger in hubby's purse, so the modiste fitted her out royally and was content to wait for her money. The bird flew to Europe in the fine feathers and Madame sent her bill in pursuit and waited for the snug little payment coming to her. The bride wrote that she could not send such a large sum in one lump without taking her husband into her confidence, and that, under the delicate circumstances, she dared not do. She promised however to liquidate the debt as fast as she could coax money from him without exciting suspicion. Then came the sudden breach that separated the pair. When the lawyers on each side talked the situation over the attorney for the husband agreed that the wife should be paid three hundred dollars a month pending a settlement of the case in the divorce court. It is from this alimony that the young bride is making payments to her high-priced modiste for the elaborate trousseau furnished her.

"I see Miss Mamie Browne is always present at all the smart functions, and her gowns are always described. She must be a great beauty."

"Well, it is not exactly that. You see, all the society reporters know who she is, and they're not so sure of the others' identity."

Oakland's Newspaper Fight

A very pretty fight for supremacy in the evening newspaper field of Oakland is being waged these days. For many years that field has been dominated by the *Tribune*, of which William Dargie is the proprietor. So thoroughly and well did it cover the field that it was conceded to be the leading daily on the other side of the bay. Not until a few weeks ago was the pre-eminence of the *Tribune* questioned. It was then that the *Herald* was launched with a great blare of editorial trumpets and a fanfare of screeching headlines in flaming type. From the very beginning it was evident that the purpose of the *Herald* was to make the *Tribune* not worth while. The people behind the new journalistic enterprise sought not only to divide the advertising patronage of the town and alienate the *Tribune* subscribers but they undertook also to cripple the Dargie staff. They appeared to be plungers of the Hearst order, for, after the example of the young Napoleon when he entered the New York and Chicago fields, they proceeded to lure away the *Tribune* reporters with offers of princely salaries. And they succeeded in securing a few. They didn't stop at reporters, for they had designs even on Dargie's office boy and they offered him a raise of one dollar a week. Naturally Mr. Dargie sat up and took notice. Competition is the life not only of trade but also of the professions, and journalism is making a tremendous spurt in somnolent Oakland. The *Tribune* is covering a wider filed than ever and the *Herald* is running two color presses side by side. It's a momentous, Titanic struggle for the survival of the fittest, for the commuters and the urbanites cannot hope to support two great dailies. One must fall by the wayside unless there is a reckless angel in the journalistic field.

Re-enter Klein the American

At present the *Herald* is doing most of the spectacular splurging anent which there is considerable curiosity. An angel is a *rara avis* in Oakland. The climate of the burg isn't conducive to the sprouting of wings. The nominal backer of the *Herald* is John C. Klein, known to ephemeral fame as "Klein, the American," but even the gullible, unsophisticated of Oakland aren't taking Mr. Klein seriously in the role of a journalistic plunger. Mr. Klein is the reporter who happened to be representing the *Examiner* in Samoa some years ago when international complications approached a crisis. He became involved to such an extent that the German authorities contemplated subjecting him to drastic measures that might have boosted him into the leading role of a hanging episode. It was one of those lucky opportunities that sometimes grasp men and which the world afterwards credits them with seizing. By making a mountain out of a molehill in the case of Mr. Klein the German authorities favored him with notoriety which he was able to capitalize. Thereafter he became a correspondent for the New York *Herald*, and though he is a man of ability he has never done anything notable since leaving Samoa, because, perhaps, no other fortuitous opportunity has been kind enough to seize him.

Smith is the "Angel"

However, he is now the ostensible proprietor of the new Oakland daily. But nobody believes that he is backing it. The supposition is, and it is pretty well founded, that Frank M., better known as "Borax" Smith, is the owner of the paper. Mr. Smith can afford to buy color presses and other newspaper luxuries, and beside he has substantial purposes to subserve, not to speak of revenges to wreak. Mr. Smith is an interesting character. Most men are that alight in the centre of the financial stage after coming through a star trap. Years ago he was a teamster for Warren English in Nevada. Now he controls the borax trade, owns all the street railroads in Oakland, is threatening the Southern Pacific with competition in its ferry service, conducts the Realty Syndicate Company which owns nearly all the unimproved real estate across the bay, keeps a yacht on the Atlantic coast, has one of the

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handsomest residences in the State situated on Oakland Heights, and notwithstanding the fact that he is one of the brand-newest of the *nouveau riche* manages to make things hum in Oakland's smart set. So it is high time and propitious for Mr. Smith to have a newspaper for a toy. But he did not invest a hundred thousand in the *Herald* merely for amusement. They are saying in Oakland that he launched his newspaper by way of rebuke to Will Dargie because the latter interested himself too deeply in the affairs of the Realty Syndicate and other Smith enterprises. The *Tribune* attacked the Syndicate and its methods of luring capital, and it deprecated the poor service of the street railroad system operated by the borax trust magnate. Moreover it failed to appreciate the activity of the "Borax" Smiths in Oakland society. It happens that Mrs. Smith is a very charitable woman, and charity is a powerful agency in the promotion of social ambition.

Society Puffing as a Fine Art

So it is a pretty fight that is being waged in Oakland; Smith on one side seeking by way of retaliation to make the newspaper field less profitable for Dargie, and the *Tribune* publisher on the other, holding his own in journalism and endeavoring on the side to expose the shortcomings of the Realty company and intent upon official investigations and other things which may jeopardize the very lucrative business of the corporation. Incidentally, of course, the *Herald* can be utilized in the interest of the Smith social activities, for it is no longer considered a breach of newspaper ethics, or evidence of rank vulgarity, for a newspaper to exploit the social doings of the family of its proprietor. These are decadent times, and though a man may not be inclined to stand on the street corner and assume the role of the circus spieler for the purpose of telling strangers all about the social achievements of his family, he will not hesitate to give them publicity through the columns of his own paper.

Found Warbling Didn't Pay

Mrs. Smith, of "Moxey" and "oil stock" fame, is not the "mysterious" woman the daily papers seem to think her. She was formerly the wife of Roscoe Warren Lucy the piano teacher and accompanist, and has herself been a singing teacher in San Francisco. Many a parlor warbler has had vocal massage at her hands and she herself was at one time down to trill at almost every benefit performance. But after she secured a divorce from Mr. Lucy she allowed her musical accomplishments to languish and time has not treated her voice kindly. About three years ago she attempted to give a concert and it may have been after that fizzle that she decided there was more money in floating stock than putting up the remnant of her voice at the concert counter. For since then she has devoted herself to letting people in on the "ground floor."

Money Slipped Through Her Fingers

Mrs. Smith has at different times in her life fallen into cushioned ease, thanks to inheritances, but the money has slipped through her fingers. A few years ago she inherited a comfortable fortune from her mother and she at once sent her three young boys, who are the sons of Mr. Lucy, to a ranch near Petaluma, while she herself started on a tour of the East and Europe. It is doubtful whether any of that money is left to help her out of her troubles. Mr. Lucy, the former husband, has always been on the kindliest terms with her and it is said has offered to smooth out her present difficulties if it is within his power. In her virgin days Mrs. Smith was considered a winsome beauty and she has still traces of charm.

The most important captures in the recent raids on the Chinese gambling quarters have been the reputations of certain policemen.

"Amen" Barred

One might imagine that the uses of the injunction had been exhausted, unless it could be invoked to prevent the rain from falling or the wind from blowing, but the trustees of a church in Mount Gilead, Ohio, have managed to obtain one to restrain a member of the congregation from responding "Amen" to the prayers. The man in question is an old-fashioned Methodist who believes in the fervor of vocal demonstration. He has a front pew and is a regular attendant at all the services, and his enthusiasm is not appreciated by his fellow worshipers, who have passed beyond the primitive stages, and believe that St. Paul meant men, as well as women, to "keep silent in the churches." They have remonstrated and sent committees to confer with the recalcitrant brother, all in vain, so now they have enjoined him, and it remains to be seen whether that will have any permanent effect, or whether, as has happened on less provocation, there will be a split in the congregation, and a new church, if not a new sect, inaugurated.

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Sam Parker on the Color Line

If the dusky swells of Hawaii could have heard the rumpus raised in the Cosmos Club a few days ago over the proposed admission of one of them to membership, they might have grown a shade darker with wrath. Sam Parker was proposed by one of his friends, and some of the enemies of darkness in the club at once tried to bar him on the color line. Memories of the royal Kamehamehas! Sam Parker debated over as a negro! A man who owns a principality in the isles of the thirsty, and who was all but appointed governor of Hawaii by Roosevelt; who is famous as the semi-royal entertainer of all distinguished visitors to the kanaka paradise—and he to be classed with Booker Washington. How gallantly his friends in the Cosmos came to his support! They told the hesitant committee that the blood of the big Hawaiian was as free from the taint of Africa as their own, that in the veins of the proud Parker rolled a fluid almost indigo in its aristocratic hue, and they warned the committee not to confuse the ancestry of Parker with that of the late reigning family of the islands.

Old Blossom's Scan'lous Work

The committee acknowledged that they had some vague recollection of a story concerning a negro having been the father of the last monarch of Hawaii. Poor old Blossom, the coon cobbler who mended the shoes of a generation or two ago in Hawaii, has been blamed for much, and so his fame can stand the accusation of his amours with royalty .However if the tale were true, said the friends of Sam Parker, what had it to do with our candidate? He was a pure Hawaiian, "quarter-white," they insisted, and only a Yankee and kanakas had to do with his getting. One had but to look at him to know his forbears. Though dark in color his features had naught of the ragtime race in them. Go to the books in the Honolulu court house, said the irritated and indignant backers of Parker, and examine the records of his ancestry. Who, they chanted, could drink deeper than old Sam? Who was willing to buy oftener than the generous Hawaiian? Who bet higher on two pair, and who counted his chips less ostentatiously than he? Who was always eager for a good time, and who scattered his money more like water? The committee was stormed with a fire of like interrogations. They were told that they might as well bar red noses and thereby empty the clubhouse as to keep out Sam Parker. Sam was elected.

Manipulating the Royal Colors

While it is perhaps not wholly strange that Americans should draw the color line, and make errors sometimes in such distinctions, it was a much queerer thing when Queen Victoria drew that line. Fancy a European exponent of the divine right of kings discriminating against the born Queen of the Hawaiian Islands. Yet that is what the Queen of England did on the occasion of her jubilee. Queen Kapiolani was in London for the jubilee, and was invited to Windsor Castle. Prince Komatsu of Japan and several Indian princes had also to be entertained by England's Queen. The color of their epidermis cut a big figure in the plans of the royal household's program of entertainment, but finally the problem was solved. The brown "anointed" lady and gentlemen from the Far West and East were made the "exclusive" guests of Queen Victoria at Windsor. Thus was the great color problem adroitly solved in a manner to hurt no one's feelings.

Led the Gay Set

Poor Alex Mackintosh Jr. died a few days ago at Parker's ranch in the islands. Many San Franciscans will remember him. At one time he was the fiance of Bernice Landers. Three or four years ago he was the leader of the *jeunesse doree* in Honolulu, and the merriest of all that wild crew. Alex's father has been for twenty years the leading Episcopalian clergyman in Hawaii, and is one of the old school, broad-minded preachers, who went out from England two score years ago to convert the heathen, not only to the Church of England beliefs but to the use of tubs and soap. Young Alex got his education in England, where all the expatriated Britishers of Hawaii then sent their sons to school, and was intended for the navy. But he never entered it though he spent a couple of years on H. M. S. *Brittania*, and became thoroughly English in his ways and speech. Finally he went back to Honolulu where, though he held a nominal position with a prominent firm, he plunged into the dissipations of that most tempting of cities.

Fled from Love and Debts

About three years ago he fled from Hawaii. All sorts of reports were spread about him. He left a hopeless tangle of debts, and it was said that a charming Honolulu girl mourned the loss of a lover and something else. During his visits to San Francisco he had met and wooed Miss Landers, but the engagement was broken off on account of his habits. After his flight his whereabouts were a mystery for many months. One day when Sam Parker was making ready here to marry the rich widow of old Jim Campbell, the noted sugar planter, Alex turned up at the Occidental hotel, and threw himself on Sam's hands. Sam sent the prodigal to his great sheep farm on one of the

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

Hawaiian islands. There Mackintosh lived in peace and plenty until his worn spirit passed, a week or so ago. Cast out by all the world, he had found a haven in the homestead of the man whom some of the Cosmopolitans sought to exclude on account of his dark skin. Many have touched the big heart beneath that sun-browned covering, and incidentally the fat purse in his pocket.

He—Must we take along a chaperon?

She—Certainly, but I've arranged it to get rid of her at the proper time.

Cleared His Account With Mackay

..I chanced to see two well-known people chatting together in the corridor of the Palace hotel, the other day, and seeing them reminded me of two little stories, in no way associating them but characteristic of each. The one was Pat Lennon, the old-time mining man, editor and pioneer of many Western cities. The other was Miss Salisbury, niece of Monroe Salisbury and grand niece of James G. Blaine. In the early days, but after Fair and Mackay had made their great strike, Pat Lennon at one time was in need of financial air, and, like many another man, turned to one of these rich friends. It was Mackay who offered him what he wanted, but in handing him the check, for fifty thousand, I believe, Mackay said: "Do you know, Pat, I have lent piles of money, but there has been only one man that ever paid me back, and that man I've got on my books in big black letters. I can't forget him."

Pat Lennon used the money for the purpose he desired it and made good with it, so that when the expiration of the note came, he was ready to meet the obligation. He wrote the check and pinned it on to the following note:

"John Mackay—Enclosed find your check for fifty thousand, due this date, and don't you forget to put my name alongside of that other fellow's, damn you.

PAT."

Miss Salisbury Scores Her Point

As I recalled the story, I looked up and saw the old-time editor fairly beaming under some charm of words with which the vivacious girl was binding him, and I recalled what some reporter man had said of her; that she was the most thoroughly unaffected American girl he had ever seen. At one time in Salt Lake Miss Salisbury, with a very aristocratic friend of hers, was passing a new building when she chanced to catch sight of one of the workingmen whom she knew. "Why, Mike," she said, rushing over to him, "I didn't know you were here." They chatted a moment; then she turned and said: "But let me introduce you to my friend, Mrs. Willard-Potter-Brown-Asterbuilt."

Mike started to speak affably, but the Mrs. Willard-and-the-rest-of-it froze him cold. For a moment the girl was nonplussed; then she turned frowningly on the workingman. "It seems to me, Mike," she said severely, "that you do not treat my friends with much cordiality." Mike was what his name signified, and he saw the point.

Plan for a National Theatre

According to local theatrical gossip, Andrew Carnegie has at last been won over to help back the scheme of a national theatre in New York. The scheme contemplates an organization to be chartered and managed by an American director, to be chosen by a board of fifteen directors. Three of these are to be chosen by the Association of American Dramatists, one by Columbia University, one by the Authors' Club, three by the Federated Arts Society, one by the Bar Association and one by the Chamber of Commerce. These ten will choose five additional directors. This is only one of many theatrical schemes now under way in this country. Six new thatres are now actually under construction in New York, and will be open for the public in the fall. Plans for four more have been filed, and their projectors are already breaking ground for the new foundations. The builders of these theatres say they will surpass in every way any of the present playhouses. One of them, the Drury Lane, will be the largest theatre in this country, and probably in the world.

Her Very Lively Suggestion

I told several weeks ago of the elderly society woman who is called Mrs. Malaprop on account of her many bulls and aptness for saying the wrong thing. It was she who called Knox Maddox "Mr. Dunlap" on account of some similarity in the names in her mind. Now she has outdone even her best previous efforts. Some well-known young women were at her fashionable home planning a fancy ball to be given soon, and Mrs. M. was asked for suggestions as to characters and dresses.

"Why don't Ethel go as a Mexican girl and do a cascaret dance?" she asked. She must have meant the castanet, which adds so much to the Spanish national dance.

Jay Spooner—I'm going to kiss you when I go.

Miss Passe—You're sure to forget if you wait that long.

Painted a Hoodoo in Berkeley

Universities are supposed to be death to superstition microbes but there are evidently some pretty lively ones still stalking the Stanford campus. The night before Field Day some Stanford boys became infected and started up for Berkeley with a bucket of red paint to "queer" the rival college. When Berkeley got up the next morning and rubbed its eyes the fatal number 13 was daubed in gigantic figures on every prominent point on the campus. A great scrawling red "13" glared ominously opposite the Berkeley grand stand but the Blue and Gold "rooters" scorned to notice this relic of the dark ages. However when their star-man sprained his ankle in a try-out and was prevented from entering three of the events for which he was picked a winner, the Berkeleyites began to wish they had wiped those "13's" off the face of the earth.

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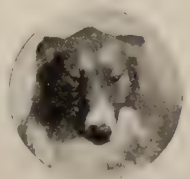

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Stanford won Field Day, the first time in the history of the intercollegiate meets. Berkeley people are not superstitious, of course, but 13 is a tabooed number there just now.

Walter Hobart's Fancy Horseflesh

The sale of some of Walter Hobart's polo ponies to Harry Payne Whitney for thirty-five thousand dollars proves that it will be several days before the wolf will come a-scratching at the young millionaire's door. So long as he has ponies to sell, he can always realize a few dollars. By the way, I wonder how many recall when Walter Hobart owned some of the highest-priced horseflesh in this part of the world. At the time of the second horse show, Hobart was one of the largest exhibitors, and it is said that his desire to win ribbons at that modest little equine exhibit was the turn of his fortune. He purchased the Czar and the Sultan from John Bratton, the dashing Chicago horseman, giving four thousand for the two. They were both well-bred trotting horses and prize-winners. About two years before that Hobart bought from George Hulme the magnificent tandem team Superba and Mayday, at the same time purchasing C. T. Bates's tandem Cadet and Contribute, ten thousand dollars covering the price of the quartet. It was after the National Horse Show eight years ago that Mr. Bates again sold the young millionaire some horses, none other than the handsome four-in-hand, Acrobat, Athlete, Autocrat and Aristocrat. Monarch and Performer were later bought from J. F. Talmage of Brooklyn. His craze for thoroughbreds caused Hobart to add to his stables Bright Phoebus and Ferrier, Hazel Wilkes (2:11), She (2:14), Tuma (2:18 1-4) and others who had won fame on the turf. Some of those beauties were among the first to go when the millions of their owner began to shrink.

Will San Francisco's Beauty Be There?

A book on "American Beauty" is ready for publication and the smart set here is on tiptoe to see who will represent San Francisco. As the financial "graft" of all such books is practically the same people are wondering who has been vain enough to "bite." Beatrice Cameron, the compiler of the book, is evidently cleverness to her finger-tips for she has coaxed women who have secure social prestige into its covers. The only two names that have leaked out so far are those of Mrs. Walter Farwell and Mrs. Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor, whose photographs are given as the par excellence of Chicago loveliness, though the originals spend as much time in New York and Washington as in Chicago. Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor and Mrs. Farwell are sisters-in-law. Mrs. Farwell was Mildred Williams and a great belle in Washington before her marriage about a year ago with Walter Farwell of Chicago, who is a brother of Mrs. Reginald De Koven and Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor.

A Bid for Mrs. Hobart

It is known that Miss Cameron asked Mrs. Walter Hobart to represent San Francisco in the beauty line but Mrs. Hobart is supposed to have refused and another young woman with more ducats than beauty is said to have given her photograph to Miss Cameron. However the forthcoming book will settle the question.

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Latest Novelty in Society

Miss Vescelius, high priestess of Musical Therapeutics, has announced that as soon as New York can spare her she will carry this new gospel of Aesculapius to San Francisco, for she believes that we of the fog-swept hills are so sensitive to music that its charms, scientifically applied, will cure us of most of our ills. Possibly Mascagni and Grau have told her how music-mad we are. The family doctor will not be able to define "musical therapeutics" for you, but Miss Vescelius will be along soon and then we may expect to hear club-women and etherealists expounding on the effect of Chopin on colds and Wagner as a cure for insomnia. Miss Vescelius has been "taken up" by New York society women and her lectures on the therapeutics of music are drawing room-crushes. The idea of course is older than "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," but it has probably never before been seriously applied as a cure for disease. A "Society for the Culture of Musical Therapeutics" has been founded in New York and the proselytes of the faith are spreading the tenets of the cult.

Music Prescribed in Doses

Just how pleasant music will taste as a medicine depends on how much you can pay for the musician who comes to the house to administer the dose. Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish put herself under Miss Vescelius's care when her nerves were on end. A sympathetic player came to her boudoir for an hour every day and filled the prescription written out by Miss Vescelius. If the patient was feverish the first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" lowered the temperature immediately. Miss Vescelius does not claim that music can supplant medicine but her idea seems to be that the stethoscope and the tuning-fork ought to go hand in hand; that music has curative value that the physicians have overlooked. Some of her wealthy followers have established a tuneful clinic in one of the hospitals despite the protests of orthodox physicians.

Young Husband (with ire)—You don't know the value of money.

Mrs. Hardluck (placidly)—If you'd ever furnish me with enough I'm sure I could learn.

Right, Consuela

The Duchess of Marlborough, say the despatches, refused to bow in submission to the "Vicereine." She was right. There is no such office or title as Vicereine. Lady Curzon has no official position whatever, though she has a courtesy elevation as wife of the Viceroy. She is no more

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a vicereine than the wife of a justice of the Supreme Court is a "Judgess." The title is as absurd as "Mrs. Captain and "Mrs. Doctor."

Miss Taylor's Future Home

George Newhall has bought a lot in Pacific Avenue that is half a block square and he purposes building one of the handsomest houses in San Francisco. Carrie Taylor will know how to grace such a mansion for without being a beauty she has a distinguished air and can play hostess with rare charm. With one of the finest houses in town and a collection of jewels that makes most people's look like near-diamonds she will be the envy of the young matrons. The wedding day is still a carefully guarded secret but I hear that it is dated for early summer, and that the bridal party will be composed largely of matrons-of-honor as most of Miss Taylor's intimate friends belong to the young married set.

Gayboy—I've seen you out rather frequently with Mrs. Dasher lately. Is n't she an expensive habit?

Slowboy—Well, er, I dunno; but for the life of me I can't understand how Dasher stands the pace.

Married in Reno

A very pretty wedding, and one not devoid of romance, took place last Sunday afternoon in the Congregational Church of Reno. The contracting parties were Henry C. Cutting, the young Tonopah magnate, and Mrs. Minetta Chesson of this city. Dr. Joseph Edward Stubbs, President of Nevada State University, the groom's friend and former instructor, officiated. Mr. Cutting, who made a considerable fortune during the early days of Tonopah, met Mrs. Chesson during one of his visits to this city. Mr. Cutting returned to Tonopah and named his last-discovered claim "The Minetta." Soon after he returned to San Francisco and opened a broker's office, his friends say in order to be near his fiancee. Whatever may have been the cause, he succeeded equally well in fortune and love, and the cortege of friends who met the happy pair at Reno and escorted them to the church represented a large portion of the combined population of Reno and Tonopah. Mr. Cutting, who came to Tonopah during the early days of that camp with four dollars in cash, is supposed to be climbing rapidly toward the million-dollar mark. He will erect a handsome residence in this city. Upon their return from the honeymoon, about May first, Mr. and Mrs. Cutting will take up their residence on Broadway pending the completion of their new home.

Barred All but the Pewholders

It would take more than forty days of repentance to condone the offensive scenes that were enacted in front of Trinity church on Easter day. Those who were not pewholders came early and fluttered their finery in front of the barred doors. Two policemen were there, probably to keep the crowd from forcing their way into the church should they attempt to wedge in. But for the most part the waiting people were quiet and well-mannered and the presence of the policemen was resented by them. When the doors finally opened a dozen ushers barred the way, refusing to allow any one to enter until every pew-holder was seated. Among those waiting were many tourists who were not there out of mere modish curiosity, and they were indignant at the manner in which they were treated.

She was Deeply Mortified

The Peri at the gate was made about as welcome as these strangers at the door of the sanctuary. Every time a carriage rolled up the crowd was hustled off the sidewalk to give the "pay customers," as some one called them, full sweep of the pavement. The majority of the crowd realized that the pewholders had justifiable privileges, but they objected to being mob-handled by the ushers and policemen when there was nothing in their behavior that warranted such treatment. Dozens of them turned away in disgust and the ushers came in for some very uncomplimentary remarks. Mrs. J. Dennison Matthews, an Eastern woman of wealth, not knowing that entrance was forbidden, got as far as the vestibule when one of the ushers seized her by the arm and urged her to the outside door. Mrs. Matthews was so mortified that when she returned to her hotel she sent for a lawyer, but by the time he arrived her anger had cooled and she decided to overlook the matter. But it is safe to say that she and the rest of the visitors who were offended will not include Easter service among San Francisco's delights.

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A Church of Christ

There was a deal of difference in the way the crowd was treated at Grace church. No guardian of the peace was there to watch that the non-pewholders should not gain entrance. The latter waited outside until by degrees they were admitted. There was a cord across each aisle, as a matter of precaution, but the ushers were courteous in their manner and not dragon-like. A few at a time, the strangers were given seats. A. B. McCreery, the millionaire, who worshiped *solo* in his pew, allowed several of the non-elect to occupy seats therein. Grace church is not the sanctuary of the snobocracy. The old Southern families as a rule hold pews there and they have retained the notions of hospitality that won them renown before the Civil War, before they came to California.

Didn't Injure Her Beauty

Mrs. Will Taylor had the Hopkins pew all to herself on Easter day and as a result an absurd rumor ran around the aisles to the effect that Mrs. Gus Taylor had been so disfigured in that recent automobile accident that she was going to take the veil—not the kind that suggests nunneries but the kindly mesh that half reveals and wholly conceals. In other words it was said that Mrs. Taylor's beauty was so impaired by the accident that she would have to shun daylight scrutiny for some months. As Mrs. Taylor always answers the roll-call on dress-parade day her conspicuous absence on Easter lent color to the report that her face was laid up for repairs. But as a matter of fact there is not a scratch nor a scar to form a "cross marks the spot" where the cruel wheels grazed. Mrs. Taylor's bruises are matters of the past and it is not because she has been scratched from the beauty list that she stays so closely under cover at Menlo. She is so interested in that new house E. W. Hopkins is building for her that she would rather be "among those present" when the carpenters get in their fine touches, than shine at a fashionable gathering.

What Rattled Fred McNear

Apropos of that automobile accident, however, it is now certain that it was not caused by an itinerant house, as the autoists thought at the time. Fred McNear was running the machine and did some sort of fancy manipulating to get out of the way of a house that suddenly loomed up before them in the middle of the street. The next moment the automobile was turning handsprings and the occupants were thrown into the air. Now it seems that the house that was being moved stood half a block away from the spot where the accident occurred and it was only the shadow thrown by the house that rattled Mr. McNear and precipitated his guests. He has had to stand all sorts of chaffing on "seeing double" and is the recipient of numerous mathematical calculations as to how far a two-story house on wheels casts its shadow.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Springs were Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Milton, Mr. and Mrs. J. de la Montanya and H. M. Hickei from San Francisco, L. M. Jacobs of New York, F. A. Boole of the Sanger Lumber Company, and Mrs. Boole.

The Haughty Mrs. Pat.

Now that Mrs. Patrick Campbell has carried the progress of dramatic enlightenment into other fields, there are many rebels among us who declare that they were disappointed in the much-advertised Englishwoman. Her haughty disdain of public demands certainly made her fashionable, for the *ton* loves to be Juggernauted, but the Philistine and the iconoclast saw nothing but irritation in the beautiful woman's languid indifference. As a study in modes, however, she was valuable, and the "Tanqueray hat" is becoming prominent in the shop windows. The women went openly and unashamed to see how she dressed. "How many acts are there to 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray'?" asked a friend of a prominent matron. "Let me see," said the lady, "she had on pink in the first, white in the second and blue in the third and fourth—there must have been four."

One of the Blase

A well known clubman who poses as a blase critic said, "Tanqueray was very soothing. I slept during the first three acts and went out in the fourth." The lateness of one of the curtains during Mrs. Campbell's engagement here has at last been explained. The call before the rise of the curtain was made, but Mrs. Campbell failed to respond. The audience began to applaud impatiently, but still no answer from the cool Englishwoman. At last a trembling maid rapped at her door, responded to the summons from within, and found Mrs. Campbell busily writing a letter. "The audience is waiting for you, ma'am," said the girl. "Let them wait," replied Mrs. Campbell, "I intend to finish this letter before I do anything else."

Mrs. Carolan Visited Mrs. Pat.

Though Mrs. Campbell was indifferent to the advances of the local *ton*, and declined to give vraisemblance to the culture claims of provincial aristocrats by lending the

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prestige of her presence to social functions, she found it impossible to maintain an impenetrable aloofness. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox wasn't the only person who invaded the Arctic circle of reserve in which the actress sequestered herself. Mrs. Frank Carolan came all the way from Blingum to pay Mrs. Campbell the compliment of a visit. She had never met the actress, and she didn't have a letter of introduction, but those circumstances constituted a trifling handicap for the bold dame from Blingum. Into the presence of Mrs. Campbell she sallied, much to the latter's amazement.

"I am Mrs. Pullman-Carolan," said the lady from Blingum by way of introduction.

She probably adopted the hyphenated name for the occasion, thinking to impress the Englishwoman, who has doubtless contributed to the meagre income of more than one Pullman porter; or perhaps she thought that as Mrs. Campbell had been entertained in Chicago she would at once recognize the name of Pullman and be duly appreciative of the honor conferred. But the actress gave no intimation of recognition. However Mrs. Pullman- Carolan was not daunted.

"Everybody tells me that I look so much like you that I wanted to see if I could note the resemblance off the stage," she explained. "My friends in Chicago wrote out that you were my double."

Her Graceful Rejoinder

Mrs. Campbell inspected her visitor without appearing to be highly elated, but she was not ungracious. As she afterwards explained she has found Americans so unconventional that she has schooled herself to tolerance even under the most disagreeable circumstances.

"I cannot see the resemblance," she said. "Perhaps it is because you are so much younger than I."

This graceful bit of flattery pleased Mrs. Carolan very much. Last Saturday she attended the Columbia matinee with a party of friends, and invited them to visit Mrs. Campbell's dressing-room after the performance. While there she said to one of the party, "I think I look like Mrs. Campbell's sister." So pleased is she over the imaginary resemblance that she has been affecting the Englishwoman's style of dress.

Her Machine-Made Britishers

Many people thought that Mrs. Campbell was supported by an English company, but she wasn't. Her leading man, Emmett King, was dubbed while here "the Englishman from Kentucky." On the stage he is more British than ale and he completes the illusion with a Hyde Park dialect that bears an unmistakable foreign label. Off the stage, however, Mr. King is nothing else than a natural, genial American gentleman who pronounces "bath" and "can't" even as you and I. He was bred in old Kentucky, and he saves his anglicisms for the special uses of the Campbell atmosphere. The merest trace of an Americanism is extremely distasteful to that lady's nerves, it would seem, and it is the prime requisite of a member of her company to be able to talk like Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Most of her support are machine-made Britishers. Unlike Mrs. Campbell Mr. King mingled freely with the populace while in San Francisco, and he was much entertained in and out of clubdom. He has not always been the hero of the Pinero parlor drama, for he first made a hit while understudying Mayo in "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

Dub Boy—Flashleigh always was lucky: they say he married a little girl just loaded with money.

Club Boy—So everybody thought at the time, but it seems now that it was a little money just loaded with a girl.

Exit Hero Hobson

The passing of a hero was never more apparent than at the arrival of Naval Constructor Hobson in San Francisco without the report of either kiss or gun. The kissing contingent among the ladies had passed through several strata of emotion, including Italian and Belgian musicians galore, since the day when Hobson was ripe for osculation. So Hobson came to town very quietly, nor was he overwhelmed by invitations to dinner. He was only banqueted once, and that by the members of his fraternity at Berkeley. With as little noise as had attended his coming he "took up his tent like the Arabs and silently stole away"—to Stockton, where the town is smaller and the girls more numerous to the square man. Miss Elsie Sperry is also at Stockton, and she and the ex-hero are rival lions, but unfortunately for the latter, Miss Sperry is well known for her ability to hold her own, and when the fair San Franciscan holds the floor Hobson is crowded to the wall—a sort of Hobson's choice, as it were.

The "Cabinet's" Outing

It was a strenuous outing that the members of the "Cabinet" enjoyed in Los Angeles as a result of the election bet made by George Patton and T. T. Williams. They reached Los Angeles late Saturday night and their itinerary opened early Sunday morning with an excursion to Catalina, on which they were the guests of Mr. Patton and Captain Banning. Monday Superintendent Billy Dunn

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of the H. E. Huntington railroad system piloted them to Mount Lowe, where they enjoyed a luncheon, and then on special electric cars they visited the Baldwin ranch and the orange groves. Monday night they attended the performance at the Orpheum, and at midnight they sat down to a banquet in the Angelus hotel. The menu was a gastric symphony, but neither the viands nor the vintages were as refreshing as the post-prandial flow of wit. The "Cabinet" established a new record in after-dinner speaking. It was after five o'clock before the last toast was responded to, and until the close no one had the slightest inclination to leave the banquet hall. Usually such affairs drag, but the Patton banquet was as effervescent as a Pinero comedy. The toasts were snappy, and the responses rippled with merry jest and epigrammatic observation.

Sparkling Jests and Anecdotes

In my time I have attended many banquets, and I have heard a few famous after-dinner speakers, but never before was I regaled with such a succession of brilliant and sparkling gems as those that scintillated in the flow of soul at the Hotel Angelus. And of all clever speeches there made Ned Hamilton easily carried off the honors. For half an hour he kept the tables in an uproar as he gracefully pointed out the colossal pretensions of the statesmen of Los Angeles. Nobody enjoyed his rapier thrusts more than his host, George Patton, and the other residents of Los Angeles, including Mayor Snyder. Tom Williams was the toastmaster and with his characteristic drollery kept the affair in motion. He presented George Patton with a gold watch as a token of the "Cabinet's" esteem. It was inscribed, "To a Good Loser." In responding Mr. Patton spoke with much feeling and in eloquent style. Judge Hunt sustained his reputation as a quaint wit with some amusing doggerel. J. J. Barrett and Judge Dooling of San Benito were the spellbinders of the occasion, and Judges Kerrigan, Sargeant and Lawlor, James H. O'Brien, Walter Moore, Charley Shortridge, Charles Heggerty, Louis Sloss and others enlivened the banquet with graceful quips, dainty satire and apropos stories.

"What was the easiest thing at the track today?"
"I was."

Will Entertain at Tahoe

The I. W. Hellmans are making elaborate preparations for the house warming at their new country home on Lake Tahoe. A private steam launch is being built for other things than to ride gracefully on the blue waters before the house. Twelve pretty guest chambers show that the Hellmans propose to give their friends some happy outings. Mrs. Hellman delights to entertain largely and there is little doubt but that their corner of the lake will soon enjoy a reputation for happy times.

Will Marry an English Heiress

There is a rumor that Mr. Williams, a young mining engineer to whom Marie Oge was at one time engaged, is to marry a titled English girl who has been visiting in South Africa. Mr. Williams was one of the most popular of the younger set while he was studying for his profession at the University of California. He is related to the Van Ness's and his father is one of the highest salaried engineers in South Africa. After Mr. Williams joined his father it was thought that Miss Oge would go out there to be married but their engagement was finally broken. And now tripping on the heels of her marriage to Truxtun Beale comes this rumor that he is to wed a titled English girl. His relatives here do not seem to be informed on the subject but the report has gained credence somehow.

"That Miss Dreamy Eyes must be an ideal summer girl."
"Why?"
"She just confided to me that even without a chaperon she loves to lie among sequestered shades, far from the babbling brooks."

There Is No Suitor

When a society woman obtains a divorce nowadays it is assumed that it is merely a preliminary step, the popular supposition being that in the smart set second and subsequent marriages, unlike the first, are made on earth and usually while nuptial bonds are chafing. Hence when a woman of society sues for divorce there is speculation regarding her second choice. This was so in the case of Mrs. Louise La Montagne, who was divorced two weeks ago, but I am assured that there is no foundation for the rumor that there is a suitor for her hand. In discussing the matter with some friends the other day, she said: "Those who know of my year of absolute isolation on a ranch near Rutherford do not believe that I contemplate marrying again. I have no intention of marrying any one. This tale of a suitor was started last winter by a former Californian now residing in Philadelphia, and who is friendly with the woman who broke up my home. Her purpose was to persuade people that I wished to make a scapegoat of her friend to further my own ends." Mrs. La Montagne does not intend to fly back East. She purposes spending the summer either at the Rutherford ranch or at Del Monte with her little boy, who has just returned from his school in the East.

His Hunt for the Golden Fleece

Another tragical chapter has just been added to that remarkable story of Prince Leopold Eisenberg's trip to this country in search of a great American heiress. Over-

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come by the crushing poverty in which that disastrous venture cast the family his brother, Ernest, has just shot himself. He was so poor that, though a nephew of the Emperor of Austria, he was obliged to take up his residence in the barracks of his regiment. Most of us remember the time, some ten years ago, when Prince Leopold descended on this country in search of the Golden Fleece. The daily prints of that date devoted columns to his advent. Some time afterwards came the great sensation when the local agent who furnished him with the financial and social standing of the Californian heiresses was exposed in this city, and a fistful of criminating letters was published. But that happened some time afterward.

Tried to Capture Great Heiresses

Princes were a less common marketable article in those days and when he arrived in this country unsuspicious Society was all agog to get a peep at him. Very soon it was announced that he was engaged to Anna Gould; then came the rumor that Consuelo Vanderbilt, now Duchess of Marlborough, would become the Princess. Right on the heels of this followed the report that Florence Pullman was the one. This was stifled with the bulletin that Tessie Fair would certainly be the next Princess Leopold Eisenberg. Alas, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came the exposure that this haughty Prince was engaged on an ordinary heiress-hunting trip, that bankers and money-lenders had financed his venture and that his fearful creditors were already squabbling over ancestral estates.

Society's Eye-Opener

It was through this squabble of the creditors that the European end of the story all came out, and that story proved the first big eye-opener to gullible American society. The Eisenberg domains proved to be mortgaged to their full limit and the family, though related to the reigning house of Austria, were in desperate straits. In this extremity a great family council had been called and it was decided that Leopold with his princely title should go to the United States and endeavor to snare the richest heiress in the land. But where to get the money to surround him with the splendor due his rank and properly impress the western barbarians with his princely worth and magnificence? That point proved easy of solution in a country given over to mariage de convenance.

His Plan Financed by Banks

The plan was submitted to the Bergeische bank, the Vereinsbank and the Wuttemberg bank, and they readily loaned the Prince something like two hundred thousand dollars on the venture, taking of course his notes, duly endorsed by his family. The loan was to be repaid out of the fortune of whatever American heiress he might hook. And so it was that this resplendent Prince appeared among us with his seven valets, two dozen trunks and a retinue of lesser servants that fairly dazzled the hotel proprietors. After the exposure and his pitiful return to his ancestral estates the tragedy followed fast. The bankers and money-vultures came down in clouds and fought for everything in sight and the Eisenberg family practically disappeared. Now and then a story cropped up showing their desperate financial straits, just as this last one has regarding the unfortunate brother, Ernest.

"Why did Slowboy marry a widow to go into life's partnership?"

"He had no confidence in himself and wanted some one who could furnish experience while he contributed the capital."

Mascagni Relates His Experience

Over sparkling wine at a happy reception dinner, Mascagni has just been telling his friends in "dear Paree" what he thinks of the Americans. A letter describing the occasion quotes the maestro as saying that he would have made a fortune in this country if he had cut his symphony concerts and devoted his time to the private entertainments of the rich. He made what he described as an artistic success and a financial failure. "Ah," he said, "if I had only followed Salvini's advice. He cautioned me: 'Don't believe those artists who praise America. True art and money-making are strangers there. The trouble is that the returning artists will not always admit it.' Soon after I reached America I realized the truth of Salvini's advice, and I sent home the fine musicians I had taken over there." (What will the musician's union say to this?) "The less said about Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington and

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Boston the better. San Francisco was the scene of my real success. There where all languages are spoken except English, perhaps; where all people are found except Americans, where no artistic deductions exist, I met enthusiasm."

"Get into Society" Schemes

The latest serenely poised aristocrat to offer the aspiring rich American a chance to enter the portals of exclusive English society and mix with the Vere de Veres for a cold-blooded consideration in dollars and cents is Mrs. Clifford. Mrs. Clifford has just arrived in New York from London. She is almost forty years of age, "the wife of a Clifford and a Clifford by birth," looks the grande dame and talks about English society as if she were the intimate of its haughtiest members. She is quartered at the Waldorf-Astoria and has an advertisement in a morning paper offering "to chaperon rich orphans or widows for the London season and to present them at court." Her terms are one thousand dollars a month and five thousand dollars extra for the court presentation. According to her story, she must pay that sum to an influential peeress "who helps defray her own expenses by doing that sort of business for English society people." Very frankly Mrs. Clifford states that it is a purely business matter, "pounds, shillings and pence."

Will Not Furnish Husbands

"Understand," she says, "I am not a matrimonial agent. I do not undertake to secure titled husbands for American women. If I pave the way—that is enough. Already I have been flooded with applications. The wife of a millionaire dry goods merchant is one of the most persistent. I don't want to take more than one or two. They must be irreproachable in character and of the sort that one need not be ashamed of. You know I couldn't, in deference to my own standing, chaperon any one who was impossible. Whichever two I shall take abroad I shall introduce to my aristocratic friends; there will be entertainments in the country, visits to the race meets, boxes at the opera, teas, receptions and balls. Ambassador Choate has been very kind to me. I will introduce my charges first at the Embassy.

Golden Road to the Smart Set

"Of course, secrecy must be preserved in all this. This business unfortunately became public property through my advertisement in the newspaper. You know I came over to this country on the business of selling a private museum valued at half a million dollars to Mr. Morgan. One day a friend suggested to me that I chaperon a few American girls abroad and that's how I came to take up the idea seriously. I have never done this sort of thing before and it seems I didn't handle it right to keep it secret. But now I'm in I'm going to see it through. There's no doubt it can be done successfully. Such things are done every day in English society but of course only those who are in close contact with all the best families can perform the task with complete success. I know I am in that position. I have met the King at country houses and have danced with him. He is the kindest and best gentleman that ever lived. He is the gentleman first and the King afterwards. I have met your Harry Lehr, too. Make fun of him as you please, he wields great influence among your society. Still, he would not be tolerated in English society."

And so the race between the "get rich quick" schemers and the "get into society" schemers goes on unflaggingly.

"I've noticed you dancing attendance on Miss Wadleigh. I can't see what you find so attractive in her."

"Bank stock, my boy."

Has Been Made a Countess

A plain little San Francisco girl, Mary Erickson, has been granted a title by the King of Denmark. She is the first American to be thus honored and her career promises to be a noble one for she is a protege of the Countess Schimmelmann, formerly Dame of the Palace to the late Empress Augusta of Germany. The fortunate girl was not born with even a plated spoon in her mouth. She is the daughter of a Swedish sailor who gave her to the wife of a brother sailor. The little girl was taken to Chicago and when her foster-mother died the Countess, who was visiting there, was attracted by the little one's marvelous intelligence and sweet disposition and adopted her. Countess Schimmelmann had already two other protegees whom she had adopted under somewhat similar circumstances—

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all of them waifs of seafaring men. The three children are still in their teens and Countess Schimmelmann has just taken them to her farm in Denmark where they are to be educated with the idea of fitting them to carry on her work among seamen. She asked the King of Denmark for permission to bestow her name and title upon them and contrary to precedent the King granted it. When these three girls grow up they will each wear the proud title of Countess Schimmelmann.

Helps Thousands of Sailors

For the last ten years the present Countess has devoted herself to uplifting and succoring the men before the mast. She has a "Seamen's Home" in London which yearly gives shelter and meals to about ten thousand sailors of all nations. Countess Schimmelmann has spent much of her time in New York and Chicago and purposes returning to America after a summer of rest on her Danish farm. Hers is a life brimming with noble deeds, and it is good to think that a San Francisco girl is being trained to follow in her saintly footsteps.

Hatchet Buried at a Funeral

After years of estrangement two of Stockton's leading and wealthiest citizens agreed, the other day, to forgive and forget. The occasion of their burying the hatchet was somewhat odd. They were called upon to act as pall-bearers at the funeral of a Stockton citizen, and more than once they found themselves in an embarrassing situation. The undertaker stationed them directly opposite each other, and all through the funeral they found themselves vis-a-vis. At the close of the funeral the undertaker directed the pall-bearers to their carriages, and by a singular coincidence the two enemies found themselves the only occupants of one hack. Then it was that J. D. Peters, the banker, stretched out a hand to P. B. Frazer, the banker, and suggested that they be friends once more. The hand was promptly accepted together with the suggestion.

Dogs of High Degree

Our bench show has not the magnificent tone of the London and New York canine exhibits. There is more dog than style about our little show. In London, for instance, nearly every dog is attended by a white-capped, aproned maid, who attends to its wants as if it were a baby. In New York, the big breeders send their grooms, in neat livery, to watch over the fortunes of their blue-blooded pets. But we're getting there. There never was so much interest shown in the dog show by society before as this year, and one readily attributes this enthusiasm to the fact that so many of our social lights are themselves exhibitors. But I predict a general coolness after all the awards are made; perhaps, in another social grade, there would be hair-pulling as well as backbiting. No one can envy Mr. Raper his job. Nifty, Miss Hager's Boston terrier, sulked in a corner of his kennel on the opening night. He evidently cherished bitter thoughts toward his rivals. Andrew Welch's beautiful Gypsy Queen was much admired among the collies, also Mrs. W. P. Burnham's Yarror. This year's exhibit of collies goes beyond any of former years. The Old English sheep dogs and Irish terriers are especially interesting. S. A. Cummings's Italian greyhound, Duke, was bred by Mrs. W. A. Deane, who owns the most valuable Italian greyhounds in town but who did not exhibit this year. Mrs. Frank Carolan's little Yorkshire terrier is housed in London style, in a white satin-lined glass case that looks like a coffin but is really a fairy palace. He is the most smartly framed dog in the show.

Smartly Gowned Women

There were plenty of pretty clothes worn at the dog show Wednesday night, but as a rule it was not the smart people who wore them. Swelldom was garbed soberly, the men in everyday attire and the women in plain street suits. Miss Ethyl Hager wore a black frock and a black hat with flapping brim beneath which nestled pink roses. She was with her sister, Mrs. Walter Dean. M. H. de Young was there with his daughter, who looked charming in a pale gray cloth. Mrs. Willie Whittier, whose Heathcote Wonder is among the bull terriers, wore a tan and brown suit.

Bound for a Trip East

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt of Oakland are no doubt very much surprised that she has been prevailed to leave her beautiful home for any length of time. For years she has declared that nothing could tear her from it. But now she and her husband have just decided to take a trip East and visit their two daughters, Mrs. Doubleday and Mrs. Lynch. Both girls married prominent Eastern business men.

REMOVAL NOTICE

The Mutual Savings Bank will remove to its new office in its own building, 710 Market street, opposite Third, on April 27, 1903.

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The G. H. S. Alumnæ

There were only a few "celebrities" present at the reunion of Girls' High School graduates last Saturday. Mrs. J. M. Pierce and Mrs. Grace Dickman, both of the alumnæ, contributed to grace the program with charming songs. There have been others, graduated from the Girls' High, who have won place as singers—among them Mrs. Abbott Kinney (Marguerite Thornton), Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup and Miss Anna Miller Wood, contralto of the Boston Unitarian Church and favorite pupil of Arthur Foote. Of artists one hastily checks off Emilia Kalisher, Bertha Stringer Lee, Gertrude and Lucy Wores, and Isabel Morrison Niles, now of New York. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and her sisters Hattie, Minnie and Frances all graduated from the Girls' High. Eliza D. Keith, grand president of the N. D. G. W., is a graduate, also Charlotte Thompson, the playwright. Poor Maud Knowlton, who had such a checkered career on the stage and elsewhere, was another. One of the "nicest" classes socially was that in which graduated Miss Brechemin, now of Manila, the daughter of Dr. Louis Brechemin of the U. S. A. There were several Army girls in the class, and the social tone altogether was high. Mrs. Julius Kahn, wife of the Congressman, is a graduate. It would be hard to limit the membership of an Alumnæ Association of Girls' High School graduates, and retain only those of social excellence. But I understand the first idea was to limit the G. H. S. Alumnæ to ninety-seven members.

Passing of a Pioneer

No one will mourn the death of James B. Roberts, who died this week, more than the Churches, to whom he had been a father ever since their own parents died. When the senior Church, who was very prominent in banking circles and in society years ago, died, he confided his orphaned children to the care of his old friend. The latter with his wife left their beautiful home across the bay and came to live in the old Church house in Harrison street, near the bridge. Florence Church, it will be remembered, married one of the Selbys. Her brother Tom married Kate Corbell, whose daughter became the wife of one of *Outing's* editors about a year ago. Mrs. Roberts still lives at the old home above the "Second street cut."

Flitting Countryward

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant are going back to their Burlingame home for a month.

Mrs. Jacob Stern is preparing for an outing at Monterey; after the seashore she will visit the mountains at Tallac.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller is just convalescing from a severe illness. As soon as she is well enough she will go to Blythedale for the summer.

Mrs. William Friese is convalescing and preparing to go to Lake Tahoe for two months with her mother, Mrs. Isaac Hecht.

Mrs. Sig Stern is going to visit Tallac and then spend the summer days at her home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman Jr. have taken a house in Ross Valley for the summer.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels is at Aqua Caliente in Sonoma county.

A NEW AIRSHIP

An airship constructed under the patents of Dr. Greth will be completed early in May and will create a big sensation when it sails over San Francisco next month. This airship is a small one of the Santos-Dumont type and will carry two people. The initial trip will be made from San Jose to this city by Dr. Greth, the inventor, and Capt. Baldwin, the well-known aeronaut.

The company that controls this airship, together with three others in course of construction, will pay enormous dividends to their stockholders. The financial plans of the Company are to exhibit these airships in all the principal cities of the United States. The limited amount of stock we have for sale will double in value three times before June 1st.

This is not only a good speculation but a perfectly safe investment which is easily investigated and which does not depend upon the success of the first airship to bring returns.

The airship may be seen in this city (by appointment only) and we ask you not to form an opinion until you have made a full investigation. Telephone Bush 433 and arrange for a personal interview and a private inspection of the airship itself. FROMME & CO., 411 HEARST BUILDING.

The Test of His Life

She sat with her chin pressed upon her hands, her eyes gazing vacantly at the space before her, a cold, dull chill filling her entire being. Not six months married and all her illusions absolutely destroyed. All the charms of her dream world were cruelly stripped away and before her appeared what she dreaded most in all the world, her life linked to that of a drunkard. To her fine feelings it seemed horrible. All her life she had despised men who enslaved their manhood and their faculties to liquor, and now she, she who had such high aims in life, was awakened to the loathsome fact that all her future years were irrevocably linked to such a base creature. She shuddered like a condemned criminal who sees Siberia and the dreary years stretching before him.

That John Bowen had come into her life just as her eyes began to open to the truth regarding the character of the man she had married only added to the ghastliness of the situation. As an old friend of her husband Bowen must have known his weakness and the bitterness that awaited her. What a wretched piece of irony it all was. After an hour's struggle she pulled herself together with a resolution to face her future with all the womanly dignity she could command. So well did she succeed that all the world thought her a contented woman.

But John Bowen knew otherwise. He knew the world, knew women—after a man's fashion, and was listless about them unless they were rarely beautiful, and then he loved to contemplate them for their beauty, very much as he would a fine picture. And this may have been the reason he began to admire Marcia Cranston. He knew how she struggled to conceal the secret of her unhappy life from all the world and he was touched by the nobility of her character. She was a revelation to him in womanhood and he began to study her. And the more he studied her the more he admired her. He tried to understand how a woman of her fine feelings could remain chained to such a wreck as Travers Cranston was becoming. To Bowen the farther the wreck sank the higher the angel climbed, and their contrast struck him more forcibly as the days dragged along. As the husband grew weaker the wife seemed to grow stronger, safer and more noble in her purity and womanly dignity. Man of the world as he was he felt that if nature had created her double he would not hesitate to marry her. And in this growing faith he sought her society more and more.

So the months passed.

Early one evening he called at her house. Cranston was away as usual. Bowen knew he would come in hours later and in a pitiful condition. He found Marcia in a drear condition, a condition she had stoutly fought against for months. His heart gripped with pain at sight of her.

"Will you take me out," she said, "out into the air, anywhere? I am stifling here."

He telephoned for a cab while she disappeared to put on her hat.

Bowen was the first to break the silence as the cab rolled over the smooth asphalt of the avenue to meet the cool Park breezes. "I know what you are suffering."

"You know! Ah, but you can not know all: no one can. It is unbearable and I have struggled, oh, so hard and for so long. And now it seems as if everything was slipping from me, that my strength was at the vanishing point."

She shivered.

His heart yearned to help her, but how?

Her low, pained voice broke the silence again. "I feel like the exhausted swimmer who feels his weakening fingers slipping from the plank he clings to. I can cling to this old life no longer, even to preserve my own. Oh, I have tried so hard, and I'm alone, all alone. There's no one I can turn to for help."

He moved as if to reply.

"Yes, I know you have been kind, more than kind. Believe me, I appreciate all the delicate things you have done for me, but, oh, if you could change his habits, change him so I would not despise him so, hate him so. You do not know what it is to be thrown in daily contact with such a beast. It is not just that I should suffer in this way, year after year, with no hope, no joy to look forward to. Why should this punishment be put upon me?"

Her words cut deeply into him. But try as he would he could think of no way to help her. Bare words seemed so inadequate, and to see her now so crushed, so helpless, she, the woman he had regarded as being so strong, so supremely self-reliant, dazed all his faculties.

Evidently she was disappointed at his silence, for after some moments she said, "Let us go back, please. I—perhaps I was mistaken, after all, and these wild words may all come from my nervous headache."

"Not yet," he said, "I cannot let you return in this condition. I must do something for you. You know, you must have known for some time how much I think of you. I love you, Marcia. There is nothing in all the world I would not do for you. Let me know how I can help you and I swear I will do it."

"Then take me out of this wretched life where I am dying."

"What! you can't mean—"

"I mean what I say. I cannot stand this life another month. Feel my hands, how cold they are. My brow, it is liquid fire with fever. Oh, you do not, you cannot know the suffering I endure. I know you love me and I—I love you. I realized it before you had been visiting us a month and I knew then that my marriage with Travers was life's mistake."

"But—" he began.

"I can bear that life no longer. Oh, take me away," she moaned. "Anywhere, only take me away from him."

"Very well," he answered, and his eyes began to glint.

"You will?" she said eagerly, "where?"

"To destruction, to purgatory, to wherever souls go that are lost. Marcia," he went on, more slowly, "do you not realize that such a course is the beginning of the end for both of us? I love you, dear, you are the most sacred idol of my lone heart. Nothing outshines you in perfect honor and womanly purity. If I tear that down, what is left? Fallen idols, bitterness, darkness, nothing. I have raised you so high that to see you fall would be the destruction of my whole world. After that—after that would come—" and he looked into the darkness of the night and was silent.

A moment later her soft hand sought his and she murmured in a low voice, "I understand, dearest. Take me home."

Less than a week later Travers Cranston lurched over the balustrade at the club and received internal injuries that ended fatally ten days afterwards. During all that time his wife was his constant attendant. —*The Cabman.*

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LIFE.

I saw a rose in a garden fair
A scarlet rose, that I longed to wear;
I begged of Fate that she'd gentle be
And give the beautiful rose to me.
She shook her head in assumed regret
And answered softly, "Not yet, not yet."

The rose's petals beneath the sun
Unfolded, tenderly, one by one,
Its rarest leaves were at last unfurled
And shed their glory upon the world;
I asked again, but again I met
The same denial, "Not yet, not yet."

One day, the color began to fade,
The scarlet turned to a deeper shade,
The petals fluttered upon the air—
Its life was over, the stem lay bare.

All through my life I have known the pain,
The harsh derision of this refrain:
The mournful dirge of a life's regret,
This mocking echo, "Not yet, not yet."

Mabel Porter Pitts.

The Astute Distiller

In the reign of Roosevelt there lived a prominent distiller who had made much money by building up a whisky trade. He had liberally patronized billboard and newspaper advertising columns, and had not disdained street-car posters blowing forth the quality of his distillery. And, because of his liberal advertising, he had grown rich.

But all at once he found the sales of his whisky diminishing. Other whiskies had gone beyond his in patronage, and he knew not the reason. He had kept pace with the other whisky manufacturers in giving prizes to buyers—a St. Bernard dog for two hundred labels, silver tea set for one hundred, a drawing-room set for fifty, and lesser bribes in proportion. He had employed famous artists to draw his posters, and more famous poets to pen verses extolling the product of his distillery.

But sales continued to fall off.

The prominent distiller pondered and thought, considered and worried, until his brain bulged forth with a great Remedy to dispel the drought.

In less than a week a great Medicine was advertised in every paper, large or small, in the United States. The Medicine was especially adapted for nervous diseases, and was no more or less than Blank-Blank's Pure (Medicinal) Rye Whisky.

Billboards proclaimed its efficacy in cases of breakdown, nervous prostration and kindred complaints. In a month testimonials, with pictures of the writers, graced the pages of the newspapers. No prominent singer, actor, writer, orator, merchant, lawyer, doctor or politician could apparently get along without Blank-Blank's Pure (Medicinal) Rye Whisky.

Prohibitionists were induced to try it, and they in nearly every case bought a case directly after the trial bottle was gone. Women, who would have been ashamed to drink any other brand of liquor in public, openly imbibed and praised Blank-Blank's Pure (Medicinal) Rye.

The sales increased so enormously that the prominent distiller had to start two other distilleries. He became a billionaire. His daughters married titles and his sons more billions.

And when he died he was eulogized as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

—*The Romancer.*

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STAGE

The Columbia

"Are You a Mason?" is a brisk, breezy comedy with a lot of snappy lines and absurd situations that the delighted audience punctuates with hearty laughs. It has nothing to do with the conventional goats, trap-doors, buzz saws and other initiatory flimflams supposed to adorn the ante-rooms for novitiates but it deals in a festive and highly entertaining manner with the absurd situations that befall two married wights who artfully pretend to have joined Masonic lodges for purposes of getting "nights off." Each of course believes his relative is the real thing in the secret order. The fun begins when they meet and try to deceive each other. Their delighted and eager wives, daughters and sisters-in-law are craning over them to watch their every motion in order to at last gain an inkling of the "inviolable secrecy" of the order. And so the complications go on till a young man, a bona fide Mason, appears on the scene as the suitor of one of the daughters. Like all comedies based on the efforts of husbands and wives to deceive each other the action and lines at times shave gingerly on the edge of the unrefined. But the principals into whose hands it is given to toss the fun about know their business and play up the colors of the abounding, healthy comicalities. Thomas A. Wise is one of those big, unctuous, good-natured two hundred and fifty pound stage boys who snugly fits a two hundred and fifty pound part without leaving a crease or anything else to be desired—especially by an up-to-date son-in-law who has the failing of perking up his ears at the swish of any passing woman's skirt. As for John C. Rice, as the son-in-law, he traveled so long in May Irwin's rag-time companies that what he doesn't know in the way of "night off" parts as portrayed on the stage isn't worth meeting after the electric lights go out. The years after in no wise dulled his usefulness, or his everlasting perkiness and freshness. Edward Abeles interjects a somewhat in the line with "Charley's Aunt" and does it in a wholesome, manly way that leaves no unpleasant reminders. Little chance is given to the women in the cast to attract attention by their work. Like the little dressmaker from Mme. Jolivet's they simply act as lay figures, and come on to the scenes more to act as models and to serve as foils for the two comedians, Messrs. Rice and Wise.

Fatinitza at the Tivoli

The dear old lively opera "Fatinitza" was sung at the Tivoli this week with a cast more or less interesting, according as one had heard it done before, better or worse. But there is nothing in which comparisons are more odious than theatrical performances. However, the Tivoli gives us a fairly good idea of the charms of the von Suppe opera. Miss Bertha Davis as Lydia had a better opportunity to sing well and look pretty and crisp than in any role in which she has hitherto sung at the Tivoli. Miss Roma's voice was heard to advantage in Vladimir, but she did not invest the role with the spirit it requires. Mr. Cunningham was the terrible old general and Ferris Hartman the funny Pasha. For the rest, there were pretty wives of the harem and doughty Russian warriors, but the hit of the performance was a group of negro babies, tray-bearers to the Turks. Their active minds couldn't understand why those wiggly trays wouldn't stay still upon their active American backs. Miss Annie Meyers returns next in the popular "Toy-Maker."

The strong play of "The Dancing Girl" is rousing the emotions of the Alcazor's clientele. It is one of the cleverest things that Henry Arthur Jones ever did as is evidenced by the popularity with which it holds the boards. We have had it here before and with good casts, but this last production holds its own with them. The play calls on the principals for versatile work, both Bertha Creighton and Ernest Hastings meeting the requirements. Next week the house will produce that funny skit "The Man from Mexico." On Monday, May fourth, a special testimonial is to be tendered Charles Francis Bryant, the stage director, who is going East to join Belasco's forces. Mr. Bryant will appear as Lige Monroe in "We 'Uns of Tennessee."

Bertha Creighton's popularity at the Alcazar has taken deep root. She is making friends who are likely to prove loyal. The role of Drusilla Ives in "The Dancing Girl" was a crowning test of her breadth, scope and versatility. It is wholly abhorrent and unsympathetic and the actress who plays it must rely entirely upon her art. And yet it is this performance which confirms the earlier expressed belief that she is one of the best all round actresses who have yet appeared at the Alcazar.

The bill at the Orpheum is very attractive this week. W. C. Fields, the Colby Family, and Bruno and Russel are the hold-overs and as amusing as ever. The star among the newcomers is Arthur Deming, a black-faced monologuist whose jokes of the Ezra Kendall flavor "catch on" wonderfully with the house. Friend and Magrave waste their talents on one of the poorest sketches ever seen on the circuit. "Mr. Bruno's Burglar" should be shelved. Chas. J. Ross and Mabel Fenton present some very funny travesties on "Fedora" and "Virginius." Ross is particularly clever in burlesque.

It is generally considered that Svengali makes "Trilby." In the California production however it is not Emmett Corrigan who scores, but Fanny Gillette in the title role. Wilton Lackaye spoiled us for any other Svengali, but we are always ready for a new Trilby.

There is no more refreshing drink at this season than a high-ball of Chapin & Gore.

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Of the three characters Mr. McLean has shown us during the present Shakespearean season at the Grand, his Othello is the least satisfactory. His Richard III was all one could wish for, his King John was admirable, but his Othello is weak compared with those that have been seen here before. He has not the authority of the soldier: rather is his Othello a thing of poesy. His Othello does violence to his feelings in killing Desdemona. His rage is not the insanity that, for the moment, would kill its best beloved. Nor could the Othello of Mr. McLean's conception have been so credulous as to believe a lie. He is a Hamlet posing in the Moor's garments. And I can believe that Mr. McLean's Hamlet, if we are to see him in that role, will be worth seeing. Odette Tyler has her most important role thus far in Desdemona, and she makes her a very charming, sweet and sinned-against heroine. Iago is not a role for Mayall, not at least to assume on short study. I believe Mr. McLean should have cast himself as Iago. Gilbert Gardner's Roderigo is one of the smaller parts well done.

"The Climbers," "A Modern Magdalen" and "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" constitute an imposing array of New York successes from which Miss Amelia Bingham will select the vehicles to be used for the introduction of her company to this city at the Columbia theatre in June. The first, by Clyde Fitch, has a record-breaking run of six months at the Bijou theatre, New York; the second, by Haddon Chambers, played for over one hundred and fifty nights at the same theatre, and the third, by Clyde Fitch, is now running to the crowded capacity of the Princess theatre. Miss Bingham's initial popularity attained by her production of "The Climbers" is now firmly established.

The role portrayed by Amelia Bingham in Clyde Fitch's "The Climbers" is that of a wife who strives to lead a noble life in spite of an unfortunate marriage. The character of the husband is set forth in his remarks:

"I was a Climber after wealth and everything it brings."

"And I after happiness and *all* it brings," replies the wife.

George Fleming, announced ambiguously in the despatches as "the young woman writer who dramatized Kipling's 'The Light that Failed,'" is to dramatize Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter" for Charles Frohman. George Fleming can't be such a very "young woman." She is a writer of experience, if memory serves me aright. Years ago she wrote a novel, "Kismet," which, published in the "No Name Series," made a great success and was later given other editions over the author's pseudonym. She has also written other books, and is an authority on Egypt.

Features of Next Week's Bills

"The Toymaker" will be put on at the Tivoli on Monday next, with Annie Myers in the role of the doll. This opera is a huge favorite at the local house. Hartman, Webb and Cunningham have their original parts in the merry piece. There will be the toy matinee for the children on Saturday as usual, when each child attending gets a pretty toy. On Wednesday night Al Pape, the well known oarsman and athlete, is to be tendered a benefit by a number of the local rowing and gun clubs.

There will be fun and laughter galore at the California for the next two weeks where the big Eastern comedy success, "Zig Zag Alley," will hold forth with a galaxy of pretty chorus girls and a host of clever comedians. "Zig Zag Alley" is a "trick" farce comedy headed by those funny fellows, Zeb and Zarrow, who were out here at the Orpheum three years ago. Ben T. Dillon, a clever delineator of Irish comedy, is also with the organization.

In the first act of "David Harum," in which W. H. Crane will appear at the Columbia, Harum sells the balky horse to the

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Prices—Evenings—25c, 35c, 50c & 75c Matinees—15c, 25c, 35c & 50c.
Monday, May 4th . The Picturesque Play
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In Preparation - - - - - - - - - - "Lover's Lane"

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VAUDEVILLE! TOP-NOTCHERS!
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Matinees—Wednesday Friday Saturday and Sunday,
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

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Week Beginning Monday Evening, April 27, 1903
An All Star Cast Including
R. D. MacLean Emmett Corrigan Herschel Mayall and Odette Tyler
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Notwithstanding the Great Cast, and the Magnificence of the Production
the Usual Popular Prices Will Prevail

Popular Prices: 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c & 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday
A Good Reserved Seat in the Orchestra at all Matinees, 25c.

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Tonight and Sunday Night Last of
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Every Evening Next Week and Toy Matinee Saturday
The Great Favorite Comedy Opera
"THE TOY MAKER"
Re-appearance of the popular Actress, MISS ANNIE MYERS in her
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Beginning Monday, April 27th
Matinee Wednesday and Saturday
Charles Frohman Presents
William H. Crane
In a Dramatization of
"DAVID HARUM"

CALIFORNIA

Two Weeks Commencing Tomorrow Night
The Famous ZEB & ZARROW
In the Screamingly Funny Trick Farce Comedy
"ZIG ZAG ALLEY"
A Whirlwind of Original Ideas and Effects Interspersed With
The Latest Musical Successes Containing
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Real pantomime work and creating more real laughter than all
Similar shows combined

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Deacon Perkins, the horse that "would stand without hitchin'." The kindly side of Harum's character is shown in the third act, in which he tells the story of his visit to the circus with Billy P. Cullom. The play was a great success in the East, and duplicated the financial hit of the book. It is safe to say no one is going to miss seeing "David Harum." Prices, by the way, stay at the one-fifty standard for Crane's engagement.

Emmett Corrigan will join the company supporting Mr. McLean and Miss Tyler at the Grand in "Julius Caesar." He will be Brutus, Herschel Mayall Mark Antony and Miss Tyler Portia. This is an unusually strong cast.

"The Man from Mexico," Willie Collier's rollicking farce, will please the Alcazar's patrons coming as a change after the seriousness of this week's play. "We 'Uns of Tennessee" comes next, Bryant's benefit, May sixth, and then "Lover's Lane."

Miss Helene Montrose, who Mr. Friedlander says is the handsomest girl in all San Francisco, will join Fischer's company when "Fiddle-dee-dee" goes on again. In the meantime "Helter Skelter" continues to attract, and there have been some changes in the program of specialties. Barney Bernard gives his parodies in the last act and the general program is: Opening chorus, "Signor Gazzana," "I'm Making a Bid for Popularity," "The Queen of the Ring," chorus, quartet specialty, "Delia," ballad "You" (Maude Amber), finale, "Down where the Wurzburger Flows," parodies on popular songs (Bernard), "Zanona," ballet, solo, duet "When Two Hearts Beat as One."

Imro Fox, the great magician, will be the Orpheum headliner. The Montrose family of acrobats, just returned from a triumphal tour of Australia and the Antipodes, have one of the most sensational somersaults in acrobatic history. J. Aldrich Libbey, who has popularized so many songs, will have Katherine Troyer, a soprano, to aid him in a musical potpourrie. Seilor and Barbaretto, formerly of "The Belle of New York" company, promise a novelty in "The Man and the Pajama Girl." Ross and Fenton will give a travesty on Sardou's "Cleopatra," Snyder and Buckley, Deming, Friend and company and the biograph will complete the bill.

Magee and Dale, comedy sketch artists from the Keith circuit in "A Hot Finish," Jack Symonds, monologuist, and Miriam Marr, a pretty coon shouter, will be new at the Chutes. The holdovers will be Seyfried and Sheelor, Green and Werner, Lizzie Wilson and Evans and Lindsey.

At the eighth monthly musical service at Trinity church, tomorrow evening, the following program will be rendered: "Gallia," Gounod, Miss Flynn and choir; tenor solo, Mr. Vinson; quartet (unaccompanied), "God so loved the world" (The Crucifixion —Stainer), Misses Flynn and Fairweather, Messrs. Vinson and Barnhart; Salve Regina, Buck, Mr. Barnhart; "Bow Down Thine Ear," Attwood, Miss Flynn and choir; "When Winds Are Raging," Foote, Miss Fairweather; "Blessed Jesu, Fount of Mercy," Dvorak, chorus; "Save Me O God," Randegger, Miss Flynn; offertory, Cantabile from Seventh Organ Symphony, Widor; "Hear My Words," C. H. H. Parry, anthem for soprano and bass solo, quartet and chorus; postlude, Toccata in F, Bach:—Louis H. Eaton, organist and director.

This evening at Byron Mauzy hall a musicale will be given by the pupils of Prof. Louis Holz when the program will be rendered by Misses M. Schmidt, Clara and Else Rahskopff, I. O. Clarke, M. E. Walsh, Louise Hartmann, Amy Jann, Irene Harrington, Tilda Schalitz, Mary, Violet and Rose Lawlor, Hazel, Edith and Grace Bell, Ethel and Edith Rodda, Maud McWilliams, Genevieve Merkle, Gertrude Rosemond and Effie Farrington, Milton and Arthur Silverstone, J. Levy and Professor Holz. The program will include numbers for piano and violin.

"Doublejoy confessed to me that he never thought he'd ever marry a widow."

"He didn't; she married him."

For years the light-running Domestic has enjoyed a vogue excelling that of any other sewing machine. The Domestic's popularity is one of those solid things that nothing can shake. It is above all others the sewing machine for family use, and its title "Domestic" well describes its function. J. W. Evans is the local agent, 1021 Market street.

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THE MOVING SEASON.

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The North German Lloyd Company, of which Robert Capelle, 140 Montgomery street, is the local agent, is justly proud of its magnificent *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, the handsomest liner now crossing the Atlantic. The launching of this express steamer took place on August twelfth, last year, at the Vulcan shipyards, Stettin, in the presence of the Emperor William. A daughter of the Director-General of the steamship company performed the christening. *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* contains all the latest modern inventions and improvements in ship architecture.

Gets in Readiness for Glad Vacation Time

California Northwestern Railway Offers a Long List of Special Attractions

When the vacation season begins the California Northwestern Railway Company will be ready to make thousands happy. Its lines run through one of the most picturesque regions of the State, and every here and there are ideal places for rest and recreation. Lakes and mountain streams, cosy corners in beautiful valleys, comfortable farm houses, mineral springs, natural springs, camps in the wildwood, all these are offered, and each has the advantage of being only a short distance from the city. Only a small expenditure is needed for railway fares, and in each instance the other charges are very reasonable.

In conformance with its usual custom the California Northwestern has made elaborate preparations for the glad vacation time, as is evidenced by the handsome hundred-page booklet that it has just issued. This publication, "Vacation, 1903," gives a long list of places that take summer boarders, tells of the special attractions of each place and gives the rates by the week.

For campers, there are no end of attractions. Throughout Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino and Lake counties the climate is delightful and it is a pleasure to sleep in a tent. Along the Geuneville branch of the California Northwestern, paralleled by the picturesque Russian River, are many ideal spots for camps, the river affording good boating, bathing and fishing. One of the most beautiful places on this branch is Russian River Heights, one of the most charming spots in all the West.

The booklet contains much valuable information, and all who expect to make a vacation trip this summer will do well to supply themselves with a copy before making up their minds.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No.—— No. 85,001

FLORENCE G. DEVENS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS G. DEVENS, Defendant — Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:
THOMAS G. DEVENS, Defendant

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or she will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1903.

(SEAL)

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk.
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

LOUIS H. ANDERSON, Attorney for Plaintiff.
611 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco.

A Modern Fairy Tale

The Society Benefactress.

Once upon a time there lived a Deposed Queen. It is true she was still beautiful and had only passed, by a few years, the age when she did not look it. But somehow she had lost her power and her realm being only that of Men's Truant Fancy it was not possible for her to regain it except she recovered a Magnet she had lost.

The Queen had been very powerful in her day, but like that of many Queens of the Primrose Realm her day was a short one. She had been deposed by a younger woman who had glorious eyes and red hair.

The Deposed Queen had made fortunes during her reign, she had ruled bank accounts as well as hearts, but as she had never given thought to a Rainy Day she had now nothing to live upon. She was too proud to accept the homage of subjects of no social degree, and so she pined alone. She pawned her diamonds, and seriously considered what to do next.

About this time she happened to meet one of those who had figured as King for a Day in her interesting past. He greeted her kindly, asked how she was getting along, and then lapsed into a sad silence.

"Why so doleful?" asked the Deposed Queen.

"My wife loves another," was the answer.

He then confided further his dilemma. He wished to let his wife marry her lover, for their own had been but a marriage of convenience with no love on either side. But he did not desire the world to know of his wife's defection. His idea was to arrange a divorce quietly, but his wife refused to do anything in the matter unless *he* would give proper cause.

"She insists that statutory grounds alone can condone a divorce," said he. "Now *she* has given the grounds but for years I have looked upon no woman but her."

A bright idea flashed across the brain of the Deposed Queen. She already saw her diamonds out of pawn, and herself seated on a new throne.

"That's easy," she returned, "why not have a co-respondent?"

The result of their conference was that the man who had been King for a Day went to Paris with the Deposed Queen. They made no secret of their journey, their pictures went in all the papers, and in Paris they appeared daily on the boulevards, driving through the Bois, or at the theatre. Society was scandalized, and the man's wife got a divorce and soon after married the prince of her heart.

The Deposed Queen came back alone to her own country, but she no longer seemed to mind the fact that she had lost her crown. She sent out beautifully engraved cards to a few lawyers and men she had reason to believe desired freedom from uncongenial marriages.

"Queen ——. Suite 910, —— Palaces. Professional co-respondent. Matters arranged with magnificence and attendant publicity. References."

She soon had her tablets filled with engagements. She had to be engaged months ahead. In due time she had figured as co-respondent in a case where a young Prince had married a Princess who did not wish to wed, but whose relatives had forced her to the step; another with an old King whose wife disliked the way he spent his days and nights at the Club; still another where incompatibility of temper had displayed itself before the wedding breakfast was over, and in others less savory but of startling and sensational import. She enjoyed trips abroad and to all the fashionable watering-places. She found herself growing young again. The lost Magnet was discovered. And one day a young Prince who was Heir Apparent to three thrones asked her to marry him. He was feeble-minded but good-natured and generous, and she thought it over. Finally, amid the protests of thousands whom she had helped to happy divorces, she wedded the Prince. Gifts were sent her from all over the country, and as she had acquaintances in many Queens who had reached happiness through her offices she had no difficulty in finding guests to attend her wedding, or social sponsors afterward.

The night before her marriage she sent for the Queen who had succeeded her in the Primrose Realm. The Queen with glorious eyes and red hair was now Deposed in favor of a sinuous muscle dancer with raven locks.

"Take my card-plate, address book and references," said the Bride-to-be, "I give you them with the goodwill of my business, which you can continue. You will be a benefactor to the race, and I hope will have the same good luck that befell me. When you weary of your job, pass it along to the next Deposed Queen." —*The Romancer.*

RAINIER REIGNS.

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MUSIC

The Symphony Concert

Prominent among the musical events of last week was the Zech symphony concert. Two new selections, by members of the orchestra, "The Raven," a symphonic poem (Frederick Zech Jr) and "Among the Giant Sequoias," suite for strings (J. Louis von der Mehden), added much to the popularity of the program. Naturally the questions arise: Is Mr. Zech's poem coequal with Poe's? Is it likewise heart finding, memory haunting? Has Mr. von der Mehden made music to match the big trees? The solemn forest effects, the birds' choir invisible, the wonder of the winds, the delight of dawn, the moody midday, the dream of dusk; the infinite suggestiveness of it all—are these to be found in the "suite"? One needs not love literature or nature more than music to answer, No. Naturally, too, almost inevitably, one is led to make critical comparison between Mr. Zech's baton and the magic wand of Maestro Mascagni. And the Italian's place is with Poe and the Sequoias. In spite, however, of these odorous remarks, there is much to be said of the concert as a whole pleasantly renascent of the floral tributes with which both composers were presented.

A Musical Eight-Year-Old

Ever since the little German boy with the big soul was discovered in his nightgown playing to the spirit of light in the midst of darkness, the musical world has lain awake nights to watch for other wonderful children. We like to be amazed, and nothing else is so amazing as adult genius blossoming on a baby stalk. With such thoughts in mind I awaited between hope and fear the appearance of the very latest infant-prodigy, eight-year-old Maurice Robb. "Will the marvel of Paloma Schramm be reenacted? or will some stiff little automaton presently exhibit precisely the character of instruction he has received, nothing less and, alas, nothing more?' Now, though Master Maurice is by no means a pianola *en petit*, his is not the personality that takes possesion of one; his fingers do not find and keep you as did those of Paloma. That little lady seemed made of music and therefore to make music naturally. Maurice Robb makes music artificially. Musicians, like all artists, are both made and born, but Maurice is more made than born. Yet something cannot be made out of nothing! and he is certainly marvelously good material, and predictions that he will be a great musician are not wanting. Steinway hall was well filled; the applause was generous and sincere; the flowers were more than the little fellow could carry. His teacher has every reason to be proud of him and of—herself.

An Artist for Art's Sake

The chamber music discoursed last Tuesday evening in Heine hall confirmed and more than confirmed all that I have said of Mr. Henry Holmes. He is an artist for art's sake. The greatest of all gifts, the gift of joy-giving, is his. The violin he holds sacred; to be used only for noble purposes; never to be profaned. Music is to him a religion—emotion touched with morality. The significance of Matthew Arnold's phrase, "high seriousness," is not hidden from him. His Beethoven is in the "grand style." He is a wizard of the "natural magic" of music. He is more: Virtue is in his violin. Applied to him the word "virtuoso" retains all its original meaning; indeed he exalts it, my boyhood friend, Archbishop Trench, to the contrary notwithstanding. In my opinion Henry Holmes's bow is as great a force for good as was Richard Trench's pen. In fact it would not be very far from the truth to say in general, that as the pen is to the sword, so is the violin to the pen. "God preserve the Emperor." Thus the pen. But you should have heard the strings saying unspeakable things in Haydn's famous quartet in C. Music takes up expression where poetry leaves it. Mendelssohn did not compose so much "Songs *Without* Words" as songs *beyond* words. What I think of Mr. Holmes's music could only be expressed in music; the violin in his hands is much mightier than the pen in mine. A feature of the evening was a quartet for pianoforte and strings (Henry Holmes), which won an ovation for the composer. The last concert of the series will be held next Tuesday evening. On Thursday evening of last week Mr. Holmes gave a concert in the artistic Unitarian church of the college town. The music matched the place, the players the music. There were two Schubert numbers, the quartet in A minor and the unfinished quartet (posthumous). The *andante* movement from the Brahms quartet in B flat, the posthumous Satz, and a solo (the Ernst "Elegy") played in her own wonderful way by Kathleen Parlow, completed the program. If a nobler sermon, a sermon with more uplift in it, was ever preached in that delightful church, the Unitarians of Berkeley are to be congratulated.

A Mascagni Opera Performed

The hit of the Von Meyerinck recital was the Mascagni operetta "Zanetto," the English version being by Mrs. Mary Fairweather. The plot is based upon "Le Passant," a little drama by Francois Coppee. Miss Helen Colburn Heath took the part of Sylvia and Lydia Sturtevant Sterling that of the minstrel, Zanetto, it being her first public appearance. Both ladies acquitted themselves surprisingly well. Miss Heath in particular singing and acting with all the aplomb of a veteran, and making besides a stage picture very good to look upon. The music is graceful and idyllic, but by no means easy. The cantata, "God Thou are Great" (Spohr) for soli and chorus, an ambitious number, was hardly so successful in its rendition, rather lacking in spirit. The poverty of male voices was noticeable, although the first two choruses and Mrs. Carolyn Roper von Benzon's solo went off in good style. Miss Maybelle Craig was charming in her group of old French dance tunes. The dainty music was well suited to her light but true voice and coquettish manner. Miss Jessie Burns's good enunciation was evident in Liszt's "Lorelei." Miss Lulu Feldheim's best number was the Gluck aria from "Orpheus." Mr.

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Strauss hardly bore out the good impression his solo work made on me a few nights ago. His voice was quite lost in the Spohr and Mendelssohn quartets. Mrs. Arthur Lewis, the pianist, deserves commendation for her intelligent work. The strings in "Zanetto" were also good.

The Siegel Recital

The recital given by the pupils of Fraulein Lotte Siegel attracted a large audience. The participants were Mr. Berton Einstein, Mrs. L. Stern, Mr. Lucius Solomons, Miss Olga Wagner, Mr. Oscar Frank and Mrs. George D. Graham. Mrs. Stern made a favorable impression in her Mozart number and in her Franz song, "Im Herbst." Miss Wagner has a fresh, pure voice which she used with feeling and intelligence in her three songs, Liszt's "Lorelei," Rubinstein's "Es blinkt der Thau" and Chaminade's "Silver Ring," the last named being worthy of special praise. Mrs. Graham's choice of "Break, Break, Break" was not happy. Her voice was not equal to it, and she has some defects of enunciation. Her long *a's* became long *e's;* for instance, "at *plea*" for "at play," and "*bee*" for "bay." She did much better in Bemberg's "Nymphs and Fauns," the lighter music being better adapted to the quality of her voice. Mr. Frank bore off the honors of the evening in Von Fielitz's "Eliland." Mr. Solomons was not at ease in his Leoncavallo numbers, but more than redeemed himself later in Bemberg's "A Toi" and especially in Denza's "May Morning."

Mandolin and Guitar

The rare concerts of the Neapolitan Mandolin and Guitar Club always draw very large, appreciative and smart audiences. The audiences are worthily appreciative, for the Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood, the originators and directors of the club, never fail to arrange artistic programs for these affairs, and what is more, see that they are carried to a successful finish. Their concert last week was most enjoyable in every respect, the concerted numbers being rendered in excellent style, with strict adherence to tempo. Miss Helen Pettigrew was the vocalist, her program numbers being Rubinstein's "La Nuit" and three songs from "The Prince of Pilsen" by Gustav Luders. Signor Martinez performed a Liszt transcription of the Ballade from "The Flying Dutchman," and the Eureka Quartet furnished two numbers, "The Vogel Waltz" and "The Wild Irish Rose." Mr. D. M. Lawrence, the first tenor, was also heard in a solo.

Miss Alexander's Recital

A fashionable audience listened to Miss Clara Alexander in her "Dixie Darkie" recital last Saturday night. Miss Alexander has an evident sense of humor and appears to take an artistic delight in her impersonations. She is wonderfully clever in portraying the darky in his pathos, his humor and his strong religious fervor. Her camp-meeting songs were given with swing and earnestness. The greatest tribute paid to her work was by an old negro woman, whose eyes grew moist as she heard the old camp-meeting songs so faithfully interpreted. Miss Alexander was assisted by Homer Henley, Arthur Weiss and Mrs. Birmingham, with Miss Moroney as accompanist. Mr. Weiss was unfortunate in being placed first on the program as the people in the audience were too much interested in each other's appearance to give him their undivided attention. Homer Henley was down for five of Shafter Howard's songs, and was compelled to repeat "The Bowl of St. Giles." Mrs. Birmingham sang several numbers, Brahms' "Meinacht" and Bemberg's "A Toi" being especially notable. Mr. Weiss on the 'cello and Miss Moroney at the piano gave a most expressive rendition of Schumann's "Traumerei." Miss Alexander, by the way, leaves some time in October for London, where she proposes to recite in drawing-rooms. She has letters to Mrs. Bradley Martin, Mrs. Paget and Mrs. Ronalds. As Miss Alexander's entertainment is absolutely original, and the rage for Americans still continues abroad, she should not fail of making a success there. She will but be following in the footsteps of Denis O'Sullivan, Andrew Bogart, Anna Miller Wood, Viva Doane, the Withrows, Sigmund Beel, Ysadora Duncan and other Californians who gained instant recognition in London.

The pupils of Miss Helen M. Anderson will give a musicale this afternoon at the residence of Mrs. William Ede, 3520 Seventeenth street. They will be assisted by Mrs. H. P. Carlton, vocalist. —*The Music Critic.*

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LETTERS

An Unusual Story

"Spinners of Life" might be called the possibilities of thought transference raised to the nth power. A man whose affairs are in a most unsatisfactory condition, who is, in fact, on the verge of bankruptcy, idly turning over the pages of a book, comes across a paragraph from Jean Jacques Rousseau: "If, in order that you might inherit a great fortune from a Mandarin, living in some far-away China, whom you had never seen nor heard of, it were necessary for you merely to touch a spot on your wall—would you touch it and kill your Mandarin?" Jack Gaffney's nerves were in a sufficiently disordered state from brooding over his difficulties that the idea became a sort of obsession to him. He dozed in front of his fire till it died out, and when he awoke chilled through, there was but one bright coal which appeared to him to have a persistency not canny. He sat and stared at it thinking over Rousseau's problem, until finally, when he rose to retire, he thought he saw a red spot on the wall, and in a spirit born of his revery he pressed the spot, exclaiming to himself that he would kill the Mandarin. Within a few days from that time he inherited a great fortune left to him by a man of whom he had never heard, who died suddenly at sea at the very moment when Jack had in intention committed a murder which would have enriched him had the Rousseau puzzle any foundation in reason. Gaffney was a sort of nondescript, a young man who knew nothing of kinship or family. He had gone through college and lived comfortably on an income which was sufficient for his needs. With good manners and social presence he was welcomed by society, though his classmates in college had characterized him as having a "streak of yellow dog" in his make-up. This is a book which will delight those who revel in attenuated theories of hereditary influences and "absent treatment," for at times it is hard to see where Mr. Thompson means to let fact end and theory begin. There is a celebrated alienist, an important character in the story, who is a friend of Gaffney's, and to whom he confides the curious coincidence of the Rousseau query, his own action, and the fortune which comes to him from the unknown source. Jack is, of course, in love, and with the advent of millions he determines to lose no time in marrying the girl, whom the doctor also loves without knowing it. Mary is a trained nurse living with her mother. She is the orphan and only child of a political magnate who was killed in a bar-room brawl on the eve of an election, by his political rival for the leadership in the "Gas house" district. Dan Harrington is such a "boss" as "J. Devlin," and is idolized by his followers, who, nevertheless, proceed to impoverish his widow when he is gone. It appears that the mysterious stranger who left his fortune to Gaffney was in reality the young man's father, who had committed a crime which made it not only advisable, but necessary for him to leave the country, and evidently Dr. Ross, the alienist, is of the opinion that although Jack has never known anything of his origin, for his mother died in his infancy, the fact that the father committed a murder and the son had put a finger on the spot which he thought he saw on the wall at the moment when his unknown father died of heart disease, was proof of hereditary instinct to take life. He also seems to be of the opinion that the money thus inherited was tainted and had better be abandoned, though there is nothing to hint that it was not honestly accumulated. His whole idea is to save Mary, though from what is by no means clear, unless marriage with a man who ardently loved her, albeit he was selfish and egotistic, as most of us are. When Mary Harrington decides on the eve of her wedding day that she cannot marry Jack Gaffney no one can blame him or her. The revelation which makes it impossible is as startling to him as to her. There is nothing that he can do but depart, and when he betakes himself and his fortune to Europe one has to ask what Dr. Ross expected, unless it were for him to commit suicide and leave his money for the establishment of an asylum for the insane. But just the same this is a good and an unusual story which it is unfair to spoil for readers by disclosing too much. One does wonder, though, why Jack says d—n, and G—d, while Mary was permitted to say "God" right out, without disembowelment, and why, if G—d, we should have Gad intact. There is a curious but most natural bit of jugglery with the ages of the Harrington mother and daughter, which one cannot but regard as a touch of realism, for Vance Thompson is too experienced and careful an observer to have been oblivious to the matter. On the first page we are introduced to Jack Gaffney, then thirty years of age. On page 57 we are told that Mary was a child of ten when her father was killed, and on page 68, we are told that "a

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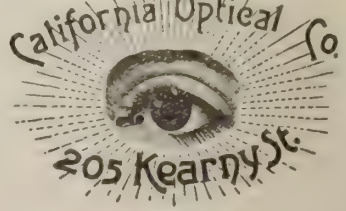

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woman of twenty is always in love." Later on she is referred to as "a slim, straight girl," and on page 155 she is "a neat little filly" to a gang of street loafers, while in the same connection where Mary is described as being twenty, Mrs. Harrington is "about fifty." When Mary was ten years of age Jack Gaffney's father committed the crime which made him an exile, and his wife died of the shock when the news was brought to her. Jack was an infant lying on the bed, where he played with his dead mother's hair. He was so young that he was put out to nurse, and had no recollection of his parents at all. Thirty years later, and the period is referred to over and over, so there can be no mistake, Jack is thirty years of age, while Mary has added but ten to her score, and bearing in mind her age at the time, and her mother's long widowhood, in connection with that lady's age of "about fifty," she must have been a mother at the ripe age of ten. If this sort of thing goes on in the "Gas house" district of New York, it is time to drop the subject of infant marriages in India and look closer at home. Dr. Ross, also, who was a white-haired young man of thirty when the tragic events took place, and who, by all methods of addition, ought to be full sixty, is represented as a contemporary of Jack's, while Kelthwaite, his father's old friend, is all but senile, though he should be a contemporary of the doctor and Mrs. Harrington. It is doubtful whether animosity would have remained so active after thirty years as to make it a questionable proceeding for Jack's father to return. Political memories are short when there are no more favors to be secured. But the story is worth while, and that is the chief concern of the writer of fiction. [Published by Lippincott & Co.]

A Charming Novelette

The only way in which to give an adequate idea of the charm of "A Comedy of Conscience" would be to reprint the story, word for word, as the author, S. Weir Mitchell, has written it. The plot, delightfully original as it is, is only a small part of the charm, for the bits of description and characterization are inimitable. Miss Serena Vernon, a spinster and a gentlewoman, living comfortably and contentedly in single blessedness on a small income, took a car to the town near which she lived with the intention of making some necessary household purchases. Not being able to decide upon what she wanted, she followed the feminine practice of securing samples from which to make a more leisurely choice at home. When she proceeded to do this in the evening she found, much to her astonishment, that her purse and its contents had disappeared, but amongst the samples in her shopping bag there lay a huge ring which she had noticed upon the finger of one of her fellow travelers. From the appearance of the wearer, she came to the not unnatural conclusion that the article of jewelry was a paste gem in a bogus setting, for which she had paid an exorbitant price, and dismissed the subject from her thoughts. The following day, as a matter of form, she consulted a jeweler as to the value of her "find," and was surprised to discover that the ring was genuine and the stone worth eight hundred dollars. As Miss Vernon had an extremely tender conscience, and did not desire to profit from what was so evidently the proceeds of a burglary, she consulted her few intimate friends for advice. These were the bishop of her church, the doctor, her most intimate friend and her cousin, John Winterburn. The sort of advice which she received and the effect upon her are part of the comedy. Cousin John Winterburn thought the story so good that he told it to "a man at the club," and the man at the club did as other men do and told it to another. It was the old story: "Thou hast a friend, thy friend has a friend and his friend has a friend; therefore, be thou discreet." In as short a time as a Marconigram could have carried it, the tale reached the newspapers, wherein it was printed with variations and scattered broadcast from New England to California, with additions and emendations till it resembled the old game of Russian Scandal. Only one thing was preserved, the name and residence of the victim, with the result of an endless procession of reporters intent on getting still further particulars. Cousin John Winterburn finally disentangled the knot with a bit of genuine comedy in which he successfully holds up a burglar and makes the fellow regale him with a recital of his criminal exploits, while he waits for the answer to a telegram which is to settle the ownership of the diamond beyond question or dispute. Incidentally there is a delightful love story which is settled quite as satisfactorily as the other matter. If popularity were not the most elusive and unaccountable thing in this uncertain world, one might predict for this little story such a run of appreciation as has greeted "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." The illustrations are by Henry Hutt, and one can say no more than that they go with the story, which is reprinted by the Century Company, having first appeared in the magazine in 1901.

Mrs. Poultney Bigelow has just obtained a divorce. The last piece of news we had concerning her was that she had been awarded a one thousand dollar prize in a short story competition for a tale of marital infelicity. Now, did the facts furnish material for the fiction, or was it the other way about?

The Smart Set Publishing Company will shortly bring out a novel from the pen of E. S. Van Zile, which promises to be something original. It is a travesty on reincarnation. Another volume promised by the same company also deals with the supernatural or what passes for it. "A Puritan Witch" goes back to that fanatical period in colonial history. —*The Bookworm.*

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The Lighting Situation

The recent decision of the board of directors of the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company to establish a uniform rate of 75 cents per 1,000 cubic feet for all consumers in the city irrespective of locality seems to be regarded in some quarters as a sort of grand-stand play. At all events one fact is assured, and this is if this company can do business and earn interest on its capitalization at a general rate of 75 cents per 1,000 cubic feet, it must have been over-charging to an enormous extent when it was getting $1.75 per 1,000, and latterly $1.25 per 1,000, the two prices being so divergent that both cannot be harmonized with the previous allegations of the company. As a matter of fact, however, competition is bringing its beneficial results to gas consumers in general. Some time ago officials of the company appeared before the Supervisors and stated that the actual cost of production was 41 cents, while the cost of distribution was from 50c to 54c, thus making it appear that the actual cost of the gas at points of consumption was 95c. The difference between this price and the charge, $1.25, being 30c, it was claimed was no more than a fair allowance in the way of profit. Comparing these facts with the present selling price to consumers it would appear that the company is losing 20c per thousand cubic feet on all gas furnished to consumers. Furthermore at the recent meeting of the board of directors it was stated that the payment of dividends would be discontinued for a time, at least until September, by which time it was hoped the present floating indebtedness of the company would be liquidated. The question naturally arises, if the floating debt was created while the great majority of consumers were paying $1.25 per 1,000, which was a profit of 30c per 1,000 on the cost of production, how can the company pay off this indebtedness within six months with gas rates at 75c per 1,000, which according to official statements is 20c per 1,000 below the cost of production and distribution? It is evident that San Francisco is to have a war between gas light corporations. The Independent Light and Power Company has been extending its service pipes and has never pretended to charge more than 75c per 1,000 cubic feet, at which figure they claim a substantial profit is made. The San Francisco Gas & Electric Company has been losing so many of its customers by reason of the competition that they have been compelled to meet the 75c rate in the hope that by so doing they can retain a goodly portion of their business, while in the meantime some strong efforts will be put forth either to sell the plant or to place it in such position, by installing more modern machinery, to enable them to sell gas profitably at 75c a 1,000.

Interest Lacking on 'Change

Rather a quiet tone has prevailed in the local stock market during the week and prices have fluctuated but little. Why the market should be dull is not easily explained, but the fact remains that buying orders have been both few and small and there has been a general lack of interest manifested. Lighting shares have been a subject of considerable comment and various street rumors, but the general tendency in prices has been towards lower levels and no influence appears to have been strong enough to check the downward tide. It would appear from the recent announcement of the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company reducing their rates to 75c per 1,000 cubic feet, that the corporation is being closely pressed by the Independent Light and Power Company. It would furthermore appear that the recent attempt of the board of directors of the Gas & Electric company to carry out a plan whereby they hoped to obtain for shareholders a general rate of $90 per share has resulted in failure. It is known that stockholders largely deposited their stock in escrow with the Mercantile Trust Company but the whole plan of proposed operation appears to have to come to an end with the accumulation of the stock. Of course the board of directors have some ten months yet within which they can devise some measure or measures for meeting the expectations of the depositing shareholders, but as the efforts heretofore put forth have failed it will make the subsequent attempts all the more difficult. Now that the rate of gas to consumers has been cut down to 75c per 1,000 feet, the outlook for intending purchasers or syndicates cannot be as alluring as before the reduction was made. For several weeks the price of San Francisco Gas & Electric shares has been in excess of $55, while under the influence of the announced reduction in gas rates the best bid for the shares of stock has been $50, while the Trustee's Certificates, which represent stock in escrow, are dragging with $49.75 as the best bid. This business of the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company has no effect, whatever, upon the existing options upon the stock of the Equitable Gas Company, and the transfer of the latter concern will without doubt go through as scheduled. Shares in the Central Light and Power Company are being offered at $4, but buyers as a rule are holding back and are not inclined to offer more than $3.75. Pacific Lighting Company stock is offered at $58.25, with no bids. Mutual Electric Light shares are steady at $6 bid, but holders are very firm and refuse to sell for less than $9, so there is no business. United Gas & Electric is steady at $34.50 and Pacific Gas Improvement is selling down to $35.87 1-2. Spring Valley Water shares have been quite steady during the week with a slight improvement in values. Holders are more firm in their demands and as a rule refuse to accept less than $85. Some few transactions have been recorded at this price, but buyers are seeking to fill orders at $84.75. Giant Powder stock remains steady at $66.25, with occasional sales a fraction above that figure. Savings Bank stocks all remain firm at unchanged prices, $2,200 per share being freely offered for German Bank shares. Oceanic Steamship shares are very dull with $14 the best bid. Transactions are very light and buying orders very few. What little change has occurred in the price of Sugar stocks, the recorded transactions being unimportant and without guiding trade indications. Hawaiian Commercial is in request at $47.50 with no offers to sell. Makaweli is steady at $27.50 and Hutchison at $16.25. Paauhau stock is firmly held at $18.25, with few sellers willing to accept that figure. Some bids of $18 have met with no response in offers to sell. Onomea is in demand at $22 with no sellers. Alaska Packers Association shares have flucuated slightly although the prevailing price of $151.50 to $152.50 is well sustained. California Wine Association stock is in moderate demand at $104.50 although holders as a rule decline to sell at less than $105. Sales of bonds have been moderate and largely confined to railway and some of the leading industrials.

Financial Note

According to President W. C. Murdoch, of the Western National Bank,, arrangements are being made to increase the capital from $200,000 to $300,000 and in all probabilities the new stock will be issued by July 1st. As the shares of the institution are now at a premium, a handsome amount is expected to be added to the reserve fund. It is the intention of the directors to make a further increase of $100,000 about January 1, 1904. The bank has secured the corner of the new Flood Building at Market and Powell streets. —*The Financier.*

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The Dog

By Various Writers.

I am his Highness's dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?
—*Pope.*

From Encyclopaedia Brittanica:

Dog; a name common to several species of *Canidae*—a family of carnivorous mammals widely distributed over nearly every part of the globe. Many of the species belonging to this family, as the wolf and the jackal, are social animals, hunting in packs, and are readily tamed; while in confinement they show little or no repugnance to breeding.

The pariah dogs of Eastern cities know no master; they prowl about the streets in troops, eating whatever garbage may come in their way, thus serving the useful purpose of scavengers, and occasionally receiving a meal from the more humane of the inhabitants. On no account, however, must even the garments of an orthodox Mahometan be defiled by their touch, and such is the intelligence and sagacity of these ownerless curs that, having become aware by painful experience of this religious prejudice, they seem to take the greatest care to avoid giving such offense.

There are few human passions not shared in by the dog.

* * * * * *

From the Bible:

Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?—*II Kings, viii*: 13.

A living dog is better than a dead lion.—*Eccles. ix*: 4.

Let the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table.
—*Matt. xvi*: 23.

* * * * * *

From Shakespeare:

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see,
they bark at me.
. . —*King Lear.*

I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Julius Caesar.

Throw physic to the dogs;
I'll none of it. *Macbeth.*

* * * * * *

From Mother Goose:

I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail.

The domestic dog is the completest, the most singular, and the most useful conquest ever made by man.—*Baron Cuvier.*

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—Department No. 7. No. 81376.

NELLIE G. PAULSELL, Plaintiff, vs. O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of this plaintiff and upon the further ground of defendant's extreme cruelty toward this plaintiff, said action is further brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court awarding the minor children of the parties to this action to plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

Endorsed: FRANK McGOWAN, ELMER WESTLAKE, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 75-79-80 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away:
He's gentle, he is kind;
I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.
Stephen C. Foster.

* * * * * *

The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man

The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.
Goldsmith.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams.
—Tennyson.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so.
Isaac Watts.

His faithful dog shall bear him company. *Pope.*

Lo, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
When a third dog one of the two dogs meets,
With angry teeth he bites to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done. *—Fielding.*

"Now sir, might I ask you," says I, "wot is a champion?" At that he panted and breathed so hard I thought he would bust himself. "My dear young friend!" says he, "wherever have you been educated? A champion is a—a—champion," he says. "He must win nine blue ribbons in the 'open' class. You follow me—that is—against all comers. Then he has the title before his name and they put his photograph in the sporting papers.—*From "The Bar Sinister," by Richard Harding Davis.*

There's lots in havin a good start with a good name. Now why don't you call that dog Brutus or Nero, or some such a nice dog-name, 'stead o' that heathenish one?" (Dorax).—*Olive Huck in "The Last Hunt of Dorax."*
—The Fancier.

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San Francisco, May 2, 1903

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Resting on His Laurels

Having exposed the Chinatown corruption fund, Mayor Schmitz, well satisfied with himself and his marvelous achievement has once more ceased his official activities, and modestly sequestered himself to rest undisturbed upon his laurels. Meanwhile the Chinatown gamblers are doing business at the old stand, and the corruption fund is being disbursed just as it always was. The Chinese are accustomed to sporadic interference on the part of disgruntled authorities. They have a contempt for Christian virtue as expressed by American officials, for they have successfully demonstrated many times during the last quarter of a century that the integrity of our public servants is measured by the size of the sack with which they are tempted. Whenever there has been interference with their unlawful pursuits they have understood that it was the case of another white devil whose palm was waiting to be crossed. And they have ever been ready to meet all reasonable demands. The Chinese are generous bribe-givers, and they are willing that their illegal traffic should be assessed heavily. The only serious harm resulting from their immoralities is that of the demoralization of the police department, but they should not be saddled with all the blame for that. The white lottery dealers carry on their unlawful business not only with the protection but with the connivance and co-operation of the police and other officials whose identity it should not be hard to guess. The white lottery dealers carry on their business openly, and the police have long since refrained from arresting peddlers of lottery tickets. It is a significant fact that whenever forged lottery tickets are put into circulation the police run the forger to earth in a short time. Yet it is obvious that if forged-lottery tickets were permitted to circulate freely the lottery business would be seriously jeopardized. Isn't it strange that our virtuous Mayor who has such a holy horror for Chinatown corruption funds has never had the curiosity to ascertain why the police are prejudiced against forged lottery tickets and solicitous for the business of the white lottery dealers? To exercise the police power for the protection of purchasers of lottery tickets is to foster an illicit traffic. Why should our distinguished Mayor seek to safeguard the morals of the Chinese, and wink at the demoralization of American citizens? There appears to be a premium on rank hypocrisy in this neck of the woods.

The Availability of Hearst

Republican politicians and editors are busily engaged these days in trying to determine who is the strongest man the Democrats could select for their Presidential candidate. And singular it is that the men to whom they give the most consideration are seldom heard of in the councils of the Democracy. Judge Parker, Grover Cleveland and Richard Olney are the men that the Republicans regard as the most important of the available timber in the forests of Democracy, and they appear to be wholly oblivious of the fact that none of those estimable gentlemen is taken seriously by the people who are most likely to dominate the convention that will select the Democratic standard bearer. If the moneyed interests of the Republican party were vouchsafed the privilege of selecting the Democratic candidate they would not dispute very long over the merits of Parker, Cleveland and Olney, and with any of those three as the candidate they would not be very enthusiastic in the cause of Theodore Roosevelt. However, the probability is that William J. Bryan will be as conspicuous in the next Democratic National Convention as he was in the last two, and that he will exercise considerable influence upon the various delegations. And at this time the indications are that Mr. Bryan will advocate the nomination of William R. Hearst. The most powerful capitalistic interests throughout the country are arrayed against Hearst, and they are intent upon pooh-poohing and making light of his prospects. The subsidized press and the envious rivals of the young prophet of yellow journalism studiously avoid giving publicity to the Hearst boom, but it is steadily growing, and it is becoming more apparent every day that it is something more than a mere newspaper sensation. Mr. Hearst is certainly a Presidential quantity today, and if he be nominated his chances of election will be much greater than were those of William J. Bryan, who really made a remarkable showing despite the full dinner-pail and the magnetism of McKinley. Bryan had never accomplished anything. He was merely a job-chaser with a wonderful gift of gab. He had long represented the down-trodden workingman, with his mouth, but his achievements were exclusively oratorical. William R. Hearst has done things. He has befriended the masses and he has inspired them with courage and with a sense of their rights. Grant that many of his ventures and much of his double-leaded howling were for advertising purposes; that his newspaper policy is of a demagogic tinge, and that his trust-busting is largely spectacular and theatrical, nevertheless the solidarity of labor throughout the country today is mainly due to his persistent efforts. There is no doubt that labor would respond to his call were he nominated for President, but the laboring element does not control the destinies of this country. There is a powerful conservative element that distrusts aggressiveness whatever the direction it takes, and that is the element which Mr. Hearst would have to conciliate. His aggressiveness in

the cause of labor has won the confidence of the workingman but it may have alienated the sentiment of the conservatives who are opposed to revolutionary methods and experiments. William R. Hearst stands for certain principles which have long been identified with Democratic doctrine. No other prominent man in the party has so conspicuously proved his allegiance to those principles, and if the issue in the next campaign is to be a clear-cut one, free from equivocation and not to be juggled, there is no man whose availability so quickly suggests itself as that of William Randolph Hearst.

The Roosevelt Record

As it is pretty generally understood that J. Pierpont Morgan directs the policy of the New York *Sun,* it is of interest to know that a recent issue of that paper contained a leader endorsing the Roosevelt administration and declaring that Mr. Roosevelt is the man of the hour. Heretofore the *Sun* has not been enthusiastic on the subject of President Roosevelt. It has sneered at his trust busting proclivities, and it has jeered at his strenuosity. On many occasions it has artfully held him up to ridicule while pretending to admire him for his independence. Even in the editorial endorsing the Administration and conceding that Roosevelt's nomination is an assured thing, there is an undercurrent of sarcasm, and a delicate sprinkling of equivocation. While proclaiming him to be a strong man and a leader of the masses it deftly casts upon him the aspersion of demagogism.

> Keenly sensitive to the drift of public feeling and profoundly impressed by current discussion, the President saw his way to the sympathies of the people and never hesitated for a moment. Since the day that he penned his first message to Congress there has been no public act of Mr. Roosevelt's which has not been undertaken and executed with an eye single to its effect upon his candidacy. He has done nothing perfunctorily or as a man might who was only conscious that he was President of the United States and that he was doing his duty. * * * The Presidency by election, as well as by the decree of Fate, has never passed from before his waking vision for a moment.

Truly a polite and artistic way of pronouncing a man a cunning demagogue. In the same article it is asserted that Roosevelt has fought the trusts and borrowed from the thunder of William J. Bryan so persistently, that the latter has nothing left but free silver to cling to. Incidentally he is compared to William of Germany and Napoleon Bonaparte for his forcefulness and his ability to handle crises. It is evident that Mr. Morgan feels that Roosevelt cannot be beaten for the nomination.

To Foster International Friendship

Nations are becoming as sensitive and thin-skinned as individuals. So easy is it to wound the feelings of Germany that the Administration is very much concerned as to the probable outcome of repeated international pinpricks. At the instigation of President Roosevelt every effort will be made to stop the so-called German baiting which has been prevalent in certain official quarters. It is the desire of the President to demonstrate to Germany that the expressions of a desire on its part to be on terms of the most complete amity with this country are appreciated, and will be met more than half way. Therefore he has given notice to the Cabinet that he will not brook the continuance of efforts on the part of subordinates to create the impression that Germany is an enemy of the United States. The Kaiser must be stroked the right way. But the Administration was responsible for the impression in Germany that the relations between the two countries were strained, when our Navy Department declined an invitation to send a fleet to Kiel for an approaching celebration. Germany's feelings were hurt almost as badly as when Admiral Dewey said that the West Indian manœuvres were intended as an object lesson to Emperor William. It seemed ungracious on the part of the Navy Department to decline Germany's invitation, and subsequently send the European squadron to greet the President of France at Marseilles. Germany was quick to take umbrage at what seemed to be a snub, and the incident occasioned a great fuss in the noisy section of the German press. Some of the more belligerent of the Teutonic editors have been shouting defiance at us ever since and it really behooves President Roosevelt to prevent the recurrence of incidents which, however insignificant in themselves, tend to make a formidable aggregate for the stimulation of bad feeling.

A Plea for the Mirror

Women have been spending so much time seeking their rights in recent years that the looking-glass has been neglected. It is falling into innocuous desuetude. Hence the many untidy and carelessly gowned women to be seen ambling aimlessly the slipshod paths of dowdiness. The women that have been striving industriously for the enactment of emancipation laws scorn to foster those charms that guarantee to the sex certain privileges which are of much greater value than the rights they cherish. As a rule it is not pleasing to contemplate the feminine advocate of woman's rights. She usually offends with the spectacle of hairpins that have sprung from their moorings. Her skirt is quite often dragged round to one side. Her hat is seldom on straight, and there is generally a shine on the end of her nose. You never see her pause before a shop window to apply one of those parenthetical pats or indispensable dabs which are infallible in restoring complexion and harmony of ensemble. What a miserable and unalluring creature is the dabless and unpatted female! The mirror is an essential feature of the feminine toilette, and the sensible woman, the one that earns our gratitude by making the world a brighter and more beautiful place, keeps a small one on her person for ready reference. The man that jeers at a woman for devoting attention to her looking-glass is a fool. The dowdy female is depressing. She belies her Creator, for he fashioned her with intent to render her captivating, and she makes herself hideous. Instead of sneering at the woman we see engaged in searching her mirror for defects we should be generous in our applause. And then we would be candid and sincere, for since we admire the daintiness and elegance of the spick-and-span appearance, why deprecate the attention to detail which we are pleased to call vanity but which insures the fitness and the fairness of the eternal feminine?

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Pestiferous Meddling in Literature

Some one has started a discussion on the old subject, who is to edit the editor? Who is to have the final word, and to say whether a thing is good or bad, or merely indifferent? What is the final test of fitness? There are instances without number in which publishers and literary advisers have concurred in refusing manuscripts, which, being accepted elsewhere, make reputations, if not fortunes, for their authors. There are very few books by new or unknown authors which have been accepted by the first firm to whom they were submitted, and if there is a publisher who has never made the commercial error of refusing what turned out to be a good thing, it must be because he has been such a short time in business that he has not had the opportunity. While the matter is left to the decision of the publisher and his official adviser, it may be said to be on a business basis, but every now and then we hear of the non-official interference of wives or daughters or other female relatives who are permitted to give an opinion. Usually it is only the favorable intuitions which are confided to the public, but once in awhile it is the other way. There is the case of a comparatively recent novel, "Sister Carrie," by an American author. Both the publisher and his literary adviser were in favor of its acceptance, and the contract for publishing was entered into. After it was all in type, and almost completed, the publisher's wife took up the proofs and she denounced and condemned its immorality at such a rate that the book was practically suppressed. The bare terms of the contract were carried out, but the novel was neither advertised nor sold in this country. An English edition was a great success, and the probabilities are that some day we shall have a belated American re-publication. And there is the story of Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp," which horrified the moral sensibilities of a compositor or proof reader of the *Overland*. Had she had the final word, there would have been another suppression. By the way, why is the name of that now historical damsel never mentioned? It is, like the real author of the "Letters of Junius," one of the things we should like to know. The *Overland* once mentioned Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper in this connection, and some one else has said that the fastidious female was afterward the companion of the well-known printer in whose establishment the magazine was brought out, a rather wide range of choice. But in any case, the question remains, whether the female relatives of publishing houses are competent to act as literary censors, and whether their prudery or pruriency is to be an established standard for the rest of the world. If a vegetarian wife or a prohibitionist sweetheart is to regulate our literary diet, we might as well get back to the Rollo books and be done with it. When there is a question of morality involved, a matter of whether a book is fit for general circulation, a publisher is capable of making his decision without petticoat interference. When it is a matter of egotistic preference, the mere fact that a woman is the wife or the sister or the daughter of the publisher does not qualify her to decide for the rest of the world any more than if she were the cook.

The Story is the Thing

"The decline and fall off" the historical novel, as the immortal Wegg would have it, is pointed by the publisher's announcement in connection with a late book that "this is not a historical novel." We may also note the disclaimer of the problem novel, and the novel with a purpose. A novel has no business with any other purpose except to relate a good story, let it be romance, adventure or what not. Primarily, the story is the thing, and whatever lesson, purpose or moral may be hidden in it, it should be well hidden. the problem novel never yet solved a problem, and for the novel with a purpose, once we suspect the pills, the taste of the jam is spoiled. There are problem novels and purpose novels by the score, which have lived and will live, but it is because they are good stories first and last. Who, today, cares about the schools of Yorkshire, the Chancery courts or the debtors' prisons of England? Who is concerned about the religious doubts which beset Robert Elsmere? Most of the writers that make use of the form of fiction to set forth their views and opinions on religion, or crime, or social laws and restrictions, have a very imperfect idea of their subject. They see from their own point of view and they take this method of setting themselves before the public, sure of a wider hearing than they could secure if they were to attempt a serious treatise, and thus put themselves into competition, as it were, with those who have made a study of the subject. They have no story to tell, and their characters are but lay-figures tricked out in shreds and patches, and second-hand garments. The best of preaching is unconscious preaching. Since children first began to read, the maxim of the nursery has been, "Skip the moral." Some of us can still remember the page or more of deduction tacked at the end of our stories, and gravely labeled "Moral." In our unsophistication we flattered ourselves that when we omitted that from our reading we had eaten our jam and escaped the pills entirely. Later on, we learned to be suspicious when jam was supplied in unlimited quantities, and to reject the whole mass rather than take our chances with the pellets. People who resort to fiction for their history, their religion, their political economy or their morals are not apt to bring away much.

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On Breeding From Our Best

If there is anything that the great indifferentist, Nature, seems to have a care for, it is the preservation of species. The race, that, if aught, is her concern. To the end that its kind shall not perish from the earth, the flower hangs out its flaming signal, keeps a store of honey in its heart, and breathes out a love lure with every breath. The romances of reproduction in the sub-human world which they write who are read in "the manuscripts of God"—Maeterlinck's "The Life of the Bee," Darwin's "The Fertilization of Orchids," "Birds, Insects and Flowers," by Grant Allen—how rare they are; how finding is their fascination! Now if Nature so regards the grass as to give wings to its seeds, or some marvelous barbed or corkscrew contrivance, for their dispersion, will she be unmindful of "her darling," Man, and forget to cause him to increase and multiply and replenish the earth? May not the population problem, which of late has come between our President and his sleep, be safely left, as the old maids of both sexes would fain leave it, to the Mighty Mother? If the question were one of quantity merely, we might answer, Yes; but quality is chief of all human concerns. A man is known by the estimate he puts upon quality.

Mr. Dooley pokes philosophic fun at Mr. Roosevelt, and points a refuting finger to Archer Alley swarming with the young of man. Is Archer Alley so righteous that its seed should preferably inherit the earth? Is the prolificness of Archer Alley, conspicuous in the narrow nursery of the street, matter for national rejoicing?

You may laugh, says Darwin, in effect, at the minuteness of some of the rules for successful breeding, but the man who laughs wins no prizes. The breeding of horses, of dogs, of pigeons, of roses, is no laughing matter; neither does the prize-winner leave Nature alone. He directs her forces to desired ends, causes her to realize his ideals. Now, though man, by taking thought, may improve his own breed, he cannot very well adopt the methods of the successful breeder. But how may he best in his own case approximate the results?

In these after-Darwin days, the dictum "Blood will tell" has gained added significance. Blood, stock, original impulse, constitutional tendency, or what you will, grows in import with the growth of our scientific knowledge. The most momentous of all moments in the life of a man is that in which he chooses his parents. Greatest of the modern gods is Heredity—most powerful for good or for evil. Social progress may be said to depend in a superlative degree upon our breeding from our best. To thus emphasize the importance of happy heredity is not to underestimate the value of favorable environment, of education. But if right surroundings can do much for poor stock, how much more can it not do for good? The difference between Margaret, the infamous "mother of criminals," and Bach, the father of the famous musical family of that name, is not due so much to external circumstances as to internal impulses. "Enough; but how is the human breed to be improved?" That is the very question I wished to raise. I am not ready to answer it just here and now.

Shall we, following Plato's advice, give social sanction to the free or extended fatherhood of the great; and request of Mrs. Grundy to smile approval, or at least to look the other way, when his polygamous instincts get the better of a Goethe? Shall we cease to consider puberty, a purse, and a priest, as the sole requisites of marriage? Shall parenthood, the most important of all branches of learning, be taught in our schools, and our reproach among philosophers like Herbert Spencer be taken away? Shall we try to direct human nature to socially desirable ends? Ideas are the lords of life. Sane world ideas on this subsubject would work wonders. Powerful is the public frown, powerful the public smile. Here at least is a force that might be used to encourage breeding from the best and to discourage breeding from the worst.

What we are now doing in the matter is this: Our physical best we select, not to be fathers, not to fill fine mouths, but to be food for that foul-mouthed monster, the cannon. Of our moral best many are selected for the celibate priesthood. Among women of that society which arrogates the exclusive right of using as a hallmark the word "good," an operation that makes motherhood impossible is almost a fashionable fad. This fact would be much more deplorable were our "best people" really our best. Furthermore, according to the Herbert Spencer of half a century ago, we pay for increased intellectuality with decreased fertility, so that *as fertile as a fool* may some day pass into a saying. Of Nature, this must here be said: She does draw the line at idiocy. Art, too, is a jealous mistress, and many a man remains single for her sake. Again, many of those fittest for social life fail to reproduce themselves because of the difficulty of finding suitable mates.

The real problem—how best to breed from our best—is accordingly by no means easy. Archer Alley does not solve it. No nation breeds from its best. It would be to the credit of our country if she were the first to feel deeply the moral necessity of so doing. Thereby may be improved, as by no other means, the quality of feeling enjoyed by men and women; thereby immeasurably increased the sum total of human happiness. To be born with a bias in the blood in favor of noble activities, in favor of beauty, goodness, truth, is now known to be the most enviable of fates. The duty of parenthood is obligatory upon those whom wise children would choose for fathers and mothers. But the emphasis must not be laid upon the duty of parenthood, but upon its delights.

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The Saunterer

Hearst's Preliminary Step

The readers of *Town Talk* were not unprepared this week for the announcement of the marriage of Mr. William R. Hearst in New York. Last week I intimated that the Presidential bee was not the only insect droning sweet music within earshot of the young Napoleon of Journalism, but I must confess that I had no hint of the imminence of the event which marked the fruition of his wooing. And I am not inclined to claim the credit of hastening the happy event, though it was somewhat of a coincidence for the clear sky to drop its thunderbolt as though in verification of the horoscope I had cast. That is the second time that Mr. Hearst has attested the accuracy of my forecasting. I told of his Presidential aspirations months before the symptoms of his ambition became sufficiently manifest for anybody else to discern them. His marriage is undoubtedly a preliminary step in his advance toward the Presidency. It is in the nature of a proclamation to the effect that he has abandoned the heterodox ways of the irresponsible bachelor to devote himself to the most solemn of the duties of good citizenship.

She's Not a Society Butterfly

Judging from the accounts of the marriage published by the dailies there was some surprise over the fact that Mr. Hearst had not chosen a bride distinguished for her high social position. Indeed considering the prominence of Mr. Hearst the information vouchsafed as to his bride was exceedingly meagre. If she had been a Newport belle noted for her indifference to the conventions and her fondness for fashionable dissipations, or a smart set widow who had yoked herself with two or three millionaires and frisked with Harry Lehr, her picture would have appeared in every newspaper that sports an art department, and columns would have been devoted to a recapitulation of her charms and her accomplishments. But it happens that Miss Millicent Wilson was until a few years ago an humble chorus girl, ambitious of stage honors and exhibiting talents that gave promise of a successful career. She possessed beauty and a gentle nature that commended her to the attentions of the young millionaire newspaper proprietor. When he met her she was in the chorus of "The Girl from Paris," a Broadway production. Her sister Anita Wilson was *premiere danseuse* of the same company. The latter was engaged to marry Sidney Tovey, a well-bred young Englishman who was a member of the company, and through him Mr. Hearst secured an introduction to Miss Millicent Wilson, who was then not more than eighteen years of age. Both young women were intent upon a stage career, and their mother by whom they were always chaperoned indulged them in their ambition.

A Gibsonesque Beauty

It was love at first sight on the part of Mr. Hearst, and what could be more natural than that the man who has for years espoused the cause of the plain people should bestow his affections upon one of them. He took an interest in the girl from the start but only a few of his intimate friends knew that they were to be married. Miss Wilson's mother was informed of the engagement, and at Mr. Hearst's suggestion both daughters retired from the stage, and with their mother made a tour of Europe during which he frequently joined them. Meanwhile Mr. Tovey married Miss Anita Wilson, and during the Spanish war he went to Cuba where he contracted a fever and died. Young Mrs. Hearst is not more than twenty-two years of age. She is a bright and vivacious young woman and of the Gibsonesque type of beauty. The marriage is of course a notable one, uniting as it does one of the most conspicuous of the young millionaire Captains of Industry and a young woman of a comparatively humble station. But such a marriage is not uncommon even in New York where two of the Goulds and others of the millionaire tribe have lured their wives from a stage career. From acquaintances of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst I have learned that she is an estimable young woman possessing many rare qualities of mind and heart.

The Vanderbilt Marriage

The daily newspapers showed remarkable forbearance in discussing the domestic affairs of the Vanderbilt family in connection with the marriage of William Kissam Vanderbilt and Mrs. Lewis Rutherfurd. They made but brief reference to the divorce that startled society eight years ago, and only vaguely and between the lines did they hint to the circumstances of that sensational case. However, the New York *Sun* could not forego the opportunity to pay Mr. Vanderbilt a well-deserved tribute for the dignity with which he conducted himself under very trying circumstances. "During the time of his domestic troubles," says the *Sun*, "and the pendency of proceedings for divorce he bore himself with most admirable self-control, though the circumstances must have been mortifying to him, and according to report peculiarly exasperating. His treatment of his divorced wife, so far as concerns financial provision, was princely, magnanimous, to a degree that even makes it remarkable in history."

An American Gentleman

It is quite evident that the *Sun* believes the version of the Vanderbilt divorce case which has long been discussed by society gossips in New York. Unless that version is accepted Mr. Vanderbilt is entitled to no credit for magnanimity or having borne himself "with most admirable self-control." But even if the popular version be true, Mr.

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Vanderbilt has done nothing more than a gentleman should do under similar circumstances. Every man should be guided by a desire to subserve the best interests of his children. The father of children who having occasion to distrust their mother seeks to publicly disgrace her is a cad. After all it is a petty spirit that prompts a man to punish the woman by whom he has been wronged. It was in 1893 that the Vanderbilts started on a ten months' cruise in their yacht *Valiant*, but the trip ended abruptly before four months had passed. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt lived apart until 1895 when the wife obtained a divorce on the ground of adultery. It was understood that a woman had been brought into the case merely to enable Mrs. Vanderbilt to obtain a divorce and to marry "Ollie" Belmont which she did nine months later. Since then Mr. Vanderbilt appears to have been governed by a high sense of respect for his children, to whose welfare he subordinated any personal and selfish inclinations to another marriage he might have had. He has given himself up to the management of his railroads and he has made himself one of the most powerful of the conservative forces in the field of American railroad enterprise, and a tower of strength in the financial world. His conduct has been in pleasing contrast to that of his ex-wife and also to that of other husbands and wives in the same social sphere who rush in hot haste from the divorce court to the marriage altar.

"Why does she nag her husband so?"
"Oh, she's simply trying him out."

A Striking Contrast

At an informal gathering in Oakland the other day the Charlemagne Towers were under discussion. It was stated that since they attained their high position in diplomatic circles Mrs. Tower has been seldom heard from by any of her old friends in the burg across the bay. There are several matrons in the Oakland swim who were the intimate friends of Mrs. Tower when she was plain Miss Smith. The Smiths were at one time prominent in Oakland society, but their father entered financial straits and it was considered fortunate at the time that one of the daughters had married Leroy G. Harvey who was quite prosperous. It was while being chaperoned by Mrs. Harvey on a trip to Alaska that the second daughter met Charlemagne Tower, who fell in love with her at first sight. Now the status of the two women is reversed. Mr. Harvey met with reverses and is now comparatively poor. The Harveys are living in a very modest way in Oakland. Charlemagne Tower, the United States Minister to the Court of Berlin, who lately created a sensation by adopting a diplomatic uniform for state occasions weighted with bullion and designed to reveal ample calves in expensive hose, is a multi-millionaire. The sumptuous hospitality of his home is almost on a par with that of royalty.

The Heirs Took Notice

The gossips of Oakland have taken note of the fact that a certain handsome young woman, who enjoys the distinction of a title that proclaims her the Queen of the district in which she resides, has lost her job. Some time ago she became the companion of a very rich and elderly woman across the bay. The woman soon became deeply attached to her, and one day there appeared in the social columns of an Oakland daily a story to the effect that the Queen had ingratiated herself into the affections of her employer to such an extent that the latter would probably bequeath her a large slice of her fortune. Now the principal heirs to the estate of the elderly woman are her nieces who are prominent in the smart set on this side of the bay. It was suggested in the story that they should sit up and take notice of the winning ways of their aunt's companion and they evidently did, for now the handsome young woman is out of a job. The gossips have given the whole matter a great deal of attention, and they say that the young woman is deserving of much sympathy; that the story was a cruel one and that it was inspired by envy.

"Don't you always telegraph your husband when you're away?"

"Oh, no, he's careful to send money every week without any wiring."

The Bishop at Sea

From Ned Clough, who is traveling in the Orient with Dr. Woolsey, I have received the following correspondence:

"Among the unusually distinguished personages who voyaged westward on the *Siberia* was Bishop D. H. Moore, accompanied by some other Moores not so distinguished—mere satellites shining by the reflected light of the central sun. We all knew that Bishop Moore was on board as soon as the passenger lists were distributed. There was his name and title as conspicuous as the names and titles of Hon. Sam Parker, Comte M. de Perigmy, Captain Stephen Rand, U. S. N., General W. W. Blackmar, Hon. J. T. McDonough, Colonel Frederick H. Smith, and Mrs. "Captain" H. K. Struve. But the Bishop was not wholly dependent on the printed list for the bruit of his fame. The light of his episcopal presence was not aflame to be hidden under a bushel, and his own resources were sufficient to keep him constantly in the full glare of the calcium. It was Bishop Moore who arranged the first divine

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services at sea, and it was Bishop Moore who preached the sermon—a Methodist discourse much longer than the moral law. At the conclusion of this sermon Bishop Moore made an ass of himself in these words:

" 'I have been requested by the captain of this ship to ask you to sing "My Country 'tis of Thee." Those of you who wish to sing to King Edward may do so.'

"It is difficult to understand whether the Bishop meant this as a compliment or an insult to Captain Smith, who is born an Englishman. Perhaps his reverence was merely facetious, remembering that the tune of 'My Country 'tis of Thee' was originally the tune of 'God Save the King.'

The Bishop's Crowning Triumph

"The next public appearance of the Bishop was at a 'camp-fire' around which he and General Blackmar and C. D. Roys sat and fought their battles over while the rest of the passengers sat helpless and silent, consumed by ennui and only prevented from deserting the music-room by the thought that if they did so it would be an act of discourtesy to the three old gentlemen whose vanity had imposed them so tiresomely on the company. The program of this seance included a long introduction by General Blackmar, a long story about a bugler named 'Little Billy' by Private Roys, and a long reminiscence of Morgan's raid by Bishop Moore. When Bishop Moore had 'been heard to cease' there was not a sleepless eye in the audience. The crowning triumph achieved by the Bishop was the baptizing, according to the peculiar rite of the Methodist religion, of little Siberia, a Japanese babe born in the steerage after the ship left Honolulu. The ceremony was participated in by the entire missionary push. The mother of the babe had been asked if she would object to the baptism of her child and not understanding what it might all be about, consented. Mrs. H. C. Smith stood as godmother and M. Hashi officiated as godfather. When it was all over the unconscious victim of this flummery was ticketed for the Methodist heaven under the name of O-Fumi San, which, being interpreted according to the epistle of Bishop Moore, to the Hairy Ainus means "Ocean-ship-born." If Bishop Moore lives to a green old age he will probably administer to O-Fumi San the last sad rites that are permitted to one about to perish for piracy on the high sea of Japan.

What the Smoking Room Thought

"Among the scoffers of the smoking-room it was argued that Bishop Moore had displayed vast nerve in thus taking advantage of a poor, sick heathen steerage passenger and a helpless pagan babe, to snatch this brand from the burning for the purpose of quenching the flame with Methodist holy water. It was suggested that perhaps the Bishop intended to enter O-Fumi San in the ledger of his missionary account as a 'convert,' charging the usual commission to the home society. It was also debated concerning the reception that would be accorded a Buddhist or Shinto priest if he should propose to baptize the babe of a Christian mother in the faith of Gautama or according to the rites of the sect that has built a straight path to the Japanese elysium. There was a consensus of opinion in the smoking-room that Bishop Moore would be among the leaders of the indignant mob assembled to throw the impertinent Japanese ecclesiastic overboard.

He was Johnny-on-the-Spot

"There was a rumor aboard ship that a marriage was on the tapis, whereupon the ever-ready Bishop of Japan, Korea and China offered his services. In this, however, he was properly rebuffed by Captain Smith who informed the prelate that if there was any marrying or giving in marriage aboard the *Siberia* he would assert his prerogative as commander of the vessel and perform the ceremony himself. Thereafter Captain Smith was not as popular with the missionary push as he had been. As the *Siberia* was crossing the one hundred and eightieth meridian a poverty stricken Chinese died in the steerage. As far as can be learned Bishop Moore has not offered to preach the funeral sermon and this poor soul will be compelled to find its way to beatitude by the ordinary heathen route unassisted by a letter of introduction from the Methodist dispensation."

"What's the best thing to buy for a quick rise?"
"Hot air ships."

Captain Johnson To Be Introduced

Captain Johnston's fondness for society, as well as his recent social misstep in giving a bachelor's ball at the Presidio and failing to invite his fellow officers, has made him the topic of many a quip in military circles. It would seem that his ball-room and tea-table ambitions he has taken with the utmost seriousness and in many cases has ranked them in importance above his obligations to Uncle Sam. At calls and balls he is indefatigable, and these, together with the regular duties mapped out for him who wears the shoulder straps, render him a very busy man. The other day a group of officers were discussing the Beau Brummel of the Bachelors' Ball when one of them remarked: "That is going to be a swell function which the officers at the Presidio are intending to give Johnston."

"I never heard anything about it," said another, "what is it to be?"

"We are planning to give Johnston a pink tea and introduce him to his company," said the first officer with true military gravity.

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Howland's Great Achievement

An anonymous correspondent has written to me in defense of Lieutenant Howland's histrionic ability. My correspondent is indignant that I should have failed to enthuse over Lieutenant Howland's performance at the amateur entertainment given in Golden Gate hall two weeks ago. The letter is typewritten and subscribed "A Constant Reader." The writer betrays a remarkably intimate knowledge of the young officer's affairs, and of his conduct and feelings on the night of the performance. In the first paragraph I am charged with being a poor and illogical critic for having stated that the lieutenant was "too pretty to act well." "Who ever heard of an actor's good looks detracting from his presentation of a character?" asks my correspondent. "Why, that is absurd. It usually enhances his performance." In the criticism referred to I merely quoted the remark of one in the audience who probably received the impression that the lieutenant was self-conscious. Good looks are a valuable asset on the stage, but when an actor becomes preoccupied with a sense of his pulchritude his art begins to limp.

A Genius and a Hero

My unknown correspondent assures me that Lieutenant Howland was a great success. "Not only did he enact the role entrusted to him well, but finding that the author's lines dragged and delayed the action of the play, he improvised and interpolated on the spur of the moment dialogue and 'business' which improved the farce wonderfully and made it run smoother than it would otherwise have done, which fact I learned later in conversation with Mr. Gilmore, the stage manager." No doubt Lieutenant Howland has a genius for improvising, but "A Constant Reader" also presents him in the role of a hero. "He went through the evening's entertainment, the play, as the curtain-raiser, and the minuette as the finale, with a sprained foot without so much as wincing or showing that he was in pain." And here we have been frittering away our time lionizing a Hobson while we had among us a Howland, a genuine hero who has the nerve to dance and act with a sprained foot. A bad actor he may be, but unquestionably he is a true soldier. Grit he has as well as pulchritude.

Frohman Couldn't Lure Him

But his enthusiastic admirer, my "Constant Reader," who evidently knows him like a book—almost as well, I might say, as he knows himself—insists that above all he is an actor. "I know," says the unknown, "that he has had a great deal of experience in amateur theatricals in the East, and indeed, that once in Washington he was offered an inducement by no less a personage than Mr. Frohman himself to resign from the army. He could give some of our so-called amateurs in this city, my own city, some advice in stage work. It is needless to add that your critic merely showed his or her own ignorance in writing the comment referred to. I know that in justice to Lieutenant Howland you will correct the impression which the item in your last issue may have created." Nothing could give me greater pleasure.

A Delicate Question

The Tevis baby and its light-hearted mamma continue to amuse friends and intimates. With characteristic irresponsibility Mrs. Hugh Tevis fails to regard the son and heir to the Tevis millions with great reverence. Some one asked solicitously after the child some time ago, and the little pink widow sighed and said, "It's too bad that babies can't be more interesting. One day last week the nurse had to be gone for a few hours and I was left alone with the baby. I don't know which of us was the more bored, the baby or I; but I am sure that we were both glad when the nurse returned." When Miss Baxter married Hugh Tevis she was received with open arms by our smart set, but when she was buried with her weeds in the Monterey hacienda the clasp of kinship was relaxed, and she found San Francisco society not over-urgent in its hospitality. The Baxters were really anxious to cut a wide swath in local social circles but somehow they have never succeeded in making headway.

Stockton Club Gossip

The Yosemite Club of Stockton, which includes in its membership all the prominent business men, recently had an interesting election for president. Tom Connolly was the choice of the nominating committee. He is to be the cashier of the new bank which is about to be instituted by San Francisco capital, and he was no doubt chosen for that position upon the presumption that he enjoyed great popularity in Stockton. However many of the members of the Yosemite Club objected to the choice of the nominating committee, and decided to make Frank Lane the candidate on an opposition ticket. They made a vigorous campaign and Connolly was defeated. Later on Lane sought the Republican nomination for Mayor but failed to get it. Mayor Catts could have secured renomination at the hands of the Democratic convention, but preferred to retire to private life. The administration of Catts was very popular. He made a splendid record, and would have had no trouble in being re-elected. He was born in Stockton, and for years cherished the ambition of becoming Mayor of the town. Having achieved the honor he was quite willing to retire from politics.

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

The Aristocrats of Ross

The scented atmosphere of exclusive Ross Valley in Marin county has been impregnated with the noxious vapors of plebeianism, and the provincial aristocrats who have long held themselves aloof from the common herd are in great distress. The exclusives of Ross take themselves with unparalleled seriousness. They frown upon people that venture along the road upon which their homes border. It is a barbed-wire exclusiveness that they maintain, and their absurd pretentiousness is as amusing to strangers as it is impressive to the polloi of the village. Some people have to wander far afield to find a community in which they may pose successfully as superior beings and awe the natives. Ross Valley was an ideal spot for most of the haughty ones that settled there. It was easy in that sequestered spot to confound isolation with that exclusiveness which has long been affected by the fictitious Vere de Vere. But now they are in distress, and all because of the invasion of the sylvan retreat by the common herd. A little village has sprung up near the station and there are several rows of cottages the occupants of which do their own washing, and flaunt their linen and flannels on the line in a manner that is positively disgusting to the old residents.

A Curiously Mixed Congregation

Long ago the fashionable residents of Ross decided that St. Paul's church in San Rafael was too remote; besides, it was not exclusive. One ran the risk of meeting one's grocer or baker in St. Paul's. So it was resolved to have a place of worship far from the gaping crowd's ignoble stare, and Ross chapel was erected. It is a curious place. The congregation includes Unitarians in the persons of the Barbers, Presbyterians represented by the Allens, High Church devotees in Mrs. Griffiths and the Dibblees, and Low Church followers in the George E. Butlers. The clergyman from whom these people receive spiritual sustenance is a suave and diplomatic gentleman who hails from San Rafael. He goes down every Sunday afternoon and preaches an exceedingly cautious sermon that pleases all hands. The first discordant note sounded in this mixed congregation was heard about the time that the George E. Butlers withdrew from Ross chapel. It appears that there had been a difference of opinion between Mrs. Barber and Mrs. Butler concerning the distribution of a certain five dollars that had been collected. Mrs. Butler was of the opinion that the Foreign Missions were in need of immediate assistance, and Mrs. Barber, mindful of the wisdom of commencing charity at home, contended that the money should go to swell a fund for the purchase of a new altar rail. I am told that the discussion between the two ladies was very spirited. Mrs. Barber won and the Butlers withdrew.

Last week Mrs. Willie Babcock of San Rafael gave a dinner at her home in honor of the Baroness von Schroeder. Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mrs. James Follis, who will summer in San Rafael, were among the guests. The Upper Thirteen was unrepresented. Mrs. Babcock never entertains members of that unique social body. She appears to be oblivious of their existence.

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Kocian a Larcenist

So the pretty, dollar-drawing romance of how Pauline Astor, enamored of the beautiful boy, Jaroslav Kocian, and of the music he made, gave him a priceless Guarnerius, grounded, as we guessed while it was going the rounds, on nothing more substantial than the baseless fabric of a managerial imagination. The Cremona, it seem, is now upon the high seas, and its lawful owner, W. C. Clopton, may whistle for it, and for the police. But if the fiddle is not where it legally belongs, it is where it belongs artistically, in the hands of a master. Is not a rare violin rather his who is able to play than his who can afford to buy it? I appeal to every lover of beauty. Beauty is forever having the best of morality, and by a divine right not yet recognized by obtuse police. I would like to bet a ticket for the next Kocian concert here that the recording angel knows on which side of the account to put such conduct down. But how the devil are we to know whether or not this sequel is not also a clever bit of advertising?

Why Clark Is Easy

There is now scarcely a subject of scientific, social or political interest upon which Senator Clark has not been interviewed. There was a time when the Senator was exceedingly shy in the presence of an interviewer, but the reporters succeeded in overcoming his prejudices. They discovered that he was vain and after that it was easy. When he first went East the space reporters tried to work him as he had been worked in the West but for a long time they failed. One night an Eastern paper wired to its western representative: "Must have interview with Clark. How do you work it?" The answer was immediate: "Tell him the world lingers on his tongue. Say you need him to make the sun rise." The next day that paper had a three column interview with the Senator from Montana, and since that time he has been good for about three columns daily in the various publications of New York and Washington.

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The Moreland Inquiry

The Bishop Moreland inquiry has without doubt been an actual trial to Bishop Nichols for a week, for those who have followed the career of the young Bishop of Sacramento know that the Bishop of California has been to him guide, philosopher and political pilot. Since Moreland has been on the coast he has had the senior bishop for a sponsor in the most of his undertakings. They are graduates of the same divinity school and it was the backing of Bishop Nichols that made the Sacramento man's ascension to a seat in the House of Bishops possible. Naturally Bishop Nichols feels a sense of responsibility for the good behavior of the young man whom he discovered and recommended as worthy a place among the apostolic representatives of the church. Had Moreland been brought to trial, the position of Bishop Nichols would have been an apologetic one, to say the least. The excellence of his discernment as a judge of human nature would, even unconsciously, have been instinctively prejudiced, and with the prospect of Archbishop's honors coming before the church, there might be a very far-reaching political effect. No one seemed to remember these important facts in prophesying what the judicial board of inquiry would do or has done. Consideration for Bishop Nichols would be no slight reason for regarding the charges of the rector of Vallejo in as light a manner as evidence would allow. That the board was on general principles favorable to the accused was admitted by at least one of the jurors. It would also be strange if even in an ecclesiastical tribunal there were not wheels within wheels, and especially where churchmen must these days be careful to guard the organization against a world always cynical and ready instantly to be captious.

He Was Up Against It

It is generally admitted that the Vallejo rector exhibited remarkable nerve in preferring charges against a dignitary securely hedged by the bulwarks of high office. And it is believed that if he had more influential friends he could have come closer to the goal he so belligerently sought. People in touch with the politics of the church say that Mr. Bollard was driving in the right direction but that he lacked an expert chauffeur. His indictment was feebly supported, but even though the evidence were far more convincing it would have been hard to overcome the prejudices of the commission of inquiry. There were astute men on that board. Dr. Trew has held the Southern diocese in his hand, and was entitled to the credit of electing Bishop Johnson. Rev. B. W. R. Taylor was at one time close to Dr. Trew and Archdeacon Emery is very close to Bishop Nichols. The members from Oregon were usually found in the company of Dr. Trew. Dr. Frederick W. Clampett of this city and Dean Hart of Denver were among the strong, independent men of the commission.

He Waited Long for Fame

From the chair of political economy in a university to that of libretto writer for comic opera producers is no trifling transition but it was achieved by Mr. Frank Pixley, who has been sojourning in this city several weeks and enjoying the experience of being the motif of lionizing functions. Mr. Pixley is known to fame as the author of "The Burgomaster," "King Dodo" and "Prince of Pilsen" librettos, but before he ever thought of writing jingling lyrics for comic opera comedians he was a professor of political economy at the University of Illinois. He drifted into the newspaper business in Chicago and worked with Peter Finley Dunne and George Ade long before they achieved fame. He was also the boon companion of Eugene Field, and it was in the latter's society that he was inspired to write jingles. Pixley has had the experience which enables him to testify that after writing something for the stage it is no easy matter to secure its acceptance even though it possesses merit. He carried the manuscript of "King Dodo" in his pocket seven years before he could induce anybody to produce it. One friendly manager did consent to put "The Burgomaster" on in Chicago as a "summer snap," and it made such a hit that there was a demand for more of the same kind, and then he handed out "King Dodo." He is now engaged in writing a political satire in musical comedy form for Klaw & Erlanger. He says that this city is full of comic opera atmosphere and that he is surprised that nobody has ever availed himself of the abundant material it affords.

Artists to Migrate

The most sensational gossip current in the studios is to the effect that Monterey is soon to be abandoned by the art colony which has done so much to immortalize the famous old mission town. The dissenting painters have staked out Carmel bay, equally beautiful and picturesque, and but a few miles further up the coast, as the site of their new settlement, and it is said that the hegira thitherward will be in the near future. This change will be a matter of considerable expense, as several of the artists, among them Charles Dickman and Charles Rollo Peters, have recently built themselves fine new houses overlooking the bland blue waters of the bay. Dickman, it is said, is already packing his effects preparatory to going, and in all probability Peters, MacComas, Fonda and Evelyn McCormick will be next to follow and the "Monterey school" of painters may in the near future be known as the "Carmel School."

Soldiers Taint the Atmosphere

The causes to which this contemplated change is attributed are various, but it is pretty generally conceded that the military post established at Monterey is having a great deal to do with it. Artists complain that the khaki clad servants of the government are taking all the romance out of the old Spanish capital and that what little is left

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of the adobes and the sweet Castilian atmosphere is being spoiled by the governmental vandals who are pouring all over the town. In spite of the fact that Mr. Peters made his greatest fame on "The Camp by the Cross", a military subject, he has joined his brothers in protesting that a soldier is not favorable to the composition of a mission picture. Not only artists, but wealthy residents as well, are complaining of the depredations of Uncle Sammy's men, who seem to regard Monterey as their natural playground, and persist in making night hideous with their beery cat-calls and vinous roundelays.

The moving of the art colony from Monterey brings up several interesting questions, important among which is, Will the famous "Monterey atmosphere" be affected by the change of locale? It is certain that Peters's and Fonda's and Miss McCormick's work smack of Monterey and of nothing else, and it is certain that Carmel bay, though closely resembling Monterey bay, is not the same. It surely will not be without a twinge of regret that these talented Californians who established Camp Dan O'Connell, built their homes as the padres built theirs and stood as the exponents of all that Monterey means to the art world, shall abandon their old headquarters for the new.

Isaacs.—I haf grade gonfidense in dot poy of mine.
Moses—Iss he smart at sgool?
Isaacs—He neffer knows a lesson but he vins all the marbles.

The Picturesque Hubbard

It is a significant fact that San Francisco, the breezy Western metropolis of suppositious cowboys and prospectors, turned and stared at the sight of one man and two boys wearing sombreros in Market street. The man was Elbert Hubbard, arch poseur and professional iconoclast, and the boys were his sons, principally famous for having had their portraits published as advertisements for a patent breakfast food. Like Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mr. Hubbard has gone through San Francisco without having been smothered under the roses of the admiring thousands, and it is a notable fact that few, if any, of the truly fastidious of the town have taken any notice of his visit to the Coast. This indifference is due to several causes: First and foremost, the little domestic difficulties which have shown Hubbard's private life to be somewhat at variance with the pugilistic morality of his preaching; second, that same preaching which has exuded a raucous self-satisfaction which, however clever, has gone far to scare the public of the Hubbard personality; third, Hubbard's universal reputation for veiled commercialism, which, despite its journalistic disguise, is still commercialism. Hubbard is essentially an advertiser. The *Philistine*, whatever its satirical power, is certainly the greatest advertising pamphlet in the world. Fra Albertus is an ideal lecturer. He possesses the knack of making platitudes sound like epigrams and of keeping his sombreroed personality ever to the forefront. His conversations are in the nature of interviews, for when he talks to you he is in the habit of suddenly producing a note-book and taking tab on your brains. This is not the least unpleasant of the Hubbard poses.

On the Platform

Not since the time when Swami Vivekananda expounded the teachings of Theosophy and hypnotized his hearers with his weird voice and inscrutable smile, has there been a lecturer who so completely held the attention of an audience as did Elbert Hubbard in his talk on Roycroft Ideals at Steinway hall. The audience was composed chiefly of pale young men with picturesque long locks and a great many comfortable-looking Unitarians. Many furtive glances were exchanged, while acquaintances greeted each other with an expression of surprise, as much as to say, "You here?" There seemed to be a little trepidation among the conventional, for the man who had become famous for his statement that he had "loved many women, one at a time," could not be depended upon to call a spade an agricultural implement. However, their fears were quickly dispelled and forgotten in the quick fire of pungent aphorisms that came from the lips of the tall, lean person on the stage. In appearance Elbert Hubbard reminds one greatly of the old pictures of Edgar Allen Poe, the same dark, mysterious eyes and the lines about the mouth bearing out the resemblance to a marked degree. At times there was a suggestion of Bryan in his expansive smile, and now and then there was an inflection to the

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voice or a peculiar gesture of the hand that was startlingly like Sol Smith Russell's. He had not talked for many minutes before every one realized that an excellent actor had been lost to the stage.

Ancient Anecdotes Revived

His impersonation of the different characters about East Aurora and the Roycroft Shop were inimitable, and his anecdotes were told with all the effect of a George Fuller Golden. It takes an extraordinarily clever raconteur to relate an old story acceptably, but the Fra uncorked several of ancient vintage that were received with spontaneous hilarity by the audience. One tale in particular that was greeted with great eclat was the one concerning his reply to the Duke of Manchester that in America we called our leisure class "hoboes". That democratic answer is usually attributed to our own Gertrude Atherton, but no matter, we appreciated its revival.

"What is the easiest way for me to stop this dreadful habit of cologne drinking, doctor?"

"By keeping it up, madame."

Tully Threatening to Arrive

Californians hear a great deal about the quick fame of Richard Tully, the talented California boy who has been placing plays with New York stars, but it might be well to wait and see if those plays appear before heralding him as a Western Clyde Fitch. Young Tully is a cousin of Tully Marshall, the well-known manager, and it is said among professional people that to have the co-operation and perfect confidence of a stage manager is to have won half the battle. Tully's college play, which was put on here while he was still an undergraduate at Berkeley, was certainly not a fair standard by which to gauge his talents, but it gave some hints, I surmise, as to the promise of his future work. The aforesaid farce, while rather barren of originality, was certainly pregnant with neat devices and situations and contained more "laughs" than the average professional show. Tully is now working in the capacity of a small sub-manager, and is learning the business from the ground up. It is said the Goodwin will put on Tully's "Strenuous Life" after the Shakespeare revival this fall.

A New Californian Novelist

The author of "The Inevitable" is not the only brain worker who has found the air of Piedmont bracing to the intellect. Herman Whitaker, who has been writing good short stories for the last three years, has had a novel accepted for publication by the Harpers. Mr. Whitaker is not a Native Son, but an Englishman. He comes of good stock, and was the eighth in a family of ten children. He was in the British army for three years, having run away and become a Tommy Atkins when he was a mere boy. His wife is a Canadian. The Whitakers tried ranching in Manitoba for some time after their marriage, but their home was burned to the ground by the Indians. After trying other localities, they came to California eight years ago, finally locating in Piedmont. They are both young and full of enthusiasm for their work, Mrs. Whitaker having been her husband's constant encouragement since he began to write. I believe President Roosevelt would approve of them. They are the parents of five boys and two girls.

"Everything comes to him who waits," said the philosopher. "Yes, even duns," added the impecune.

The Latest Municipal Scandal

Anent the latest scandal that has broken out in the Civil Service Commission involving Commissioner Mershon, Mayor Schmitz has been quoted as saying: "I very much deplore the bringing of the municipal service into disgrace. I have always upheld the merit system," etc. How refreshing is the Mayor's virtuous pose! He really does a very good stunt in that line. Only a few months ago he appointed Mershon to office despite the protestations of people familiar with the Mershon record. The appointment of Mershon in view of the notoriety of several of the deals in which that exponent of get-rich-quick scheming had figured was an unprecedented example of boldness for even a protege of Abe Ruef to give. Mayor Schmitz knew Mershon better than did many people who protested against the latter's appointment, but Schmitz wanted him on the Civil Service Commission to promote the interests of the Ruef-Schmitz political machine. Mayor Schmitz does not deplore the scandal half so much as he does the exposure of his protege by Civil Service Examiner Moran, who is deserving of credit for the courage he displayed in the matter. The statement of the Mayor that he has always upheld the merit system is entitled to as much credence as his other hypocritical utterances. Like his predecessor Mayor Phelan he has persistently ignored the merit system whenever it clashed with his political interests. He went so far as to appoint one of his brothers to a civil service position though the young man had never taken an examination.

In the flood of mineral waters presented to the public these days there is but one that contains all the virtues desired in this class of beverages—Jackson's Napa Soda. It blends delightfully with all wines and liquors—it makes the finest lemonade on earth—it allays that burning thirst arising from over-indulgence in alcoholic stimulants. In fever cases where the stomach refuses to retain milk, if mixed with Jackson's Napa Soda there is no further trouble. This is the day of substitution—giving a worthless, cheaper article for the one called for. Get only

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Why De Long Rushed Eastward

When George De Long suddenly resigned his position at Fischer's a few weeks ago, and hastily sped Eastward, there was speculation on the Rialto as to the cause. But the handsome young actor who gambols in the drawing-rooms of the smart set when he is not earning a salary before the footlights left no hint among the mummers as to the incentive of his trip. The gossips of society circles, however, believed that they could guess the object of the actor's sudden change of scene. De Long's being smitten by the charms of Miss Lurline Spreckels has long been the chatter of fashionable folks, and it was noted that they were always together when opportunity offered. De Long was conspicuous at the Spreckels ball and about that time the rumor of an engagement was bruited, but both denied the soft impeachment. And as Lieutenant Skipwith of the *Marblehead* was also in the train of the popular belle, the tabbies were kept guessing as to which of her admirers received the greater encouragement. When Miss Spreckels left for the East it was thought that perhaps De Long had failed in his task of heart-winning, but when he threw up his job at Fischer's and hurried Eastward, it was remarked that he would arrive in New York in time for an interview with Miss Lurline before she mounted the gangplank for her ocean voyage. So the coincidence has stimulated gossip once more. Though De Long is now a penniless actor it was not always thus, for there is blue blood in his veins, and before his father met with financial reverses he was one of the swim's most popular beaux.

Bierce at His Old Tricks

Ambrose Bierce, in a recent newspaper essay, declared that Shakespeare is inartistic and that his admirers are diseased.

Naughty, naughty Ambrose Bierce!
Always saying something fierce,
Always making planets small,
Just to JAR you, that is all,
Like the kid, with sin intense
Who writes swear-words on a fence,
Bierce blasphemes for fun, to see
Just how wicked he can be.
Tired of baiting kings and queens,
Next at God he shoots his beans,
Then on critical pretext
Poor old Shakespeare gets it next—
Fiend or poet, man or god,
Ambrose Bierce must shoot his wad.

A Nephew's Return

Raphael Weill entertained his nephew, David Weill, at dinner last Saturday evening, and the guests were chiefly drawn from members of the Sunday Morning Breakfast Club that dejeuners at the Bohemian Club every week. Young Weill returned from Paris only last week, and he is now visiting his relatives, the Sylvain Weills. Sylvain Weill, I hear, has closed out his business interests in his brother Raphael's drygoods house and will shortly return to Paris to take up his permanent residence. His brother Alexander resides in the French capital; he is the father of David Weill, who is here on a visit.

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The Pampered Bow-wow

"To lead a dog's life" has long been used as a moving figure. Heartless indeed is he considered who refuses an alms of pity to the wretched human being of whom such an existence may be predicated. The phrase must have come originally from Constantinople. Had the phrase-maker attended a modern bench show, or seen the lordly Poodle lying in the lap of luxury, or had he been tantalized by witnessing lips, on which his hopeless fancy had feigned ten thousand sweetest kisses, lavishly bestowed on some luckier dog than he—had he, in short, observed the dog of nowadays having his day, he would surely have made his phrase to mean how much better it is to be born a blooded son of the wolf, heir of prizes and pettings, than a "brother of the ox," careless of Plato and the Pleiades.

Mrs. Stanford's Withdrawal

So wise, so noble was the action of Mrs. Stanford in abdicating the throne at Palo Alto that many will see in it evidences of intrinsic fitness for retaining the position. They will argue that a woman capable of such thoughtfulness cannot well be spared from office. But the lady has reason. It is better that she be an *alma mater* than the Alma Mater. The management of a great university is not naturally within her province. That calls for a combination of abilities very much rarer than that rare thing, first-rate pedagogic power. Many a famous educator has lacked the necessary executive knack. Many an able executive officer upon a board of university trustees has lacked the necessary knowledge of the science of education and practical experience in what may be called "college psychology." Fortunately for Stanford University, for this community, for this nation, for the advance of education generally, the head of the faculty at Palo Alto has the many things needful. Grant him but one thing further, a free hand, and the boy, Leland Stanford Jr. University, will be father to the man that enthusiasts in educational matters expected to see come to magnificent maturity in the Santa Clara Valley.

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The Wrong Mr. Black

F. D. Black, the Seattle capitalist, and his family are visiting in Southern California. On his arrival in Los Angeles Mr. Black was surprised to learn that all of the fashionable hotels were full to overflowing and he was obliged to seek quarters elsewhere. When he reached Long Beach he was told the same story. His bad luck followed him to Pasadena and other suburbs. Meanwhile friends from Seattle who followed him south found accommodations where the Black family coin had been spurned. In desperation the capitalist consulted a lawyer friend, who on investigation found that Mr. Black the capitalist from the Sound had been mistaken for F. D. Black the pool-room king of Los Angeles. Explanations followed and the good Mr. Black is now a welcome guest.

She Started a Cold Wave

Mrs. Eliza Tupper Wilkes, the favorite lecturer of the Los Angeles women's clubs, was the speaker of the hour at last week's meeting of the Ebell Club. A number of fashionable clubwomen turned out to listen with becoming meekness and humility to an essay on "The Simple Life." It was a beautiful picture of simplicity in social life that Mrs. Wilkes portrayed. But when she advocated the admission of members of the proposed working women's clubs to full membership in the meetings of the exclusive Ebell a cold wave chilled the atmosphere. It was awful while it lasted. A simple life is a beautiful sentiment but fears are expressed that Mrs. Wilkes's theories will not work out in the Westlake and St. James Park districts.

She Carries a Gun

Burglars and footpads are holding high carnival in Los Angeles, and one of the results of the prevalence of crime is the arming of feminine reporters whose assignments keep them out at late and unusual hours of the night. Last Saturday Mayor Snyder issued the first permit legalizing the carrying of a deadly weapon by a woman press worker. It was granted to Miss Jane Sheaff who was formerly connected with the *Post* of this city. She has equipped herself with a silver-plated shooting iron of the most approved pattern, and thus armed goes to pink teas, Methodist conferences and Y. M. C. A. meetings. With a view of improving her marksmanship she spent last Sunday at Deadman's Island at the entrance to San Pedro harbor, but she did nothing by way of testimony to the appropriateness of the island's designation. These be strenuous times in the metropolis of the sun-kissed South.

The Story of Warner's Ranch

Ten years ago ex-Governor Downey's suit in ejectment to compel the removal of Indians from Warner's ranch came before the courts. Now the Indians are in possession of Pala valley, the "promised land" selected for them by their Moses, Charles F. Lummis, when the Supreme Court confirmed the ejectment decree. The ousting of the Indians from Warner's ranch was in violation of the spirit of the concession of the Mexican Government by which the title to that tract was bestowed on Dr. Warner. The grant was made about the year 1837. Dr. Warner was a New Englander who was suffering from consumption and who came to the coast for his health. His concession was on the edge of the desert, and the Agua Caliente Springs were located within its boundary lines. The Indians knew the healing properties of the springs and when any malignant disorder threatened their systems they bathed in the waters and were healed. Dr. Warner's grant from the Mexican government contained the provision that he was always to care for these Indians. He fulfilled the trust, watching over his charges with patriarchal kindness and treating them as if they were his own children. They worked for him in return, raising the corn that was the chief product of his ranch, and caring for the cattle. Dr. Warren entertained with generous hospitality, in the seignorial style of the Spaniards. He occasionally came to San Francisco, and his daughter Mary, who had a Spanish mother, was educated in a local convent.

Overwork and Intemperance

A warning cry is heard all over the country against overwork. We are becoming a nation of neurotics. We are burning the candle at both ends, for when we are not engaged in accumulating dollars we are devoting ourselves to excesses of various kinds. We seek relaxation from business activity in the quest of voluptuous diversions, and the consequence is that we collapse under the strain. The evil effects of overwork are generally experienced by those that neglect to fortify themselves against the attack. A man's capacity for work is in proportion to the restraint he puts upon his cravings for the things that weaken the constitution. The man that indulges his appetites immoderately draws upon both his physical and intellectual strength, and he is bound to fall by the wayside if he fail to husband his energies in hours of leisure. And there is no more effective method of husbanding them than that of sleep. The first warning of approaching collapse comes when the overworked man is unable to sleep. Insomnia is a symptom of nervous disorder. It is the tip that nature gives to the victim of overwork, and he should heed it instanter.

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Irving M. Scott

By the death of Irving M. Scott, this week, San Francisco lost one of her most enterprising citizens. The shortcomings of Mr. Scott were of the head exclusively. He was pompous and an egotist, but he possessed many virtues, and was beloved by his intimates. He admired brains and culture. He was a generous patron of the arts, and constantly added to his gallery of rare paintings. Toby Rosenthal painted his great canvas, "The Immolation of Constance de Beverley," to order for Mr. Scott, who chose the subject for him from "Marmion," one of his favorite poems. The millionaire used to tell a story anent this picture, which he considered highly amusing. He was showing the painting, shortly after its receipt here, to Arriola, when Brookes, the old-time painter, dropped in.

"That's a magnificent painting," exclaimed the old artist, adding "if Rosenthal painted it."

"He most certainly did," said Mr. Scott, "for I saw him at work on it."

"Well," said Brookes, "it's incomprehensible to me. Now I've been painting for years and years, and I can't believe a youngster could do a picture like that."

"Ah," chipped in Arriola, "did you never know that a young eagle can fly higher than an old jackass?"

Home and Family

The Irving Scotts' home is in an old part of town, in Harrison street, and the house, though old-fashioned, is comfortable and luxurious. After Laurance Scott's marriage with Caro Crockett, the young people, when in town, made their home with the former's parents. The only daughter of the family, Alice, married twice. Her first husband was James Nash Brown, and after his death her nerves were so shattered that a trip to the Hawaiian Islands was undertaken to restore her health. On that journey she met Dr. Reginald K. Smith, Assistant Surgeon United States Navy. After a brief courtship they were married at the Church of the Transfiguration, in New York.

Beata Still With Us

Mrs. Campbell is no longer with us, but she is not forgotten. A Blingum matron who is a great admirer of the English actress fell out with a friend the other day through an argument over the histrionic ability of "Mrs. Pat", and the question whether "The Joy of Living" is an immoral play. And over in Oakland, on Will Dargie's paper, there is an editor who insists that the morals of the play call for searching attention. He admits that it does not provoke gross thoughts or stimulate eroticism, but he contends that it is a subtle attack on the marriage relation, "because it makes the sinners of finer mould than any of the other characters." So it is evident that though Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who turns the thoughts of ten thousand into feelings and their feelings into thoughts, is no longer with us, her "Beata" is. All the world's a stage, as all the world knows, and "Beata", the woman who dares to live, who endeavors at any price to attain the harmony Nature intended her to attain, has for the moment the centre of it. Daily the problem is being presented on the broader boards. Why not play on the narrower? Is it not good for men and women to be audience of their own ideas; to observe themselves from an impersonal point of view? The conventual ideal for woman, the woman of today will have none of. The vowless nuns of nowadays fret like fury at the narrowness of conventional walls. The wine of new womanhood cannot be held in old parchments. The modern quickened consciousness of the shortness of life but adds to the determination not to miss its sweetness. "And if they are not the holiest?" That has a startling sound when thought aloud. But the "woman that remembers in the night" has long thought it in the silence of her lonely chamber. Who has not been startled by hearing unlikely lips declare with unmistakeable emphasis: "I mean to live. I'd do *anything* that would make me happy. If there is the devil to pay—well, I'll pay him."

"This parting gives me pain."

So said the molar to the forceps; and the dentist's chair laughed with glee.

The Retirement of Hitchcock

D. W. Hitchcock, who is one of the most popular railroad officials in this city, and who has held the position of General Passenger Agent of the Union Pacific for a score of years, has been retired on a pension, having reached the age of seventy-two. His retirement is regretted by all who have had business relations with him, and who have appreciated his uniform courtesy. For years he has controlled

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President Roosevelt

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the cream of the passenger traffic business out of this city. He is to be succeeded by Samuel Booth, who for the last three years has acted as confidential secretary to Traffic Director J. C. Stubbs.

Col. Jack Wright's Social Side

The late Colonel "Jack" Wright was a popular man. He was good-natured and hail-fellow-well-met. Perhaps had he not been so popular his life would not have burned out so soon. His social standing was at the top notch, and both his wives belonged to the smart set of Sacramento. His first wife was the eldest of the Hanchett sisters, and when a young girl her beauty was renowned. She was a sister of Mrs. Rutherford, who married George Crocker after her first husband's death, and of Mrs. Edgar Carroll. The second Mrs. Wright was Laura Clarke, daughter of millionaire C. W. Clarke, and sister of Mrs. H. Stuart Baldwin of this city. There were two children by the Colonel's first marriage, and the daughter, who is known to her friends and family as "Sister" Wright, lives with her aunt, Mrs. Crocker. She was her father's favorite, and is a beautiful and charming girl, very much like her mother in manner. Colonel Wright built a handsome home about two years ago for his second wife, and they entertained a good deal.

Gay In Her Bal Poudre

Stockton awoke from her Rip Van Winkle social sleep last week, put on her war paint and looked proud. The Daughters of the American Revolution gave a musicale and Bal Poudre to celebrate Lexington Day and bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men—the latter trying to look unconcerned and happy with several pounds of cornstarch, talcum powder and diamond dust on their coat lapels and manly shoulders—left there by the heads of the women. But though there was plenty of starch on the guests there was none in their behavior, for the hoi polloi had been carefully excluded and the elect could afford to be gracious without danger of being misunderstood. Mrs. J. J. Tully is fairly entitled to the spurs she won as a leader at this, the first social affair given by El Toyon Chapter since she was elected regent. Mrs. Mary Sperry of San Francisco brought along her spinning wheel and gave the entertainment a quaint touch with her spinning, as well as giving a graceful example of how to be natural before folks. The Episcopal rector, Rev. Alfred S. Clark of St. John's, was there with his wife and daughter, giving an air of delightful decorum that a dozen chaperons might have failed to bestow. As for the rest, Mrs. Sidney Hodgkins was generally voted the swellest looking of the young matrons in an elaborate black spangled frock over white.

There were many who admired more the daintier, more petite beauty of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Eugene Wilhoit, who was in white, or the fragile willowiness of Mrs. Francis Hodgkins (who was May Budd), grown lovelier and more spirituelle under the grace of motherhood. Mrs. Frank D. Nicol, who is a "Daughter" and a direct descendant of John Rogers, wore a wig and looked like a colonial picture. Miss Bernie Terry looked a dream in pale blue. Miss Beatrice Welsh and her fiance, Stewart Elliott, attracted a good deal of attention because they were to be married so soon. Their wedding took place at St. John's Episcopal church, on Wednesday. There were four bridesmaids, with Miss Maud Welsh, the bride's sister, acting as maid of honor. The Welsh family is among Stockton's wealthiest families, but both girls have chosen poor men, yet men of such calibre that a girl's life may be safely intrusted to them. "Uncle" George Wheatley was the one gallant at the Bal Poudre who had no need of powder, his hair—what there is of it—being snowy white. On this account there's a good deal of speculation as to Mr. Wheatley's age.

"A pretty girl asked me if you were a young old man or an old young man," said a saucy, detached widow to "Uncle" George at the ball.

"What did you tell her?" asked "Uncle," looking his alarm.

But the saucy nymph ran away laughing, without telling him.

Gossip of the Service

Colonel George H. Burton's old friends in San Francisco were glad to hear of his promotion to Brigadier General and Inspector General of the Army. Colonel Burton was stationed in this city for several years. His three

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daughters are all beauties. Minnie, the eldest, was married in this city to Captain Thomas Pierce, at present with his regiment in the Philippines. Leila, after a brief experience on the stage, was recently married at Governor's Island, New York, to Lieutenant Wells of the Eighth Cavalry.

Colonel E. A. Garlington, who has been Inspector General of this Department for the past six months, leaves today for New York, where he will take station at Governor's Island as Inspector General of the Department of the East. Major B. B. Ray, Paymaster U. S. A., who returned on the *Logan* from Manila, will also be stationed in New York.

Another bride to swell the number in army circles here. Miss Constance Mills of Washington, D. C., was married to Captain W. S. Overton last week, and the latter is stationed in San Francisco. The bride is a daughter of General Anson Mills.

The Presidio is at its liveliest, informal receptions being the *ordre du jour* and dances the *ordre du soir*. Colonel and Mrs. Rice were the motifs for a delightful reception by the Nineteenth Infantry last Thursday night in the mess room of the regiment, and next Tuesday evening General and Mrs. McArthur will be complimented by a reception in the clubhouse.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs the past week were Mrs. Frank G. Drum, Miss Augusta D. Ames, and Mr. J. R. Stanton from San Francisco; Mrs. J. C. Klein, New York City; Mr. P. R. Helm, Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Helm of Fresno.

First Sportsman: I caught a fifteen pound fish this morning.
Second Sportsman: How did you weigh him?
First Sportsman: Why, with his own scales, of course.

Mrs. Cheney's New Religion

A correspondent sends me a digest of the "New Gospel" preached by Mrs. Abbey Cheney, once of San Francisco and Los Angeles, and now the protege of some of the richest and smartest people of the East. Mrs. Cheney's School of Life and Expression is an institution that claims to make its devotees radiantly beautiful, and to keep them in perfect health, with the strength and vigor to do eighteen hours' work every day. Mrs. Cheney says she works that number of hours, and that though she formerly suffered from fatigue, since she adopted her present religion she feels not a trace of weariness after her most strenuous labors. "It is impossible to separate physical, mental and spiritual development," Mrs. Cheney says; "they are three factors of a perfect whole, and the three natures must be cultivated equally and harmoniously, with a keen appreciation of the right relationship of each to all." Mrs. Cheney says a woman is not to blame if born ugly, but she is decidedly at fault if she concludes to remain unattractive, since *anyone* can be beautiful who follows her new gospel. "Mind moves outward, and personal atmosphere, which is the finer relation of character, is the result of mental vigor or the lack of it. The tongue may lie, but the body will not. With every thought the Recording Angel is writing on face and form. Anyone may become beautiful in form and character if willing to work hard enough for the desired results. Definite training along moral lines should at least go hand in hand with mental and physical training. Practice for those moral qualities which make the helpful, beautiful personal atmosphere should certainly hold no inferior place in education."

How to Achieve Health and Beauty

Mrs. Cheney says the woman who would be beautiful, strong and tireless must learn to relax mentally and physically every nerve and muscle, drop worrying thoughts and become "receptive to the infinite health currents existing all about, and into which we can throw ourselves as easily as into a current of air. She must take sufficient sleep, and the subject of diet must be given due attention. The best science of diet that I know of," was her recent dictum concerning this topic, "is to eat food that you enjoy, and then enjoy it as one does good air, good company, or beautiful environment. Good, pure food of any kind will agree with anybody whose heart is running over with benevolence. A wonderful chemist is good will. A good dose of warmheartedness, a burst of genuine enthusiasm, will set the digestive organs into healthful action. There is a good deal of genuine heaven in good digestion, and there is no way to get into heaven but by the development of the soul; and the practice of benevolence means rapid soul development. * * * We only *know* that which we have really lived. I have *lived* the things whereof I speak, and I know that they are true."

Conditional

Impatient Suitor: Will you elope with me today?
Miss Budde: I will, on condition that you let me get a divorce before my fiance returns from South Africa.

—*The Clergyman.*

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GRETH AIRSHIP

Every day is one day nearer to the time when the Greth airship—a twin brother of the Santos-Dumont No. 7—will sail over San Francisco. Many people have been bitten by speculating in the stock of unfortunate oil or mining properties and other propositions that looked well on paper, and anything new is looked upon with suspicion. At present airships are certainly new in the United States, but will not be for long. The American Aerial Navigation Company will have four practical airships on exhibition in Eastern cities this summer. The first of the four will sail from San Jose to this city some time this month. As a money-making attraction, the exhibiting of airships will appeal to any business man who gives the matter consideration. *Don't be too cautious to look into it.* If you buy this stock now, next month your investment will increase in value from ten to twenty times. This is only our judgment in the matter. After you have seen the airship itself (by appointment only) you can form your own opinion.

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Through the Veil of Illusion

[*Letters from Miss Constance Durham.*]

I.

To Mr. Randolph Ross.

At home, Easter Eve.

My darling,

Just a minute since you left me. But I am so happy I can not go to bed at once. You love me—I keep saying it over and over. I had loved you so long, you know, and I never for an instant felt sure that *you* loved me. Men are so shy about revealing their inner feelings. You never even flattered me, or praised my frocks, my walk, my manner, as others did. You were so cold sometimes, so—yes, cross. And to think you loved me—and I am to be your wife. I have grown ten inches. Now, I look in the mirror and instead of a little five-foot-four woman with a white skin and straight brown hair I see a Venus de Milo. All because of you, my darling. Oh, it seems an age—a cycle of Cathay—to our next meeting. *Why* do you have to go to New York on the morning train?

Your *Constance.*

P. S. I am glad my name is Constance—it's what I shall always be to you. *C.*

II.

To the same, a month later.

Dearest,

No letter for two days! I hope you aren't ill. I am just looking forward, counting the days, until your return. Mother wants to go to our country place this week, but I've persuaded her that there is so much malaria there at this season that town is the proper place for another month. I have not told her, dear, our secret yet. Let us keep the sweet secret of our love to ourselves for a little while. Congratulations, engagement gifts and all that would vulgarize it for me. You great, handsome boy—what can you see in little me? I am glad, darling, you went to see my friend Mary Roberts. Poor thing, she nearly died, too, when her husband died. What would I do if *you* should be taken from me? Like Brunhilde, I know I should perish on your funeral pyre. Your

Constance.

P. S. Mary writes me she likes you so much. Now be nice to her. I shan't be a bit jealous. *C.*

III.

To Mrs. M. Roberts, a month later.

Dear Mary,

This won't be half an answer to yours, because we are going directly to the country and are so busy getting gowns and things. Ran is back, and he tells me he thinks you one of *the* women he has ever met. If he hadn't loved me first, I am sure you would have been his choice. Now, isn't that a ridiculous thing for me to say? Fate, I know, orders these things. If it had been *you*, he would have met you first. I'm glad he didn't. What chance would a *girl* have against a beautiful widow like you? No, dear, we haven't announced our engagement yet. It was my idea not to, at first, and now Ran thinks we'd better wait until his plans are settled. He returns to New York next week. Be good to him, dear, for my sake.

Constance.

IV.

To Mr. R. Ross, two months later.

Dear Ran,

Your last letter puzzled me. I am sure I ought to tell Mother, now that such a long time has elapsed. She can't understand why I am so changed, care nothing for society, and insist on spending so much time at home—writing letters, dear, you know to whom. Can't I tell her? By the way, Mary hasn't written to me for such a long time, I wonder if she is ill. You have not mentioned her, either, for several letters. And, dear, your letters are *so* short and *so* far apart. Remember, darling, I have only your letters to live on these days. I think I should die if you forgot to write at all. Of course—doesn't such a contingency make you laugh? I am laughing now.

Your loving little *Constance.*

V.

To the same, a month later.

Darling,

Just think, I am to see you soon—you couldn't come West (that horrid "business"), but I have persuaded Mother that a season in New York would be lovely for her Connie. We start on Friday—the thirteenth, too, but I'm not superstitious. I am counting the hours till I see you. Be at the Grand Central. I'll wire just when we will arrive.

Your impatient

Constance.

P. S. If you can get Mary by 'phone tell her we are coming. I haven't had a letter from her in months. But I love her just the same, tell her.

P. S. On second thoughts, don't tell her. I'll drop in and surprise her the day after our arrival. Not *the* day—that belongs to you.

VI.

To the same, one day later.

Sweetheart,

Your letter just arrived. I can't understand it at all. I am glad I shall see you soon, and find out what you mean. Has anybody been talking behind my back? Why, dear, I'd trust *you* even if my eyes said not to. I am *always* your constant

Constance.

* * * * * * * * * *

VII.

From Mrs. Durham to her sister.

New York.

Dear Louise,

I am in the greatest distress. Constance is very ill, and nobody seems able to give any cause for it—brain fever. She seemed very much excited as we approached the city, though she had been as quiet as a nun on the entire journey. She sent off a telegram for Mr. Ross—you remember him, that grave, tall insurance man we used to have at dinner occasionally?—to meet us at the station. I thought it a good idea, for I am such a poor hand to attend to baggage and such things. He did not appear,

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however. The wire, Connie thought, did not reach him. It turned out that the reason was something like that. He'd sailed for Europe the day before, his office boy told us when Connie 'phoned from the hotel. The next day Connie took a cab—I was too tired to accompany her—and went to see Mrs. Mary Roberts—you remember her? She was Connie's chum at boarding school. When Connie returned, she was in the queerest state, hysterical, and all I could get out of her was that Mrs. Roberts wasn't home. She was not in town—gone abroad, the people in the apartment house said. I am not sure that Connie didn't say Mrs. Roberts was married again—but she's been so ill since that she can't say a rational word. The trip was too much for her delicate nerves at this season, I fear. I will write again.

Yours affectionately,

Lydia Durham.

VIII.

From Constance to Randolph.

New York.

My dear,

Still my dear. Why didn't you tell me? How could you love me after you had seen Mary—my beautiful Mary? At school I used to worship her beauty—her great blue eyes and that golden hair with red glints in it. I loved her always, and nothing could shake my friendship. You two—you were my all. But neither of you had the trust in me that I had in you. Couldn't you think, dear, of what life would be after losing you and Mary, and my *trust?* If you had only said something—even a hint—but you did not. I love you still—I love Mary. I can't break those chains all at once. But I have been so ill. And there was no one to tell. Mother never knew of my love for you, Randolph. I wonder if things would have been different if I had told her that Easter Eve? I hope you will be happy. Tell Mary I want her to be happy. But—Ran, don't let Mary lose trust in you. Always be honest with her. There's nothing like that—to *believe* in the one you love, and do nothing that will destroy her trust in you.

Constance.

—*The Sentimentalist.*

The Losing of Mrs. Gayety

When Mrs. Boredom Gayety descended the marble steps of her Pacific avenue home the carriage was already waiting for her. "John, drive me to the Southern Pacific offices," she commanded in an educated tone. The society season was drawing to a close and Mrs. Gayety was fairly yearning for excitement. Already, as the carriage whirled through the busy centre of town she smiled as one who could see a whipping finish. Before the Southern Pacific offices her carriage stopped, she dismounted and entered the plate glass doors. But she was not too quick to be seen by the argus eyes of the press. From the five great dailies reporters were already hurrying toward the scene of interest. Breathless with exertion they reached the Yellow Front just as Mrs. Gayety re-entered her carriage, her mission accomplished. The carriage drove away and the reporters went about their several details, industriously taking notes.

II.

The next morning while sitting in her morning gown at her dainty breakfast table, Mrs. Gayety ordered that the five great dailies should be brought to her. With a woman's unerring instinct she opened them all at the society columns, and this is what she read:

The Investigator: "Mrs. Boredom Gayety will leave next week for a three months' trip to Mexico. She may visit Central and South America before returning to San Francisco."

The Caller: "Next week Mrs. Boredom Gayety will visit the Atlantic Coast and possibly Newport, where she will be received with open arms by the dwellers in that fashionable colony."

The Chronic: "Mrs. Boredom Gayety will depart within a few days to visit relatives in Los Angeles."

The Bullet: "Mrs. Boredom Gayety's many friends in the smart set will be gratified to learn that she will not desert us this year, but will spend the summer at Del Monte, whither she departs next Saturday."

The Rost: "Mrs. Boredom Gayety left yesterday for Philadelphia, where she intends to take up her permanent abode."

The lady munched her toast and sipped her coffee reflectively. "Now," she said, "I can slip away to Jerkwater Springs for a few months and the bores and the invitations will have a jolly good chase before they run me down!"

—*The Maid.*

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(*Suggested by a recent editorial in Town Talk.*)

Invitations, to the number of three thousand, are issued for the marriage of Miss Trixy Wealth and Lord Blood-and-Bones of Castle Nowhere, Noshire, England, Erin Lodge, Ballynothing, Ireland, Castle Lockcantfind, Scotland, and Castle Abcdefghij, Wales.

The dear one thousand intimate friends invited to the breakfast cogitate what to give the bride, it now being the fashion to combine forces and give a present worth presenting, instead of the out-of-date thousand and one trifles.

Ten representatives are chosen by the one thousand to decide upon the gift, the ten being elected after vigorous polling, and considerable pulling, to their distinguished offices.

The following debate ensues:

Mr. Parvenue (formerly a silversmith, and still interested in his old firm): I say we should have an elegant silver tea-set made, unlike anything ever bought before.

Mr. Stocks and Bonds (a banker): No, that would be absurd, when the Lord has all the family silver and she can get it out of pawn for him. I say give her some shares in a good banking concern.

Mr. Lots (a real estate agent): Now that would be the height of absurdity when she has all the money now she can look after. I say buy her a good lot somewhere in a smart locality.

Mr. Contractor: That's right. And we'll build her a big house on it.

Mrs. Upholsterie (whose husband has not been doing very well lately): How nice—and have it all furnished from top to toe.

Mrs. Poor Swell (who sometimes takes commissions): I move that we buy her some of that priceless old lace that the Battenberg House has in private stock. Why, it's worth its weight in gold.

Mrs. Schemer (whose husband promotes big affairs): Now what would really be nice is a solid block of stock in some old-established company like the Association to Supply Oil to All Ships and Trains.

Mrs. Bric-a-Brac (who has a collection of articles de vertu she would not object to part with): When our dear girl can buy anything she sets her heart on, how much nicer to get her some rare old vases and tapestries that she could not get at a shop.

Mr. Practical: I move we give her the money and let her buy her gift herself.

Mrs. Refinedly: How vulgar—one might do that for one's cook, perhaps—

Mr. Boredandblue: My God, men—and women—let's not waste this time talking. Get something or get nothing, I say.

His advice turned out so good that the combined forces bought nothing except the usual things, which went individually—twenty or so of silver sets, sixty or so separate spoons, olive forks, ice and sugar tongs, vases, urns, forks and knives, dishes, pictures, rugs, bits of lace, linen etc.—the regulation affair, received with carded thanks but muttered imprecations by the bride. —*The Valet.*

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STAGE

The Quaintness of David

Those who were looking for a Josh Whitcomb style of rural drama in "David Harum" were no doubt disappointed. The play is humorous, but it is not of the horse-play brand of humor. It is little more than a character study and it serves to emphasize the fact tnat the book was not written with a view to dramatizaion. The book is lacking in elements essential to the drama, and consequently the play is vapid. It is interesting only because of Crane's art . Some alterations have been made in the story to meet the dramatic exigencies, but they are unimportant. The love scenes might as well be omitted, as they are not well done and detract from the interest. Crane has assimilated the character of David to a degree that makes it difficult to figure just where Crane ends and Harum begins. He has the speech of the old banker who finds his relaxation in "hoss" trading. His mannerisms are suited to the character and his laugh is infectious. In the last act, where he leads up to his Christmas gift, of the mortgage on her home to the widow Cullum, after telling her the story of her husband's kindness to a poor boy, is one of the most artistic touches in Crane's impersonation. The part of the widow is played by Lois Francis Clark, who is a picture in the life of the poor, downtrodden woman, harassed by debts and with the joy crushed out of her.

He Called Us Jay

It was Wiliam H. Crane, familiarly known as "Billy" Crane, who first dubbed us "jay." He was ahead of Blanche Walsh in thus designating local theatregoers. It was after his engagement at the old Bush street theatre where he appeared with Georgie Drew Barrymore and Tim Frawley in "The Senator." Miss Barrymore and Mr. Frawley received more credit than did Crane for their work in that play, and when the veteran actor reached New York he said that this city could appreciate nothing but horseplay. We were extremely provincial then and we thought that we would never forgive Mr. Crane. I recall that Peter Robertson took a satirical fling at him in an article beginning. "So you're real mad at us, are you, Mr. Crane?" Crane is one of the few survivors of the old school of American actors. He has lost none of the old magnetism that won the public when he and Robson twin-starred themselves into popularity. Crane is said to be a rich man. His summer home is on the Massachusetts coast, at Siasconsett, near the home of Agnes Booth Schoeffel. He owns a fine steam yacht.

To Uplift the Stage

If ever there lived a Shakespearean enthusiast it is R. D. McLean, husband of Odette Tyler, who at the time of his marriage was reputed to be a millionaire. McLean first went on the stage when he married Marie Prescott. He declined to accept a salary but acted for the love of it. Shakespearean characters were his forte. When he married Odette Tyler, one of Frohman's most popular stars, it was said that she wished to retire from the footlights forever. But her husband's love of the legitimate drama was too strong. He persuaded his wife to join him as co-star in "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Othello," and later they added to their repertory others of the Shakespearean dramas.

Shakespeare at the Grand

This is the last week of R. D. McLean and Odette Tyler at the Grand. "Julius Cæsar" has proven to be the most popular play that the management has put on since Nance O'Neil's record-breaking engagement. Emmett Corrigan as Cassius easily carried off the honors of the production. His interpretation of the part is virile and convincing. McLean as Brutus gave his lines a most intelligent reading and in his speech to the Romans did some really fine acting. The quarrel scene went very well and in it Corrigan and McLean were seen at their very best. Herschel Mayall made a very graceful Marc Antony and in the speech over the body of Cæsar gave quite as many pretty gestures as a young lady who has studied Delsarte.

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528 Sutter street. Tel. Main 5569.

Price's Protege

Channing Pollock is coming into great prominence for a young man not yet twenty-four. He has been selected to dramatize "The Pit" for William A. Brady who is to star Wilton Lackaye in the play. Two years ago Pollock was working on a Washington newspaper. He was discovered by Mr. E. D. Price, now general manager for Belasco & Mayer at the Alcazar, who was then managing the Manhattan theatre for Brady and Ziegfield. On Price's recommendation Pollock was sent out in advance of Anna Held but he could not satisfy Ziegfield and was discharged. Price subsequently called Brady's attention to the young man and urged that he be tried. Brady engaged him to do press work for his wife, Grace George, and he did more for her than was ever accomplished for any American star. A year ago he wrote a story of the Oberammergau Passion Play entitled "Behold the Man" which attracted a deal of attention. The California manager is naturally proud of his protege.

The Letters of Mildred's Mother

By the way, it is not generally known that Mr. Price has attracted some attention in the literary world. Though he has been connected with the theatrical profession for many years he has dabbled more or less in newspaper work, and about a year ago he struck a quaint vein of humor which he exploited in the New York *Morning Telegraph*. He wrote a series of sprightly sketches revealing the inner side of the New York chorus girl's life. They were in the form of letters purporting to have been written by a very dashing and unconventional mother to an equally unconventional daughter. Blakely Hall declared that they were wonderfully accurate and convincing character studies, and these words of encouragement prompted Mr. Price to reproduce them between covers. The title of the volume is "The Letters of Mildred's Mother to Mildred." They are very entertaining and are as aptly phrased as some of Ade's best work. Mr. Price has touched upon a phase of New York theatrical life that is by no means edifying but none the less interesting.

Gets in Readiness for Glad Vacation Time

California Northwestern Railway Offers a Long List of Special Attractions

When the vacation season begins the California Northwestern Railway Company will be ready to make thousands happy. Its lines run through one of the most picturesque regions of the State, and every here and there are ideal places for rest and recreation. Lakes and mountain streams, cosy corners in beautiful valleys, comfortable farm houses, mineral springs, natural springs, camps in the wildwood, all these are offered, and each has the advantage of being only a short distance from the city. Only a small expenditure is needed for railway fares, and in each instance the other charges are very reasonable.

In conformance with its usual custom the California Northwestern has made elaborate preparations for the glad vacation time, as is evidenced by the handsome hundred-page booklet that it has just issued. This publication, "Vacation, 1903," gives a long list of places that take summer boarders, tells of the special attractions of each place and gives the rates by the week.

For campers, there are no end of attractions. Throughout Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino and Lake counties the climate is delightful and it is a pleasure to sleep in a tent. Along the Geur neville branch of the California Northwestern, paralleled by the picturesque Russian River, are many ideal spots for camps, the river affording good boating, bathing and fishing. One of the most beautiful places on this branch is Russian River Heights, one of the most charming spots in all the West.

The booklet contains much valuable information, and all who expect to make a vacation trip this summer will do well to supply themselves with a copy before making up their minds.

Bacon's Comedy

The prompter was a busy man at the Alcazar on Monday and Tuesday nights. He really did four times the work of any of the actors, and it is hoped he may be able to take a vacation next week. "The Man from Mexico" was a good vehicle for Willie Collier's peculiar talent, and Frank Bacon manages to get even more out of it. His fun is of that inimitable dryness which one remembers in Sol Smith Russell. Some day some one will fit Bacon with a star part in a play that will make him famous. Just now he is content to please Alcazar audiences, and he has made hosts of friends here. The audiences this week have been large, approving, and hysterically joyous.

Legs and Detectives

It is often said that an actor or actress will persevere in a grotesque make-up to every detail except the hands. The hands he, or she, always leaves in their native whiteness. It is here vanity asserts itself. There's something more curious than this. It is in relation to stage make-ups of detective characters, parts requiring several hastily-assumed disguises. I noticed it in Gillette's Sherlock Holmes, and the same thing is apparent in Landers Stevens's detective in "Caught in the Web," the very thrilling melodrama at the Central this week. Sherlock Holmes disguised every portion of his anatomy but his legs, and one could spot him every time from those members. The Gillette legs are straight and thin and not very muscular, and the actor walks with his toes turned out, showing that he went to dancing school when he was a boy. He disguised himself as to face and figure so that his best friend would not have known him, but the legs could not be mistaken. Landers Stevens does some very clever lightning-change dressing in his detective role, but his legs give him away every time. There's a slight, very slight indentation at the knee that points to early horseback rides with short stirrups, or none at all. Those indentations give "Leonard" away, just as the Gillette turned-out toes revealed their owner.

A Marriage in the Profession

It seems only a few years ago that Georgie Cooper made her debut as Little Lord Fauntleroy, but she has made successes in various roles since then. Her latest appearance was in a hasty marriage trip to San Jose. The love scenes of Georgie Cooper and Landers Stevens at the Central this week were given with such attention to detail that, after the divorce of Fanny Gillette from Stevens the sequel of the marriage on Wednesday scarcely seems so surprising . Yet the Stevens's were considered a model couple only a little while ago. Fanny Gillette was a divorcee when she married Landers Stevens but theirs was a pure love match. It was only last year that Georgie Cooper's engagement with M. L. Alsop, the Alcazar's erstwhile leading man, was announced. Alsop was married, but his intention was to obtain his freedom and wed the witching San Francisco soubrette. The two were very much in love and no one seems to know just when Miss Cooper decided to be off with the old love and on with the new.

Stevens to Arrive

So Edwin Stevens is to return to the Tivoli once more, and there is to be a revival of "Wang"! Stevens has a strenuous way of taking a vacation; he quits work in the East and comes to San Francisco to visit his relatives and amuse his friends, but never stops drawing salary. Though Stevens has long enjoyed a measure of popularity on Broadway he has never been starred. He has long been contributing to the success of other stars, and I believe that he has been very much disgusted at the oversight of managers, for he is sensible of the high quality of his art. He has the actor's good opinion of himself. But Stevens is really a versatile chap, one of the most versatile on the stage. He plays Malvolio as successfully as he does a grotesque character in a comic opera. He is as much at home in burlesque as he is in legitimate comedy. However it was not until the other day that it was determined to make a star of him. Dave Belasco has at length taken notice of the Stevens personality and he has decided to star him in a play which he had originally intended for Dave Warfield. So Mr. Stevens is to arrive. Meanwhile he will stimulate the writing of mash-notes among the patrons of the Tivoli, for though Edwin is no beauty he is quite a matinee idol in San Francisco.

Connoisseurs of perfect goods appreciate "Jesse Moore" Whiskey for its purity and delightful flavor. It is without a peer.

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It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

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There is not a more artistically appointed cafe in the country. . . . . .
It is a place wherein the guest may feast the eye while dining sumptuously and being regaled with exquisite music. . . . . .
The Tavern is now under new and experienced management, and patrons are assured of the constant attendance of the chief of the establishment, and of prompt service at all times. . . . .
Special attention is paid to luncheon, dinner and after-theatre parties. . . . . .

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Wm. B. Hooper, Manager — San Francisco

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MRS. A. HESTHAL, Proprietor

Mary's New Play

Mary Mannering has Mrs. Thomas Whiffen in the company heading this way in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," and Arthur Byron is her leading man. The play has a pretty plot. Geraldine is an American heiress who is returning from a long stay in Europe. A poor Hungarian nobleman has fallen in love with her at first sight in Budapest and has followed her on a steamer, traveling second class. A white rose which he leaves on her steamer chair leads to the introduction that he seeks, and love on both sides begins with a song he sings to her on the promenade deck in the moonlight. The plot turns on mistaken identity. The count is so proud that he poses as a commoner, in order to escape the suspicion of fortune hunting, but he has an elder brother who has an international reputation as a blackguard. Matters are complicated by a confusion of the two, but in the end all is straightened out, the the stubbornness of Geraldine is justified and the curtain falls on happiness.

The performance at the Central theatre next Friday night will be for the benefit of Tommy Kierns, the popular character comedian who has been forced to retire from tne stage on account of ill health. Mr. Kierns has many friends in this city, of which he is a native, and there is not a more popular member of the profession in this country. In addition to the performance of "Devil's Island" next Friday night there will be specialties between acts.

San Francisco Lodge No. 3, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, has decided to have a big "Day and Night with the Elks," at the Chutes, Wednesday, May twenty-seventh, instead of the regular annual theatrical entertainment in aid of their charity fund. There will be special features in the theatre and on the grounds and at night there will be a magnificent display of fireworks.

Features of Next Week's Bills

"David Harum" has drawn very large houses to the Columbia and will be the attraction next week. Mary Mannering in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" comes next, and during her engagement she will also give the premier of a new play by Ramsay Norris.

Emmett Corrigan in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," that weird play based upon Robert Louis Stevenson's novel, will be the Grand's attraction. This play always drew when Mansfield had it in his repertory, and it has been long since it was seen here. It is one of the most remarkable plays, with a dual identity as the motif, that was ever written.

"Fiddle-dee-dee" was the first Fischer success in the Weberfieldian repertory and calls for its repetition have finally been yielded to. Not a piece of the old scenery, or a rag of the old costumes, however, will be used in the revival. The amusing Florodora sextet burlesque is retained and there will be new musical and dance features. Helene Montrose is expected to make a hit; she is the new Amazon leader. A burlesque on "Sapho" called "Sapolio" comes next.

"The Toy Maker" has found favor at the Tivoli and will continue all next week. Monday, May tenth, will come Stevens in "Wang." There will be toys for the children who attend "The Toy Maker's" farewell matinees.

"Zig-Zag Alley" will remain at the California. "Town Topics" will follow.

"We 'Uns of Tennessee" is always a favorite with Alcazar audiences. It is a strong drama, full of exciting scenes. Charles Francis Bryant's benefit Wednesday night should draw a packed house. He will play his original role of Lige Munroe.

Emily Lytton, always a favorite here, with W. H. Gerald, a clever Eastern actor, head the Orpheum bill. They and company will present Edmund Day's newest farcette, "He, She and It." Janet Melville and Elvie Stetson, in a new act that enables them to display some of their smartest costumes, will appear, also Harding and Ah Sid, "the clown and the Chinaman," in an amusing stunt. Mademoiselle Olive, a pretty and deft juggler, and the Wilsons, singers, dancers and cakewalkers, will be new. Jim Corbett will shortly appear at the Orpheum in his original monologue of personal experiences.

At the Chutes Beahan, Mascotte and Beahan, comedy sketch artists, Frank Bowman, a noted magician, Martin and Ridgeway, character comedians, George and Laura Lewis, "the rube and the lady" will appear, and among the holdovers will be Sheelor and Seyfried with their daring cycle maze. —*The Playgoer*

CALIFORNIA

Last Week Commencing Tomorrow Night
Of The Famous ZEB & ZARROW
In the Screamingly Funny Trick Farce Comedy
"ZIG ZAG ALLEY"
A Whirlwind of Original Ideas and Effects Interspersed with Roaring Fun

Next the farce of topical hits "TOWN TOPICS," presented by a strong cast including the principal members of the original company

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One More Week, Com'cing Monday, May 4. Owing to demand for seats
"THE MAN FROM MEXICO"
Except on Wednesday Evening, May 6th when
"We 'Uns of Tennessee"
Will be given at Chas. Francis Bryant's Benefit

Prices—Evenings—25c, 35c, 50c & 75c Matinees—15c, 25c, 35c & 50c.
May 11—"Lover's Lane." May 18—White Whittlesey in "Heartsease"

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O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee May 3rd

A BIG NEW SHOW!
The Lytton-Gerald Company. Melville and Stetson. Harding and Ah Sid. Mlle Olive. The Wilson Family. The Montrose Family. Libbey and Trayer. Sailor and Barbaretto. And last week of IMRO FOX AND COMPANY

Matinees—Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday,
Reserved Seats, 25c: Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
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Lessee.

Week Beginning Monday Evening, May 4, 1903
Special Starring Engagement of the Eminent Actor
EMMETT CORRIGAN in
"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
Founded on Robert Louis Stevenson's Story

Popular Prices: 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c & 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday
A Good Reserved Seat in the Orchestra at all Matinees, 25c.
Coming - - - - Walter E. Perkins

★TIVOLI★

Tonight, Sunday Night and Every Evening Next Week,
Toy Souvenir Matinee Saturday. The Great Favorite
"THE TOY MAKER"
With ANNIE MYERS and a Great Cast. - - Next Attraction,
EDWIN STEVENS, in the famous comic opera "WANG"

Popular Prices—25c, 50c, 75c. . . . . Telephone Bush 9

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Beginning Monday, May 4th Second and Last Week
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday Charles Frohman Presents
William H. Crane
In a Dramatization of
"DAVID HARUM"
May 11th—Mary Mannering in - "The Stubbornness of Geraldine"

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Monday Night at 8:15 there won't be a seat unless you come at once.
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With everything new from start to finish, That is all we need say. For the rest come and judge for yourselves.
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Children at Matinees, 10c and 25c

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That you may have a pleasant memento of our opening week, we have made unusual prices in every department.

First Floor

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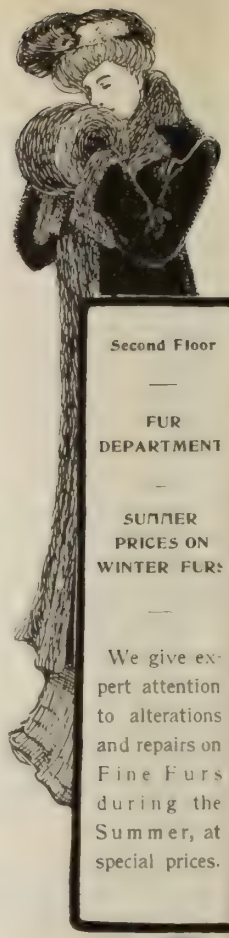
The assortment includes many exclusive productions and styles for Spring and Summer wear.



Second Floor

FUR DEPARTMENT

SUMMER PRICES ON WINTER FURS

We give expert attention to alterations and repairs on Fine Furs during the Summer, at special prices.

FIRST FLOOR.

Cloak and Suit Department

$30 and $35 Tailor Dresses, $25. Plenty of them, in all colors; elegant in style, finish and design. Opening week price **$25 00**

$10 and $12.50 Cloth and Etamine Skirts, $7.75. New and charming; in Canvas, Cloth and Etamine; right in style, quality and make. Opening week price..... **$7.75**

THIRD FLOOR.

Waist and Muslin Department

$1.25 to $1.75 Waists, $1.00. White; all new; all kinds of materials, best qualities. Opening week price... **$1.00**

$6.50 to $8.50 Silk Waists, $5.00. Wash Silks, Summer Silks, Lace Insertions, Taffeta and Peau de Soie. Latest and newest designs Opening week price..... **$5.00**

White Skirts, $1.00. 15-inch flounce, 6-inch embroidered edge, daintily finished; also not embroidered, heavily hemstitched, fine tucks and ready for lace. Opening week price..... **$1.00**

$3.50 White Skirts, $2.25. 18-inch flounce, 3 rows fine lace, 4-inch lace ruffle at bottom, rows of hemstitching, dust ruffle edged with lace; best of materials. Opening week price..... **$2.25**

$1.75 to $2.25 Corset Covers, $1.25. Dainty; properly made; fine material, ribbon trimmed and correct in shape. Opening week price..... **$1.25**

SECOND FLOOR.

Fur and Rug Department

We want you to bring us your Furs for alteration, repair or make-over, that you may learn what expert workmanship can do on old Furs for little money.

White Angora Rugs, 34x70 inches. **$1.90**
Gray Goat Rugs, 33x66 inches... **$2.15**
Tiger Stenciled Rugs, 34x70 inches. **$2.65**

FOURTH FLOOR.

Millinery Department

$20 and $25 Pattern Hats, $10.00. Bought for Easter, expecting our building ready. Best makers — Lichenstein, Halsey, Joseph, and many French makers. An elegant opening week inducement. Opening week price..... **$10.00**

$15 to $30 Later Idea Hats. Our delay in opening was some advantage. Latest after-Easter ideas from New York. Kept back purposely by the fashion makers. Opening week price.. **$15 to $30**

$7.50 to $10 Walking Hats, $3.50. New natty. From the best makers. A select and especially attractive lot. Worth up to $10. Opening week price..... **$3.50**

Third Floor

LADIES' AND INFANTS' UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT

This season's newest effects in

Silk Waists
Petticoats
Shawls
Corsets
Ladies' and Infants' Muslin Underwear

Fourth Floor

MILLINERY AND NECKWEAR DEPARTMENT

The smartest and newest styles of this season's creations in millinery and neckwear, including the latest designs for young ladies and children.

Some Unusual Opening Week Dainties for the Little Ones

Infants' Fine Slips and Dresses. For our opening week at half price. Sample line, fresh, dainty; regular $1.00 to $10.00. A fine assortment for you to select from. Opening week price..... **50c to $5.00**

Infants' Coats. Cream Bedford Cord, Cashmere and Silk. Long and short coats at manufacturer's prices. This is a sample line of special values. Sold regularly $2.25 to $30. Opening week price **$1.15 to $17.50**

The Prayer

Lord, God, hear thou a suppliant. Abject,
All crimson-stained, I cringe, lest Thou, in wrath
At my presumption, raise Thy mighty hand
And crush the worm that dares to lift its head
In quivering fear to Thine omnipotence.
The years Thou gav'st I've drunk like honeyed wine,
In fetid grasp to burning lips and heart
I've pressed the sweets of life, and drained the dregs
Of every worldly pleasure. Lord, I dare—
Yea, I! a lep'rous thing—the crawling things
Of earth of which are 'shamed—I, dare to come
Before Thy face.

Lord, God, hear Thou a suppliant. Outcast,
World-weary, broken hearted, losing all
I turn to Thee. . . .

What's this I've dared to say?
Great One, be blind and deaf, that I may snatch
This blasphemy from out the Great Beyond
And plunge it back within my withered heart
To mock its human selfishness. I turn—
A thing all foul within, unfit for hell,
A pigmy that infects Thy universe,
I turn to Thee when all is lost—Just God!
I wonder Thou hast spared so vile a thing
To soil Thy name.

Emblazon all my sins; none can there be
To equal this most human infamy.

When once again a suppliant I come,
'Twill be to ask if any good deed done
Can blot from out the angel's record-page
This prayer. Amen.

Mabel Porter Pitts.

The Length of Days

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one-half hours. At Stockholm, in Sweden, the longest day has eighteen and one-half hours. At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzic, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours. At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, in Siberia, the longest day has nineteen hours and the shortest five. At Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one and one-half hours, and the shortest two and one-half hours. At Wardhuys, in Norway, the day lasts from the twenty-first day of May to the twenty-the longest day is three and one half months. At New York the longest day has fourteen hours and fifty-six minutes; at Montreal, fifteen and one-half hours; at San Francisco, fourteen hours and forty-eight minutes.

Unfinished Sentences

"Do wise people ever finish sentences?"—*Lady Blixworth in "The Intrusions of Peggy," by Anthony Hope.*

It is always well to leave something to the hearer's imagination. If we didn't, well—

Dashes cover very clever reservations sometimes.

Deceptions?

Perhaps.

Poor Lover, affianced to an heiress: Ah, if I were only rich—

(*Sotto voce*: I would never marry you, but the girl I love.)

Deceptive Husband: I untrue to you? Why, darling, if you knew the secret of my heart—

(*S. v.*: You'd leave me at once.)

Deceptive Wife: I deceive you? Why, love—

(*S. v.*: I do it every day, but so long as you don't know, what's the harm?)

Fiance: You ask me if I ever loved another woman. How absurd, when you know—

(*S. v.*: Nothing—and never will, from me, of your ten or twelve predecessors.)

Forgiving Fiance: Never speak to me again! Unless you had confessed it yourself I would never have believed—

(*S. v.*: That you'd be such a fool as to give yourself away.)

Husband, with wife telling of her extravagance in millinery: This is scarcely the proper time, madame—

(*S. v.*: No, indeed. Every moment she talks cuts off my prospective poker profits.)

Suitor, to father-in-law-elect, with expressive wave of hand: I assure you, sir, your daughter will never want. My prospects are—

(*S. v.*: *Nil*—good he has an imagination.)

Suitor, to heiress, homely but "easy": If you knew the depth of my love—

(*S. v.*: You'd give me my walking papers.)

Indignant Virtue: What, play for money? Sir—

(*S. v.*: Not for worlds—when an I. O. U. will do the business.)

The clock ticked and their souls knew—

(That both had a date, perhaps, and they had missed it.)

—*The Finisher.*

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Templeton have issued cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Lucy Pearl, and Mr. William Harold Harris, on Tuesday, April fourteenth, at the First Presbyterian church, Oakland.

Larkspur

Ideal suburban property, beautifully situated in Marin county on the N. S. R. R. Completely sheltered by Mount Tamalpais from ocean winds and fogs. Extensive water works, sewerage and electric light systems. Attractions abound—such as sea-bathing, boating, groves of redwood, madrone and laurel, picturesque walks and drives, sunshine and wildwood vistas. The wonderful equability of the climate cannot be surpassed; flowers bloom perennially. The journey from San Francisco is short, enjoyable and full of interest. You can have a charming country home at a moderate price, and on easy terms.

AMERICAN LAND AND TRUST CO., 630 MARKET ST.

MUSIC

Antonia Dolores (Trebelli)

Manager Will Greenbaum announces as his final musical attraction of the most successful season ever given in this city, the popular soprano, Mademoiselle Antonia Dolores (Trebelli). No artist ever visiting San Francisco made as many friends and warm admirers as this charming woman, and after her triumphal tour of the Australian colonies, where she attracted larger audiences than even Melba, she will be sure of a hearty welcome. Mademoiselle Dolores is unquestionably the greatest concert singer before the public and students of the vocal art realize that attending a Dolores concert is worth a half dozen lessons to them. Arrangements have been made for three concerts at the Alhambra theatre—Wednesday evening, May twentieth (which will be under the auspices of the California Club), Saturday matinee, the twenty-third, and a sacred concert Sunday night, the twenty-fourth. Prior to her first appearance Mademoiselle Dolores has been especially engaged as a soloist at the last Loring Club concert of the season. After her appearances in San Francisco the artist will tour the coast, going East via Canada, where she has a number of engagements.

Manager Greenbaum is now arranging his plans for next winter, and promises some fine attractions. The season will open late in September with Augusta Cottlow, the brilliant young pianiste, whose playing created a furore here nine years ago when she appeared as the child wonder at the Bauer symphony concerts. Since that time Miss Cottlow has achieved success in Germany and Russia, and last season played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and other important engagements in this country, and has without doubt taken rank amongst the world's greatest artists.

At the Union Meeting of the Adelphian Club in Alameda today the program will be: Songs—Hochsommer, Eichenscher, Prelude, Locher, Romance (new), Debussey (Paris), New Love, Mendelssohn, Miss Una Fairweather (Fred Maurer, accompanist); Fantasia D minor, Mozart, Fantasia E minor, Cecil Cowles, Waltz E minor, Chopin, Cecil Cowles (pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt); Maiden Songs, Richard Strauss—Cornflower, Poppy, Ivy, Waterlily, Ode, Goldmark, Miss Fairweather; lecture, "The Bible as Literature," Mrs. J. B. Hume.

Musicale in San Rafael

The pupils of Miss Esther A. Mundell gave a recital on Monday afternoon, at the residence of A. W. Foster in San Rafael, which was a very enjoyable affair. The following program was rendered: Trio, Festival March, F. Behr, Misses Foster and Alexander; Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin," Alma Birmingham; duet, "Pas des Amphores," C. Chaminade, Misses Dodge and Dollar; Tarantelle, P. Beaumont, Margaret Sheehy; song, Cupid and I," Miss Irene Miler; Floriano (intermezzo), L. True, Ina Perham; duet, Hungarian Song, F. Behr, Misses Graham and O'Connor; Badinage, V. Herbert, Miss R. Casey; Chattering, L. Novara, Juanita Waterman; duet, "La Grace," C. Bohem, Misses Newhall; Butterfly, E. Grieg, Miss Dodge; song, "Pensee d'Automne," J. Massenet, Miss Mundell; June Barcarolle, T. Tschaikowsky, Philip Faymonville; duet, "Song to Evening Star," from "Tannhauser," Misses Driscoll and Landon; Valse de Concert, E. Schutt, Miss Dollar; duet, "Attack of the Ulans," C. Bohem, Messrs. Evans and Johnson.

On Friday evening, May eighth, a concert will be given by the pupils of Dr. H. J. Stewart, in Steinway hall. The program will be entirely contributed by the pupils with the exception of some violin solos by Nathan Landsberger.

Founders' Day, at Mills College, will be celebrated next Tuesday. The special feature will be the dedication of the new pipe organ in Lisser hall, at half-past two o'clock, by Dr. H. J. Stewart. The choral class will render Sullivan's "The Lost Chord" and Handel's "Largo" and there will be other musical features.

BLITHEDALE

Marin County, California. Opened April 15th.

Hotel bus meets train at Mill Valley Station

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Competent staff of assistant teachers. Special teachers for Languages (German, French and Italian), Physical Culture, Fencing, Elocution, and Stage Dancing. Prospectus upon application.

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Teacher of Piano. Advanced Pupils especially desired

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The Holmes Concert

They were a delighted lot of music lovers who lingered in Heine hall last Tuesday evening at the close of a series of the Henry Holmes concerts. Not a few showed signs of that divine drunkenness, that blessed inebriety, that comes of the dream drink of love, or music, or literature, at its best. Mr. Holmes has the secret of charm, charm, the *sine qua non* of effectiveness in art. And ineffective art is a contradiction in terms. Without charm, music is as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Unless there is that "something other than the" notes, there is at best nothing more than "the least disagreeable of noises." It is the addition of moving personality that gives the necessary over-note of distinction and sets up the process of idealization in the hearts of the hearers. Henry Holmes has temperament. To understand my use of that abused term, one must have heard him. Personality, rare in a man, rarer in a woman, and rarest in a child—Heaven has also bestowed it upon Kathleen Parlow. Through your ears to your heart went the wonder of her reading of the Max Bruch "Swedish Dances." You began to dream. You even forgot that Fred Maurer's fingers, full of their wonted magnetism and finesse, were wooing the chaste ivories. Mr. Holmes's colleagues, Miss Goldmann and Messrs. Wismer, Becker and Friedhofer, are to be congratulated upon the excellence of their co-operative efforts. —*The Music Critic.*

Mr. Scott-Leslie, the society "entertainer," now in the Straits Settlements, tells some amusing stories of his Indian experiences. In Simla he engaged rooms at a boarding house which was recommended and settled terms with the lady of the place. When, however, he told her his name she said:

"Oh, I don't think these rooms will suit."

Seeing how displeased he looked she went on to say, "I am quite sure you are thoroughly respectable, but we have to be so very particular and only those can be allowed who are on the Government House list!"

He tells an even more significant story of an experience in England. "Once I was asked to give an entertainment in the country, and was asked in after dinner. When it was over the hostess came up and said, 'Oh, Mr. Leslie, I want to tell you how much we enjoyed your entertainment. I am sorry I didn't ask you to dinner. We did not know you were a gentleman.'"

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LETTERS

An Army Story

In "A Daughter of the Sioux" General King is back on familiar ground. Once more we are at Fort Frayne, with Captain Ray and Blake, in the midst of an Indian uprising, with the excitements of the post and the pursuit of the savages. "The Daughter of the Sioux" who gives title to the story is a beautiful girl, who, despite her three parts of white blood, and her advantages of education and environment, is a thorough Sioux at heart. She is the niece of the post trader's wife, and her appearance at the port is timed by herself, so that she can assist her dark-skinned relatives. Nanette's Indian origin is unknown to the garrison, and her aunt has designs on the bachelor Major General Webb. It better suits the young lady's purpose to enslave the youthful Adjutant Field, and she is unscrupulous in the advantages which she takes of him, and for that matter, of every one else. There is a new and unexpected element in the Indian outbreak, a strange young chief unidentified, whose methods are something of a puzzle to the garrison commanders. He has a fluent vocabulary of English profanity, and other peculiarities which are neither Caucasian nor Indian. Just who or what he is cannot be determined at first, but he turns out to be one more specimen of the fostering care of a philanthropic government, an irreclaimable who had been educated at the Carlisle school, and was later a member of the Wild West show until he had caused so much trouble that it became unnecessary to dispense with him. Now that the Indian troubles are probably settled for all time, since there is no longer a frontier where settlers can be murdered and troops massacred, books like this can be written, since they cannot be construed into criticism of the powers that be. And it is well that a soldier should speak of the things that touch him near the heart, of the folly of feeding the savages on government rations all winter, sheltering and clothing them, and giving them opportunities to arm themselves with better weapons than the troops, not to mention the chances for an English education, in order that they might turn and rend the hand that cared for them. But there was the situation: Eagle Wing, otherwise Ralph Moreau, in the camp of the Sioux, turning all his knowledge and experience to account against the white soldiery; Nanette Flower, living with her aunt, apparently a white girl, free to come and go and visit at the fort, but unscrupulous, treacherous, ready to do and dare anything for her Indian brave. It takes a soldier to write intelligently of military matters, but the veriest amateur and novice must acknowledge the truth and common sense with which General King discusses the sentimental philanthropy of the theorists who interfere with the practical common sense of the frontiersmen, and if we had forgotten, or never before knew of the ineptitude of such officers as Major Flint, temporarily in command, but long enough to do sufficient mischief, we have had wars enough in the last five years to make it plain to us that it takes something more than "pull" to make an officer. Of incident and movement there is plenty in this story, which might be called the best kind of a historical novel, for without attempting to supplant history, it helps to preserve a picture of times and scenes which are too lightly passed over. These Western "skirmishes" and "brushes" with the Sioux, the Apaches, and other tribes are to be met with only in the current newspapers, or buried in the archives of the war department, while every insignificant reference to the far milder types found on the Atlantic coast is spread in detail in the pages of the elementary histories. There are some stirring descriptions of military operations as well as of life at Fort Frayne, and Nanette must stand for a heroic figure from the Sioux point of view. This is a book which admits of no skipping. Illustrations are by Frederick Remington and E. W. Deming. The cover design shows an Indian girl in full Sioux costume, done in colors. [Published by the Hobart Company of New York.]

Letters of an Actress

"The Letters of an Actress" is an unpretentious little book, presenting no claim to be considered as "literature" and yet which will serve to interest many. Miss Ethel Gladys Luttrell Hobson is the epistolarian, and whether she be a real personage and her correspondence genuine, or whether this is a love story cast in the form of a correspondence, and seeking fame through anonymity, it matters little. The author made her debut as little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," some time in the eighties, followed that by "East Lynne," and a few more childish parts, and then found place as a

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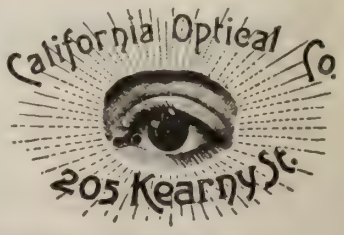

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pantomime actress in the English provinces. As the first letter bears date 188-- and the last 1899, one is somewhat at sea as to the age of the young lady on her first appearance, but as, in the course of the correspondence, some one else remarks that she was "rising ten" when he first saw her, and as this considerably antedates the first epistle, one is justified in supposing that Ethel Gladys was in the neighborhood of twelve. On the supposition that the correspondence is genuine, in that case the question arises naturally how some of the letters found their way back to the writer. But taking it as genuine, one cannot help but enjoy the guessing part of it, where real London managers and playwrights are described under fictitious names. Gladys Ethel's hard work as a pantomimist, the ways of "hall" artistes, and her love affairs are all good enough reading to while away a summer's hour or so, and there is no attempt at "fine" writing or epigrams. The very simplicity of the little letter-story commends it, especially since it never touches the *risque* as do so many stories of stage life. A good part of the correspondence consists of the love-letters written to an actor to whom Ethel Gladys was engaged for a time, but who jilted her, thus leaving her free to form an alliance with an "Hon." and become a lady by marriage as well as by birth. [F. Stokes Co., Publishers.]

Another Revolutionary Romance

Though "Cliveden" brings up at the tail of the procession of Revolutionary romances, it is by no means one of the worst of them. On the contrary, had it appeared a year or two earlier, it would have ranked, in all likelihood, amongst the best-sellers of its day. "Cliveden" was the summer home of the patriot, Benjamin Chew of Philadelphia, though for the purpose of the novelist it is inhabited by a family of mythical Murrays, a blind father, a married son and a grown daughter. Those who can recall the details of the battle of Germantown will remember this stone house, which was made a temporary fortress by the retreating British, and this incident is used to good purpose in the book. As is to be expected, it is a love story with a background of war, but we are indebted to the author, Kenyon Cox, for his characters, who are flesh and blood and believable. Margaret Murray is a dignified lady, such as we like to picture our Revolutionary foremothers to have been, and Arthur Peyton, the British officer who wins her heart, is a man of honor. We have glimpses of Washington, Hamilton and Andre, who, however, are kept in the background, for the plot is confined chiefly to the members of the Murray household. There is plenty of incident and action, and the villain is not an improbable figure in a time when so many trimmed their sails with a view to keeping on the winning side. Margaret Murray is the heroine, but of heroes there are half a dozen and all worthy ones. The time is that strange winter of 1777-78, when the patriot army starved and froze at Valley Forge while the wives and daughters of the patriot leaders feasted and feted with Howe's officers in Philadelphia. Mr. West has spared us both the flippancy and the astonishing epigrammatic brilliancy of the average Revolutionary romance, but one could wish that he had let his characters talk "United States," even if we have been taught to believe they did otherwise. It is hard to imagine that people in their everyday clothes used such expressions as "What means he?" "Keep me not in suspense," "Saw you not?" "Knows he not?" "Why send you him away?" and a dozen such on every page. "Oft" and "ere" rather grate on one, and it is not likely that any one who has read "Sentimental Tommy" can suppress a smile at every encounter of "methinks." There are more than Corp Schiack who find it a most useful word. But for those who are not sated with these tales of Revolutionary times there is good reading in "Cliveden." It would pay to cut out some others and give time to this. [Published by D. Lothrop of Boston.]

Geraldine Bonner has written her second novel, a story of a bonanza fortune, which is sufficient of a hint that it will concern Californian life. Amongst the host of writers, East and West, male and female, there are, after all, comparatively few to whose announcements we look forward with much expectation, and amongst the elect Miss Bonner has her place. To be sure, that first short story of hers, printed in *Harper's Monthly*, was not grateful to our sensibilities, not so much because of its improbability amongst a certain class of the new rich, but because it is the kind of thing that the provincial Easterner accepts as typical of San Francisco. But in "Hard Pan" Miss Bonner more than redeemed herself. It was not only an exceptionally good novel, but an exceptionally true picture of life. The new book is promised as one of the early autumn publications. —*The Bookworm.*

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With the Money Makers

The Crocker Feud

As a culmination of the bitter squabble and the sensational charges of conspiracy to defraud made about a year ago by Henry J. Crocker against his cousin William H. Crocker and Prince Poniatowski, and which incidentally led to a suit for some $80,000, Henry J. Crocker's name was dropped from the list of directors of the Sierra Railway of California, at the adjourned annual meeting of stockholders held last Monday. All the old directors were re-elected, Crocker's place being filled by ex-Congressman S. D. Woods, of Stockton, who has been the company's attorney for some time. The new board is composed of Prince Poniatowski, president; W. H. Crocker, vice-president; T. S. Bullock, general manager, S. D. Freshman, secretary and treasurer, and S. D. Woods. The dropping of Mr. Crocker out of the directorate did not come as a surprise. The statement of the company for six months ending with December 31, 1902, shows the gross earnings, $181,492.84, and the operating expenses $69,611.46, making the net earnings $111,881.38. The Sierra Railway of California runs from Oakdale to Tuolumne, via Jamestown and Sonora, with a branch line from Jamestown to Angels, and has a mileage of 84 1-10 miles. There are now $1,243,000 6 per cent bonds outstanding, which are due April 12, 1937. Of this amount $5,000 has been retired yearly, and in future it is intended to increase this amount. There have been no dividends paid on the stock; all surplus earnings have been used in construction work. The road is reported prosperous and is doing an excellent business. No further extensions are contemplated for the present.

Morgan's Latest Acquisition

It is believed in Philadelphia that J. P. Morgan has acquired control of the Cramp Shipbuilding Company. It is said that he will not formally assume the control of the company for some while, but it is expected that he will practically dominate the management of the company from now on. It is also reported in Philadelphia that a number of the directors will resign, and that very important changes will be made when the reorganization is consummated. There will be a radical reduction made in the operation of the company, and a general curtailment of expenses in running the plant. A plan of operation is now being mapped out by experts.

Interesting Features on 'Change

Although trade conditions with reference to several leading securities have been somewhat unsettled during the week the actual market prices for stocks have been quite steady with no important fluctuations, beyond the slight changes usually incident to daily transactions. The buying element has been rather backward for some days, but whether this is caused by a temporary neglect of this class of investments or by a disposition to hold off in the hope that after a short time some of the rumors of proposed changes in the corporate affairs of several of the leading companies would assume more tangible form, cannot at this time be determined. Certain it is, however, that there is an unsettled feeling in relation to the lighting stocks and the affairs of the Spring Valley Water Company and the Oceanic Steamship Company. For the most part the sales of the week were confined to small lots and it is quite probable that if any large blocks of stock had been thrown on the market a break in prices would have surely resulted. The proposed change in the Spring Valley Water Company and its re-incorporation is the chief topic of conversation on the street. The peculiar feature about the change in the company's affairs is the manner in which the capital stock is to be doubled. The original company which has been in existence for so many years had a capital stock of $14,000,000 divided into 140,000 shares of $100 each fully paid. The new company has a capital stock of $28,000,000 divided into 280,000 shares of the par value of $100 each. The additional capital stock will not be sold, but will be divided among all the present stockholders at the rate of 2 shares of the new for each share of the old. As the old stock is fully paid to the amount of $100 per share and the new stock is of the par value of $100 per share, the question which is agitating the street is, how one share of the par value of $100 and a market value of $84 can be made into the equivalent of two shares of the par value of $100 each, without the investment of a single dollar on the part of the shareholders. It is asserted by some that this manufacture of new stock is merely a scheme to facilitate a larger bond issue, and the cinching of rate-payers. It may be stated by the way that the present outstanding bonds aggregating $13,975,000 become due in 1906, and it is doubtful whether the company has any sinking fund with which to redeem them. The proposed new bond issue is to have for security the same property, and plant which served as collateral for the old bond issue. There is every probability that when the present bonds mature in 1906, the holders, instead of receiving gold coin to which they are entitled, will be tendered some of the new issue of bonds. In this way, it is said, the company will pay its bonded indebtedness and have an abundance of new paper to float. Oceanic Steamship shares have been very dull although there have been a few sales at from $7 and $7.50. This price does not represent a decline for the corporation has increased its capital stock from 25,000 to 50,000 of the par value of $100 each, and the shareholders are now receiving two shares of the new stock for each share of the old; by this means the additional capital of $2,500,000 is issued and the company can then make an additional bond issue of the same amount. The same questions relating to the Spring Valley Water Company apply with equal force to the Oceanic Steamship Company. At the end of the year 1902, the Oceanic Company owed in the neighborhood of $1,000,000 floating indebtedness. Of this amount about $900,000 was in the notes of the company, due to J. D. Spreckels Bros. & Co. It is now reported that these notes will be paid out of the new bond issue. The company's expenditures last year are said to have exceeded its receipts by nearly $860,000. There is a growing feeling on the street that the fight now in progress between the rival gas companies has become so bitter that all hopes of a compromise are forever at an end. The Independent Light and Power Company is rapidly extending its system throughout the city and their patrons are growing so steadily in number that the management of the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company and the Pacific Gas Improvement Company are appalled at the outlook. Strange as it may appear war has been declared between the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company and the Pacific Gas Improvement Company. This disagreement is said to be the outcome of the failure of the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company to effect some plan of combination for the enlistment of new capital. It is said that the directors of the Pacific Gas Improvement Company refused to acquiesce in the proposition. Hence the quarrel.

—*The Financier*

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Other People's Ideas

Some Chinese Proverbs

From an interesting book on Chinese proverbs and common sayings recently published at Shanghai; its author, Rev. A. H. Smith, a missionary:

Heaven is not sparing of doctrine, nor earth of treasure.

The monastery faces the nunnery; there's nothing in that, but there may be.

A person of great size is sure to be a fool; if not a fool he must be vicious.

Children born within ten months after their parents' marriage will always be poor.

Small hands and large feet, a life of wretchedness.

If the forefinger twitches, one is sure to have plenty to eat.

From Mary Cholmondeley's "Moth and Rust":

If there is one thing more than another which exasperates a conventional person, it is an impulsive action.

It seems to be the miserable fate of certain upright, closed natures who take their bearings from without, always to fail when the pinch comes; to disbelieve in those whom they obtusely love when suspicion falls on them; to be alienated from them by their own success; to be discouraged by their faults, incredulous of their higher motives; repelled by their enthusiasms.

There are long periods in the journey of life when "the road winds up-hill all the way." There are also long periods when the dim plain holds us, endless, day after day, till the last bivouac fires of our youth are quenched in its rains. But when we look back across our journey, do we forget alike the hill and the plain? Do we not rather remember that one turn, exceedingly sharp, of the narrow, inscrutable way, what time the light failed, and the ground yawned beneath our feet, and we knew fear? There is a slow descent, awful, step by step, into a growing darkness, which those know who have strength to make it. Only the strong are broken on certain wheels. Only the strong know the dim landscape of Hades, that world which underlies the lives of all of us. . . If we needs must go down that steep stair we go alone, and none shall say how it fared with us. Nature has some appallingly beneficent processes of which it is not well to speak. Life has been taught at the same knee, out of the same book, and when her inexorable disintegrating hand closes over us, the abhorrent darkness from which we have shrunk with loathing becomes our only friend.

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"Part of your father's, I should say, too."

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"Mother says that when a girl's in love her feet swell a good deal."

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—*The Traveler.*

The "Cocktail's" Origin

The origin of the American "cocktail" is obscure. Many attempts have been made to trace it. One that has lately been going the rounds of the press gives it a medical significance. The old doctors had a practice of treating certain diseases of the throat with a pleasant liquor applied with the tip end of a long feather plucked from a cock's tail. They finally began to use this preparation as a gargle, and the name cocktail clung to it. The gargle gave way to an appetizer—to the mixture of bitters, vermouth and liquor that is still in demand. Another story says that the original cocktail was made from *pulque*, an alcoholic beverage distilled from the juice of the *maguey*, or *agave*. The liquor was discovered by a Toltec noble who sent some of it to the king by the hand of his daughter. The monarch drank the *pulque*, and looked at the maiden. Whether her looks gave more delicate flavor to the liquor, or whether the taste of the liquor made the lady seem fairer, is not certain. The king, at any rate, fell in love with both, started a *pulque* plantation, and married the girl. Her name, Xochitl, thus became associated with the national intoxicant. When General Scott's troops went to Mexico they drank the liquor and pronounced it good. With the adaptability of the Saxon its Aztec name turned into "cocktail," which was carried back with them to the States.

—*The Soak.*

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—Department No. 7. No. 81376.

NELLIE G. PAULSELL, Plaintiff, vs. O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of this plaintiff and upon the further ground of defendant's extreme cruelty toward this plaintiff, said action is further brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court awarding the minor children of the parties to this action to plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

Endorsed: FRANK McGOWAN, ELMER WESTLAKE, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 75-79-80 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, May 9, 1903

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Civil Service Corruption

The star-eyed goddess of Reform, like a Malay fanatic, ran amuck in this city a few years ago, and one of the results of her activity was the institution known as the Civil Service System. In the pursuit of the ideal, the sad-eyed young reformers who had been lured into municipal politics by that arch manipulator, Mr. James D. Phelan, insisted that San Francisco should have Civil Service Reform. They predicted that with Civil Service Reform would come purity in politics and a clean, business administration of municipal affairs. The system has been in operation over two years, and it has been responsible for more scandals than ever took place in the same length of time in the history of the city. Civil service in San Francisco is a delusion and a snare. We have had two Mayors since the new charter went into effect, and both have made a farce of civil service. Mayor Phelan showed contempt for the charter by making the Civil Service Commission part and parcel of his political machine. With the connivance of his tools on the commission he appointed his henchmen to office in open violation of the civil service provisions of the charter. Then came Mayor Schmitz, who from the beginning of his administration has consistently ignored the civil service law, and who capped the climax of his irregularities by appointing a notorious rogue a member of the Civil Service Commission. The law relating to civil service having been so frequently violated, and it appearing from the numerous scandals that have broken out in the Civil Service Department that frauds have been practiced, people experienced in municipal politics now seriously doubt the possibility of conducting the system on an honest basis. When a man of the wealth and standing of James D. Phelan could not withstand the temptation to "do politics" in a manner that jeopardized his reputation for honesty and integrity, how slim are the chances of ever electing a Mayor of sufficient moral stamina to resist the blandishments of the political siren! We believe that Civil Service in municipal government is conducive to trickery and deceit, and we believe that a majority of the voters of this city believe that it has proved a failure, for they know that men are employed in the City Hall in violation of the law and that frauds have been practiced. After all the Spoils System, so far as municipal politics are concerned, is not so bad as it has been painted. Under our system of government, and with our election machinery in its present condition, political management has become an art, and a party is the best medium yet found for giving concrete expression to political ideas. The men that devote themselves to politics as a profession, who contribute to party organization and keep alive party enthusiasm, have a right to expect a living out of politics. Though parties are founded for great purposes, and act as great moral agencies, they must depend for their every-day working energy on the stimulus of hope and fear, of success and failure, which go to form the fuel of human endeavor. Civil Service Reform is the ideal of those highly respectable citizens who are either too lazy or too indifferent to take an active part in politics, and whose knowledge of public affairs is derived eleven months in the year from perusal of the evening papers through the smoke of an after-dinner cigar. They are the sad-eyed reformers who think they know how the government should be run. They are theorists, and bad ones at that.

Elocution and Oratory

The *Bulletin* bewails the neglect of elocution by the pulpit and bar and sets forth a plea for the teaching of it in all the higher schools. The *Bulletin's* champion of the useful and pleasing art contends that it is a valuable aid in making education a practical power, and that it is all wrong to believe that this is a business epoch in which courts and audiences regard only what one has to say and not the manner of saying it. Undoubtedly the useful and pleasing art of elocution is neglected. It is a singular fact that many of our most eloquent orators are unskilled in the art of elocution. They appeal to their audiences solely by their personal magnetism and the charm of their utterances. On the other hand there are men that pose as orators and that enjoy some reputation for oratorical ability who have not the faintest spark of eloquence, but who appeal to the mob by the exercise of those tricks of elocution which are invoked for declamatory effect. Quite often do we witness illustration of Story's lines:

> Loose declamation may deceive the crowd,
> And seem more striking as it grows more loud,
> But sober sense rejects it with disdain,
> As naught but empty noise and weak as vain.

It is usually the bombastic declaimer who goes in for spellbinding with a hungry attention to detail in the matter of inflection, intonation and gesture, and he is fully as theatrical as the ranting barnstormer of the old-time histrionic school. He has memorized numerous chapters of catch phrases from Macaulay, O'Connell, Phillips, Clay and Webster, and though he may deceive the crowd he is as vapid as food without salt and as unconvincing as a romance by the Duchess. The art of elocution is most advantageous to those that have nothing to say but who desire to say it well. One occasionally finds a young lawyer

just out of school skilled in the art of elocution. He is always thrusting himself forward whenever there is an opportunity to declaim. He loves the sound of his voice and to tickle his ear with it he will volunteer to act as secretary of the County Democratic Convention, or he will play heavy parts in amateur theatrical shows, for the young elocutionist is always in doubt whether he should become a lawyer or take to the stage. The art of elocution is neglected, but it is the decadence of the art of oratory which should be deplored. The fact is that the true spirit of eloquence is on the decline, but not because men have neglected the art of gesticulating with Delsartian grace. It is because the public speaker of the present day is a victim of the utilitarian trend of the times. He loves to stick to facts and figures; he gives his imagination no play and he fosters no ideals. The man who has no ideals cannot be truly eloquent. The true orator is a man of artistic temperament whose pleasure it is to paint word pictures, to move by the magic charm of verbal imagery, and to make the conquest of his audience with brilliant metaphors. He combines reason with soul and he would scorn to invoke theatrical device.

The Man Behind the Gun

A few months ago an authority on naval marksmanship deplored the deterioration of gunners on American ships. He represented that the marksmanship of the United States Navy was far below the British standard. His views were evidently based on information obtained in England. The views of adverse critics of American institutions generally are. The North Atlantic fleet engaged in target practice the other day, and established the world's record. From the showing made it now appears that the man behind the gun who distinguished himself in the Spanish war has lost none of his skill. The only serious rival of the United States navy in marksmanship is the British, and they need considerable practice yet before they can hope to approximate the record made by our North Atlantic fleet. The *Alabama* carried off the honors by her splendid work with the thirteen inch guns, hitting the target twenty-two times out of thirty-two shots and making a percentage of 68.75. The *Illinois* scored a percentage of 53.1. The *Indiana's* gunners missed the target only six times in twenty-four shots, their percentage being 75. The general average for all guns was 51.50. The firing was done by moving ships, often steaming ten knots at a target sixteen hundred yards distant. The percentage of hits of a British fleet on the Asiatic station was 49. The German Second Squadron made such a poor showing in quick-firing practices several years ago that the authorities decided that such practice was not in accord with fundamental military principles. The French are so reticent about the skill of their gunners that they merely report that the men show great "dash" in aiming big guns.

Merely Target Practice

Admirers of the President point with a good deal of satisfaction to his phenomenal self-control in Yellowstone Park. Mr. Roosevelt is a great patriot, a fine statesman, a gallant soldier, and a model husband, but of all things he is a sportsman. His ruling passion finds expression with the aid of a trigger. The rifle is his favorite toy. Hunting wild animals is his most pleasing pastime. And yet he penetrated the depths of Yellowstone Park, encountered mountain lions and other ferocious game, and never once did he indulge his passion. It required superb self-control on the part of the President to refrain from speeding at least one bullet into the hide of a mountain lion. However the President merely respected one of the laws which he has sworn to execute faithfully. There is an act of Congress which prohibits the killing of birds and animals in Yellowstone Park, and that law applies to the President as much as to any other citizen. Yet as it had been announced that he carried a rifle when he entered the park it was believed that when he reached its isolated and remote depths he would avail himself of the opportunity to do some killing. It now appears that he used the rifle merely for target practice. Our strenuous President is never without a shooting-iron. Some men are confirmed cane carriers; Mr. Roosevelt prefers a gun. In Washington he wears it in his hip pocket, but in the wild and woolly West it is too large to conceal. It was therefore quite natural for him to go armed into the park, and there is no reason why we should not believe that he withstood temptation and expended his energy on a target.

Children in Court

Judge Taylor of the Circuit Court of St. Louis has announced that "Hereafter children will not be allowed to hear the testimony of their parents in divorce cases which come up for trial in my court." The propriety of this decision is so manifest that the wonder is that it has not been made the rule all over the land, not only in divorce proceedings, but in all cases where the child's presence is not necessary to the conduct of the case. This is, perhaps, the first time that the children's rights have been officially considered in the matter of separations between parents, but it is high time that some cognizance was taken of the effect upon them. To put it on no higher grounds, can anything be imagined in worse taste than to allow children to listen to the testimony concerning the cruelty, jealousy, injustice and infidelity of mother or father? Children are being used nowadays in all sorts of litigation. In all cases of criminal procedure, the little children and the aged parents are utilized if they are available. It is more than hinted that the respectable and heartbroken old mother is to be had on hire, like a dress suit, and a shrewd lawyer never misses his opportunity to work in the indirect evidence. Tableaux are arranged and rehearsed, and a bright child is put through its paces precisely as it would be for a stunt on the vaudeville stage. Ostensibly, the accused man or woman is consoled and comforted by the presence of the children and the moral support of the rest of the family, but who believes for a moment that any parent with the good of a child at heart could derive comfort or satisfaction from having it listen to the testimony of a trial for

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arson, robbery or murder? There is only one idea and that is to work on the minds and sensibilities of the jury and influence a verdict by means of intangible evidence. We have even witnessed the spectacle of a murderer on trial for having beaten his little daughter to death, fondling and kissing his other child who was permitted to attend the trial and listen to all the gruesome testimony. Instead of treating a trial of any kind, civil or criminal, as a scientific investigation in which the sole object is to elicit the truth, it has become a theatrical exhibition, with stage setting and characters, and the object sought for is to produce effects and influence audiences. Whatever may be said of the propriety of admitting adults to court proceedings, children should be rigidly excluded. It does them no good to hear evil, and least of all, evil of their own families. Disillusionment and sophistication come soon enough. The least that can be done for them is to leave them their enchantments and ideals as long as it is possible. Soon enough they must learn to weigh and balance, to choose and judge. The impressions made on a child's mind by the proceedings of a trial are lasting, but the deductions are open to revision and often reversal later on, and it behooves those who would keep the lasting love and respect of their children to see to it that they are not the causes of greater wrongs than they can redress. It will be in the interest of sound morals if Judge Taylor's decision is universally adopted and extended.

The Overdone Mannish Girl

The latest rumor from the haunts of fashion is that the mannish girl is out of date. The shirt waist and the short skirt are doomed, and tanned wrists and sunburnt noses are behind the times. The frills and chiffons, tucks, ruffles and fluffs generally are to take the place of the tailor-made and severely plain, while the pink and white complexion of our grandmothers is to be restored with the rest. Of course there is more or less exaggeration in all this. The athletic girl will not be suppressed in a moment, and no one who has experienced the convenience of short skirts for walking will be apt to return to trains, but the signs have been pointing in this direction for some time past. The mannish girl overdid the mannishness, and the inevitable reaction has set in. When girls made golf, tennis and hockey championships the chief aim of their existence, patronized inch-thick boot soles, and men's gloves, if they wore any, and rolled their sleeves to their armpits in the pursuit of their pleasures, no doubt they were companionable to the men of their set, but in persistently claiming equality in one direction, they had no cause to complain when it was granted in another. The girls who could wheel as far as a man, play outdoor games as long, wear heavy shoes, drink as much beer or as many cocktails, and consume as many cigarettes, had only themselves to thank when the men took it for granted that they could carry their own luggage or hang to a car strap as well. There will never be a return to the pinched waists and back-boards of the earlier time, nor will a pale, pasty complexion, secured by insufficient food or a surreptitious diet of slate pencils and vinegar, ever come into vogue again, but the ladylike girl, who can speak in a low tone, enter a room without knocking the chairs over, close a door without slamming it and seat herself so as not to make a display of her lingerie, will supplant the loud-mouthed, slangy, profane and obstreperous sisterhood who have aimed at popularity through being "good fellows." The great mistake which the mannish girl made was in keeping it up all the time, and the natural result is that she has "played herself out." When a girl can and will do anything and everything that a man does, she loses all attraction for men. They would be just as well satisfied, if not better, with the companionship of another man, or a boy. Coming down to final facts, there is no use in trying to eliminate the differences in sex. It is the old parable of "making a spoon or spoiling a horn," with the chances very much in favor of spoiling the horn.

The Problem Solved

The proposed appointment of President Roosevelt to succeed President Eliot of Harvard in 1909 is suggestive of a solution of the problem, "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" Though we seldom have more than one or two ex-Presidents out of a job, it has long been felt that those who have attained the dignity of the high office should be insured against the necessity of job-seeking or of engaging in occupations that might involve them in unpleasant conflict with the common herd and dim the lustre of a great record. To be elevated to the executive chair of a great institution of learning is a high honor, and one in every way commensurate with the dignity of an ex-President. Moreover it would be highly advantageous to our universities if they received the benefit of the practical experience of men who had sounded all the shoals and depths of a career which had found its climax in the highest office in the gift of the people. Scholarship is not an essential qualification for ornamental or active headship of a seat of learning. Dr. Low, Mayor of New York, went from the counting house of a wholesale tea concern to the presidential chair of Columbia. Dr. Harper, of Harper's Educational Bazar of Chicago, is a hustler first and a bookish person afterward. Dr. Jordan of Stanford knows more about fish than he does about the classics. The successful university president these days is skilled in the art of advertising. He devotes himself to the task of promoting capitalistic endowment of the institution over which he presides. He applies commercialism to higher things. It has been said that the appointment of President Roosevelt to succeed President Eliot would be a "tremendous advertisement" for Harvard. It certainly would. And if Grover Cleveland succeeded Harper of Chicago he would not only impart prestige to that institution but he would restrain its sensational professors from augmenting the output of asininity by uttering absurdities that contribute to the gayety of the irreverent.

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By Autolycus.

The complications which have arisen between the sovereign commonwealth of California and the Hat Creek tribe of Indians are distinctly of the international type. It is the immemorial law of the Hat Creek Indians that the tribal medicine man when he loses consecutive patients shall be decapitated, and the nearest relatives of the defunct patients are thereafter privileged to use the mediciner's head for a football. These legal proceedings of this character have recently been carried out without stay of execution or appeal on the body of Muley John or some such name. There arises at once a conflict of jurisprudence but the district attorney of Shasta declares that in order to bring to justice—his justice—the offenders it will be necessary to indict three-fourths of the tribe. It was Edmund Burke who informed the world that you cannot indict a nation but the district attorney of Shasta, albeit torn by conflicting emotions of expense and a high sense of duty, feels impelled to try.

It is not here a question of the justice or expediency of extirpating an incompetent medicine man for which much might be said, but rather an invitation to trespass on the border land of conscience, which has always been an alluring battleground. What time the memory of man runs not to the contrary men have died and worms have eaten them for conscience's sake. That was the old custom but it has fallen out of favor. The traitor who fought for the wrong king had his head cut off and impaled on a spike as an example to mankind, warning them not to make mistakes. But we are not so sure of ourselves as we once were. When a British judge not long ago solemnly assuming the black cap imposed a sentence of death on Colonel Arthur Lynch for treason, he knew as well as anybody that he was engaging in a ridiculous masquerade, a humiliating duty from which a national sense of humor might have saved him. If his lordship on the bench had announced an ambition to grow a tail and live in the tops of the trees the reversion might have created equal wonder, but not more amusement.

One does not expect this sort of thing from the French, whose humor other nations are proud to steal. Yet we are told one hundred and fifty years after Voltaire wrote, that the French government proposes to do the very thing that he blasted in a biting epigram. It was some time in the middle of the eighteenth century that somebody with supernatural help as he avouched worked a miracle on the streets of Paris. He promised to repeat the performance the following Sunday at the same place. Naturally the advertisement of the miracle worker was expected to draw a vast crowd and the government, fearing a riot, forbade the show by proclamation. It was then that Voltaire wrote:

De par le Roi: defese a Dieu.
De faire miracle en ce lieu.

That may be translated: "The King forbids his God to work a miracle on this spot." That was a long time ago but the French government proposes to do very much the same thing today. It is announced that the Republic, inspired by a sense of humor as imperfect as that which afflicted the King, will undertake to stop the working of miracles at Lourdes. France seems to need a new Voltaire for the only comment or remark that comes over the wires is a brief lamentation that the prohibition of miracles will "hurt business."

If it is a public offense to commit a miracle in France an obvious business opportunity lies open to invite the wonder workers to come to California. We have souls and bodies to heal and we are ever hospitable to the healers of either, come in what guise they may. One remembers when the Rev. B. Fay Mills first came to California to work spiritual miracles on salary; the churches assessed themselves liberally to pay the price. It is true there arose a slight unpleasantness over the payment of certain assessments. The Rev. Eli McClish of Grace Methodist church explained the difficulty thus:

"There is no doubt he does what he can to strengthen the Calvinist churches. My church collected one hundred dollars for the expense of his meetings but I advised my trustees to hold on to it until we could learn the drift of the Mills revival."

In brief, Dr. Mills was suspected of holding out converts on the Methodists. It is a miracle beyond question to convert a San Francisco sinner by sheer force of talk, but it is not a good investment if the subject drift into the wrong pew. Dr. McClish and others of like persuasion could not see where they got their money back if Brother Mills turned the stream of grace only on the Presbyterians. Doubtless Dr. McClish after all these years, notwithstanding the doubt whether the Calvinist God or the Methodist God profited most by the labors of Brother Mills, must even now feel encouraged in the wisdom of his financial tenacity by the fact that the husbandman whom he suspected of gathering his harvest of souls into the wrong barn has himself backslidden into the hated Unitarian fold. It was almost like getting converts under false pretenses to take them hot from the hand of a Unitarian in embryo. And those who in that profitable season of grace were miraculously converted to orthodoxy—do they not feel dubious about their theological pedigree?

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An Engagement Notice Expected

The gossips of the smart set, who are ever on the alert for a *morceau* sufficiently palatable for tea-cup chatter, believe that they have detected signs significant and portentous in the attentions paid by Clement Tobin to Miss Russell, the blonde step-daughter of Eugene de Sabla. They are predicting that the engagement of those young people will soon be announced. Miss Russell is the daughter of Mrs. De Sabla by her first husband, who, up to the time of his death, was engaged in the shipping business. Mr. De Sabla married the widow in Guatemala. By the way, he has made quite a fortune out of the Bay Power Company.

Hubbard, His Morals and His Gowns

A committee of citizens were discussing Elbert Hubbard, after that notable press agent had departed from our midst. During the conversation the meaning and fitness of the Hubbard trade-mark, "Fra Albertus," came up. "Fra Albertus," explained one, "means Brother Elbert, and is the priestly Latin for Brother Hubbard." "If Brother Hubbard is a priest, what robe does he wear?" asked another. "A Mother Hubbard, of course," said a third in all seriousness. "Why should the Mother Hubbard be emblematic of Brother Hubbard's faith?" asked the first. "Because, like his morals, it is loose, and, like some of his ideas, it is made out of whole cloth," replied an incorrigible knocker.

Howland Will Be Missed

Among the passengers on the transport *Thomas*, which sailed for Manila last week, was Lieutenant Harry Howland, who will be away with the Twenty-third Infantry for a year or more. Among those who departed none will be more missed in polite society than Howland, who was considered the most desirable of the army officers this season. He possesses the good looks and the manner which the girls adore in a military man, and these gave him whatever he wanted, socially, in San Francisco. During his exile Howland will find time to follow his literary bent. He already has an order for a book of Filipino stories from Robertson and from a Manila publisher. These he intends to furnish before the expiration of the year.

May—I suppose you think he's too old to love.

Belle—Oh, dear, no; he's not old enough. He might live a dozen years.

Judge Morrow Glared

Attorneys Barnes and Boardman had a very uncertain five minutes in the United States Circuit Court the other day during the hearing of the sensational Mrs. Smith case. Captain Barnes had finished speaking on a motion and was just sitting down when Boardman hurriedly whispered in his ear: "Cap'n, make a motion that I be admitted to practice in this United States court, will you? I want to say something to the court on this point." So William arose and in his graceful way made the usual motion on behalf of brother Boardman. The latter arose to find himself looking straight into the penetrating eyes of Judge Morrow.

"I'm more than astonished at this action, Mr. Boardman. Didn't you address this court on some motion several days ago?"

"I—I believe I did, your honor."

"Were you registered then?"

"I was not sure, your honor. I believed I had been admitted. Since then I've asked the clerk to look it up, but he was unable to find my name."

"This is most extraordinary. You ought to be punished for contempt of court." Then turning suddenly on the sponsor: "Mr. Barnes, had you any idea of this condition of affairs when you made your motion?"

"Not in the least, your honor, not in the least," said Mr. Barnes hastily.

"Most extraordinary," repeated his honor; "it is a case that should be seriously dealt with. Mr. Clerk, enter an order that this court"—and he glared again on the culprit—"stands adjourned."

Both attorneys heaved a simultaneous sigh. But they did not dare shake hands till they were safe outside in the corridor.

"He has a very exalted opinion of himself."

"Yes, but it's based on biased information."

The Sumptuous Dingee Home

The W. R. Dingee mansion at the corner of Washington and Franklin is slowly nearing completion and will be in perfect readiness for next season's festivities. Mrs. Dingee hoped to have it in readiness six months ago, but was not wholly satisfied with its interior decorations and decided to have certain changes. She has made repeated visits to Europe and has returned with some famous art treasures. I predict that society, which is already on tip-toe with curiosity concerning the big house, will be agape with astonishment when it is thrown open next fall. A very few have been allowed to view its splendors and those have not enough adjectives to describe what they have seen. One of the latest additions is the state chair of a Doge of Venice that will repose at one end of the magnificent salon. A splendid ball-room with a complete stage will also be one of the features, and Mrs. Dingee is said to contemplate giving weekly functions with professional entertainers.

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An Exciting Club Election

The annual election of the California Club was pulled off last Tuesday, and Mrs. George Law Smith was elected president despite the active opposition of Mrs. Lovell White. It was one of the most exciting elections ever held by a woman's club in this city, and despite the fact that all the courtesies and amenities of club life were duly observed it was apparent that the spirit of rancor was not absent. Between Mrs. Smith and Mrs. White there is an armed neutrality. Of course, the ladies desire it to be understood that perfect harmony prevails in the club, but the fact is that there are dissensions and more or less factional strife. Mrs. White was at one time the most active spirit in the California Club, and she is deserving of credit for having done much toward making it an influence for good in the community. She controlled the club and dictated its policy for several years, but finally an opposition was started against her and she was forced to abdicate.

Mrs. White's Activity

During the first year of Mrs. Smith's term Mrs. White took scarcely any interest in California Club affairs. I believe she attended only one meeting, but as the election approached she showed signs of activity. She marshaled her friends and sent out letters in support of the opposition ticket. On election day she was at the polls from the opening till the close, and devoted all her energies to the defeat of Mrs. Smith, but she was unsuccessful. Mrs. Smith made no personal canvass, but her friends rallied to her support and won the day. One of the most active of Mrs. Smith's friends was Mrs. Arthur Cornwall, who was a candidate for director. She was more interested in Mrs. Smith's fight than in her own, and she was beaten by one vote. The friends of Mrs. Smith are now saying that many of the opposition element were women who take no part in club affairs, but who materialize on election day to tell people how the club should be conducted. Prominent among them was Mrs. Robert Watt of Oakland, who never attended a meeting last year.

Bourn Wins

Fully as exciting as the California Club election was that of the University Club which took place on the same day. There is considerable factional feeling in the University Club, too, and two factions were arrayed against each other on election day. The leaders of each faction were very active, and as a consequence a large vote was polled. It resulted in a victory for William Bourn of the gas company, who is to be the new president of the club. The faction opposed to him was led by Fairfax Wheelan, who is now president of the club, and Frank J. Symmes, who has lately bobbed up as a financier with a big banking scheme which he expects to finance on the strength of his popularity, which is almost as great as was that of Joe Crockett when the latter was conducting the affairs of the gas company.

Disastrous Economy

It appears that there has been dissatisfaction in the University Club with the Wheelan administration, and that of late there has been agitation in favor of a new deal. A few years ago the club was on the top wave of popularity, and it was the favorite resort of men who belonged to two or three clubs. Its cuisine excelled that of the Pacific-Union, and the members prided themselves on the skill of their *chef*. In those days the dining-room was always well patronized, and the club that feeds its members well is always prosperous. In the course of time an economical wave struck the club, and expenses were cut down in a way calculated to make big profits, providing the members did not wander away. But the members wandered. The administration of Fairfax Wheelan, who, it is said, was guided to some extent by Mr. Symmes, was declared a failure. A short time ago some of the members asked Billy Bourn to take hold of affairs and restore the club's prestige. They had great confidence in his executive ability, and were sure that if he could be induced to take an interest in the matter success would crown his efforts. He was prevailed upon to agree to become president of the club, but he insisted that he should be vouchsafed the co-operation of two men in whom he had confidence. The two men he had in mind were Frank Michael, the attorney, and Seward Webb, and it was agreed that they should go on the board of directors.

The Symmes-Michael Row

Everything went along swimmingly until the Wheelan-Symmes push decided to oppose the election of Michael. Their objection to him was that he was one of the men who had transferred their allegiance to the Pacific-Union Club. The charge was true, for Michael deserted the club simultaneously with the impact of the economical wave. But his friends pointed out that his defection was due entirely to the sad results of Wheelan's maladministration, and that the members should be glad to have him serve as a director and help restore the popularity of the club. But it was considered surprising that Symmes should be a leader of the opposition against Michael. It

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was Symmes who engaged Michael as the attorney for the Employers' Association at the time of the memorable Teamsters' Strike. However, it is not unlikely that the breach between them dates from the time of that strike, for it is said that after provoking the storm that broke upon the Employers' Association Mr. Symmes went off to the country for his health and left Mr. Michael to fight the battle. But whatever the cause of the enmity, the opposition to Michael was a failure. He was elected, and President Bourn will now undertake to restore the prestige of the University Club.

The Blackballing of Corbin

The story came over the wires the other day of the blackballing of Adjutant-General Corbin by the Metropolitan Club of Washington. Nobody familiar with Corbin's career in the army or with the high standing of the Metropolitan Club should be surprised at the action taken. It is not the first time that Corbin was "turned down" by a club. Some years ago he tried to break into the swell Union Club of New York and was treated to the same dose that was administered in Washington. There has been a deep-rooted prejudice against Corbin in army circles for many years, especially among West Pointers, for he is not a graduate of the military academy. He was once court-martialed for cowardice, and his enemies have never permitted the story of the incident to be forgotten. Then he has also been charged with having acted very suspiciously on one occasion in a game of cards. Ever since that occasion a certain hand in poker has been known in army circles as the "Corbin Flush." However, Corbin is a man of rare executive ability, and though he never went to West Point he came from Ohio, a circumstance that has greatly assisted him in his political climbing. The effort to get him into the Metropolitan Club was made by several army men who have received appointments through his influence. But their backing counted for naught. The Metropolitan is one of the most exclusive clubs in America. Its members are prominent in the army, navy and diplomatic circles, and include members of Washington's smart set.

Prima Facie Evidence

The *Examiner* published a picture last Wednesday of "Civil Service Commissioner P. H. McCarthy declaring his innocence." The blatant McCarthy may be innocent, but if ever he should be brought to trial and he should take the witness stand and look like that picture the jury, in my opinion, would return a verdict of guilty without leaving the box. And yet, as I scan the picture, I have not the slightest difficulty in recognizing Mr. Phelan's protege. There is a proverb to the effect: "The greater the truth, the greater libel." It is exemplified by that picture.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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Crossed Party Lines

Behind the scenes in the wind-up of the Dimmick case was a strenuous bit of political wire pulling, struggling to overcome a lusty determination to save thirty thousand dollars. As the days of the last chance to convict Dimmick for stealing the Mint money approached Superintendent Leach decided that it would be best to get a new lawyer for the prosecution. So he consulted his private attorney, Guy Earl, and asked him to recommend a good criminal lawyer. Earl counted over the whole list of attorneys and ended by asking the advice of a professional friend. After careful consideration the latter recommended Peter Dunne. In due time the United States District Attorney's office was notified that Mr. Dunne had been specially engaged to prosecute Dimmick. At once there was a protest. Leach was informed that if he thought it necessary to employ special counsel he might at least keep inside the lines of his own party and employ a Republican—that good Republican lawyers were as plentiful as Democratic legal lights and could be had as easily. Leach demurred and declared he had made his choice and would abide by it. Dunne was told of the protest and declared he would stay in the fight if the United States District Attorney's office was going to take such a stand. The debate finally grew so warm that the local office wired Washington to direct Leach to change his mind. In due time the Superintendent was advised by the Washington authorities to do as suggested by the local District Attorney's office. Thereupon Leach departed for Washington, and presented himself to the Attorney-General to whom he pointed out that if Dimmick escaped conviction he (Leach) would have to put up thirty thousand dollars. He argued that under the circumstances he should be allowed to select the special counsel and after convincing the Attorney-General he returned in triumph.

"God knows I'd like a chance to rest," said the Fable.

"What do you think of poor *me?*" groaned the Dialect Philosophy.

"Your troubles are nothing to mine," and the Dramatized Novel sank exhausted on the couch, "you'll be dead soon but I seem destined to go on forever."

He Wasn't Surprised

Judge Garber heard some good stories in Washington, and he has been regaling the members of the Bar Association with them. One of the stories is about a noted lawyer famous for his repartee. One day he was told that a certain unscrupulous politician had "got religion."

"Aren't you surprised?" his informant asked.

"I shouldn't be surprised to hear of anything he had which didn't belong to him," was the reply.

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Kleptomania in Oakland

Society in Oakland appears to be inoculated with the germ of kleptomania. The itch for larceny has manifested itself in the most exclusive circles. Some weeks ago I related that purses had been rifled of their contents during card games in private houses. The story has been told of the theft of a fur coat at one house, and the subsequent recovery of the garment at a local furrier's. It had been sent to the furrier to be altered, presumably by the person who had stolen it. And now the officers of the Ebell Society, which is the most exclusive organization across the bay, complain of the loss of books from the library. The General Curator of the Ebell Society recently inserted a notice in an Oakland daily of a list of the books that "are missing." Of course she does not charge that they have been stolen, but when books are missing from a club library it is usually because they have been stolen, for members are prohibited from taking books to their homes. "Members will please return them before vacation," pleads the curator.

Society was Shocked

Many people were shocked at the Twentieth Century Musical Club last Saturday afternoon by an Oakland girl who is noted for her proficiency in the use of picturesque and forcible language. A nervous youth who was frantically trying to do the proper thing spilled some punch on her gown. The accident certainly warranted the indignation of the young woman, and as she has never schooled herself in repose she said aloud what a more dignified and composed member of the sex would have expressed behind her teeth. "Damn you," she exclaimed, "if you do that again I'll break your head." As she is of the athletic type the youth did not wait to apologize.

Pardee Talks in a Strange Tongue

Though Governor Pardee has never distinguished himself as a linguist, many readers of the Oakland *Tribune* are of the opinion that he has lately been familiarizing himself with a new tongue. Last week the Governor was a guest at a banquet of the Berkeley Board of Trade, and he made a speech. This is how the Tribune reported it:

> Governor Pardee said in part: Korch th, nGini oo hui rpiiteeg a a a aa

I am unable to classify the language in which the Governor did his spellbinding, but I have no doubt that he was quite eloquent, and that his sentiments aroused great enthusiasm, for according to the Tribune he was warmly applauded. There is no language so dead or so new that it cannot be understood in Berkeley.

Bigots Kill an Oakland Club

Some years ago, at the suggestion of President Wheeler of Berkeley, a club composed of men and women graduates of the university was organized in Oakland. It was intended to be a dinner club at the meetings of which there should be talks on subjects of interest to university men and women. All went well for several dinners, with large attendance and much good speaking. Then came a dinner at which George de Golia was host, and at which Judge Harry Melvin, Peter Bowles, Mrs. Frank Deering, then Mabel Craft, Professor Gayley and John R. Glascock, all distinguished themselves as clever talkers. It occurred to Mr. de Golia that a little claret would impart zest to the occasion, and the juice of the grape was served in mild doses. The dinner was pronounced by far the best the club had ever had. Judge of the consternation of the President and host when the next week brought a flood of letters from women who had attended the dinner, protesting against the claret. The officers of the club were so disgusted at this betrayal of Puritanical intolerance by women of presumed enlightenment that they took no further interest in the club and it was permitted to die. It came to life again last week, the occasion being a dinner to Governor Pardee, but not even the presence of the Executive could lure back the brains and spirit that made notable the former assemblages. It was a very tame affair and the speeches were deadly dull. That's what a few rabid and benighted Prohibitionists have accomplished in the somnolent town of Oakland.

"What is there to drink?" inquires the ne'er do well Jenkins in the supper scene of "A Modern Magdalen," Amelia Bingham's Bijou play.

"Water," snaps his shrewish wife.

"Water," replies Jenkins, calmly and reflectively, "a very excellent beverage. But, somehow, it never gets one any further."

A Story from Oakland

The brand of kid that flourishes in Oakland's smart homes is unique, and excels in a kind of brightness that is not found elsewhere, even on this side of the bay. An Athenian Club man relates this instance of juvenile Oakland brilliancy: The child was showing the picture of a pig to a lady visitor. The pig had a very curly tail, and the visitor remarked.

"That's a *very* curly tail for a pig. I guess it must use a curling iron."

The little girl returned:

"What's that?"

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

"Why, a curling iron—hasn't your mother a curling iron?"

The child stared at the picture and then at the questioner.

"Why, my mamma hasn't got a tail," she said, "what does she need a curling-iron for?"

Macon in a New Parish

A report was printed in an Oakland paper that the Rev. Clifton Macon, now assistant of Dr. Clampett at Trinity, this city, had been called to the rectorship of the church in East Oakland. While the report was premature, it is a certainty that Mr. Macon will be called to that church, and that Dr. John Bakewell will be made the Rector Emeritus. Since the assistant at Trinity has just entered the interesting state of matrimony, an independent parish at this time would be opportune, and also personally agreeable to him, his friends believe, despite the cordial relations that have always existed between himself and Dr. Clampett. The new parish is also Trinity, and while not large is in a growing field and officially reported in good condition. By the way, the Rev. W. Carson Shaw, who is rector of the prosperous Church of the Advent in Oakland, was once assistant at Trinity here; and he left under less smiling circumstances.

To Wed In Oakland

On Tuesday, May nineteenth, the marriage of Miss Alma Sherman and Allan Chickering will be pulled off at the First Congregational church in Oakland. The bride-to-be is a Fresno girl but is as well known in Oakland society as in that of her own home. Her father is Dr. Sherman of the raisin city. Her fiance is the eldest son of the William H. Chickerings who recently returned to their Oakland home after spending the winter in town. He is associated with his father in law practice, and has considerable literary talent. He was the first editor of the *Daily Californian* of the U. C. Miss Sherman, too, has a taste for literature and has written plays for college presentation. It was while attending the Berkeley university that their pretty romance had its origin.

A Fulfilled Prediction

The despatch announcing that the marriage of Miss Alanna Marmion and Joseph O'Sullivan would be one of the early May events in Paris did not come as a complete surprise to readers of *Town Talk*. The rumor of their engagement came from a Paris correspondent over two months ago and was first noticed in these columns. Alanna Marmion is a granddaughter of the late Rear Admiral David McDougall, who was once prominent in local society, his beautiful daughters being very popular. Alanna's mother was Carrie McD. Van Voorhies before her marriage with Medical Director R. A. Marmion, U. S. N. Her grandmother, Mrs. Van Voorhies, took the young girl abroad some years ago. In Paris she was having her voice cultivated, and so was "Joe" O'Sullivan, who was studying under Sbriglia. "Joe" is a brother of Denis O'Sullivan, and he lately came into his share of the family shekels.

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Early California Romance

The news from New York of the engagement of Ben Ali Haggin, grandson of the multi-millionaire, J. B. Haggin, and Miss Robinson, revives recollections of some incidents in early California history. Away back in the early days there was a financier in this city, Harry Meiggs by name, who accumulated so many debts that he incontinently levanted to South America, leaving many disconsolate creditors behind, among them being the commission firm of Goddefroy & Sillem. Meiggs located in Peru where he became a railroad builder and grew very rich. When the news of his success reached this city, William Sillem, the junior member of the commission firm, took a trip to Peru to collect the money owed by Meiggs. The latter was glad to see him and seemed pleased to settle the indebtedness. He not only paid the sum due but consented to the marriage of Sillem with his niece, Miss Sarah Woods, with whom the commission merchant had fallen in love at sight. After the wedding, which was a big society event in Lima, the couple came to this city. Some months later Mrs. Sillem's younger sister arrived from Lima on a visit, and in short time she won the affections of Ben Ali Haggin, youngest son of the present octogenarian, J. B. Haggin, and they were married. It is their son whose engagement with Miss Robinson has been announced.

The Mourning Band

The *Haberdasher* of New York, which is accepted by many as an arbitre of fashions, recently published the following in response to a query as to what a gentleman should wear during the mourning period: "The wearing of a band of crepe or black cloth on the left sleeve is an affectation borrowed from England, where it was adopted for liveried servants. In civil life it is a sign of poverty, as it was adopted by men who felt they could not afford to buy entire mourning outfits. The band is proper for servants, penurious and poor people."

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Tears That Are Coveted

Pearls were the ornaments worn by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst on her wedding day, and the groom's present to his bride was a rope of pearls. Evidently the old superstition expressed in the aphorism "Pearls are tears" has no terrors for the young couple. Yet even in this enlightened age, and despite the current penchant of fashionables for pearls, there are not many women that would wear them on their wedding day. However pearls are the gems of the rich, for diamonds have become common. Diamonds are worn as ornaments while being held as collateral, and most people that wear them do so to proclaim their affluence. Hence the vulgarity of them. Costly pearls are rare in this city, and yet some very handsome ones are in the possession of a few of our society people. Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. Billy Irwin and Mrs. de Young are among those who own fine pearls. George Hall has a valuable one presented to him by the Sultan of Turkey. In the boxes on a grand opera night at the Metropolitan theatre in New York pearls are more common than diamonds are in the betting ring at Emeryville. One of the most curious of pearls was the one the French traveler, Tavernier, sold to the Shah of Persia for six hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Princess Youssoupoff owns a pearl valued at two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The Pope has one worth one hundred thousand dollars. The Baroness Gustave de Rothschild received from her husband a collar of fine chains of pearls which cost a million dollars.

Gladys Crocker's Marriage

So Porter Ashe's daughter Alma, now known as Gladys Crocker, was married in London last Monday to her step-father's brother, Powers Gouraud. The marriage effects a queer relationship, but a similar one was established in this city in early days, when two brothers, Wakeman by name, married a mother and daughter. It was the younger brother who became the husband of the mother. Keith Wakeman, the actress, was the daughter of the other couple. According to the despatches the Gouraud brothers have been congratulated on all sides on having captured two American heiresses, but Jackson Gouraud, who married Amy Crocker, may find that marriage with that eccentric woman is not necessarily a capture. Amy Crocker has always been a very elusive woman. It also appears from the despatches that the Gouraud brothers are the sons of Colonel E. B. Gouraud, "who was one of the first successful American promoters in England." That is a rather vague way to designate a man. Some of the most successful American promoters in England were bunko steerers. The despatches were discreetly silent on the subject of Powers Gouraud's standing in the financial and social world. I am able to throw some light on the subject, for I happen to know that a little over a year ago he was a struggling thespian on Broadway. He had an engagement with the "Beauty and Beast" spectacular musical comedy and he was just about one degree above the chorus. In those days he regaled the members of the company with stories about the grand style in which the Crockers lived.

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They Are Coming Home

Several times during their four years' absence it has been reported that Major and Mrs. John A. Darling were on their way home. But they always changed their plans at the last moment, and went abroad instead of coming to California. However, Mrs. Darling writes her friends here that the Major and she are really coming back, and will be at their country-place, Edgewood, near Rutherford, somewhere about the end of May. They would have started sooner but were detained in New London because the Major desired to be present at the marriage of the daughter of one of his old friends, Artillery Colonel H. L. Haskins. Mrs. Darling has been the dispenser and recipient of considerable hospitality in New London this season. The other day she gave a "musical tea," with cards and prizes, in the old Captain Billings home in Federal street, which is the Darlings' New London residence. After visiting Dr. Clinton Hastings Catherwood in New York, the Darlings will start on their westward journey.

The Indefatigable Ella

True to her policy of rushing in where angels fear to tread, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has become one of the editors of a book on etiquette and fashionable deportment which I see advertised in the Eastern periodicals of modes and manners. This volume, according to the announcements, will teach people how to act, how to dress and how to look, and will—in short—undertake to metamorphose a sixpence into a guinea by the aid of several experienced lady alchemists. San Francisco is probably a jay town, and it is due to, or in spite of, this defect that many people who saw the sybil of the servant girl during her visit here declare that there is no woman in journalistic or literary life more peculiarly unfitted to inject social polish in the minds of the unmannered than is Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Her voice, expression and bearing, many are so cruel as to say, savor more of the kitchen than of the drawing room. It requires no more convincing example than her now famous "interview" with Mrs. Pat Campbell to show what a poor appearance the imitation lady must needs make in the presence of the real thing. As to posing as a mentor of dressmaking, I fear that Mrs. Wilcox would make a very unsafe pilot if we are to judge by the odd toilets she wore during her public appearances in this city. Be these things as they may, Ella is a professional bluffer, and to such all things are easy, even to essays in the realms of Chesterfield.

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When Roberts Went Gunning for Heretics

Elder Roberts, one of the pioneers and a very pillar of California Presbyterianism, who passed away recently, was a peculiar and interesting character. Mr. Roberts caught some share of fame from Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper. He was a great believer in infant damnation and all the other dogmas of Calvinism, and when he found that Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper—whose Bible class was larger than his, by the way—did not believe that little unbaptized babies, when they die, go straight to the bad place, he promptly preferred charges against her and saw that she was tried for heresy. Of course Mrs. Cooper was merely a vicarious victim. The real person for whom the elders, including Roberts, were gunning, was Dr. Hemphill, whose orthodoxy they questioned and whom they hoped to trap into some damaging admission during Mrs. Cooper's trial.

How Mrs. Cooper Jarred Him

During the trial, Elder Roberts expressed much sympathy for Mrs. Cooper and used often to call upon "Sister Cooper." The lady, who was decidedly shrewd, even if she was the sweetest and gentlest woman that ever lived in San Francisco, became suspicious of these visits. One day she said to the elder, "Do you know what you remind me of?"

Of course the elder didn't, though he hoped it was one of the saints.

"Well," said Mrs. Cooper smilingly, "you remind me of a heavenly hound on the scent of heresy."

The elder picked up his hat, threw his cape-overcoat about him and never darkened the heretic's door again.

Visited Old Friends

Major Rathbone has just returned from a visit to the East, the first made by him in some years. He was no doubt delighted with his trip for he has among his acquaintances on the other side of the Rockies some of the most prominent men in the country. Before coming to this city Major Rathbone enjoyed the friendship of men who are today conspicuous in the army and the navy, in politics in Washington and in society in New York. He held high positions in the diplomatic service, and there is not a man in California so widely known in the East or in Europe as Major Rathbone.

The Pursuit of Glory

There is a capital *motif* for a comic opera in the advent of President Roosevelt to California. Could anything more ludicrous be imagined than the row between Governor Pardee and the Legislative Committee over the honor of greeting the country's Chief Magistrate? Such an exhibition of asininity was never before given within the confines of this State. Why the Legislature appointed a committee of statesmen to greet the President I have not the faintest notion, unless it was because the lawmakers felt that the State owed them a junket between sessions. Senators and Assemblymen take themselves with tremendous seriousness, and it breaks their hearts to step out of the limelight. So it was quite natural for them to seize on the President's visit as a pretext to protract their official status. In appointing the committee the Legislature undertook to usurp the prerogative of the Governor, and evidently the latter didn't have sense enough to realize that the statesmen were trespassing on his official preserves, for he negotiated with them for a seat in one of their special cars. They agreed to let him ride with them, and appeared to think they were doing him a great favor. The Governor appeared to think so, too, until somebody called his attention to the fact that he had a staff, and that he should surround himself with all the pomp and circumstance of peace on such an auspicious occasion.

The Tinsel Heroes

When the Governor's staff heard that his Excellency was going off to extend the gladhand to the President with no intention of giving them an opportunity to shine there was great indignation among them. Such oversight in their opinion was discourteous and preposterous. Fancy the indignation of such a man as "Colonel" F. E. Beck at being left behind on such a glorious occasion. No doubt he fairly writhed at the thought of missing the opportunity to expand his chest and flaunt his gayly bedecked person at Redlands. "Colonel" Beck is one of a job-lot of tinsel colonels who have been handed down from one Adminis-

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tration to another, and who have no difficulty in retaining their gold lace because the average citizen who can afford the luxury has no desire to make a popinjay of himself. When the Governor was reminded of his duty to his staff he promptly demanded accommodations for them on the legislative special, and the statesmen with equal alacrity demurred. They knew that if ever that cargo of gold lace and detonating uniforms got aboard their train they would sink into obscurity. They wouldn't be fit even to form a background when the Governor extended his greetings. Moreover they didn't wish to be crowded. As the State was paying for the junket they had invited their wives along, and they were going to make it quite a family affair. Hence the staff was barred.

The Governor Scared

And hence the spectacle of two trains rushing toward Redlands, one bearing the Governor and his staff, and the other laden with the hold-over junketers and their wives. Arriving at the scene of the difficulty negotiations for a compromise followed. The legislators were accompanied by their star spellbinder, Grove L. Johnson, and they had arranged a program with a view of making Mr. Pardee look like thirty cents. It was their purpose to have two speeches of welcome, one by the Governor representing the State, and one by Johnson representing the business section of the legislature. They were sure that though the Governor might eclipse them with the glory of his resplendent staff, Grove Johnson would "fade" the whole outfit with the brilliancy of his rhetoric. The Governor quailed at the prospect of going up against Johnson, and he fairly begged for mercy. What libretto writer could wish for better material for a comic opera?

When Teddy Comes To Town

Undoubtedly much more material of the same quality will be developed before Mr. Roosevelt leaves California on his homeward journey. The rush for the limelight is being made on all sides, and there are bound to be many amusing incidents to lighten the cares of the President's tedious journey. He is going to spend several days in this vicinity, and during that period he will meet some of our leading citizens who are quite interesting in their provincial way. He should not be surprised, however, at anything they say or do for we do not meet Presidents every day.

The Cleveland Grays

So great is the interest taken in the President's visit that I fear the "Cleveland Grays" who are also coming may not receive the attention they deserve. This is not only one of the most famous National Guard organizations in the country but it is also one of the oldest and wealthiest. These guardsmen are deserving of more than perfunctory attention. Their entertainment should not devolve on the Ohio Society alone. That society came nearly exhausting its energies during President McKinley's visit.

Artist Cadenasso In Luck

Mr. Arthur E. Childs, of Boston, millionaire and connoisseur, has lately become the possessor of five fine paintings by G. Cadenasso of this city. If pictures, like people, are to be judged by the company they keep, Mr. Cadenasso is to be congratulated; for his work goes to grace walls hung with choice canvases, among which is a very valuable Munkacsy. Though we lose the paintings, we keep the painter, plus a well-merited addition to his reputation. And nature in California and art in Mr. Cadenasso between them are quite competent to fill the five vacant places in the Post street studio. Mr. Childs intends to exhibit his purchases in a prominent Boston club house.

The Belligerent Livernash

When Congressman-elect Livernash was running for the Congressional job some months ago I predicted that in the event of his election he would make things hum in the National halls of legislation. Sensible as I am of his rare talents, of his flamboyant aggressiveness and predilection for controversy, I knew that if ever he attained a seat in Congress he would command attention at the very beginning of his legislative career. Livernash is no dawdler. He is a man of action, and he is a bit eccentric, but that is a mark of his genius. He has a balance wheel but it is not always well oiled, and consequently he is inclined to enact the role of the bull in a china shop. The Congressman-

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elect gave us a taste of his uproarious, slashing methods at the meeting last Wednesday evening in Pioneer hall, called for the purpose of reorganizing the local Democracy. It would have been a very harmonious meeting had it not been for the presence of Mr. Livernash; almost as harmonious as one held some months ago under almost the same auspices in the interest of the Congressman. But whereas Mr. Livernash was pleased at the harmony of the campaign gathering he was disgruntled Wednesday night because in his opinion it was undemocratic in the concord and unison that prevailed. So he broke in to start a row, and he succeeded. Unfortunately he lost his head, forgot his parliamentary law, resorted to insult in lieu of argument, and was floored. Even a genius has an off night. Livernash slipped a cog Wednesday night and made an unfortunate spectacle of himself.

His Ambition

The truth of the matter is that Mr. Livernash attended the Wednesday night meeting with the avowed purpose of capturing it. The Congressman like his employer, Mr. Hearst, has become ambitious. He is in favor of the reorganization of the Democracy, but he wishes to do the reorganizing. To that end he entered into a combination with Michael Casey, the political teamster, who recently gave Mayor Schmitz the double cross after accepting an appointment at his hands. The program was to stuff the meeting with employes of the Board of Public Works and McNab heelers, and it was carried out, but the plans of the conspirators miscarried. Livernash lost his head, behaved like a sulky child, excited derision by insisting that parliamentary laws should be ignored, and alienated many of his friends to whom he was indebted for his election to Congress.

The Result of His Fight

When Livernash first took the floor he had many supporters because it was believed that he represented the *Examiner*, and it was known that the Democratic organ approved the movement. Livernash is employed by the *Examiner* and was elected to Congress by the influence of that paper. Therefore it was natural to suppose that his interests were those of the paper. But Livernash prides himself on his independence, and he soon made it apparent that he had only his own interests to subserve. If he behaves in Congress as he did Wednesday night, I fear that my predictions regarding him will not come true. However, the men by whom the party is being reorganized should be pleased that he did attend the meeting, for the fight that he made served to solidify the forces that are engaged in wresting the machine from the grasp of McNab.

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Hail To The Dog Manicure

Dog sanitariums, dog hospitals and special dog feeders have been in the city's canine directory for some time, but the latest professional to record her dog treatment will no doubt cause a yawp of comment in the dog-gone world of mongrels. She is the society dog manicure and she has opened a room for business in Sutter street. The word manicure does not fully describe the accomplishments tendered her canine customers. Not only does she attend to their nails, but she shampoos them, scents their coats any favorite odor, curls the hair of their coats if desirable—in short, she guarantees to turn out a veritable Beau Brummel, tubbed and scented to the hour, in the place of any old fuzzy wuzzy that may be submitted to her arts. To see this young woman going out of a morning to make her professional rounds you'd take her for a trained nurse on a "hurry call." She carries a neat little black bag that contains a set of fine white towels, an ebony backed brush, fine castile and the daintiest set of manicure implements imaginable. There is even a small jar of rosaline that gives the nails a clear, dainty tint. Dog-loving mistresses in society seem to think now that the dog that is not manicured once a fortnight, combed twice a week, bathed every other day and perfumed and crimped in one of half a score of fashionable ways is not considered fit to move in good society. The bath, however, is the main "treatment." It is a delicately scented affair with a perfume selected by the mistress. The dog is washed and dried before an electric fan —at the parlor. If there is none at his home he is rubbed and fanned till his fuzzy coat stands out like swan's down. Then he is rubbed with alcohol and powdered orris root. If his coat requires curling it is gone over with a heated iron till there is not a stray piece but what is waving in beautiful lines. And then comes the manicuring. When it is all over the pet dog is something resplendent and tonsorially to ornament the elegant and fastidious life of up-to-date society.

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The Builder of the Pleasanton

The ranks of the old pioneers are being thinned out with great rapidity these days. One or two are going nearly every week. One of the latest to join the majority was Elijah Baker, who was for many years identified with the farming industries of the State. Some years ago he sold a ranch near Pleasanton and with the proceeds erected the Pleasanton hotel at Sutter and Jones streets, where he has been living with his wife ever since. His death occurred the day after the management of the hotel had changed hands. O. M. Brennan retired from the management, transferring his lease to Mr. Edgar S. de Wolfe, who has conducted the business for him for several years. Mr. de Wolfe is an experienced hotel man, and by the way he is a brother of Elsie de Wolfe, the New York society actress.

Elder and Shepard to Separate

The firm of Elder & Shepard, after several years of successful publishing, is about to dissolve partnership. Publishers, it appears, are like doctors in their inability to agree on all points, for it is a proverb in New York houses that the middlemen who are to remain happily mated for more than the space of a year are indeed blessed of heaven. Paul Elder and Morgan Shepard have remained together as long as could be expected in their business, and their separation is merely a matter of diverging policies. Shepard, I am told, ran the curio and art end of the business, while Elder was more purely a man of books. Shepard was the "outside man" and Elder the "inside man," and working thus they made a strong team. During the course of their career they have worn the mantle which was handed down by Doxey, who produced *The Lark* and other quaint and original creations. Paul Elder, I believe, was in the employ of Doxey before he went into business for himself, and Morgan Shepard was connected with one of the local banks. I am told that the business will continue under the firm name of D. P. Elder.

That Cowboy Dinner

I see that the *Bookman* for this month has run, among its notes on authors and artists, a two-column picture of the cowboy dinner which enlivened the Bohemian Club some months ago. The dinner, as heretofore reported in this department, was given by the club's artistic set to Samuel Adams, who was at that time on the Coast representing *McClure's*. Adams was lured into the Red Room expecting an evening of conventional enjoyment, but was surprised by a fusilade of shots from the six shooters of a dozen fully equipped cow-punchers, who set the tenderfoot to dancing by a hundred shots at his patent leathers. The story subsequently appeared in the newspapers all over the country, and this month's *Bookman* is the last to mention it, referring to the givers of the dinner as "most of the Californian writers and artists who are being heard from." The picture represnts Adams, a solitary figure in a Tuxedo, standing at the head of the table with both hands up, while leveled at his head from all sides of the board are the "shooting irons" of the sombreroed Bohemians. In the group are Bruce Porter, Gelett Burgess, Frank McComas, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Will Irwin, Charles F. Bryant, Wallace Irwin, Robert Aitken, Porter Garnett, Captain Howland, L. Maynard Dixon and Charles K. Field. These clubmen have made it a point to entertain visiting celebrities from the East.

The Plan that Failed

Charley Williams, Republican and Charley Yolland, Democratic candidate for Mayor of Stockton, are members of the city council. When the Western Pacific Railroad Company petitioned the council for a franchise and rights of way through the town, a lobby was organized in opposition, and a shrewd plan was concocted to secure the votes of both the men with mayoralty aspirations. Each was told that if he voted against the measure he would receive the support of the enemies of the railroad enterprise. But it happened that both came together and compared notes, and the consequence was that both voted for the franchise.

Riley in the Smart Set

Affected superiority and snobbery are so characteristic of the new-rich nowadays that it is refreshing to learn of an example of homely simplicity that bespeaks freedom from those disgusting traits. My Stockton correspondent writes me of such an example at the smart wedding last week of Miss Beatrice Welsh and Mr. Stewart Parker Elliott at St. John's Episcopal church. The bride is the daughter of J. M. Welsh, President of the Stockton Milling Company, and Mr. Elliott is a son of the late Lieutenant-Commander Elliott who was in the battle of Manila Bay. Among the guests at the church was a plainly dressed individual who was apparently a workingman, and who seemed to take a deep interest in the wedding. As the bridal party was leaving the church, and Mr. and Mrs. Welsh were surrounded by their fashionable friends, Mr. Welsh caught sight of the workingman. He beckoned to him to approach and when he did so Mr. Welsh said, "Riley, there's a carriage for you outside; I want you to come out to the house." And Riley rode in a carriage to the reception. When he isn't attending weddings Mr. Riley drives a dray for the Stockton Milling Company.

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Horse and Horse

A story is told of a Stockton woman of wealth who is noted for her economies. Some church ladies called on her one day, and asked her to buy tickets for an entertainment. After a good deal of haggling and pleading of poverty she consented to take two tickets at fifty cents each. Later the ladies discovered that the dollar had a hole in it and they went back to complain of it, the economical lady meantime having attended the entertainment.

"The dollar was bad," complained the indignant ladies.

"So was the entertainment," was the complacent retort.

Upper Thirteen in Jeopardy

That highly exclusive coterie of suburban aristocrats yclept the Upper Thirteen of San Rafael is congratulating itself on having escaped contamination. However, since the revelations in the Woods-Hickmoot affair, the members feel that they had a very narrow escape. When the mysterious and altogether inexplicable Woods first appeared in San Rafael and rented one of the pretentious residences the Upper Thirteen sat up and took notice. Later on the exclusive circle was agog over the sensational report that the Woods family had two servants, and when it was rumored at the casino parties that the Woods family bought tomatoes recklessly out of season and sent the family linen to the French laundry, the conclusion was that the newcomers were plutocrats of the first order and should have the entree wherever they desired. But the circumstance that saved the elite of the village from contact with the strangers was that Mr. Woods was a student at the San Francisco Theological Seminary. It was responsible for the saving hesitancy on the part of the grand dames. However it has been darkly hinted that Mrs. Douglass Hardy said "Good morning" once, in the bus, to Mrs. Woods; that Mrs. Robert Renebome nodded to her across the street, and that Mrs. John E. Alexander bowed to her once in church. But these ladies deny the soft impeachment. But the chances are that the Upper Thirteen will be more exclusive than ever.

A Lonely Graduate

The first Commencement Day at the San Francisco Theological Seminary since the departure of Dr. MacKenzie for pastures new and more fruitful was remarkable for the size of the graduating class. It consisted of only one member and his embarrassment at having to figure as a class was quite evident. This is the smallest "class" that ever graduated from the seminary, and it is regarded by the friends of the institution as a matter of some significance. Some assert that the existing apathy in the affairs of the seminary is due to the loss of Dr. MacKenzie's influence. Others contend that the smallness of the class was due to the raising of the standard of education, and they assert that during the presidency of Dr. MacKenzie the standard was absurdly low; that the reverend gentleman was a business man first and a scholar afterward—a long way afterward. They say that he had to hire some one to do his work.

A Philanthropic Sinner

Dr. MacKenzie's friends are terribly shocked at these assertions and they point to the fact that it was he who made the seminary possible by persuading the late Alexander Montgomery, whose life had not been exactly conducive to a peaceful conscience, that the ultimate way of the transgressor might possibly be smoothed if paved with gold. This is undoubtedly true. Until the Montgomery barrel was tapped by Dr. MacKenzie, the San Francisco Theological Seminary had a hard struggle. It was located in a ramshackle structure in Lower Height street, and it was far from prosperous. Dr. MacKenzie took an interest in it, and in a very short time he enlisted the support of Alexander Montgomery. And at that time a protest was raised by those who thought that as Montgomery was not an exemplar of all the virtues his gold was unfit for use. Dr. MacKenzie defended Montgomery, and argued that the rich man had mended his ways and repented of his sins. This was denied by those who were horrified at the thought of a theological seminary receiving benefactions from a

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sinner. They related that Dr. MacKenzie had found it necessary to detain Mr. Montgomery almost by force, in Mill Valley, to insure his sober attendance at a certain reception. The question of the millionaire's repentance was never settled, but he lies buried beneath a fifty thousand dollar chapel at San Anselmo while Dr. MacKenzie is in possession of a fat charge in New York, and the seminary is occupying several acres of land and any number of spacious buildings and turning out a class of one each year.

At It Again

The Good Government Club and Stormy Petrel Stevenson have acquired a thirst for politics that even defeat can not quench. The election in San Rafael should have convinced the sad-eyed reformers of Marin that the community was not ripe for purification. They tried to win by trickery of the rankest variety and they failed. Nevertheless they are petitioning the trustees of the town to institute certain reforms which were incorporated in the platform of the repudiated candidates. Of course the petition will be denied.

They Protested In Vain

A great fuss was raised in London by some of the leading Anglican churchmen when it became known that King Edward intended to visit the Pope. The Church Association, which is an organization of the Evangelical section of the Church of England, sent a message to the King expressing dismay that his Majesty's advisers deemed it consistent with their duty to play into the hands of the Roman Curia by arranging for the King to formally visit the Pope, whose religion his Majesty had declared was superstitious and idolatrous. It is evident that the seed of bigotry still flourishes in London. The words superstitious and idolatrous as applied to Catholicism occur in the British coronation oath. It will be recalled that at the time of King Edward's coronation a movement was started to have those words modified or expunged, but it failed.

The Perennial Diamond

It seems that "Old Man" Diamond has celebrated one of his birthdays during the past week and, as usual, has gone through all his exhibition stunts for the benefit of the invited guests. This last anniversary, according to Diamond's count, is his one hundred and seventh, and he claims that he feels just as young as he used to be. To substantiate this claim he danced with a maiden suppositiously a hundred years his junior, on the occasion of his birthday party, sang with the young folks and performed various other youthful gymnastics. The newspaper account, also, did not fail to mention the fact that Mr. Diamond still has sufficient vigor to take a long walk every day, usually to the Cliff House and back. This annually-recurring story brings up the question, How old, actually, is this man who claims to be the champion graybeard of the Pacific slope? To lie about one's age is one of the leading weaknesses of humanity, and among prevarications it is the hardest to detect. From one to eighteen a person wants to appear older than he is; from twenty-five to seventy it is one's invariable impulse to appear younger; but from seventy on age becomes a pride to its possessor and a sore temptation to untruthfulness. There are several tribes of Indians in the West whose members claim to have attained a fabulous old age, but canny scientists have discovered that it is a custom among their old men to claim a hundred years as soon as wrinkles and gray hairs appear. It is a pretty well authenticated fact that the oldest man in the British possessions has attained to the comparatively meagre age of one hundred and ten.

The Profit of His Pose

It has been gently intimated by pioneers who are not spring chickens themselves that Diamond, like some wines and violins, has seen fit to antedate the year of his vintage for purposes purely commercial. Diamond is still young and enterprising enough, they say, to appreciate the increased market value of a book on longevity by one of the oldest men in the world. The clock-like regularity with which the newspaper reports of Diamond's birthday dinner get circulated each year point to the fact that a little judicious advertising will not come amiss in increasing the publication of Diamond's pamphlets on how to cheat death by means of diet, exercise and hygiene. The old man, I understand, is being paid a salary by a physical culture concern to pose as a living example of what gymnastics will do.

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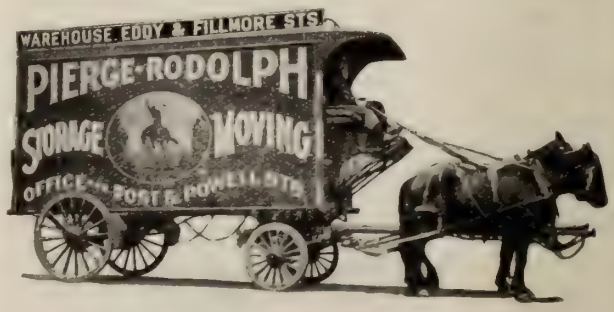

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Rapid Climbing in Los Angeles

A reception was given in the private parlors of one of the Los Angeles hotels last week that was of more than the average *ton*. During the afternoon a first year bud from Chicago, all gush and diamonds, caused a chill that shivered the entire assembly by remarking, "I do like Los Angeles; one sees so many changes. Why, only this morning I learned that our housekeeper of two years ago is giving swell afternoon teas, and that a telephone girl to whom I was kind on one or two occasions is married to a millionaire and is now in the best set." She does not know that the chill was caused by the fact that the hostess not so very many years ago was housekeeper in the hotel in which she was then entertaining the most exclusive set, having married the proprietor.

Rockefeller's Friend Inveighs Against Capital

Rev. George Thomas Dowling, rector of Christ church, Los Angeles, a protege and personal friend of John Rockefeller, created a stir last Sunday when he delivered a caustic rebuke to the millionaires "of this age of accumulated capital and trusts." Dr. Dowling was closer to the Standard Oil magnate during the latter's trip to Southern California than any other man outside the plutocrat's party; yet the rector of Christ Episcopal church said in his sermon: "The great fortunes have been acquired by turning that into the channels of private wealth which belongs to the commonwealth. They have not been made, they have been accumulated. And there is a vast difference between those two." The question now arises and has been voiced by many members of Dr. Dowling's congregation, "What degree of sin attaches to ministers of the gospel who accept blocks of Standard Oil stock as gifts?" The question as it has been put is as inflammable as refined oil itself.

A Strenuous Week

An unsolved murder mystery, a street car strike, charges of ward politics and rock-rolling in the exclusive St. John's Episcopal church, the publication of the charge that Dr. E. S. Chapman of the Anti-Saloon League has been making speeches for the railroads instead of for straightforward prohibition, the disappearance of two prominent business men and preparations for Fiesta—these are a few of the things that agitated the public down in Los Angeles last week, and it will go down in history as one of the most strenuous ever reported.

Mobbed in Florence

This story comes up from Los Angeles from a well known vocal instructor who has been abroad as chaperon for a number of the angels of the Angel City. One night when they were stopping in the fashionable residence section of Florence it was very warm, and in the absence of the duenna the girls set out alone to quench their thirst at a nearby soda fountain. They did not take the trouble to put on hats or wraps before appearing on the street. Yet a woman to be seen in Florence at night, hatless and chaperonless, is to a Florentine what it would be to a San Franciscan to see a fair one in Market street clad in becoming green tights and white satin slippers. This the American girls learned before they had gone a block. First they were followed by urchins, then by men, and finally by a cosmopolitan crowd, shuffling along as in the van of a circus. They pushed bravely onward till they reached the confectionery store a few blocks beyond. By this time the whole detached population of Florence was in their wake, and as they entered the doors and windows were plastered with leering faces. With hysterical calmness they ordered their refreshments, but they had hardly begun to partake before the crowd began coming in and a jabbering, gawking throng was gathered at their elbows. Some of the girls were getting ready to faint, when two American men came in, and noticing their predicament helped them outside and into a cab. The next day the chaperon heard the story, and waxing indignant complained to some of the residents of the town. Her sentiments were greeted with a shrug which seemed to say, "If the American woman will persist in being mad there is no law which can protect her."

Late arrivals at Byron Springs include Chief Justice and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, General Robert L. Meade, U. S. Marine Corps, Mare Island, and Mrs. Meade, Judge and Mrs. Edward A. Belcher, Mrs. Henry A. Williams, Mrs. M. Matthews and daughter of Eureka, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Prince, R. A. Cooke of Portland and L. M. Jacobs of New York.

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My Clever Inventions

By Elwyn Hoffman.

It is not without some doubt that I begin this narrative, revealing, as it does, that which the world is pleased to speak of as a "dual nature." That I am the possessor of two distinct characters, so to say, I presume there is no doubt. One character—that of the high minded, chivalrous man—I give to the world; the other—low, impure and brutal—I keep hidden, and take great care to conceal from man's knowledge. When I was editing the *Virgin Voice* the people showed their appreciation of the high moral tone of the paper by their liberal patronage. Farmers drove in many miles from their ranches to subscribe. Among my contributors was Syble Farley, a country maiden, who had a knack for writing verse. Syble used to bring her soulful verses to me at first, but later on I became better acquainted with her and got into the habit of calling at her home once a week to chat for a few delightful moments with the fair poet. She lived alone with her father in a large house at the edge of the town. Old man Farley was quite rich, possessing a deal of property in different parts of the state, beside the fine place on which he lived. I had met him several times in the course of news work, but I had not known that he had a daughter until she came to my office, as I have said. I respected the old gentleman very much, and it was with sincere sorrow that I learned one day of his sudden death by accident. Syble was prostrated by grief for some days, and did not fully recover for months, as she was of a highly nervous temperament, and anything unusual affected her greatly. During this time I was a frequent visitor at the Farley house (a distant female relative having come to stay with Syble), and I think my sympathy did much to bring the poor girl around. At any rate, she seemed to appreciate my attentions, and as I learned that all her father's property had been willed to her, I let her cherish the opinion. Subsequently, this operated much to my advantage, for when I asked her to marry me, as I did later on, she confessed that my great kindness had made her love me. Our marriage was celebrated in due time, and with becoming pomp, as befitted our high positions in society. I will not burden the reader with the worn-out story of new-married bliss, but suffice it to say that for several months we were very happy. Then one day I spoke to Syble about investing a certain sum of money in an enterprise I was interested in. To my great surprise and grief, Syble absolutely refused to allow it to be done. This caused a slight rupture of the pleasant relations between us; and somehow the breach kept widening. I saw many opportunities for investment, but it was impossible for me to take advantage of them while my wife refused her consent. This was a source of much annoyance to me.

"If Syble should die——" The thought came to me one day after we had had a prolonged discussion over a scheme of mine, to which Syble had taken a great dislike. Perhaps I was in somewhat of a bitter mood, and at the time did not feel as kindly towards my wife as I should. But be that as it may, the thought came to me and clung to my mind most tenaciously. I give you my word of honor that I tried my best to get rid of the terrible idea, and told myself that I was cruel even to think of it; but all my self-condemnations were as useless as talking sense to a Populist. So thoroughly did ths murderous thought master me that one day I awoke to the fact that I was deliberately planning how to get rid of Syble and get control of her money. After that, I no longer tried to disguise my intentions. I battled no more with fine scruples, but bent all my energy of thought to the task of evolving some plan whereby Syble could be put out of the way without causing supicion to fall upon me.

The unique, the original, always had a great charm for me. I disliked the idea of things being done in the same old way. Originality, I had always said, was the finest thing in the world. Therefore, I decided to be original in the disposal of my wife, and working towards this end, began to make several experiments in electricity. I had once seen my wife very much frightened by such a simple thing as a ray of light shining through a key-hole on to a white dress hanging in the hall—so much frightened, indeed, that she was quite upset for some time after. This incident suggested something to me, and I decided to follow the suggestion.

It took me some months, as you may believe, to secrete the batteries and fine wires around the house, and get everything fixed in running order for the carrying out of the schemes I had formed. It may strike the casual thinker as being an easy task to create ghosts by the aid of electricity, phosphorus, and natural phenomena; but if so, I wish to assure him that it is more than unusually difficult. Although I have a natural ability for invention, I found myself up against it on several occasions; and it was only after hard work, often extended far into the night, that I succeeded in getting things arranged so that there would be the maximum of certainty and the minimum of risk. Indeed, my contrivances were so intricate that it is useless for me to attempt to describe them in detail; besides, did I try to do so, I would be compelled to use so many technical terms that the ordinary person would receive no tangible impression.

There was a beautiful grove of tall trees around our house, and it was Syble's habit of an evening to walk among them, sometimes staying out until late. It was here that I made my first experiment. It was a very simple arrangement of phosphorus, but Syble ran shrieking to the house, and fainted as she reached the door. I brought her back to consciousness by liberal use of cold water, and then carried her upstairs to her room, she clinging to me and sobbing hysterically. We had but two servants, an Irish maid and a Japanese cook, and the maid was, of course, nearly as much frightened as her mistress. For a time there was a deal of commotion in the house, but after a bit things quieted down, and I left my wife sleeping with the lamp turned low.

For a day or two I let my ghosts rest, and then one evening as Syble came down the rather dim hall on her way to the dining room, I worked my second experiment. This was purely an electrical effect, but to the poor girl's strained nerves it must have seemed like "the real thing." Anyway, she screamed and fainted, and it was long after midnight before I succeeded in getting her quiet.

This second ghost had its effect on the impressionable Irish maid, for next night she came flying to my wife, screaming that she had seen a terrible ghost herself. I came down from my room when I heard the racket, and told her that it was all a delusion, but she wouldn't believe me, and gave notice on the spot. Next day, of course, the story was all over town, and many of Syble's

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H. R. WARNER, Manager
Byron Hot Springs Post Office, California

friends came to see her. Alas! they found my poor wife in bed, and the doctor I had called said that she was on the verge of brain fever. I really felt very sorry for Syble, and it was not without a qualm of conscience that I sprung another ghost on her. It was the last. The poor girl's nerves seemed to give way entirely, and it was not long before we saw that she was doomed.

Of course, I procured the best doctors I could, and had a trained nurse; but it was all useless. People said at the time that I was making a martyr of myself, for I hardly slept an hour the two weeks my poor wife lingered.

I was with her when she died. Strange to say, she was rational at the last, and almost her final utterance was a plea of forgiveness for anything she might have said or done to make me unhappy. It was really a heart-breaking scene, and I know every one felt for me when they saw how I evidently suffered.

But Syble had a grand funeral, and after the estate matters were adjusted, I reared an imposing monument to her memory.

Don't Worry

Though not one of your fanciful schemes comes to light,
Don't you worry;
You have had the fond pleasure of thinking they might,
So don't worry.
Though your page is all blotted and thumb-marked and torn,
There's a God up above who has seen what you've borne,
And who tempers the wind to the lamb that is shorn,
So don't worry.

Though the bauble you longed for looks cheap in your hand,
Don't you worry;
Though you sink where you thought it was all solid land,
Don't you worry.
Like the baby, you see the sun's glint on the wall,
And you struggle to clasp it—you stumble, and fall;
Then you find you have gathered a shadow—that's all—
But don't worry.

Though the play is played out and the curtain's rung down,
Don't you worry;
Though the features of life wear a turbulent frown,
Don't you worry.
Though the other man wins, and you lose, in the race,
Don't you let the world know; put a smile on your face;
There are always your pistols up there in their case,
So don't worry.

Mabel Porter Pitts.

WHERE TO GO THIS SUMMER.

It is easy enough to solve the momentous problem of where to go for one's summer vacation, if one consults the little booklet issued by the California Northwestern Railway. Every page bristles with information about vacation resorts. There is a place for the sportsman, the amateur Izaak Walton, the dreamer, the poet, the lounger, the one who likes to climb hills, tramp through forests, or to swim or boat. "Vacation 1903" gives a list of places that take summer boarders, their special attractions and rates.

BYRON SPRINGS ATTRACTIONS.

Nowhere is the May weather more delightful than at Byron Hot Springs. The hills and valleys still hold their spring bloom and verdure. The soft air is luring all to outdoor exercise, and visitors are reveling in the Springs' attractions.

Much interest is being manifested in the "Day and Night with the Elks," to be given by San Francisco Lodge No. 3, B. P. O. E., at the Chutes, Wednesday May twenty-seventh. In addition to special features in the theatre there will be a magnificent display of fireworks on the grounds at night.

Reflections

Over-study, over-thought, over-exertion, frequently defeat their object. A delayed arrival at a rendezvous often has the same effect upon expectant pleasure.

Over-anticipation is fatal to gratification.

Desire must be gratified at the moment of its inception. Delay in realization kills the sentiment.

A man is never too old to desire; but disappointment grows with years.

In the morning we often wonder at what absurdities we were guilty of the night preceding.

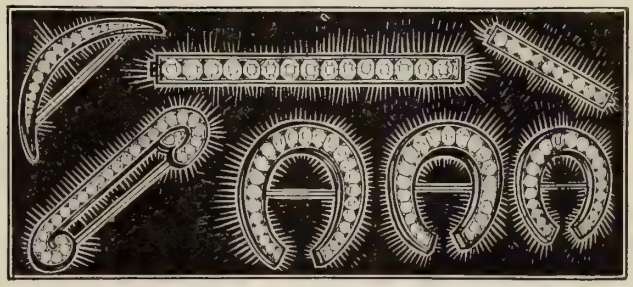
The woman with an exaggerated idea of virtue is the hardest to win, but when she forgets the traditions of her training she forgets everything.

Society breeds more La Vallieres than Montespans.

There is a kind of love founded upon mental and soul attributes similar in, and sympathetic to two natures, but that is not the love that gives us the fiercest enjoyment.

There is no man so unworthy but some woman will see in him a hero. —*The Roue.*

ALEXANDRA



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STAGE

The New Fiddle Dee Dee

Though "Fiddle Dee Dee" had a long run at Fischer's when it was first produced it has far from exhausted its popularity. It is the breeziest and brightest of all the Weberfieldian skits, and it is the one in which Kolb, Dill and Bernard do their best stunts. When it was first produced at Fischer's the chorus was not as well disciplined as it now is, for George Lask was not the stage manager in those days. He has greatly improved the stage pictures, and he has imparted more dash and color to the ensembles. The performance on the whole has been greatly improved, and it is as refreshing as a brand new show. The most catchy of the musical numbers have been retained, including the travesty on the "Florodora" sextette, which is always generously encored. The "Blushing Rosy" song is sung by Olive Vail, who is the most winsome girl that has yet appeared in the Fischer company. With a little more of the dash and abandon of the soubrette she will be able to qualify for Broadway.

Before They Achieved Fame

It is not generally known that Weber and Field, the most successful of American exponents of the burlesque form of the dramatic art, were formerly "variety performers" in this city. Years ago they appeared at the old Wigwam where Alice Nielsen used to do her song and dance, and later on at the Midway. They had a hard struggle in those days, but in the season just closed in New York they cleaned up two hundred thousand dollars. One night the stage manager of the Midway refused to let them go on because they violated some of the regulations: so they packed up and departed for the East. Another artist now under the calcium who has seen the seamy side of San Francisco is Lorraine, the composer of Ade's "Sultan of Sulu," and better known for the melodious and sensuous instrumental piece, "Salome." Lorraine for a long time copied music and did other professional odd jobs here, and all that time he was carrying the manuscript of "Salome" around in his pocket and playing it to everybody who would listen to him. It was through the graces of an Eastern publisher and an Eastern audience that "Salome" made the composer his first fame and his first thousands.

Comic Opera at the California

On Monday night, May twenty-fifth, there will be inaugurated at the California by Messrs. Gottlob, Marx & Company and Edward Ackerman, in conjunction with J. C. Duff of New York, a season of comic opera. It will embrace the most famous musical successes of New York and London, including operas that are absolutely new to San Francisco. The entire organization numbers sixty people and comes here direct from Daly's theatre, New York, with three carloads of special scenery and costumes. A special train of eight cars has been engaged to transport the organization across the continent from New York. The opening opera will be the Augustin Daly musical comedy, "The Runaway Girl," which enjoyed a run of over three hundred nights in New York, and also a prior run in London of two continuous years. The piece has never been permitted to go on tour before. The principals of the company include Melville Stewart, John Slavin, George Fortesque, Harold Vizard, Alfred Hickman, Joseph Cauto, Nellie Follis, Violet Dale, Sadie Kirby, Isobel Hall, and a score of beautiful "show girls" and a chorus of thirty-six, together with a large orchestra.

The Johnnies' Inning

There is a great treat in store for the local johnnies. The ranks of the chorus girls are soon to be augmented by a few carloads from New York. In addition to those at the Tivoli and Fischer's we are to have a chorus at the Grand when the Rogers' Brothers pieces are put on, and another at the California when the Duff opera company begins the presentation of some of the New York musical successes. There is to be entertainment galore for lovers of burlesque and light opera, and it will be interesting to watch the rival managers bidding for patronage.

Corrigan's Story

This is not a press agent story. It is related by Mr. Emmett Corrigan himself, who is playing Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde at

Gets in Readiness for Glad Vacation Time

California Northwestern Railway Offers a Long List of Special Attractions

When the vacation season begins the California Northwestern Railway Company will be ready to make thousands happy. Its lines run through one of the most picturesque regions of the State, and every here and there are ideal places for rest and recreation. Lakes and mountain streams, cosy corners in beautiful valleys, comfortable farm houses, mineral springs, natural springs, camps in the wildwood, all these are offered, and each has the advantage of being only a short distance from the city. Only a small expenditure is needed for railway fares, and in each instance the other charges are very reasonable.

In conformance with its usual custom the California Northwestern has made elaborate preparations for the glad vacation time, as is evidenced by the handsome hundred-page booklet that it has just issued. This publication, "Vacation, 1903," gives a long list of places that take summer boarders, tells of the special attractions of each place and gives the rates by the week.

For campers, there are no end of attractions. Throughout Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino and Lake counties the climate is delightful and it is a pleasure to sleep in a tent. Along the Geurneville branch of the California Northwestern, paralleled by the picturesque Russian River, are many ideal spots for camps, the river affording good boating, bathing and fishing. One of the most beautiful places on this branch is Russian River Heights, one of the most charming spots in all the West.

The booklet contains much valuable information, and all who expect to make a vacation trip this summer will do well to supply themselves with a copy before making up their minds.

Bay Shore Excursions

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the Grand this week, in a manner that exalted him in the estimation of all who witnessed the performance. Mr. Corrigan is an actor of rare intelligence and with a wonderful knack for delineating character. His story is that one night when he was playing Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in an Indiana town, he met a young man and woman on the street. The woman was sobbing and the man was trying to quiet her. When she saw the actor she gave a terrified scream and fainted in her companion's arms. The young man explained that they had just witnessed a performance of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and that it had completely unnerved the young woman.

The Corrigan Thrill

Whether or no Emmett Corrigan's thrall over an audience is owing to his exertion of acquired hypnotic power, as he says himself, he certainly possesses the quality of magnetism to a remarkable degree. In "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" the thrills grow with each transformation of the inoffensive Jekyll into the monstrous Hyde. There is no need of bringing Mansfield's artistic impersonation of the uncanny dual role into comparison with that of the younger actor. Corrigan has a firm grasp of the Stevenson idea and he does not relax his hold. His weird laugh is something that will not soon be forgotten. This stage version of the novel, however, differs in many points from the Mansfield one, and the climax is far from being as effective.

Robson's First Lines

Stuart Robson, who died last week, used to tell a story about his first appearance on any stage. "It was in 1847," he related, "in a play called 'Uncle Tom's Cabin as It Is,' written by Professor Hewitt of Baltimore. The motif was the reverse of that of the Stowe drama. I had a juvenile part—the little boy who always had to do something good and virtuous. My mother in the play was weeping bitterly over the loss of some of her slaves which the Northerners had stolen from her. I have never forgotten my lines, though my impressions of my feelings on their first public delivery have faded away. The lines were: 'Mother, your little son will share your tears with you.'"

His Grand Passion

The role of Bertie the Lamb in "The Henrietta" was one of the grand passions of Stuart Robson's life. So jealous was he at the thought of any other actor playing the role, that he is said to have made a provision in his will that his wife and heirs should destroy the manuscript of the play immediately after his death. It was his favorite saying that next to his wife, "The Henrietta" was the finest woman in the world. His wife was Miss Waldron, the actress, and his real name was Robson Stuart. He was a man of many parts, as deeply interested in politics and literature as in his professional calling. For many years he was an intimate friend of Robert Ingersoll.

Robson's old partner, "Billy" Crane, now enacting to the pleasure of Columbia audiences his character study of "David Harum," made his first appearance in opera. He was cast for the Notary in "La Fille du Regiment," with the Holman Opera Troupe in Utica, N. Y. Crane says he was about sixteen years of age, and he was terribly nervous over his debut. His first speech came in the second act, when he read a legal document: "In consideration of Mlle. Marie de Berkenfeld being united to

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Beginning Monday, May 11th Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
MARY MANNERING
under the management of Frank McKee in
"THE STUBBORNNESS OF GERALDINE"
A new comedy of present day social life, by Clyde Fitch
With the Original Garrick Theatre Company and Production

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Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Week Commencing Monday Evening Next, May 11th, the famous Clyde Fitch comedy,
"LOVERS' LANE"
Great Alcazar Cast Rare Scenic Beauties
Prices—Evenings—25c, 35c, 50c & 75c Matinees—15c, 25c, 35c & 50c.
Monday, May 18th, Special Engagement of WHITE WHITTLESEY
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Orpheum
O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee May 10th
STRENUOUS VAUDEVILLE!
JAMES J. CORBETT; Fisher and Carroll; Julie Ring; Kennedy and Rooney; MELVILLE and STETSON; Harding and Ah Sid; Mlle. Olive; The Biograph and Last Week of the LYTTON-GERALD COMPANY,
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Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

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Week Beginning Monday Evening, May 11, 1903
Special Starring Engagement, Limited to Three Weeks, of the Popular Comedian,
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In a Dramatization of Mary E. Wilkins' story,
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Popular Prices: 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c & 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday
A Good Reserved Seat in the Orchestra at all Matinees, 25c.

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Tonight and Sunday Night, "THE TOY MAKER"
Every evening next week, and matinees Saturday, EDWIN STEVENS
in a great production of the famous comic opera,
"WANG"
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Popular Prices—25c, 50c, 75c. . . . . Telephone Bush 9

CALIFORNIA
Tomorrow Night. All Next Week,
The famous furiously funny farce comedy success,
"TOWN TOPICS"
Featuring the original star triumvirate WORLD—GARNELLA and MACK
Greatest farce of topical hits ever known.
Next—Monday night, May 25th, opening of the Augustin Daly comic opera season—"THE RUNAWAY GIRL"

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O'Farrell, bet. Stockton and Powell Streets
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Here is the Proof.
Our books are open for anyone's inspection. We can show, that 16,284 paid admissions were entered up from Monday night last to last night inclusive. That is what the public think of
"FIDDLE DEE DEE"
Weber & Field's Greatest of all Burlesques.
Reserved Seats, Nights 25c, 50c, and 75c. Sat. and Sun. Matinees, 25c & 50c.
Children at Matinees, 10c and 25c
Seats Two Weeks Ahead Next, "TWIRLY WHIRLY"

Duc de Grandtete, Mme. Priscilla de Berkenfeld, aunt of the said Marie, agrees to settle upon the Duchess certain herein named estates, producing ten thousand florins per annum, the Duc de Grandtete upon his part merely bestowing upon the Duchess his ancient and hereditary titles." As Crane tells the story, "Notwithstand the fact that I felt letter-perfect in the part, I nevertheless, as an extra precaution, held the prompt book inside the document from which I was to read. As I made my entrance I tripped over my gown, and the prompt book fell to the floor. Of course the gallery howled. I was frightened, but I believe my fright nerved me to do my utmost, and the result was the rest of the performance went off without a hitch."

Lillian Coleman Arrives

Long ago I stated that a good vocalist was a rara avis in comic opera and musical comedy productions on Broadway. A New York daily recently announced that Lillian Coleman, who made quite a hit in the "Prince of Pilsen," was "the best equipped singer of her class Broadway has heard in many a day. With a voice accustomed to delicate phrasing, trained in tone production and rich in warmth and volume, it is unfortunate that she has not greater opportunities to display her natural capabilities." Local theatregoers who heard Miss Coleman at Fischer's when "Fiddle-dee-dee" was first produced will recall that though she has a pleasing voice, and fair method, she could never create a sensation in this city by her singing. However she is undoubtedly the superior in vocal ability of any of the musical comedy stars of Broadway. And it is therefore easy to understand the surprise of Eastern managers when their road stars sent to this city with "Dodo," "Florodora" and other companies failed to enthuse. They think that singing which is good enough for the transient visitors to New York should be good enough for us. Miss Coleman, by the way, is a San Francisco girl, and the only vocal lessons she ever received were given by Mr. Alfred Kelleher. On the strength of her Broadway hit she has been engaged by Klaw & Erlanger for three years.

A Realistic Ship Scene

The most realistic picture of life on shipboard ever presented on the stage is said to be given in the first act of "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," in which Mary Mannering will be seen at the Columbia. Not only has Clyde Fitch drawn with characteristic acuteness every type of fellow-travelers encountered by those who take the transatlantic passage, but every detail of the promenade deck and the superstructure of a great ocean liner is shown with absolute fidelity and by an ingenious mechanical device the entire stage is made to roll and pitch with an effect almost as dizzying as the real ocean swell, in spite of the audience watching the pitching of the deck from the unaccustomed side of the rail.

"Lover's Lane"

Fanny Young, who has been in retirement for seven years—except for her engagement in David Belasco's New York production of "Naughty Anthony"—will receive a cordial welcome when she appears at the Alcazar in "Lover's Lane" next week. The Alcazar people are making special effort to surpass the New York production of this Clyde Fitch play. Ernest Hastings and George Osbourne have the roles which they created, and Adele Belgarde is specially placed. Frank Bacon, like the man who was cut in twain by a buzz saw, will appear in two parts.

Features of Next Week's Bills

As Mary Mannering is especially popular as a matinee card the extra matinees at the Columbia on Wednesdays during her engagement will give many an opportunity to attend who will not be able to secure choice Saturday matinee seats. In "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" will appear Arthur Byron and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, both great favorites here.

The merry farce, "Town Topics," returns to the California tomorrow night, with the same great triumvirate of farce comedy stars, World, Garnella and Mack, that had all San Francisco laughing six years ago during the memorable three weeks' run of this piece at the California. Since then the farce has been entirely re-written and still continues to be one of the biggest laughing hits on the road. The California will remain dark for the week following "Town Topics," preparatory to the opening of the Augustin Daly comic opera season, beginning with "The Runaway Girl" on Monday night, May twenty-fifth.

The Alcazar's production of "Lover's Lane" is sure to be worth seeing. Ernest Hastings and George Osbourne will have the roles they created in the original production. Oza Waldrop will be the tomboy, Simplicity Johnson. Artist Williams has been

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The Tavern is now under new and experienced management, and patrons are assured of the constant attendance of the chief of the establishment. and of prompt service at all times. . . . .
Special attention is paid to luncheon, dinner and after-theatre parties. . . . . .

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Wm. B. Hooper, Manager San Francisco

at work a month on the beautiful scenery for the production. May eighteenth will come the favorite White Whittlesey in the equal favorite, "Heartsease."

The return engagement of Walter E. Perkins to the Grand will be pleasing news to theatregoers with whom he installed himself as a popular favorite two seasons ago on his previous appearance. Then he was comparatively unknown, but it did not take the people here long to realize that he was a very clever comedian. Since then Mr. Perkins has become a great stellar attraction and has made a success in "Jerome," the adaptation from Mary E. Wilkins's novel, which he will present here for the first time. As Jerome Edwards he is said to be exceedingly humorous.

"Fiddle dee dee" has duplicated its old success at Fischer's and will be continued. "Twirly Whirly" will follow; an airship that really floats is one of its features.

Edwin Stevens will have a hearty greeting when he makes his appearance at the Tivoli on Monday night. "Wang" is an opera with tremendous drawing powers and the full strength of the Tivoli company will be in the cast. New scenery and costumes will add to the effectiveness of the production.

A strenuous program will be in order at the Orpheum for Presidential reception week. James J. Corbett will make his debut here as a monologuist, relating some of his pugilistic experiences. "Jim" is said to be a clever and amusing vaudeville entertainer, with an easy, offhand way of talking that makes him at once en rapport with his audience. Fisher and Carroll, eccentric comedians, will be novelties here. Clayton Kennedy and Mattie Rooney, a daughter of the old-time favorite Pat Rooney, are eccentric dancers of fame on the circuit. Julie Ring, comedienne, comes straight from "Lunnun." She is a sister of Blanche Ring. Lytton and Gerald, Melville and Stetson, Harding and Ah Sid, and Olive will remain.

The Wilson family, colored entertainers, will be at the Chutes. Ormonde and Carrie Wilson are considered the brightest pickaninnies ever seen on the stage. The Loretta family of five horizontal bar performers, four of whom are juveniles, will also be new. Gaston and Harvey in a sketch abounding in singing and dancing, and Hayes and Whitehead, "the tramp piano player and his dancing friend," will be on the bill. The "Cycle Maze" will complete the fourth and last week of a most successful engagement. A one-pound baby has just been added to the family of infants in the incubators. — *The Playgoer.*

Antonia Dolores (Trebelli) Concerts

Mademoiselle Antonia Dolores will arrive here from Australia on the fifteenth of the month. Rarely has a singer ever made so many friends and admirers as has this clever young artist, and with each trip here her art has made wonderful strides. Today she is considered one of the world's greatest concert sopranos. Her program for her first concert is particularly interesting and includes "The Prayer" from Puccini's "La Tosca"; the "Shadow Dance" from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah"; recitative and aria, "Let Me wander," by Handel; besides songs by Rosa, Scarlatti, Buononcini, Rubinstein, Liza Lehmann, Paladile, Massenet and others. By special request the artist will also sing "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," by Bishop, with flute obligato played by Mr. Louis Neubauer of the Tivoli orchestra. Mr. Robert Clarance Newell will play a number of novelties, including variations on an original thing by Pachulski, and numbers by the young Russian composers, Grodzky and Arensky. This concert, which will be given on Wednesday night, May twentieth, at the Alhambra, will be for the benefit of the building fund of the California Club, and the ladies of the club are using every effort to make the affair a tremendous success. On Saturday afternoon, May twenty-third, Mademoiselle Dolores will give the only matinee concert that she will have time for on this trip, and on Sunday night she will give a grand farewell sacred and special request concert. Requests for any particular numbers for that night should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, care of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the box office for the sale of seats for her appearances will open Monday, May eighteenth. Prices for this engagement are one dollar and a half, one dollar, and fifty cents. Tickets for California Club night can be obtained at the California Club rooms, in the Y. M. C. A. building, on regular days, and from any of these members of the committee: Mesdames Hovey, Campbell, Hertz, Warren, Newton, Coffin, Johnson, Barnes, Kinne or Tojetti.

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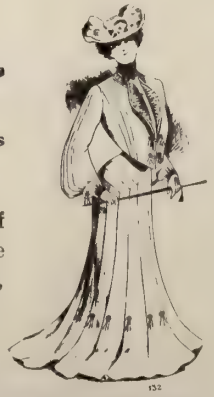

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THE BUTCHERS' BOARD OF TRADE

Exposes a Misleading Statement made by the Western Meat Company.

Local Inspection by Board of Health Better Than Government Inspection.

A more deliberate and premeditated attempt to gull and deceive the general public than the recent advertising circular issued by the Western Meat Company has never been perpetrated on the Pacific Coast. It is known to the butchering trade as the "Purple Stamp Fake," but as the majority of meat buyers may not understand the duplicity and untruthfulness of the statements therein set forth, it becomes necessary for the good of the trade and the protection of the public to expose its true nature.

To begin with, the circular in question calls attention to the purple stamp placed on its meat by the United States Meat Inspector, as a sign that "the beef was healthy and the meat fit for food." That, of course, would be the natural presumption, provided the reader did not know the true inwardness of the business. Let us explain:

Some time ago, several European Governments, particularly that of Germany, objected to the importation of American meats upon several grounds, the principal of which was the doubtful quality of the meat. Now in these same European countries, meat is subjected to strict examination by inspectors who thoroughly understand their business, and it was argued by the packers that if United States Inspectors were appointed, who would presumably examine the animal before killing and place their stamp upon the tinned goods, the governments in question would be satisfied and this vital objection be overcome. To attain this end, the Federal Government appropriated the amount of $4,500,000 annually and a staff of meat inspectors was appointed for the most part from the civil service corps, into which admission had been gained by proficiency in the ordinary rudiments of education. It will be easily understood that the men so appointed were lacking in the qualifications necessary to properly fill the position, viz.: judgment of meat and veterinary surgery; but this class of knowledge WAS THE LAST REQUIRED BY THE PACKERS. All they wanted was the stamp upon the goods, the outward and visible sign of the United States inspection. In this manner fully authorized, if not qualified ,inspectors were appointed and any packing establishment could obtain the services of one of them upon application. The Baden Company availed itself of this opportunity and its meat is now adorned with the U. S. Inspector's purple stamp, as duly set forth in the circular.

The true value of the United States Meat Inspectors was conclusively proved in the "Embalmed Beef" inquiry during the Spanish-American War, when it was clearly shown that their only use was to throw dust in the eyes of foreigners and not to condemn meat unfit for human food. These facts prove that the purple stamp is not, as stated in the circular, a guarantee of either quality or purity.

Unfortunately the worthlessness of the United States Inspectors' stamp does not cover the whole matter as far as the handlers and packers of refrigerated meats are concerned The fact is that the entire output of such establishments is slaughtered under circumstances which, taken in conjunction with the freezing process employed, renders it unhealthy food, stamp or no stamp.

It is well known that the meat of any animal slaughtered while in a feverish condition will not keep, and according to eminent physicians, causes indigestion and sickness when eaten. For this reason it is the custom of all first-class slaughterers to allow cattle to rest a week or ten days after leaving the cattle trucks. A journey of many hundred miles in crowded trucks, often without water for hours, intense heat and dust, coupled with natural nervousness of the half wild animal, is more than sufficient to set up a state of fever which would render the meat, if slaughtered at once, as is done by packers of refrigerated meats, unfit for human food. The carcass under such circumstances will not bleed freely, hence its tendency to rapid decomposition. To prevent this the packers, after having duly seen the meat purple stamped by the United States Meat Inspectors, rush the meat into the refrigerator and by the freezing process prevent it from going bad on their hands. By this method they gain from 30 to 32 pounds weight per carcass from the blood remaining in the meat, not caring how soon it decomposes in the shop of the retailer or what sickness it may cause the consumer.

In all well conducted slaughter houses, the animal is rested until in a healthy state and when killed all the blood, which then flows freely, is drained from the carcass. This is done by the butchers to insure healthy meat for the public, to satisfy the strict inspection by the Health Board. By doing so they lose not only the profit arising from the additional weight of the blood in the carcass, but also the keep of the animals while resting. The butchers know that it is the consensus of medical opinion that meat treated as it is by the packers is not as wholesome or as nutritious as in its natural state—that is to say, refrigerated. They know further that meat slaughtered and preserved as is customary in packing houses is bad for the health and liable to produce intestinal disturbances—that such meats, whether they bear the purple stamp of the United States Inspectors or not, are not equal in any way to meats in their natural state.

The circular contains a long list of known and unknown diseases, much after the style of a quack medicine advertisement. These diseases it impudently and untruthfully declares will be contracted by consumers foolish enough to buy meat undecorated with a purple stamp. Readers of this article will, however, understand that such a stamp simply certifies that the meat bearing it is artificially preserved by refrigeration and therefore inferior in digestability and nutrition to meats marketed without it. Any one desiring an illustration can take a walk through Chinatown, where much of this meat is exhibited for sale on the streets, most all of which comes from Baden.

The circular falls into an interrogatory mood on several occasions. It asks "What is the result where there is no inspection?" and again, "Why do not all abattoirs have inspection?" These questions are asked for the simple purpose of impressing upon the public that all meat placed on the market, other than that coming from Baden, has not been inspected. THIS IS A LIE BY INFERENCE, and as such may mislead those not aware that the municipal government of San Francisco and every other city in the country has a highly trained and efficient staff of slaughterhouse and market inspectors under the direction of the Board of Health. Therefore, no meat is sold which has not been inspected, although it may not bear the purple stamp. In fact such inspection by the officials of the Board of Health is so strict and thorough that packers like those at Baden prefer to carry on business in localities—in San Mateo and Contra Costa counties, for instance—where there is no Board of Health, naturally preferring the inspection of Uncle Sam's Civil Service graduate, with his little purple stamp. In our opinion, inspection like that existing at Baden is worse than none at all, because it is a fake inspection, made for the purpose of misleading the public as to the quality and purity of artificially preserved meats by the means of a purple stamp, wielded indiscriminately by an unqualified United States official.

This mendacious circular states that "If the people of the city in buying would see that the desired cut comes from a beef bearing the purple brand they would never be worried as to the quality or purity of the meat." While it is true that people are forgetful, some things make such a deep impression upon the public mind that a long time is needed to efface it. It is not forgotten that the "embalmed" and impure refrigerated meats supplied to our army in Cuba directly caused three thousand deaths, and how many lingering victims of consumption, indigestion and other stomachic troubles will never be known. The company issuing the circular under discussion was directly engaged in this infamous industry. The diseased refrigerated beef sold by a butcher of Oakland to the Eighth Regiment, U. S. V., was directly traced to it by the label or purple stamps upon this lump of impurity.

Here is another and incontestable proof that the class of inspection to which such abattoirs as the one at Baden are subjected is of no protection to the public. Therefore, the purple brand is not, as the circular claims, a proof of either quality or purity, but meat bearing it may prove, as did the Oakland butcher's meat, a mass of corruption infested with the germs of consumption.

Let the public avoid artificially preserved and refrigerated meats in spite of the blandishments of the United States inspectors' purple stamp.

Afternoon Tea at the Innuendo Club

Mrs. Smartem: Isn't it a pity that Miss Gayley—

Chorus: What?

Mrs. S.: Oh, nothing much, but I heard—you really mustn't repeat this, that—

(Entrance of maid with tea and bread-and-butter causes cessation of conversation.)

Miss White (to her neighbor): Did you see that Miss Faste refused tea? From all I hear, she would have preferred whisky and soda.

The neighbor: What! Really? Does she—

Miss W. (whispers): So I hear.

Mrs. Brown (to her daughter): I'm surprised at the fine quality of this tea.

Her daughter: You need not be. They say Mrs. Smartem can get all she wants on credit from *that* grocer.

Mrs. B.: You mean to say—

H. D.: No, *I* don't say, but that's the *on dit.*

(Enter Miss Gayley. Receives rather markedly chilly reception.)

Mrs. Frank: I hear dreadful things about you, Miss Gayley.

Miss G.: I didn't know I was of sufficient importance to be talked about. What now?

Mrs. F.: Oh, I couldn't tell you—here.

Miss G.: Well, save it for next time. (Drinks tea, chats a few minutes with Mrs. Smartem, and exits.)

Mrs. Frank: Now, what was it, Mrs. Smartem, about Miss Gayley? You started to tell us.

Mrs. S.: Oh, it's only that my sister told me that her maid told her that Mrs. Faste's maid said—

Chorus (eagerly): What?

Mrs. S.: Perhaps I oughtn't to mention it, but—

(Entrance of maid with sherbet.)

Miss Perte (to her neighbor): Wish it had a little rum in it, eh?

Her neighbor (in shocked surprise): Do you mean to say—? (Later she tells her next neighbor of the shocking remark of Miss Perte.)

Miss Curious: Really, Mrs. Smartem, I am dying to hear what the story about Miss Gayley is.

Chorus: Oh, yes, we're all wild to know.

Mrs. Plainspoken: And pass it on, of course.

Mrs. Smartem: Well, as I was saying, the story came to me that Miss Gayley was seen last week standing in front of Pierre's. A little later Mr. Clubroue came along. The inference was—

Miss Curious: I understand.

Chorus: Um-m-m.

(Maid enters and serves tea and cakes.)

Chorus: I always thought she looked a trifle off.

(Adieux are said.)

Chorus: Such a lovely time.

Mrs. Smartem: It's so lovely to pass an afternoon in intellectual discourse.

Mrs. Plainspoken: An afternoon of gossip (but she said it under her breath) and one or two reputations gone for good.

Miss Merry: God bless the good old Innuendo Club, I say! —*The Eavesdropper.*

Music

'Tis strange to me, her spouse remarked,
That you go harping on.
'Tis stranger still, his wife replied,
I keep in time so long.

—*A Harp with a Thousand Strings.*

Knew She'd Wed Again

In the Church:

She—Well, he's marrying an economical woman.

He—Why do you think she's economical?

She—That wedding dress is the one she wore when she married her first husband. —*The Sexton.*

To an Unsuccessful Author

He died; but not the common death
Whose mortal cause is lack of breath.
He died; but it was to the things
The soul attempts with soaring wings.
He died; and Disappointment's gaff
Scratched this to serve as epitaph:
"Here lies, within this wand'ring clay,
A Soul whose soaring didn't pay.
Its dreams were fair, but men were dense,—
'Tis buried here to save expense!"

Elwyn Hoffman.

Advent

A life is trembling within a life,
As a poem within a story.
A heart is resting within a heart
(A man is in his glory).

—*The Stork.*

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MUSIC

Twentieth Century Club's Concert

The Twentieth Century Musical Club gave its closing concert and reception last Saturday afternoon at their club-rooms in Sutter street. There was a big crush of fashionables assembled to hear the very interesting program and incidentally to make their adieux to one another before the general exodus to the resorts. Two chorals by Praetorius for full chorus and the beautiful Passion Musik by Heinrich Schutz for full chorus and soloists were given a very artistic interpretation under the direction of Mr. Sabin. A sonate for violin and piano by Tartini was well played by Mrs. Robbins (Alice Ames) and Mrs. B. G. Lathrop. The second part of the program was devoted to the compositions of W. H. Thorley, a newcomer in the city. A group of songs finely rendered by Grace Davis Northrup and Signor Wanrell showed him to be a composer of originality and fine expressive force. Mr. Thorley also played the Sonata in G minor by Schumann with feeling and bravura. After the concert a reception was held in one of the adjoining rooms where greetings were exchanged and plans for the summer freely discussed. Among those present were Mesdames H. E. Huntington, Sidney Smith, McKittrick, Landers and Thomas Bishop, the Misses McKinstry, Smedberg, Emily Wilson, Marie Voorhies and Susanne Blanding, Shafter Howard and Burbank Somers.

The Playing of Miss Mead

From the big Strauss Sonata to the "Perpetuum Mobile" (Ries), Miss Olive Mead proved herself an admirable violinist, nothing less than that, but, alas! nothing more. In the andante movement of the Saint-Saens Concerto she did, for a rare moment or two, deserve a superior adjective. "To have color and be sober with it is an ideal," but the beautiful sobriety that intoxicates an audience, the "artistic reserve" that calls forth unreserved praise, presupposes a "fine frenzy," a drunkenness not that of wine. Miss Mead is so sober with her color as to cause doubts of its existence to arise. She does not seem to have ever been under the necessity of disciplining a tendency to musical madness into exquisitely sane virtuosity. Her bow does not act one bit as a thing inspired. She plays neither to the gods above, nor to some godlike lover below, but merely correctly, as to an audience indifferent to fine effects. To ears attuned to Kocian's technical perfection, her harmonies sounded painfully tentative. Mr. Fred Maurer, who accompanied her, has what Miss Mead lacks, feeling, imagination, and the secret of communicating them. And so artistically did he blend his piano with her violin that it required some discrimination to be sure where the thrills came from. Mrs. Cox sang in her usual pleasing manner.

The Adelphian Union Meeting

Mrs. J. B. Hume delivered her address on "The Bible as Literature" before the Adelphian Club in Alameda last Saturday. She read the paper before the Forum Club of this city and Ebell of Oakland recently and has received deserved praise for it. One reason of the favor with which the essay was received is the fine delivery of Mrs. Hume. She has a very pleasing address, and such a clear diction that not a point of her discourse is lost. Miss Una Fairweather sang several charming songs. She is one of the younger contraltos of whom great things are expected, and she is studying with view to a stage appearance in two years. Her voice is of rich, velvety quality, capable of great dramatic expression. A little pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt, Cecil Cowles, roused the audience into enthusiasm by her solos, one of which was her own composition. She is only nine years old but she has a remarkable musical temperament. Mr. Mansfeldt does not call her a prodigy, but she is certainly a very clever child. She plays as if she loved her music, and has the confidence that is rarely found among more experienced students. Little Cecil has only studied a year and in that time has overcome technical difficulties that appall older players. She gave some examples of musical telegrathy that were interesting. The Adelphian Club is in a very flourishing condition, all the sections taking up their work with energy. At the union meetings held once a month all sections unite. On this occasion the new president, Mrs. Anna Samuels, made her first appearance as presiding officer. She fulfilled her duties in a most dignified and gracious manner.

Musicale in the Mission

The pupils of Miss Helen M. Anderson gave a very delightful musicale on Saturday afternoon of last week at the residence of Mrs. William Ede in the Mission. The little people occupied the first part of the program and obtained well-deserved applause for their efforts. The older pupils came next and displayed in their playing of classical numbers all the good effects of careful training. Deserving of special mention are Miss Jean Clift, who played MacDowell's "Hungarians," Miss Cordelia Bishop who also had a MacDowell number, Miss Lulu Wegener in "The Two Larks,"

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Douglass Soule in Chaminade's "Flatterer" and Miss Edna Sides in a Schutt valse, "A la bien-aimee." Mrs. H. P. Carlton sang in a delightful manner Lord Henry Somerset's "Song of Sleep" and Mildred J. Hill's "Smiles and Frowns." She was accompanied most sympathetically by her son, Master Sydney Carlton, who promises to excel in this branch of piano playing which is an art in itself. The various compositions were played in a correct and tasteful manner, and Miss Anderson and her young pupils have every reason to feel encouraged at the progress made.

A Juvenile Musical Concert

Miss Judith Hyman's pupil recital at Century hall on May second must certainly have brought pride to that lady's heart, for every one of the nine or ten children upon the program played with evidence of the most intelligent teaching. The juvenile pianists played compositions by Beethoven, Kullak, Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky, Grieg, Schumann, Bach, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Weber and MacDowell, and maintained the interest of the audience through their entire program. The brightest star of the little constellation was Lillian Van Vorst, a child of only eleven, whose playing revealed a remarkably artistic temperament and splendid technical ability. It is safe to predict for this child a brilliant career in the world of music, especially as her mother plans to take her to Letchetisky very soon. Though the great teacher has heretofore refused pupils under fifteen, it will be surprising if he does not make an exception in favor of this talented young Californienne. Her sister Ardelia also played with unusual brilliancy and expression. Another clever youngster was Hamlin Nerney.

Founder's Day at Mills

Dr. H. J. Stewart has dedicated more new organs than any other organist in California. His latest dedication was at Mills' College on Founders' Day, when the new two-manual tubular pneumatic organ was used for the first time. Founders' Day is the anniversary of the birthday of the late Dr. C. T. Mills, and it has been the annual custom to honor the day with a special program. The hall was crowded on Tuesday when the following programs were rendered, in the morning and afternoon: Organ solo, Fantasia on a theme of Handel (Guilmant), "Lift Up Your Heads, O Ye Gates," Dr. Stewart; invocation, Rev. Raymond C. Brooks; hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy"; Scripture recitation, twenty-third Psalm; "The Lost Chord," choral class; address, Rev. Charles R. Brown; organ, Consolation in D flat (Liszt), transcription by Dr. H. J. Stewart; dedicatory prayer Rev. George Mooar, D.D.; "Trust in the Lord," Largo (Handel), choral class, violin obligato, Miss Tillie Finley; hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name"; doxology; benediction; organ, Grand March in D (W. T. Best), Dr. H. J. Stewart. [The choral class is under the supervision of Alexander T. Stewart.] Organ recital, Dr. Stewart: Suite Gothique, Boellmann, Choral, Menuet Gothique, Priere de Notre Dame, Finale, In Paradisum (Dubois), Minuet (Symphony in G minor, Sterndale-Bennett), Toccata and Fugue in D minor (Bach), Priere in D flat and Fantasia in B flat minor (Callaerts), Triumphal March (Benedict, transcription by Dr. Stewart).

The piano recital given last evening by the pupils of Mr. Abraham Sundland, in Maple hall, occurred too late for extended notice this week. Ten pupils took part and their work will be revewed in the next issue of *Town Talk*.

The Barton Choral Society, recently organized under the direction of Mr. Gerard Barton, has engaged Maple hall for a concert to be given on May nineteenth. The principal number will be the rendition of "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," by S. Coleridge-Taylor, a work which has been highly praised throughout the musical world. This club is composed of twenty-five members.

—*The Music Critic.*

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LETTERS

Another Latin Quarter Story

"Lizette" is the story of a most remarkable Latin Quartier girl, and an equally remarkable art student. As chivalry is out of fashion, we may begin with the man, and account for his being in the student colony of Paris, for John Murdock is an American just graduated from college, and the only son of a New York banker who has confidently, and not unnaturally looked forward to having his assistance in business. But John announces his intention of becoming an artist, and Murdock Sr. offers neither protest nor advice, further than to counsel the young man to be "a damned good artist" if he is bent on being one. So with a sufficient sum guaranteed, young Murdock departs for Europe, and that is the last his father ever sees of him. It is rather late in the day to raise a voice of protest against the morals of the art student abroad. Whether or not they all and severally take unto themselves mistresses in the person of their favorite models, the fact remains that the studio-household and the eternal feminine are bits of stage property without which the scenes could not be set in a manner to be recognized, and we may as well accept the accessories as we do the pasteboard rocks and canvas trees of the theatre. As one critic will cry out that a book may be read in order to discover what student life is not and the next will exclaim in rapture over the perfect presentation given in the same book, we may discard that also from consideration and proceed to examine the plot and characters. Arrived in Paris without a word of French with which to bless himself, John Murdock proceeds to the Latin Quartier in the company of a commercial traveler who has been a fellow passenger on the steamer. Here he meets Lizette. While sitting in a cafe with his companions a brawl is started between two grisettes who betake themselves to the street to have it out, followed by the crowd, who form a ring around the combatants. "Murdock saw with surprise that many of them (the men who composed the spectators) bore upon their shoulders women, who were anxious to see the fight and had climbed up to get a better view than was possible in the surging crowd upon the ground. While he was watching this strange night spectacle in his first astonishment a pair of feminine arms clasped him round the neck and a soft voice murmured, 'Pardon, M'sieu.' In a few seconds more Murdock was himself the enforced vantage point from which a girl of the Latin Quarter watched the struggle. When it had ended, the girl slipped lightly to the ground and politely thanked him. As he went over to his table again she followed him as if it were a matter of course—as if their introduction had been quite sufficient. When he sat down she sat down also." Then follows a description of her graces and charms, and the assurance that there was nothing bold in her action. There they sat until the place was closing, and when at last Murdock reluctantly prepared to depart. "Vair ees eet zat you go? Yais, vair ees eet?" "I go home," was his answer. "She answered daintily, with a movement of calm, satisfied contentment impossible to describe. She linked her arm in his and said sweetly, in a way that finally settled the matter, 'Yais? I go too.'" After that it was supererogatory to go to the trouble of telling us that Lizette was without the pale, and it certainly calls for credulity on the part of the reader to accept the girl as a model of all the virtues as well as a pattern of the graces. But Lizette is given to us as most moral in her immorality, a creature apart, who has been in the Quartier but not of it, and who has handled pitch without defilement. Trilby casts a shadow beside Lizette, who neither knows nor cares that her "Pudgy" has millions at his command, and though he is phenomenally successful as an artist, will not sell pictures because he does not need to. Murdock is as flawless as his Lizette, whom he loves ardently, and means to marry, but with nothing at all to stand in the way of its accomplishment, he lives with her for four years and never finds time to attend to the matter. He is recalled to America by the death of his father, leaving the girl in Paris, and though he has apparently no more knowledge of the banking business than he has of the manufacture of dynamite, he is immediately elected president of the financial institution and becomes as successful a financier as he was an artist, and if he had been called upon to engineer a tunnel from Queenstown to New York, or erect a sky-scraper on the Jersey mud flats, the chances are that he would have done it off hand. Meanwhile, the studio is maintained in Paris and Lizette, abundantly supplied with the needful, lives on under the eye of

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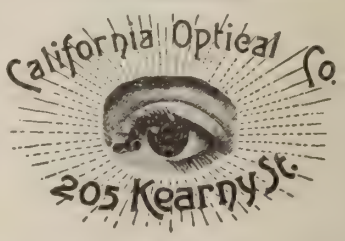

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No headache, no gastritis, follows the use of "Jesse Moore" pure whisky. It does one good. There is none other to equal it.

a "student" who has been for more than twenty years a "student" studying nothing. Kentucky, as he is called, may be set down as the type of the class who, with the talent which would have made them successful sign painters or carriage stripers, go, or are sent abroad under the mistaken idea that they are geniuses, and there they stay, year after year, wasting their lives in aimlessness and dissipation when they might have been useful craftsmen at home. Kentucky takes it upon himself to come to America and command Murdock to return to Lizette, and while he is gone she is seized with a belated spasm of virtue. She decides that to permit Murdock to marry her would be to bring upon him "the ruin," so she disappears, and thereafter it is a game of hide and seek in which Murdock and Kentucky spend years in following clues and despatching detectives before Lizette is finally run down and married. The exasperating thing about the book is that one feels all the time that the author is posing to himself. He could do better and he knows it, but he trusts to the indulgence of his readers, or to hoodwinking them into the belief that his mannerisms are embellishments. There is a story in the book, and in the final analysis it is the business of the novelist to write stories. Better a story told without style than style in which no story is embedded. But we have a right to look for better workmanship from this author, whose book is issued by Lewis, Scribner & Co.

Stoddard's Reminiscences

In these days of slipshod writing and more than indifferent English, a book from the pen of Charles Warren Stoddard is marked as a white milestone. In "Exits and Entrances" he has given us another delightful volume of reminiscences, travel sketches and bright essays. There are personal recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson, Bret Harte, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley and Joaquin Miller, and a delightful account of one of Mark Twain's lecturing engagements in London. The travel sketches range from Hawaii to Cairo, and the description of the strolling players at Stratford, the home of Shakespeare, has humor aside from that of contrast. A night spent in Ann Hathaway's cottage is delightfully imaginative. This is one of the books which no review can do justice to, but the friends of Mr. Stoddard, those who learned to love him long ago for his "South Sea Idyls," do not need a guide post, and for the rest of the world, when one advises them to read the book it is all said in a sentence. The volume, which is an unusually attractive one in appearance, is published by the D. Lothrop Company. There is an excellent portrait of the author as a frontispiece.

His Own Opinion

So much speculation has been entered into concerning the possibilities and probabilities of the future of the late Frank Norris, had he been spared to have had a future, and more particularly concerning the relative merits of that last, unwritten volume of his great trilogy, that the author's own words may seem to have had a prophetic value. In discussing "An Author's Opinion of His Own Work" in the *Critic* for May, 1902, Mr. Norris says:

"His best novel—is the last he has written, or, and this more especially, the one he is *going* to write. For to a certain extent this is true of every author, whether fiction writer or not. *Though he very often does better than he thinks he can, he never does so well as he knows he might.* His best book is the one that he never quite succeeds in getting hold of firmly enough to commit to paper. It is always just beyond him. Next year he is going to think it out, or the next after that, and instead he compromises on something else, and his *chef d'oevre* is always a little ahead of him. If this, too, were not so he would be a poor kind of writer. So that it seems to me, the most truthful answer to the question, 'What is your best book?' would be 'The one I shall never write.'"

Richard Harding Davis is off for the Balkans, with an address, "The Firing Line." That probably means another "Soldier of Fortune" to which some of the carpers will make objection, but Richard Harding Davis is not likely to let that worry him as long as there are enough of his admirers to raise every book he writes to the first rank amongst the best-sellers.

Andrew Lang says no translation of verse is worth the paper it is printed on. People will believe it now, though they hardly dared breathe it to themselves when the thought presented itself without the cachet of authority. —*The Bookworm.*

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With the Money Makers

Bank of California's Expansion

In keeping with the program mapped out at the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of California, when it was voted to amend the by-laws to allow the institution to invest a portion of its surplus and undivided profits, as the directors might see fit, in the shares of other corporations, the directors have just completed the purchase of the controlling interest in the National Bank of D. O. Mills & Co. at Sacramento. While actual details of the deal are meagre it is generally understood that the majority of Mr. Mills's holdings were purchased, and sufficient stock was secured from outside parties to give the Bank of California a majority of the capital stock. The acquisition of the control of the Sacramento bank is the second move in the expansion policy of the Bank of California since the annual meeting, the formation of the Mission bank being the first. The bank of D. O. Mills was originally organized by Mr. Mills, fifty-four years ago, with a paid in capital stock of $500,000. When the Bank of California was established some thirty-seven years ago Mr. Mills became the first president, and the relations between the two banks have been very close. In all probability there will be but little change made in the affairs of the Sacramento institution. The present directors and officers are: Frank Miller, president; C. F. Dillman, cashier; D. O. Mills, Frank B. Anderson and Edgar Mills. Mr. Anderson, vice-president of the Bank of California, has just been elected in the place of S. Prentiss Smith. That the Bank of California's present policy of expansion is in favor in financial circles is clearly evidenced by the strong demand for the shares of the institutions and steady improvement in values. A sale of 10 shares was made last Tuesday at $530, the highest price on record, and the closing quotations on Exchange were $525 bid, and but a limited amount of stock offered at $600.

Gas Stock Deals

Business of the past week has been of very fair proportions with more than the usual ups and downs in prices than for several weeks. Public interest in gas lighting shares, which was apparently on the wane a week ago, was unexpectedly revived by the dissemination of several rather obscure rumors about prospective deals. Several times during the last three months this program has been followed by speculative interests and each time a liberal quantity of assorted gas shares has been floated upon an unsuspecting public at top-notch figures. The prime movers in the speculation dispose of their shares at a good round profit and under the heavy offerings, combined with an absence of anything to support the rumors, the stock naturally declines in price. As is well known many of these stocks are bought on a margin and the purchasers unable to make good their margin are promptly closed out, thus materially helping the depressing movement at the proper time. After a brief period more rumors of a prospective deal or combination are quietly spread, where they will do the most good on the street, and the speculators having bought while prices were down as low as they could be forced immediately help the boom along and are shortly in a position to again sell at a profit. This program has been repeated two or three times so it is about time the investing public should become cognizant of the true state of affairs and refuse to pay any attention to prospective deals and so-called combinations. San Francisco Gas & Electric shares, which were down to $50 and $51, have been forced up to $59, with apparently no reason whatever, beyond the report that the Eastern syndicate, which recently held an option for the purchase of the Independent Light and Power Company, had secured an extension of time upon the option, paying therefor $50,000. Whether this is so or not is known only to the controlling element in the Independent Light and Power Company. It may seem strange that this movement could affect the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company, which is a rival concern, but the friends of the latter company claim that if the Independent Light and Power Company should go into possession of an Eastern syndicate the newcomers would necessarily be compelled to head off competition by purchasing the San Francisco Gas & Electric plant. This theory, however, appears to be very untenable when the fact is known that the Independent Light and Power Company is constantly extending its plant and pipe system and is doing a profitable business, while at the same time compelling the San Francisco Gas & Electric to meet it in open competition.

The Inflation Fad

Watering stocks appears to be the principal occupation of some of the corporation managers nowadays. Last week it was shown how the Spring Valley Water Company and the Oceanic Steamship Company were preparing to double their capital stocks and issue bonds on the increased capitalization, without receiving a dollar for the new stock. The apparent success of these two schemes has induced some of the smaller corporations to devise plans for following suit. At a special meeting of the shareholders of the Contra Costa Water Company an increase of the bonded indebtedness of the company from $4,600,000 to $5,600,000 was authorized. It is reported that the money received from the sale of these bonds will be expended in improving the Pinole water supply of the corporation. Spring Valley Water shares are selling at $84 to $84.50, and as this has been the average price for some time past, the recent announcement of the reincorporation of the company and prospective giving of two shares of new stock for one share of the old has had no effect whatever in enhancing the market value of the shares. Contra Costa Water sells at $59.25 and is very dull. Marin County Water is being offered at $65 with no takers, while $64 still continues the bid for Port Costa Water stock. Sugar stocks have been very dull during the week but there have been no marked depreciations in prices. Hawaiian Commercial sells at $46.50 and Paauhau is held quite strongly at $17.50. Hutchison Sugar Plantation is only moderately firm at $15.50, while Makaweli is steady at $27. The recent report that the Onomea Sugar Company would commence paying dividends this month appears to be premature, for as far as can be learned no action toward that end has been taken. The company's advices from the Islands state that grinding commenced very late this year and thus far but little sugar has been shipped. The company has determined to pursue a conservative policy and no dividends will be paid until a good, substantial surplus has been accumulated. By adopting these means it is hoped that it will not again become necessary to discontinue regular monthly dividends. It is stated to be the belief of those interested that the sugar, though late in coming forward, will come upon a market at a higher standard of prices than would have otherwise been attained. Business in powder stocks has shown some little activity and Giant consolidated shares have been advanced. At present $71.50 to $71.75 appears to be the range in price. There are rumors current on the street that the California Powder Works has so broadened its field of operations as to cut materially into the business of the several rival companies. In order to offset this condition it is said that negotiations are pending for a consolidation of all the other local powder companies. It is hoped by this plan to so reduce the cost of maintenance and operation that the combination will be more able to meet the California Powder Company's opposition than at present. The miscellaneous stocks have been dealt in sparingly with prices well sustained. There have been quite a number of sales of bonds during the week, the transactions including more than usually the securities of many of the leading corporations. —*The Financier.*

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When he got back and was challenged he answered "Bags."

He came within an ace of being shot for his brilliancy.

From Crawford's "Cecilia":

Society cannot be blamed for drawing the line somewhere, considering how very far back it sets the limit.

The best man living is not inclined to be generous when he has just been jilted, least of all the man to whom he owes his discomfiture.

"Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest."—*Richter.*

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Good Business and Social Philosophy

From "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer:

It's not what a man does during working hours, but after them, that breaks down his health. A fellow and his business should be bosom friends in the office and sworn enemies out of it. A clear mind is one that is swept clean of business at six o'clock every night and isn't opened up for it again until after the shutters are taken down next morning. Some fellows leave the office at night and start out to whoop it up with the boys, and some go home to sit up with their troubles—they're both in bad company. They're the men who are always needing vacations and never getting any good out of them.

You will always find it a safe rule to take a thing as quick as it is offered, especially a job. It is never easy to get one except when you don't want it; but when you have to get work and go after it with a gun you'll find it as shy as an old crow that every farmer in the country has had a shot at . . . Take the first job that's offered and use it as a bait. You can catch a minnow with a worm and a bass will take your minnow. A good fat bass will tempt an otter, and then you have something worth skinning.

Adam invented all the different ways in which a young man can make a fool of himself, and the college yell at the end of them is just a frill that doesn't change essentials.

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when you get enough of them. But you've got to begin getting them young. They ain't catching after you toughen up a bit.

Some men learn all they know from books; others from life; both kinds are narrow. The first are all theory; the second, all practice. It's the fellow who knows enough about practice to test his theories for blow-holes that can give the world a shore ahead, and finds a fair amount of profit in shoving it.

College doesn't make fools; it develops them. It doesn't make bright men; it develops them. A fool will turn out a fool whether he goes to college or not, though he'll probably turn out a different sort of a fool.

Some men are like pigs; the more you educate them, the more amusing leetle cusses they become, and the funnier capers they cut when they show off their tricks. Naturally the place to send a boy of that breed is to the circus, not to college.

If you gave some fellows a talent wrapped in a napkin to start business with, they would swap the talent for a gold brick and lose the napkin; and there are others that you could start out with just a napkin, who would set up with it in the drygoods business in a small way, and then coax the other fellow's talent with it.

Learn right at the outset not to play with the spoon before you take the medicine. Putting off an easy thing makes it hard and putting off a hard one makes it impossible.

There is one excuse for every mistake a man can make, but only one. When a fellow makes the same mistake twice he's got to throw up both hands and own up to carelessness or cussedness.

—*The Gleaner.*

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NELLIE G. PAULSELL, Plaintiff, vs. O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of this plaintiff and upon the further ground of defendant's extreme cruelty toward this plaintiff, said action is further brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court awarding the minor children of the parties to this action to plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

Endorsed: FRANK McGOWAN, ELMER WESTLAKE, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 75-79-80 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, May 16, 1903

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The President's Trip

Swinging round the circle is not one of the most pleasing occupations of the country's Chief Magistrate. It does not afford that relaxation from the serious and nerve-racking duties of a position of great responsibility which is usually the purpose of jaunts away from the scene of one's momentous activities. One month of circle-swinging such as President Roosevelt is now experiencing is productive of more wear and tear upon the nerves and upon the physique than one year devoted to the exhausting official business of the White House. It is exhilarating to the vanity but wearisome to the flesh. The enjoyable incidents of such a trip do not offset the annoyances and vexations. There is nothing that bores so painfully as an ironclad itinerary that enjoins compliance with the wishes of people who are more interested in the prominence that it gives themselves than in the comfort and welfare of the victim sacrificed for a holiday. It is a most severe tax on good nature and patience to subject oneself to the strenuous ordeal through which President Roosevelt is passing; to be the central figure in a series of public demonstrations, which are merely repetitions and which become stale and enervating. There were many functions arranged in President Roosevelt's honor which he undoubtedly would have escaped with pleasure. There were moments when he wished that he were alone. But the hard-and-fast itinerary kept him on the move and in the limelight. When President Harrison was out here some years ago he rebelled against being dragged around the other side of the bay, and the people, who had no appreciation of his misery, were indignant at his temporary devotion to his own physical interests. Mr. McKinley was more gracious than Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Roosevelt is a paragon of patience, a superb stoic in the most harrowing situations. However, he is a man of independence and he had the prudence to insist that he be consulted before he arrived as to the functions in which he should participate. By this foresight he was spared a great deal of annoyance. Nevertheless he has been having a strenuous time of it in California, and will not be eager to repeat the trip; not, at least, while he is President of the United States.

The Cleveland Boomlet

That Grover Cleveland is being groomed for the Presidency there is not the slightest doubt. Despite the fact that he is repudiated by the Bryanites and by influential Democrats of the Watterson type, there are powerful influences in New York striving to create a sentiment in his favor. Moreover they are industriously engaged in making political combinations in the South and throughout the East with a view of forcing his nomination upon the next convention. The leading Cleveland backers are Wall street plutocrats who usually furnish the sinews of war for the Republican party, and who are anxious to defeat President Roosevelt. They concede the futility of attempting to beat him in the convention, but their hope is to defeat him at the polls, and they are sure that Cleveland is the man to do the trick. If any other Democrat be nominated they will stand by Roosevelt, but with considerable reluctance. Their objection to Roosevelt is that he is inclined to "disturb business interests"; in other words, he does not recognize the divine right of capital. At the beginning of his Administration he caused some alarm in Wall street, but he was quickly prevailed upon to modify his views about the tariff and about trusts, and the plutocrats soon recovered their equanimity. However, they fear that he is unreliable, and they say that he is so eccentric that he cannot be depended upon to foster business interests, or rather the interests of Wall street. Hence they prefer a conservative man of the Cleveland type who is a handy Executive when labor troubles are brewing. It will be interesting to watch the efforts of Morgan and his cohorts to control the next Democratic convention. Of course their operations will be conducted under cover but it does not require more than ordinary sophistication to achieve cognizance of their methods. For instance, it is pretty generally known that Morgan dictates the policy of the New York *Sun*, and it is obvious that that paper is engaged in ridiculing Roosevelt into obscurity.

Catholic Influence in European Politics

The venerable prisoner of the Vatican appears to be the object of great interest at this time to the rulers of Europe. He has been visited by King Edward and Emperor William, and now it is said that the Czar contemplates paying his respects. Even President Loubet of France announced the other day that he was going to Rome shortly, and that he expected to be received by the Pope. When the news reached the Vatican Leo consulted with the Cardinals, and according to the despatches he decided not to receive the French President, and to have this decision semi-officially communicated to France, in the hope that President Loubet will not ask for an interview. It is rather surprising that Loubet should think of being received by the Pope in view of the manner in which the Catholic orders have been treated by the French government. Moreover the attitude of the Vatican toward France is significant in view of the recent visit of Emperor William to the Pope. The Emperor evidently appreciates clerical influence, and will probably be eager to have the friendship of the Papal authorities transferred from France to Germany. Some of the politicians of France, it is said, favor

the repeal of the Concordat. Perhaps the Pope is also quite willing that it be repealed, for there is evidence of rapprochement between the German government and the Vatican, and if the Papal authorities were to establish diplomatic relations with Protestant Germany the influence of the church would be greatly augmented in a country in which it is now comparatively weak. At the same time it would not lose its religious influence in France, for the French people are Catholics and they are loyal to the church despite the antagonism of the present government. William is a shrewd politician and he is stealing a diplomatic march on France. He is making persistent efforts to wipe out all traces of that religious bigotry which was fostered by Bismarck thirty years ago, and the probability is that he will have the support of the Catholic party in the coming parliamentary elections. At the same time Pope Leo, who is probably the shrewdest diplomatist in Europe, is not likely to lose any points of strategic importance in the little game of politics that is now being played.

The Execrated Dime Novel

A boy burglar was arrested last week, and as usual, the newspapers attributed his "downfall" to the reading of dime novels. Now, whatsoever sins are to be laid against the dime novel, it most certainly never encouraged any boy to take to the profession of burglary or highway robbery or anything else of that kind. There is no question but that any number of ill-developed lads have been encouraged to seek an opportunity to become Indian fighters, but the brave cowboys, and boy scouts, and young plainsmen who figure in these juvenile romances as the successful heroes are invariably engaged in redressing wrongs, rescuing beautiful maidenhood, or revenging the massacre of their relatives or friends. When it comes down to the cheap detective yarn, the desperadoes are always run down in the end and victory is on the side of virtue. It may be the proverbial "stern chase, which is a long chase," but unless death steps in the law is victorious. Even then, the chances are that the end of the "bad man" is one of violence, and at best no boy is going to be encouraged to follow a life of crime when it promises nothing for him but years of dodging sleuths, with neither a chance to hoard any of his ill-gotten gains nor time to enjoy them. Whatever may be urged against the sensational novel as giving a false idea of life, dwelling too much on the shady side of existence, and keeping young and immature minds keyed up by a constant diet of excitement, there is nothing to be brought against them on the score of inculcating bad morals. So far as that part of it is concerned, the much execrated dime novel ranks higher than any other class, not excluding the old-fashioned Sunday-school book, which was enough to drive any boy of spirit to a life of crime out of a desire to escape the priggish perfections of the hateful little heroes.

Baden-Powell's Strictures

General Baden-Powell, the defender of Mafeking, came over to this country some weeks ago, and after inspecting a few cavalry regiments expressed the opinion that the American cavalryman did not compare favorably with the British trooper. He was surprised to see so many light men in the service. He thought the food of the American cavalryman was too heavy and objected to his steady consumption of coffee in large quantities. He was sure that the American was not in such good physical condition as the Britisher, because, unlike the latter, he did not take a salt-water bath every day or go through a series of gymnastic exercises. His conclusion was that Uncle Sam's cavalryman lacked staying power and would wear out before his horse. Incidentally he expressed great admiration for the horse of the American cavalry. It is surprising that the General did not adjudge the horse guilty of as many shortcomings as the rider, and find nothing to praise but the bridle. The average Englishman is constitutionally prejudiced against all foreign institutions and especially against those of America. If a British squadron were completely destroyed by Admiral Dewey tomorrow it would be easy to find a naval officer of Great Britain the day after who would pick flaws in American warships and disparage American gunners. That General Baden-Powell's strictures are absurd is evident from the fact that he underrates the physique of the young American cavalryman, because he is not as bulky as the average British trooper. It does not follow that because a man is slender he has not as much staying quality as a man of larger frame. On the contrary the little, wiry man almost invariably possesses more endurance than the bulky chap. It is the theory of the American recruiting officer that big men do not make good cavalrymen as a rule. Indeed they prefer wiry men with muscles of steel who are alert in their movements and quick of wit. The criticism of General Baden-Powell would probably have occasioned some concern had the efficiency of the American cavalry never been tested. The Britisher has evidently neglected to read American history. The feats of the American soldier in the saddle during the Indian wars and lately in the Philippines were of a character to convince those familiar with them that he is capable of great endurance, even though he isn't as bulky as his cousin across the pond.

Flick's Latest Fad

History is to be made easy to the coming generation through the medium of Mother Goose Jingles composed by Professor Alexander Clarence Flick and illustrated by one of his colleagues, Carl Tracy Hawley. Professor Flick reasons that if Simple Simon, Little Miss Muffett and Peter Piper can be fixed in the minds of infants by reason of the rhyme, anything else can be as firmly rooted in the memory, so he is going to put every incident and person of prominence, from Crœsus to Dewey, within reach of the nursery bantlings. It is another effort in the line of modern educational methods, which seek to procure ends without recourse to means, and it will end where the others have, in failure. There is just one way to accomplish anything in this world, and that is by hard work. Once in

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awhile it happens that some quick-brained urchin learns without apparent study, but the exception only serves to emphasize the rule. Get-education-quick schemes are no more reliable than get-rich-quick concerns. Children can be taught to rattle off rhymes or anything else, by an effort of memory, but it does not follow at all that they have learned to comprehend or that they can apply what they have apparently learned. Much as the educator vaunts himself in the matter of teaching children to observe, the contradictory fact remains that since the idea was introduced as a sort of special invention of the experts, pupils have become unable to observe the sequence of letters in the spelling of simple words, and since some crank made capital by doing away with the alphabet, we have graduates of grammar schools who cannot refer to an encyclopedia, a gazetteer, a dictionary or any alphabetically arranged catalogue, because they do not know the order in which the letters have been arranged since their invention by Cadmus. Professor Flick would be doing something sensible if, instead of thinking up schemes to help the youth to shirk the task of learning, he would devote his energy to having some of the foolishness cut out of school courses and then making children buckle down to the rest and put as much energy into it as they do into their games of football. He is not the first, by any manner of means, to attempt to teach all knowledge through the medium of rhyming couplets, and he will not meet with any greater success than his predecessors, so it is hardly worth while to call his attention to the obvious truth that children of an age to be wheedled into learning history by Mother Goose methods have no concern with Crœsus, or ninety-five per cent of his other heroes.

The Chinatown Scandal

One newspaper reporter has done more toward bringing to light the bottom facts in the conspiracies hatched in Chinatown by the murderous tongs than the Police Department has been able to unearth in all the long history of crime in the blood-bespattered district. The police have long confessed their inability to break up the tongs and discourage assassination in Chinatown. It now appears that they never tried very hard. From recent disclosures it is not unreasonable to infer that the whole criminal element, including gamblers and murderers, has been under police protection for many years. We have always believed that the gamblers paid for immunity, but we never before suspected that murders were committed with the connivance of the authorities. For the disclosures that have recently been made the public are indebted to the one Police Commissioner who does not repose implicit confidence in the Chief of Police, for if he had not co-operated with the newspaper reporter who prosecuted the investigation the facts would never have been brought to light. The fact is that the Police Commissioners of this city have long been responsible for crime in Chinatown. They have given the Chief of Police full swing, and have not required him to enforce the law. The several chiefs that have held office in the last quarter of a century have shown a very suspicious indifference to the neglect of their officers. If it was not profitable for them to do so they were too gullible to have ever been selected for the position they occupied.

Californian Waters Barred

The gentlemen in charge of the banquet to the President were guilty of a grievous injustice to the people engaged in the business of marketing Californian mineral waters. The following letter has been received on the subject:

San Francisco, May 13, 1903.

Editor *Town Talk*:

Permit me to encroach upon your valuable space while I address a few words, more in sorrow than in anger, to our very worthy "Citizens' Committee," who so well and ably handled the reception of President Roosevelt. No criticism will lie on the manner in which the President was received—it was faultless.

It is to the omission of any and all California mineral waters on the menu of the "golden banquet" to which I take issue and desire to enter my humble protest. It was said that was to be a typical California dinner and it was, as far as the wines were concerned, but alas! no opportunity for representation was given California's waters.

This fact reflects more discredit on the committee than on the mineral waters, for the whole world knows that this State is justly famous for the variety and number of her mineral springs. Sold on their merits alone, they have almost entirely superseded the foreign waters, and as we all know that Californians are not particularly loyal to their own products, it must naturally follow that they think the California waters are the best. Now if they are good enough to drink ourselves are they not fit to set before our guests? We judge that the Committee thinks otherwise, or else we would have appeared at the banquet. Or is it that the gentlemen in question, although using at their own tables one or another of our local waters, are too weak-kneed to acknowledge their preference in public?

Gentlemen of the committee, you have done the mineral water interests of the State a grave injustice in barring us from the banquet. In so many words you have informed our distinguished guest that there is no mineral water in the whole State of California fit to serve on his table. He has left the State no doubt duly impressed with the glories of our "sunshine, fruit, flowers," wines etc., but of mineral waters he is in total ignorance. As far as he and his party are concerned there is not a local mineral water doing business in the State. Gentlemen of the committee, will Californians ever be kind to Californians? And do you think that you have treated us, your fellow citizens, fairly?

Very respectfully, *G. H. T. Jackson.*

Apollinaris was the water served at the banquet, and as everybody knows that that is a manufactured commodity, it is hard to comprehend why it was given preference.

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Spiritual adventurers who love to sail the high seas of thought, in search of new truths; knights-errant of knowledge, roaming, lance-free, ever ready to have at the foul, to defend the fair, after long years of world-wandering, lose that unreasonable preference for the land of their birth which bears the time-honored name of Patriotism. Other biases—those sins of the intellect which so easily beset us—may be theirs, but not the patriotic bias; at least not in that venal degree that vitiates the reasoning of homely witted, "home-keeping youths." A choice company selected with exquisite care from "many times and lands," they call their countrymen. None the less, the destiny of their native country, as part of the destiny of man, is of pressing interest to them.

Such an one, an Irish adventurer, finds himself in California, so far removed from Ireland both in time and space, that he flatters himself he can approach it as a subject-matter for discussion in the scientific spirit, regarding it, not without affection, yet with due perspective from the impersonal point of view. The Irish "question," as it appears to him, has world-wide significance, because it has in these latter days become a part of the great woman "question"—for Ireland is feminine, its forces spiritual, not material; because it proves, with strange pathos for emphasis, that no question is settled until settled aright; that justice is not to be juggled with; that no man or nation is strong enough to do truth to death; that moral facts cannot be hung by the neck till they be dead, nor principles kept in prison; because the things of the spirit, preserved in Ireland during years of political misfortune and material failure, are rare and precious, and the notorious need of the masculine nations.

And now that the reaction against the mighty materialism of the nineteenth century has fairly set in; now that Science is introspectively asking herself what shè has done for the soul; now that wealth is shamefacedly hastening to convert itself into culture: the cult of the Celt (if one who boasts of being unbiased may call it so); the cult of the Celt, with his (or her) power of spiritual insight, his love of the artistically religious or the religiously artistic life, his haunting nearness to the other world, his friendships with fairies, his familiarity with the esoteric side of nature, is of present and peculiar importance. No political let or hindrance should further prevent Ireland from making her rich suggestive inner life largely effective, a world force. It is time that she who has served so well as an inspiration to English poets and German composers should try her fine hand at self-expression.

The daily life of the Irish nation, like that of women, was once sweet with intimate, silent music, unwritten poetry, and all those voiceless mysteries that have, perhaps, upon the soul of man more far-reaching effects than even the most perfect expression. In spite of appearances to the contrary, few nations know better than the Irish how golden some silence is. Paddy's loquacity is like the flutterings of the mother partridge, merely to divert attention while his thoughtlings get under cover. The souls of the Irish are very silent. If you have knowledge of them, you must seek it in the revealing myth or legend. However, of the old folk lore that seemed to be learned not only at the breast but from it, passing without words from mother to child, little now remains. The mnemonic blood seems to have died out, or at least lost its virtue in presence of the printing press. What legends we find in print are but pressed flowers—form, color, fragrance, life, no longer there.

One may still pick up in Ireland, it is true, curious legends; shells as it were wherein, put close to the ear, you may hear afar off faint sounds of the soul-sea of this restless, mysterious nation. But how many care enough for hidden things, for ideas that are quick to withdraw from vulgar gaze, for fancies that fall to pieces at the least rude touch, to seek them out, if haply they might find them, in retired places in a remote island?

The Irish, born mystics, naive lovers and knowers of Nature, have become—more correctly, are becoming—sophisticated, but not civilized; have half lost old spiritual powers, without acquiring sufficient new scientific ones. With them it is a case of vicarious functioning where the compensation is altogether inadequate. Had modern progress been spiritual, the "female" nations would have played the prominent parts. However today intellect itself is emphasizing the value of intuition; the brain now believes in the heart. Should the future, as seems probable, put a premium upon the things of the soul, the destinies of nations would be greatly changed.

And the destiny of Ireland, and of such as she, is not to become a political power among the nations, but a spiritual power, serving as a divine leaven to quicken the whole dead materialistic lump of modern civilization; to disseminate ideas that will call into activity and cause to grow that supreme thing, the human soul, now threatening to become as a vestigial remnant by reason of disuse.

Harry Cowell.

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The Saunterer

Lane's Faux Pas

The friends of Franklin K. Lane, and especially the unsophisticated ones of the interior whom he deluded, in the recent campaign, into the belief that he is a man of high character, free from the wiles of the artful political dodger, must have felt somewhat chagrined over the expose of his chicanery by the employes of the Union Iron Works. They passed a resolution the other day thanking Mr. T. T. Williams for having been instrumental in securing for them shorter hours and more pay. It will be remembered that some weeks ago, when Mr. Nixon intimated that the demands of the workingmen would be granted, Lane, who was in the East, caused the statement to be published in the *Bulletin* which, though it is a Republican paper, has consistently boomed him for a long time, that it was through his kind offices in behalf of the machinists that their demands were to be granted. Of course the story was written in a way to compel the inference that the arch demagogue had labored unselfishly in the cause of the workingmen, and that he had performed a gracious and a noble act. Though I was not familiar with the facts I was so well acquainted with the ways of the pretentious and blatant job-chaser that I was quite certain he was once more arrogating to himself credit to which he was not entitled, and upon inquiry, being assured that such was the case, I took occasion to ridicule the *Bulletin* yarn.

Result of the Deception

It now appears that Mr. Lane overplayed his hand. He revealed his true character to the men of the Union Iron Works, and they are justly indignant at his deception. They were not slow in ascertaining the facts, and hence their adoption of a resolution acknowledging their gratitude to the man to whose activity and influence they are indebted for the concession made by the President of the Shipbuilders' Association. The crafty job-chaser, who has been ardently engaged in fawning upon workingmen and posing as their champion, and who really had ingratiated himself into the favor of some of them, now regrets, no doubt, his haste in trying to capitalize gratitude that had not been earned.

His Quick Rise

Mr. Lane is one of the most adroit fakers that ever entered the field of practical politics in this State, and he has exemplified the philosophy of Barnum, that the people like to be fooled. One of the triumphs of Oriental magic is to plant a seed and cause it to germinate, shoot upward, and develop leaf and flower before the eyes of the astonished spectators. It was with similarly marvelous celerity that the political aspirations of Mr. Lane expanded into full-grown beauty before the eyes of people who remembered that a few short years ago he was the hired advocate of prohibition employed on the stump by that Prince of Charlatans, "Vinegar Bitters" McDonald, and it was by the merest accident that he was not plucked in his final blossoming to be worn as a nosegay by the Democracy. As he happened to be running against a man who had once threatened to swat laboring men with a pickhandle, he naturally received a big vote in this city, which is the hotbed of unionism. It was not because the laboring men loved him more but rather that they despised him less than the other fellow. However the practical politicians, who are more interested in spoils than good government, think that because Lane ran ahead of Pardee in San Francisco he would be a strong candidate for Mayor of the city. Perhaps since the incident that earned for him the contempt of the men at the Union Iron Works, the same men that insulted Pardee in the recent campaign, they have come to the conclusion that the embryonic nosegay has begun to droop, and that it may not attain even the desiccated immortality of the herbarium.

An Instance of His Craftiness

That Mr. Lane is skilled in the devious ways of the practical politician, and that he has always been quick to avail himself of a strategic trick to win favor, those that know him best have long been convinced. When he was first elected City and County Attorney he gave a deputyship in his office to a man who had worked hard for him during his campaign. But before making the appointment he required the applicant for the position to obtain a petition signed by several prominent citizens. Then after making the appointment he wrote a letter to each of the men that had signed the petition informing him that upon his recommendation the man's application had been granted. That was a clever way of obligating the several men to him, but in the course of time they compared notes, and they were greatly amused at the revelation of Mr. Lane's craftiness.

A Marriage in Paris

I have received from a Paris correspondent the following account of the marriage of Miss Marion Alanna Marmion and Mr. Joseph O'Sullivan, which I referred to last week. Instead of an early May event, as the despatches announced, the wedding was celebrated on the twenty-fifth of April, at the Church of St. Pierre de Chaillot. Owing to the illness of her grandmother, Mrs. D. McD. Van Voorhies, the bride was given away by her aunt, Mrs. Le Breton, of San Francisco. She was attended by her lovely young cousin, Miss Le Breton, who has all the charm that made her mother, as "Nopie" McDougal, such a favorite in San Francisco society. Mr. O'Sullivan's best man was Mr. Herbert M. Baer. His brother Denis with his sister, Miss Mary O'Sullivan, who recently came over from San Francisco, were present at the wedding, having arrived from London just the evening before. An elaborate dejeuner

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followed the ceremony, at which toasts were proposed and bons-mots exchanged. Nice is said to be the objective point of the *lune-de-miel*. There was a civil marriage two days previous to the church affair, this being indispensable to the legality of all unions in France.

Has Archibald Hypnotized Morgan?

James Alexander Archibald is again in town. He has blown in from Venezuela, Washington and various other points of the compass and his mouth is full of eloquence concerning his deeds of prowess in many lands. It seems that the indefatigable James has been mixed up with ex-Consul General Ho Yow in divers commercial enterprises, and the Chinaman has been so impressed with Archibald's gentlemanly quality as to have made him a mandarin under the laws of the Imperial Government. Ho Yow, however, has not been Mandarin Archibald's principal concern. In spinning his travels and adventures he has been also to interest J. Pierpont Morgan in some great financial schemes which have resulted in bringing Mandarin Archibald to California with a wad of Morgan money and a fat Morgan salary. Archibald's plan deals in some way with the Morganizing of the Santa Cruz water front, whither he has gone with plans, specifications and a look of surpassing wisdom. Whether this deal will result in transforming Santa Cruz into a rival of Del Monte is yet to be revealed, but it takes no soothsayer to see that there is "something doing."

His Colossal Nerve

Archibald is a magazine correspondent, a circumstance that denotes that nerve is more essential than literary talent for magazine work. He gets the stuff and the editors whip it into shape. His knack of getting the ear of those who sit in high places is well exemplified by the manner in which he and the artist, Harrison Fisher, traveled through the British Isles some years ago. Fisher and Archibald had gone abroad for an Eastern magazine to write up and illustrate the military affairs of England, but when the two struck London the allurements of the town were so great that they lingered longer and longer, and never a story did they write or a picture did they draw. At length one day their funds got very low and Archibald suggested that they take a run through Scotland and study the coast defenses. "But we haven't enough money to buy a ticket," objected Fisher. "We'll get a ticket all right," said Archibald, and the two proceeded to the offices of the principal railroad in the British isles. There Archibald explained to the man at the window that it was customary in the States to offer the courtesies of transportation to gentlemen of the press; that he (Archibald) was a member of General Miles's staff and a representative of a great American magazine, but the man at the window only smiled politely and suggested that the suppliant see the nobleman who was president of the railroad. The nobleman, he told them, was at that moment in his castle in Scotland, but he had no doubt that a letter would reach him there. The Americans were in no state to wait for letters, so Archibald penned a telegram which explained the situation in full. They waited a week, but no answer came from the haughty laird. Archibald accordingly made another trip to the telegraph office, and he sent the following telegram:

"Sir Sandie MacDonald, Kyltiehust on the Clyde:
"We are still waiting for transportation.
"*James F. J. Archibald.*"

I know not what magic effect this hurry-up wire had on the Scotch thrift of the railroad magnate, but the transportation was waiting at the office next day.

Californians in the Magazine Field

It is no wonder that the New Yorker has an almost superstitious reverence for the journalistic sagacity of the Californian when you consider that the editorial desks in our three leading ten cent magazines are filled by Californian men, and young men at that. I am referring to Samuel E. Moffitt, recently appointed to the editorship of the *Cosmopolitan*, Lincoln Steffins, for several years editor of *McClure's*, and Jack O'Hara Cosgrave, until recently editor of *Everybody's*. Of these three Moffitt and Cosgrave are San Franciscans, but Steffins did his work in Sacramento before going abroad. Lincoln Steffins studied economic and sociological questions in the European universities, and this did much toward fitting him for the campaign against municipal corruption which he is waging in *McClure's* under his own signature. The transfer of *Everybody's* from Wanamaker to Doubleday and Page has, in a way, thrown Jack Cosgrave out of a job, for Walter Page has assumed the editorship with the management. They have offered, however, to keep Cosgrave in the business, but it is understood among his friends that he will withdraw to something else.

The Gay Countess Laltazzi

The dailies appeared to have very meagre information concerning the Countess Laltazzi, who was given a hint to leave the Grand hotel after having received a man in her rooms at the dead of night. The Countess has a past,

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and no doubt she thinks San Francisco slow compared with the Orient or even New York, for she knows New York well, and that big place knows the Countess. The fair "noblewoman" is just out of her twenties, not very pretty but with a bubbling wit that fascinates, gowns that glitter and jewels that gleam, and an airy ease of manner and posture that made her the belle of the steamship *Nippon Maru* on her last voyage here from Yokohama. When the Countess boarded the *Nippon* she was escorted by the entire jeunesse doree of the American colony in Japan. Chief among the throng were "Pop" Heinlein, the silk merchant, and "Tom" McKay, the representative of Harriman in the Far East. With a band of musicians and many uncorkings, they sent the gay Countess from the land of the musumees in gallant fashion.

A Hot Time on the Billowy

On the steamship en route here, the popping was incessant. There were millionaires aboard, diplomats bound for Washington, army officers returning from the Philippines, and all in all a brilliant lot of men. They made the time pass pleasantly for the Laltazzi, and her companion, Mrs. Jerome of London. Kee, the night steward, was busied during the silent watches of the night in frappeing and fetching many bottles for the merry party. The Countess told of her palace on the Thames near Windsor, her establishment at Cairo, and the Count's great castle on the Neva. The Count was busy at home, she said, and she was journeying to see her mother in Rochester. She didn't deny she was the Belle Livingston Hoyt who kicked so high when Charlie Hoyt had her in his shows, and she delighted to tell of her romantic marriage to Count Laltazzi. She didn't say, though, that "Jimmy" Van Alen, of New York, friend of the Vanderbilts and owner of a yacht now in Oriental waters, had enjoyed much of her society in Japan while her husband was in Russia. But all the gossips in the Flowery Kingdom have been telling of Van Alen's infatuation for the charming Countess, and of the costly presents he lavished on her.

Told Her a Little Story

Chief Clerk McDermott of the Palace had all his rooms engaged when she and her companion arrived there a week ago. The Grand had a suite for them, though, until they were asked to leave the next morning. "We had retired about midnight," said she the following day, "and were awakened by Mr. James Simpson, a fellow passenger on the *Nippon*. He had an awfully good story to tell, he said through the keyhole, and feared he would forget it if he waited until morning. Of course we let him in for a few minutes and had a glass of champagne or two. Before breakfast we were presented our bills and had to move to Delmonico's." The Countess left for Rochester a few hours later. Oddly enough, I have it on unquestionable authority that she is the wife of Count Laltazzi, who is now in Europe, and that he supplies her with money a-plenty. She intends to be in London in a few weeks and will winter as usual in her luxurious Cairo mansion.

"I no longer enjoy great prestige," said George Washington's Original Body Servant.

"What's the matter?" asked the Only Reliable Descent of the Last Dauphin of France.

"Why, I've an invincible rival—the Person who was On the Spot when the Charles Fairs were killed."

Feeding the Engaged

If it were not for the engagement of Olive Holbrook and Silas Palmer our smart set would find it extremely difficult these dull May days to supply material with which to enable the bavardes of the dailies to earn their salary. Judging from the social chat with which the gushers regale their readers there is nothing doing in society except at those functions that have Miss Holbrook and Mr. Palmer for a motif. Luncheons, dinners, suppers and theatre parties have been given in bewildering succession in honor of the two young people who are engaged. I fear that if the engagement lasted much longer and society continued to feed Mr. Palmer and Miss Holbrook with the same regularity and sumptuousness with which they have been dined in the last fortnight, the bride would find it necessary to have her trousseau "let out," and that the groom would have to turn his liver over to a doctor.

The friends of Griffith Kinsey very sincerely condole with him in the loss of his mother, who died last week. "Griff" Kinsey and his mother were always seen together, at the theatre and other places. They were like two chums, instead of parent and son. Mrs. Kinsey was a charming woman, cultured and companionable.

Phœnix Rises From His Ashes

Among the gifts to be presented to President Roosevelt as souvenirs of California, a copy of Lieutenant Derby's "Phœnixiana" has been mentioned. Derby (John Phœnix) was one of the wits of San Francisco in early days. He it was who invented that famous story about Yuma's heat, which is as good as anything in Owen Wister's "The Virginian," which Roosevelt praised so highly. The Phoenix story was to the effect that a Yuma man died and went to hell, but immediately telegraphed back for his blankets.

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Grant's Grandson Returns

Algernon Sartoris, grandson of the old fighter, Ulysses S. Grant, came back to the United States a week ago, and is now the guest of his uncle, U. S. Grant, at San Diego. The dailies interviewed the young man, and said that he had resigned from the United States Army to study law, and to be with his mother in Washington. Which is half the truth. Sartoris quit Uncle Sam's service because he was tired of it. He says frankly to his friends that military life has no attractions for him, and that he refused to wear out his body and soul in a corner of the Philippines in order that it might be regularly reported that he was there. "I went into the army in time of war and out of it in time of peace," said Sartoris to me this week. "I shrunk thirty-five pounds before I resigned, so that it cannot be said that I did not pay my forfeit for wearing shoulder-straps. From two hundred and three pounds I fell to one hundred and fifty before I took my pen in hand to write for release from the army. Then under the beneficent influence of fresh meat and vegetables, and an ocean voyage to the land of my birth, I regained eighteen pounds, making my total sacrifice to Mars just the weight of a fair-sized baron of beef."

His Letter to Lee

It is a pretty story how Algernon Sartoris got into the army, and I think it has not been told. Sartoris was in Washington at the home of his mother, Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, when the rumors of war with Spain began to occupy all attention. Fitzhugh Lee was the popular hero then for his manly course as Consul-General at Havana, and Sartoris, who was not much over his majority, wrote to him as follows:

"If war should come and you should be a general under the Stars and Stripes, would it not be fitting that a grandson of Ulysses S. Grant should be on the staff of a Lee?"

The dougthy old Confederate penned back: "If I should lead a command for Uncle Sam, you shall ride with me."

And so it was. When Lee was made a Brigadier, McKinley made Sartoris a Captain, and Lee made him his aide. The descendant of old "Unconditional Surrender" became the intimate associate of the one-time rebel, and when he fell ill of a fever it was Mrs. Lee who nursed him back to health. Lee liked the boy, and later when the Volunteers were mustered out, he encouraged Sartoris to seek a commission in the Regulars.

Has Written a Novel

Sartoris was successful but a year was enough for him. It was no lack of bravery that made him resign. Sartoris will fight with the best of them, but the carking routine, the fearful dullness and the perpetual sight of a can-opener worried him into a melancholy which threatened to slay him. Then his blouse had a foot of slack in front, and when in his regimental trousers he looked as Abe Ruef would in General Shafter's pants. Sartoris is not certain what he will do now. He doesn't have to earn his living. A landed estate in England, left by his father to him and his two sisters, affords him an income of a few hundred dollars a month, and his wants are few. Those who have read the manuscript of a novel he has completed believe it will make him a celebrity. It deals with fashionable life in America and abroad, and is brilliantly epigrammatic. Sartoris has a reputation for wit in conversation. He has been at the Palace for a week and left a day ago for San Diego.

"This play is a direct steal from mine," said the indignant rival manager.

"Oh, go to Honolulu," returned the other, "you'd claim anything with footlights and a curtain."

The Rule of Mathews

Again there is an outcry at the Hopkins Art School against the rule of Arthur Mathews. Some of those most familiar with affairs on the hill predict that if the painting boss is not fired soon there will be no pupils to enjoy the charity of Mark Hopkins's widow. The ranks of the students grow thinner and thinner as the season progresses and the prediction is made that the exhibition of the year's work will show feeble accomplishment. The trouble appears to be Mathews. Ever since the former newspaper artist returned from Paris, his enemies say, he has been spoiled as a teacher. During the twelvemonth in Europe, instead of learning his own deficiencies at the feet of the masters, he came back to say that European art was a sham, that there was nothing worth seeing in the Salon, and that there was no school in the old countries to compare with the "Hopkins."

Whistler His Model

He became a slavish imitator of Whistler both in painting methods and in personal manner. Now Whistler is a genius, and though he is perhaps the most insulting and disagreeable man in Paris, yet for his marvelous pictures he is forgiven his brusquerie. But Mathews as-

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

sumes the tyranny and impertinence of the wearer of the white curl, and has not the redeeming genius. When he returned, so crowded was the portrait class at the Hopkins that the sittings of students had to be marked out with chalk on the floor so that all might see the model. Now a handful only spends wearisome hours in trying to copy a crotchetty style of painting adopted by Mathews in a vain attempt to catch the incomparable eccentricities of Whistler.

Pupils Desert to Other Schools

For a year or so many stuck to the school, believing Mathews would conquer the devil of conceit in him, but after enduring his whims for months they left in sorrow. A half-dozen former pupils told me in chorus of what they suffered at the hands of the dogmatic professor. They said he slighted the beginners utterly, and that only a few favorites received his attention. He harps always on colors and the trifling details of method, to the utter neglect of individuality and of results. Many of his most promising artists have been forced to leave in fear that they would be unfitted for honest efforts, and the loss of the Hopkins Institute has been the gain of other schools. Piazzoni, the Italian whose pictures have been well received, has now a flourishing class, made up mostly of anti-Mathews men and women.

Merely a Matter of Detail

A contemporary thinks it worth while to protest because the bas reliefs which Kuhne Beveridge is executing for the memorial of the charge of San Juan Hill are not historically correct. She represents Theodore Roosevelt as leading the charge, and Lieutenant Hamilton Fish as lying at his feet, when in fact Hamilton Fish never saw San Juan, but was killed at Las Guasimas two days earlier. As to that, a military memorial is in practically the same category as a tombstone, and no one would think of investigating the cemetery records for a truthful account of the virtues of the deceased. It is like going to a historical novel for history, and after all, if the Spanish war were not so recent an occurrence, even the carping critic would not be able to make the correction. To represent Hamilton Fish as one of those who laid down his life at San Juan Hill is probably as accurate as nine-tenths of the historical events which are never doubted. It really does not make any great amount of difference, one way or the other. If, at the beginning of the twenty-first century, it comes into some one's head to establish an order of merit to which membership is limited to those whose ancestors or relatives fought or fell at San Juan, those who are interested only as lookers-on may be driven to the conclusion that every adult male citizen of the United States in the year 1898 was charging up the historic eminence.

MISS LUCILE GOES TO EUROPE.

Miss Lucile, of Lucile & Co., milliners, who have occupied rooms in the Starr-King building during this season, leaves for Europe shortly. Before going she has arranged with the Vogue Cloak & Fur Co., 217 Grant ave., to dispose of all her present stock of trimmed hats. There are about three hundred of them, genuine patterns and her own. All will be sold at half price. Sale begins Monday.

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An Old Affair of Nellie's

The announcement that Eleanor Calhoun is to marry and retire from the stage, following upon the recent marriage of William R. Hearst, recalls the time when they were reported affianced lovers. It was a good many years ago, when Nellie Calhoun was an immature actress and the protegee of Mrs. Hearst. The latter took the San Jose girl to Washington, D. C., introduced her to the swim there and made much of her. That was the time when Will Hearst was said to be the fiance of the pretty young actress. But they did not marry. Some said that it was Mrs. Hearst who wished to make the match, and that her son balked. However I have since heard a story to the effect that the case was reversed; that Will Hearst was very much in love with Nellie Calhoun, but his mother had higher matrimonial aims for him. Anyhow, the paths of the actress and the collegian diverged. Nellie Calhoun went abroad, studied French and became a favorite with the Parisian public, acting their plays in their own tongue. Lately, she was identified with a proposed Shakespearean revival in English, the Bard's works to be rendered after the original productions, with scenery and costumes such as were the mode in Shakespeare's time. Now comes the announcement of her engagement and approaching marriage to Lazarovich, a Macedonian leader and liberator.

Mr. David Weill, who recently returned from Paris, entertained a stag party of eighteen members of the Sunday Breakfast Club at dinner on Saturday at Marchand's.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Springs were Mr. and Mrs. John Landers, Dr. and Mrs. Gardner Perry Pond, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Linforth, Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells, Miss Marguerette Burton, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Ramsdell, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Higgins. Mrs. George B. Sperry and Miss Elsie Sperry are visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mead at Byron. Mrs. John Coxon Klein, who has been visiting Mrs. Mead, has returned home.

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A Promoter of Philanthropy

So Mrs. Maryland S. Bartlett Sheppard's methods have at length aroused the suspicion of the Associated Charities! The officers of the Associated Charities are very slow. It was nearly three years ago that I called attention to the charity industry promoted by that enterprising woman. She had just come from the East at the behest of Rev. J. A. B. Wilson, the Methodist clergyman who leavens his religion with commerce. The Rev. Wilson was doing charity on strictly business principles and he hired Maryland S. Bartlett Sheppard to push the game along. She is a dashing, prepossessing woman, and she has a happy knack for wheedling alms from flint-hearted business men. She took apartments in the Palace hotel, and flaunted a wardrobe that proclaimed her a woman of style and means. Her specialty was conducting concerts and entertainments for charity, and she was prepared to do business on commission or salary. It was not long before she established a charity plant of her own and she has been operating it ever since.

Her Successful Persistency

Mrs. Sheppard has not a personality to inspire confidence in the breast of an intelligent and discerning philanthropist. She has more the manner of a book-agent than of a woman representing the cause of charity. In cornering a victim it has been her method to enter an office, seat herself and her waifs in every chair in the room and proceed to wear out the patience of her listener by means of her persistent demands. Snubs or hints or refusals have absolutely no effect on her, and the victim would usually "pungle" for the same reason as he would pay a troublesome organ grinder to move off the block. Mrs. Sheppard does not affect the professional whine of the charity grafter, but instead wears an air of cock-sureness which makes her presence extremely irritating to benevolent individuals and renders the lot of a "little mother" anything but enviable. The circumstances which first brought her "Little Mothers' Home" under suspicion was the fact that, as reported by persons formerly connected with the institution, Mrs. Sheppard was living in some style at the Grand hotel while the Home was not giving every appearance of prosperity.

"It is said that the consciousness of being well dressed gives a woman a feeling of heavenly content such as the mere consolations of religion are powerless to afford."

"It does except when she is beset with the thought that perhaps her hat isn't on straight."

Eccentric Helen of Honolulu

Helen Wilder Craft will soon be Helen Wilder again Honolulu society will not be surprised at its most eccentric woman divorcing her husband, for it has been agreed always among the gossips that Helen was not made for double blessedness. She must be well up in her thirties now, and until five years ago, when she wedded Horace Craft, the idea of her ever having a lover never entered the minds of Honolulans. Daughter of the owner of the Wilder Steamship Company, a millionaire, she has always had her own way in everything. And it has been a queer way. Utterly disregardful of dress or appearances, Helen has worn any old thing handy. Usually it is a man's hat, a shirt waist with a man's collar and necktie, and heavy boots that would captivate a mountain climber. As a girl she was the wildest one in Hawaii, driving her half-dozen horses at breakneck speed or riding astride at a furious rate over the rough roads of the islands, to the admiration of the scurrying kanakas.

Her Humane Fad

As Helen grew older she became more and more mannish and doubtless but for her being ever in frail health she would have been the heroine of daring adventures in outlandish places. Her main hobby has been the protection of animals from the cruelty of humans, and she used to police the streets of Honolulu a-horse, wearing a glittering badge of authority, and ready to hale to prison the least offender at a moment's opportunity. She did make many arrests and prosecuted her prisoners in court with a determination that made her the hated nemesis of careless teamsters. The giddy waltz or the bonny hug had no attractions for her and she despised those little feminine frills and ways that men vote charming. The result was that Helen had no beaux and was commonly voted a man-hater until Craft proposed. He was manager of a department in a Honolulu business house then, and Helen Wilder had, as she has now, something like six hundred dollars a month for spending money. Their honeymoon may not have been as treackly as some but they seemed devoted to each other for many months. Then came rumors of quarrels, and finally Craft came to San Francisco a year ago. They have not met since.

Helen's Butterfly

When Helen was in her early twenties she acquired a butterfly. It was done by a famous needle artist in vivid colors, and is said to be one of the finest specimens of tattooing in the world. Nowadays it is the custom of men and women that visit the Orient to have pretty designs tattooed upon their persons, but Helen Wilder pioneered the fad in Honolulu, and naturally her butterfly occasioned a deal of gossip. It gave rise to an amusing story to the effect that once upon a time when a scientist of Berkeley visited Honolulu in pursuit of bugs, he was advised to see Helen Wilder's rare butterfly. It was said that he visited her and explained that he desired to examine her diurnal Lepidoptera.

"My durned leper—what do you mean?" she indig-

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nantly demanded, half fearful some one had proclaimed her a subject for the Molokai settlement.

"Your rare butterfly," he explained, "I should like to see it."

It was a very embarrassing situation.

When Teachers' Certificates Were Sold

The latest Civil Service scandal is reminiscent of the School Department frauds of the middle '70's. Men and women who were involved in the big scandal precipitated when the discovery was made that teachers' certificates were virtually sold on the public streets have since attained some prominence in other activities. And no doubt they wouldn't care to have the whole story told at this late day. In the decade between 1870 and 1880 teachers' examinations were held quarterly, and the questions used throughout the State were uniform. Suspicion was aroused over the circumstance that graduates of the high schools and the University of California either failed to gain the seventy per cent which would entitle them to the lowest grade of certificate, or else barely scraped through. At the same time a number of "cramming mills" were established in which a three-months' course enabled pupils who were fresh from the grammar schools to come out with high percentages. The questions propounded, especially those in mathematics, were of the catch and puzzle variety, in which an ordinarily bright applicant had a bare chance to gain the requisite fifty per cent. Five out of ten problems were fairly reasonable, but the remainder were either puzzles outright, or such as required special statistics that people do not carry in their minds. It was finally discovered that the "cramming mills" were in league with crooked officials, and that they put their patrons in the way of getting the questions. An investigation was held and for awhile it looked as though San Quentin would have to be enlarged, but there were too many big heads to fall into the basket.

A Musical Discord

The San Francisco Music Club is composed of ambitious amateurs, a few of whom are talented. Like all women with fads they are ardent hero-worshipers and they are fond of collecting tufts from the tails of lions. When MacDowell was here they entertained him, and one of the ladies who was on the reception committee—she is one of the few club members who play very well, by the way—finding herself alone for a few minutes with the bright evening star undertook to entertain him and made a break which will long be remembered. She knew that MacDowell had written an Indian Suite and that he was professor of music at Columbia, and there her knowledge ended. Turning to him she remarked sweetly, "Mr. MacDowell, do you play?" When informed of her serious blunder, the lady caught herself very neatly and turned a mental handspring which would have delighted the most accomplished male reparteeist. "Well, Mr. MacDowell," she said jocularly, "you will probably forget all these other women but you'll never forget me." At last accounts MacDowell had not forgotten her, for he was still telling the story through the East.

Financier Chase

The enterprising Realty Syndicate company of which "Borax" Smith of Arbor Villa, Oakland, is the head and front, is about to open a bank at Emeryville. This is the company that operates a newspaper and several railroads across the bay. Its bewildering financial schemes, promoted with millions of borrowed money, are being watched with pop-eyed wonder by financiers on both sides of the bay. It is said that the financial schemes of this company are remarkable for their ingenuity and that many of them were evolved in the fertile brain of John M. Chase, a man of varied experience and an interesting past. Years ago he was a Presbyterian minister at Vallejo, but pointing the road to salvation was too tame an occupation for a man with his talent for the acquisition of money. Later on he appeared as the keeper of a boarding house for naval men at Vallejo, but that enterprise was not a financial success. Next he opened a boarding school for girls in Vallejo, and finally he launched out as an enthusiastic seller of mining stock. He soon established a reputation for erratic financiering, having planned some enterprise by which thirty per cent could be paid on six per cent securities. But it was probably not a success for this Napoleon of finance went to New York, where he organized a real estate com-

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pany in connection with Fred Hoyt, with whom he had formerly been associated in this city. That company managed to borrow considerable capital, but through an unfortunate combination of circumstances failed to meet its interest obligations. However Mr. Chase's qualifications as a financier have impressed the Realty Syndicate company to such an extent that he is now the manager of the concern.

"It is easy," remarked the old roue, "to say sour grapes. But the grapes that are within reach are never so sweet as we fancied."

Tobin-Welch Engagement

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Ethel Tobin and Aloysius J. Welch was not a surprise to their intimate friends. It was hinted at some months ago. Miss Tobin is the daughter of Mrs. Mary B. Tobin, widow of Robert Tobin, who at the time of his death some years ago was a prominent capitalist of this city. She is a graduate of the Sacred Heart convent of this city, and also of the institution conducted by the sisters of the Order of the Sacred Heart in Paris. She recently returned from abroad. Mr. Welch is the youngest son of Mrs. Bertha and the late Andrew Welch, and a brother of Mrs. Eugene Lent, Andrew Welch and Charles J. Welch, who married Miss Livingston of New York. He is to graduate at the end of this month from Columbia Law College and then he will come to this city to practice law.

Two Bright People to Marry

The most interesting engagement that has been announced recently in art circles is that of Miss Marian Holden and Mr. Charles Pope. Miss Holden is among the most, if not the most talented of the young women artists of the Coast, and although she returned from Europe less than a year ago her work has caught on here. Miss Holden is more ambitious in her painting than her sister artists, for she has been at work for the past several months on a great allegorical frieze which is to occupy a prominent place in the new public library at Oakland. Miss Holden went to Europe through the Hearst scholarship and studied at the Beaux Arts and under Whistler. Mr. Pope, who is a civil engineer by profession, is a graduate of Stanford University. He is a son of the late Colonel Pope of the Army. The sad circumstances of the death of Colonel and Mrs. Pope are still remembered. Some two years ago Colonel Pope died in the Philippines, and while his wife was bringing his body over on the transport she also succumbed.

Democratic Reorganization

All the Democratic politicians in town are on the qui vive for developments in the struggle for control of the machine. The reorganization meeting last week at which Congressman Livernash undertook to capture the works, and was out-manoeuvred by James H. O'Brien, provoked lively discussion in both Democratic and Republican circles. Some people thought that the row precipitated by Livernash was in the nature of a hippodrome; that the Congressman was there as the representative of the *Examiner,* and that O'Brien was doing the same stunt. But it was a bona fide mill. There was no faking. Livernash is a Hearst man; at least for the time being. But he objects to O'Brien and his friend as leaders. They were his friends in the late campaign; indeed, they were about the only friends he had when he started out, but since election they failed to consult him about running the party and therefore he resolved to oppose them. And as a consequence Livernash has been forced into an alliance with the McNab-Phelan element. That was the element that tried to beat him for Congress.

Hearst to Keep "Hands Off"

It now looks as though O'Brien has the situation well in hand, but the McNab people are still urging Livernash on in the hope of accomplishing something. At the same time they are circulating the report that Hearst has agreed to keep "hands off." It is said that during his recent visit Mr. Hearst extended the olive branch to both McNab and Phelan, and that those two politicians expressed a willingness to compromise on any old terms. Even Max Popper, who was around denouncing Hearst a few months ago, availed himself of an opportunity of an audience with the newspaper proprietor, and he was quite penitent. Hearst is interested solely in having a solid delegation sent to the National Convention.

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An Opportune Time

The one item of political interest that overshadowed all others at Los Angeles during Fiesta week was the banquet given by Thomas Flint, Jr., of San Benito to his political partisans in Los Angeles county. The wine was perfect, the hot birds were done to a turn, the oratory was lurid, and the pledges of support in the next gubernatorial contest were heartfelt and sincere. Everything was lovely when the host of the evening rose to express his thanks, etc. Nothing was lacking except a policeman to arrest the leader of a German band across the street, which at the exact moment that Tom began speaking began to play the "Dead March" from "Saul." Just who gave the signal to the windjammers is not known, but the man who hired the band said it was cheap at half the price. It was awful while the practice and the speech lasted.

Charles Bryant Has A Great Chance

Young Charles Bryant who was stage manager at the Alcazar, but who has been called East to assist David Belasco—*the* Belasco—in the production of his elaborate stage productions, has a great chance. Bryant is but twenty-six years old and he is bubbling over with new ideas. Almost the first detail given to Bryant was to go to Scotland, where he will get local color for Belasco's magnificent production of "Macbeth," in which Mrs. Carter will star. On this trip he will take with him his wife, Miss Convere, to whom he will be married next month. Miss Convere will be remembered as the slender Southern girl, with much manner but little dramatic fire, who appeared at the Alcazar some months ago. Her sister married one of the Brugieres, so both found husbands during their San Francisco engagements. Bryant will have a large salary, and as he has unlimited money at his command will doubtless have a great success as well. His departure is but the beginning of the exodus of a lot of brilliant San Franciscans. Wallace Irwin and Mrs. Irwin are going. Will Irwin has an offer from New York which he will accept, if not this year, certainly next; Charley Aiken is going and so is Robert Aitken, the sculptor. It will be San Francisco's loss, but New York's great gain. All these men are friends.

May Lose Genthe, Too

San Francisco may lose Dr. Arnold Genthe. Mrs. "Pat" Campbell was photographed by him many times, with and without Pinky Panky Poo, sometimes in one of Genthe's Chinese costumes, sometimes in the magnificent things she wore in "The Joy of Living." Several of the pictures, especially a posterish one, were great successes, and Mrs. Campbell gave an order which aggregated seventeen hundred dollars and which is the largest single order since Melba's thousand dollar purchase. Mrs. "Pat" was so enthusiastic over his work that she urged him to come to London, where she said he would surely make his fortune, or where she would make it for him. Genthe gets all the celebrities who come to town but how he managed to slip up on Mascagni, who fell a victim to the photographer next door, is a tale that has never been told.

Society Bookbinders

Two of our young society girls, Edith Cheseborough and Lutie Collier, have followed in the footsteps of that fashionable Chicago matron, Mrs. Chatfield Taylor, by studying bookbinding until they have become quite expert at it. Miss Cheseborough divides her time between bookbinding and golf and little Miss Collier refuses many invitations to luncheons and teas, so absorbing has the fascinating craft become to her.

It isn't "rubber" any more. They say "peninsula" now. Why? Oh, a long stretch to see, of course.

Bars Down in the Century Club

The bars are down in the Century Club and so many new members have recently been elected to this so-called most exclusive organization of women in this city, that the old members scarcely know where they are at. Many of the new members are not society women but they doubtless supply new blood, of which the club was much in need, it having remained such a close corporation that it was likely to run to seed as do the European royal families who marry their own cousins exclusively. The Century Club needs a little racy touch of the soil. Mrs. Fred Sanborn is making a very successful president, I hear.

Mrs. Helen Walker Tay is domiciled at her country-place, "El Nido," near Redwood City, for the summer.

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A Prelate of Exceptional Personality

Monsignor Falconio, the Papal Delegate who arrived this week, is a man of charming and graceful personality. He has the art of presiding like an ideal host at a dinner table, though himself the guest. One cannot resist his original and fascinating ways. The mere wave of his hand is filled with a significance acquired only in a land prodigal of hospitality. Indeed, the Delegate breathed in his person the air of old Italy, clad, as he often was, in his pearl-gray cassock and red beretta or perhaps a crimson skull cap. He is an indefatigable worker, and refuses all artificial stimulants. At a little supper in his honor, while offering the amber wines of Italy to visitors of the laity, he abstained himself, though appealing to all by the delicacy of his wit. He is a true prince of men, and brings to a country of sunshine the dream and poetic repose of another Italy over-seas. Monsignor is a lesson in civilization. One cannot meet him without realizing the true grandeur, the age and dignity of his country.

The annual reception of the Alumni of the University of California was held on Wednesday night at the Hopkins. Last night the pupils of the School of Design held their commencement exercises, with the usual interesting program, and a reception with dancing following. The annual exhibition of drawings and studies of the pupils is now under way in the Searles Gallery.

Mrs. Impecune: "There's a delicious feeling that one can lie abed, and press the button for one's maid to wait on one."
Mrs. Frank: "Have you a maid?"
Mrs. I.: "Not yet—but I have the button."

Our President

Many amusing incidents have attended the visit of President Roosevelt to California. It is so rarely that we have such a big lion in our midst that we get rattled at the thought of meeting him, and in our nervous eagerness to pay him the deference due we are inclined to do all sorts of fantastic tricks. It is easy for people to make fools of themselves in the presence of Roosevelt because of his native manliness and common sense courtesy. He doesn't encourage "company manners." He prefers the simple dignity of the plain American citizen. He doesn't like people to slop over. He is a man of impressive individuality and he never betrays the slightest trace of artificiality. His manner is that of a good fellow, and of a man who does not not regulate his conduct upon any theory as to what people might think. I saw him in the Press Club when he was being rushed from one room to another, catch sight of an impressionistic sketch of a dashing female on one of the walls. He fairly devoured the picture with his eyes, and kept them riveted on it as he passed through the door, giving his final look over his shoulder and almost throwing his neck out of joint. The room was crowded with men but he was oblivious to all of them.

He Can Stand a Josh

The President loves a joke even when it is on himself. The members of his party had their little joke out of school hours on the trip up from Los Angeles. His race suicide theory has been one of the principal targets for their wits, as may be seen by the following doggerel which was penned by one of the distinguished tourists to while away the tedium between stops:

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do,
"O Teddy, dear Teddy," she tearfully cried,
"I think that I'll soon commit Race Suicide."

True to the Rough Riders

Characteristic of the President was his treatment of one of his Rough Riders, Trooper C. C. Bull, who rode four days through Arizona in order to meet his former Colonel at the Grand Canyon. When Roosevelt met Bull he would not let him return but made him go to Southern California with him as his guest. The President is true to the men of his old regiment. T. D. Fennessy, a Rough Rider, went to Riverside from Los Angeles to see his former Colonel and have him change the arrangements made by the Los Angeles fiesta committee to have the six Rough Riders who were to be in the parade sidetracked and General Last and staff act as escort. Fennessy happens to be a labor union leader and when he arrived in Riverside was pointed out by Teddy's Terrors to the secret service men as a good man to watch. It was with difficulty that the Rough Rider finally got into the presence of the President and only after the secret service men had felt him over carefully for bombs and revolvers. When President Teddy saw Fennessy he stopped his conversation with a man standing near and rushed toward the "dangerous character" with his arms outstretched. When the President reached Los Angeles and General Last and his staff rode up to act as escort Roosevelt ordered the carriage stopped and asked that the Rough Riders be sent to escort him. "They were my boys once," he said, "and they are my boys now." Though this was not what the committee had planned

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the General was sidetracked for "the boys," to whom the President shouted as his carriage rode off, "Come and take lunch with me, boys."

Just a Few Solecisms

General Otis of Los Angeles distinguished himself by presenting the President with a cane. The presentation was made in broad daylight, and the hero of the Rubicon was attired in full evening dress with a lot of glittering medals pinned to his breast. Assemblyman Siskron of the legislative party made his appearance at high noon in evening dress, but his confreres rushed him off to the hotel to change his clothes before the President saw him. He subsequently appeared in a sack coat and silk hat. However such a solecism on the part of a mere assemblyman is not to be so seriously deprecated as that of the Governor of our State, who appeared in the parade with a "crush" opera hat and a sack coat. However, thanks to the foresight of the Citizens' Committee in instructing the prominent cits who solicited invitations to the banquet at twenty dollars a throw as to what they should wear, not a single man appeared in a red flannel shirt. But as a consequence of the committee rule President Roosevelt was made conspicuous by not appearing *en regle*. He was the only man that wore a black waistcoat.

Wheelan's Failure

The feature of the banquet, by the way, was the failure of Mr. Fairfax Wheelan to make good. Mr. Wheelan has something of a reputation as an after-dinner speaker, and he was expected to sustain it. The toast and the occasion were propitious to that end, and as Mr. Wheelan said, in the course of his rambling remarks, "This toast is worthy of the best efforts of any man." Mr. Wheelan's best effort was almost soporific in its effect upon his hearers. His friends regret that he missed such a splendid opportunity.

Sabbath-Breaking in Berkeley

I have been wondering that some religious person did not make a pow-wow over the fact that the men engaged in making the wonderful amphitheatre where President Roosevelt spoke on Thursday in Berkeley have been working every Sunday these many weeks. The amphitheatre was the idea of Mr. Hearst and he was here so very lately that, after the plans had been completed, work had to be rushed with all possible speed. As a result panting men and panting horses have worked many extra hours every day and the men have earned fine extra pay and the horses fine extra rations. All day Sunday the sound of the dump-cart has been heard in the land, but the place was ready for occupancy, though not completed, on the all-important day. The stage and the Ionic columns will be completed at leisure and when you look upward at the tiers of seats rising all around, you are reminded instantly of the Coliseum, and you look at the spectacled maids and matrons of Berkeley to see if they are turning down their thumbs.

A Garden Where Women May Not Walk

The metropolitan papers have been publishing photographs of President Roosevelt and his party in the garden of the Santa Barbara Mission where, it is stated, "No woman has ever entered." This is not true. Two women have set foot in that Eveless Eden—Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria and wife of the Marquis of Lorne, and Mrs. Grant, wife of the General and President. Ordinary women, to be sure, are not permitted to enter the garden where the fathers take their recreation, while any common, ordinary man may tread the dusty paths and see the red fish-geraniums and breathe their stifling breath on a hot, still, summer afternoon. The women who have been admitted were distinguished visitors for whom the precedent, for it is that rather than a law, was broken. It cannot be that they were admitted on the grounds of purity of character, for however irreproachable Mrs. Grant, Princess Alice had quite a record of youthful escapades which, for a young woman, was doing almost as well as her brother, Albert Edward, did for a young man.

Those Colored Troops

Of course the Presidential parade wouldn't have fulfilled expectations if it hadn't raised its quota of teapot tempests over various points of form and preference. For

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instance, the Southerner wants to know why did President Roosevelt give a negro regiment of cavalry the place of honor in the line of march when there were plenty of white soldiers available? The reasons given are numerous. The more rabid declare that the black fellows were put at the head of the procession by the direct order of the President, who wished to keep up his pose on the race question. It is a matter of history, however, that the negro horsemen who succeeded the Presidential carriage are the Ninth regiment, the same fellows who saved the Rough Riders from extermination in Cuba. By some it is supposed that Roosevelt gave these men the place of honor because of gratitude as well as to satisfy his inborn love of the dramatic. Those familiar with military affairs, however, give another interpretation to the prominence of the Ninth cavalry in Tuesday's demonstration. It is said that the Black Ninth is the only crack body of horsemen on the coast at present, and as the Chief Executive is a lover of the man on horseback the Ethiopian guard was pressed into service for the parade. Be these things as they may, the display which these fellows made on Market street was the most impressive military drill ever seen in San Francisco.

Some Parade Incidents

The other point of discussion is, What became of the bluejackets and marines of the *Grafton* who were supposed to have been invited to participate in the procession? It was the general rumor that Rear Admiral Bickford's men would be a star feature, and great was the disappointment expressed at their non-appearance. Some declared that it was no less than an affront to the British flag to have neglected the crew of a visiting battleship, but those who talked so much on the subject merely showed their ignorance of international law. Only by the request of the British sovereign or others high in power in Britain could an armed body of English troops have been allowed to parade on our streets. Even if this favor had been granted the crew of the *Grafton* would have been disarmed before being permitted to march in an American city. Had the favor of military display been asked by Admiral Bickford—which it was not—his men would have presented the humiliating spectacle of walking, hands at sides, behind the armed American troops, like captives following the chariot of Cæsar. One of the humors of the parade occurred when the First Congregational cadets were passing in review and the President complimented their drill, which was really fine. An Irish policeman heard this and remarked, "It ain't so bad for a set of damn Congregationalists." About the same moment a daylight Japanese bomb was shot into the air and when it burst it represented a Gorgon's head with shaky streamers on all sides. "It looks like an octopus," remarked a spectator. "It is," said the "cop"; "that's the Southern Pacific's tribute."

At the De Youngs

When President McKinley was out here the Henry T. Scotts monopolized the social honors, but the big social coup of the Roosevelt visit was made by the M. H. de Youngs. And of course they excited a lot of envy. The only private hospitality accepted by the President was that dispensed at the De Young home in California street, on which occasion Mrs. de Young proved herself the graceful hostess that she is. Her experience abroad in entertaining diplomats and representatives of the nobility has well fitted her for the flattering duty which devolved on her on the occasion of Mr. Roosevelt's visit. But there were several society matrons who would have been very willing to assist her. The absence of the Eugene Schmitz's on the occasion of the dinner was remarked. It was Mayor Schmitz who made it possible for Mr. de Young to carry off the honors attending the President's visit, and he was not vouchsafed the opportunity of presenting Mrs. Schmitz to the nation's Chief Magistrate at the De Young home. But I understand it was not due to any oversight. President Roosevelt named the only guests invited, and he overlooked the Mayor, probably because he had him so incessantly with him after his arrival. It was remarked that probably Roosevelt felt that a little of Schmitz went a long way.

Doesn't Forget a Face

Nearly all men who have achieved great success in politics in this country were gifted with a wonderful memory for names and faces. James G. Blaine was a most remarkable man in that respect and so is Teddy Roosevelt.

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The latter's faculty for recalling a face was instanced the other day when he met Frederick O'Brien, managing editor of the Manila *Cablenews,* who by the way sails today for Hongkong. The President had met O'Brien only once and that was seven years ago when the latter was one of the star interviewers of the New York *Herald.* That was the time when, as a Police Commissioner, Roosevelt made a great record by prying into the blackmailing methods of the men of the department. People concluded that he wanted the nomination for Mayor, and O'Brien was sent to interview him on the subject. He found the future President in "The Chimney Corner," a beer saloon frequented by socialists to which he was accustomed to go in search of atmosphere, and to get in touch with the sentiments of its habitues. "You can tell your editor," said Roosevelt when questioned by O'Brien, "that I am interested in nothing but my official duties just now." When they met the other day the President put out his hand and greeted the reporter he had not seen in seven years as "Mr. O'Brien."

Though the President did not attend the Bohemian Club affair on Wednesday night, a personage of importance was there. It was Joaquin Miller, in picturesque attire and jovial mood, and the gentlemen of Roosevelt's party who were there expressed their delight in no measured terms at meeting the Poet of the Sierras.

The President at Del Monte

It is safe to say that the President had one of his best times at Del Monte, where he was not rushed to death with parades and speeches. He had a good chance for relaxation during the comfortable seventeen-mile drive, and also at the hotel. He remarked that he had never been in a more restful spot, or where the senses were more pleasantly lulled. Society is seeking Del Monte with more than usual avidity this spring. Mr. Phelan, with Lieutenant Hobson, spent a few days there last week. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, accompanied by Miss Starr, reached the hotel Sunday after a pleasant trip from town in their big Winton touring car. The Heintz cottage has been rented for the summer by Ethyl Hager. A large new auto has been purchased by Miss Hager, and touring parties will help to enliven the summer. Miss Dolbeer, J. A. Folger and family, and Mrs. Louise La Montagne expect to spend the summer months at Del Monte. Fred Greenwood, the Pinckards, E. Avery McCarthy, Mrs. J. H. Glide of Woodland and the E. J. Bowens were among the week's arrivals.

The Man with the Bucket

The humblest member of a union nowadays is as haughty as the boss of a job formerly was. One day last week one of the contractors engaged in the construction of the St. Francis building met one of his employes walking out of the building with a bucket in his hand.

"Where are you going?" asked the contractor.

"I'm going to get a bucket of beer for the gang," was the reply.

"Well, I think your hours are short enough; you better go back to work," said the contractor angrily. The man with the bucket heeded not the suggestion. A little later the contractor met the man on one of the upper floors. The bucket full of beer was on a girder and the man was blowing a whistle to summon the thirsty gang down to take a drink. The contractor, indignant at the thought of work being stopped until his employes quenched their thirst, kicked over the bucket of beer. Thereupon all the men put on their coats and quit work. Then the contractor was worried. There was a time-limit in his contract and a forfeit would be imposed if the work were not finished. He sent for the men and pleaded with them to go back to work. They agreed to do so but stipulated that they should be permitted to drink when thirsty. The stipulation was made. Then the men thought of the lost bucket of beer and they further stipulated that the contractor should buy another. And he did.

Society's Fad

Society people are always learning some new way to lighten their household cares. They no longer, for one thing, feel it incumbent to hold formal functions at their own homes. Lately, St. Dunstan's grill has become a favorite place for dinners, luncheons and teas, not only given by guests of the house but by outsiders. Mrs. Edmund Rice gave a breakfast on Tuesday, just before the parade, to a number of Army ladies, and held a reception in the officers' honor later. Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Younger gave a large dinner Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Younger's sister, Miss Russell, and George A. Webster, whose engagement was recently announced.

MINING EXCITEMENT AT LONE MOUNTAIN.

No country adjacent to Tonopah is attracting more attention at the present time than Lone Mountain. During the past week several rich strikes have been reported.

Early in the week another rich strike was made in the shaft of the Princess Maude Gold Mining Company, but how rich or extensive it was has not been learned as yet, the assay returns have not yet been received at the Company's office. There is little doubt as to the future of this property as they had a strong ledge of good ore on the surface and the ledge has been getting richer as depth has been gained.

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JEWELER

Evolution of a Climber

San Francisco, April 10, 1902.

Dear Madge,

Well Madge, I have some real interesting news for you at last; something that's bound to hold you for awhile. It's not exactly a *chronique scandaleuse*, but like Mercutio's wound, it will suffice. Dr. Tom de Vere, the confirmed bachelor, as we all supposed, has taken unto himself a wife, and the lady is none other than Isabel Shores. I can hear you exclaim, "Impossible!" Nothing is impossible these days, so far as matrimonial alliances are concerned. Of course he shocked all his friends. Though he isn't rich, possessing nothing but his talents, which have always earned him a good income in his profession, he could have married any one of a half a dozen of the best girls in society, as you know. As he was never a giddy fellow, but rather severely proper, nobody ever suspected that he would fall a victim to the wiles of such a woman as Isabel Shores. She has been gayer of late than before you went to New York. She had no social connections, and that is the strange part of it, for none of us can understand how Tom, who was so exclusive, ever met her. The marriage is the sensation of the hour. It's too bad, for the doctor was a popular fellow at the club, and of course now he will be cut dead. It will probably be hard for him to understand why they are not invited out. But of course she is impossible. Only a few of his bachelor friends and one or two married men and their wives, who knew the doctor merely a professional way, attended the wedding. Most of his society friends were "out of town." The wedding was a frost and the smart set was on a broad grin.

Yours as ever, JANE.

San Francisco, April 27, 1902.

Dear Madge,

Glad to hear you enjoyed yourself in the Adirondacks. It's awful dull in this provincial town. One meets the same stupid people every day. The only amusement I get is in reading the social columns in the daily papers edited by social climbers, and hired boosters of the rich. They're boosting the same people every day, and their sycophantic gush is positively nauseating. Every time I'm mentioned I feel ashamed of myself, because I think perhaps I'm suspected of seeking notoriety and social prestige. By the way, Mrs. De Vere is occasionally mentioned. I think she is climbing. She attended a club luncheon the other day given by a Mrs. Bolton in honor of the wife of a visiting lion who had been entertained by Doctor De Vere. I suppose the lady requested that Mrs. De Vere be invited. However, Mrs. Bolton, as you know, isn't the most desirable of hostesses, and of course there were only one or two society people of any prominence present. They went on account of the lion. Mrs. Bolton, as you no doubt remember, is said to have been the mistress of her husband's father. She has only one leg over the rim of society. Yours as ever, JANE.

San Francisco, May 25, 1902.

Dear Madge,

It may interest you to know that Mrs. De Vere has turned out to be a climber of the first order. She is using her husband's social prestige for all it is worth, but of course she never can get in. She attended a dinner given the other night at one of the French restaurants, by the Jim Flushems in honor of the Will Shekels, who recently returned from their honeymoon trip. The Flushems, you know, have been in fairly good society ever since Flushem Sr. went into partnership with old Blublud, and made a fortune in salt. Of course the Flushems are not of our *creme de la creme*, but nevertheless I'm surprised that they invited the De Veres, although the doctor is their family physician. You know Mrs. Flushem comes from very common people. Her father held a state office in early days and was a defaulter, and it was said that her mother used to work in a hurdy-gurdy on the Comstock. Among the people at the dinner were the Walter Parkers. You remember young Parker, who married Miss Jones, the child claimant to the celebrated Jorkins estate. It was an awful, unsavory mess, but she won the millions and married the scion of an old Southern family, so now she has the brand of the elect. The Boreums were also at the dinner and were probably the only real dyed-in-the-wool aristocrats in the bunch, with the exception of the buxom and stalwart Miss Juger, who is so sure of her position that she doesn't care where she goes or whom she meets. She has been going into homes lately just to give them tone. She distributes social prestige as though it were charity and she expected her reward in heaven. Yours as ever, JANE.

San Francisco, August 31, 1902.

Dear Madge,

So you are interested in the progress of the De Veres. I was afraid that I was boring you, but I am glad you are interested for I have nothing else to write about. And there hasn't been much news concerning them. However they are going out a great deal but they haven't arrived yet. They attended a Presidio dance the other night, but as you know the army has become common since the war. I read about them very often in the social columns so I presume they are not indifferent to the importance of the boosters of the press in social evolution. I hear a great deal of talk about snubs in store for them ,and they are surely destined to meet some obstacles. The McBriars are waiting for them. The McBriar twins are tremendously exclusive. As they are only a generation removed from plebeian stock I cannot account for their presumption, but you know how fearfully bourgeois San Francisco society is. Pretenders with wealth and nerve can accomplish almost anything. Depend on me to keep you posted. Yours as ever, JANE.

Dear Madge,

The De Veres are climbing. They attended one of the Monday night cotillions recently and mingled with the real blown-in-the-bottle elite. I hear that the doctor had to pay for the entree, but there are others of the swim who had to put up in the years agone. They appeared to have many friends at the dance, so I presume they have made good progress. Mrs. De Vere spent a deal of time with Mrs. Flashleigh whose daughter married young Millions lately. Of course you are familiar with Mrs. Flashleigh's eventful past. Well, everybody has been trying to forget it since her daughter's marriage. You know young Millions has a handsome brother, and there are several mammas who have their eyes on him. So the Flashleighs are strictly in it.

Yours as ever, JANE.

Dear Madge,

The De Veres have arrived. There's no doubt about it. I met them at the Flashleighs last night, and the very elect was there. And by the way I never knew that Mrs. De Vere was such a charming woman. I can now account for her social success. She is a woman of culture, and in San Francisco's 400 she easily shines by contrast. She discusses art and music and politics in a most entertaining way. And by the bye I was told by Mrs.

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Smartem, who was Mrs. Gayleigh when you were out here, and who figured as co-respondent after her first season, that the stories about Mrs. De Vere were very much exaggerated. And after all I've concluded that she is a more desirable acquaintance than most of the women one meets in the smart set. It is conceded that she is devoted to her husband, and that is more than can be said about some of our flirty matrons. Adieu.

Yours as ever, JANE.

—*The Reporter.*

Overheard at the Song Recital

"Madeline Poyser Smythe! How much better that looks on the program than plain Mrs. Smith!"

"I wonder if she is ashamed of her husband's name. And lately married, too."

"Hush! Here she comes. That's her wedding dress, isn't it? (Mrs. Smith finishes her number and bows herself off. Applause. Enter Mrs. Langhorne Jones.)

"I wonder how *she* can afford to take singing lessons. I *know* for a positive certainty the Joneses can't pay their grocer. Did you ever see such a gown? The skirt looks as though it were made out of an old lace-curtain." (Mrs. Jones receives but two bouquets.)

"I suppose poor Jones couldn't afford to send her any more."

(Miss Sybil Dollars appears.)

"They say Sybil has been taking lessons on that one song for six months. It is the only thing she can sing."

"She can't even sing that. One would think she had her mouth full of butter."

"No matter, she has money to burn. I understand that her grandmother took in washing."

"Did you hear that young Needy is desperately in love with her?"

"With her money, you mean. Lend me your glass. I want to take a good look at her frock. A dream, isn't it? Did you notice that diamond pendant?"

"Just see those flowers, a whole cartload. The Professor is helping her to carry them off. Let's clap. They want an encore."

"No use, she can't sing another thing."

"Then she will have to repeat that. Isn't she perfectly lovely?"

"Now it is Adele's turn. I'm glad she's the last. I get awfully tired at these things, don't you?"

"Adele looks like a picture with that rose behind her ear."

"I think she is a little bold, don't you?"

"Oh, she knows how to please the men. You couldn't get *me* to stand up before an audience and sing a thing like that."

"Well, I'm glad there's no more of it. We'll go to Masker's and have an ice."

(Later, in the vestibule):

"Perfectly lovely. I enjoyed your singing *so* much. So kind of you to send us tickets!"—*The Eavesdropper.*

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The Murder

Creswell stood motionless for a moment, holding the smoking revolver in his hand—a hand whose nervous steadiness matched the cold glitter of his eye. Mechanically he examined the weapon. Yes, there were three chambers empty. Evidently all the shots had taken effect in the slight, beautiful form which lay at his feet. The struggle of death was over and the smoke had cleared away, yet the cold, quiet man did not yet seem to realize the seriousness of what he had done.

He dropped to one knee and, quite reflectively, stroked the soft hair, now foul with ugly red stains. He had caressed her so often before, and there seemed no touch of the murderer as he passed his hand along her hair. Yet no emotion stirred his pallid features until his gaze caught the stare of her dead eyes, and in them there was accusation, the accusation of helplessness by treachery undone. Then across the face, a moment before as moveless as the dead face before him, there came a twinge of sudden agony which he seemed to control by the fierce fires within.

"It was necessary, only necessary," he muttered as he arose and thrust the pistol into his pocket.

And as he stood thus the quick debate which ever confronts the man who slays was warring in his mind. To escape, or hide the deed and dissemble? The shots would certainly be heard by the police, but he had still time to fly. Or perhaps he might conceal the body among the weeds in the corner of yonder lot.

He moved to act—too late! Already he could hear the step of the constable on the board walk outside. The truth swept like a flood over his being. According to his deed so must he suffer. The police would not believe, the world would not understand the motives, the necessities that demanded her blood.

The steps drew nearer, nearer, and yet the man did not waver. The gate clicked, and when the blue-coated officer entered Creswell was still standing as he had stood, her blood still on his hands, the calm of justice in his face.

The officer looked at the quiet man, then at the corpse at his feet.

"What d'ye mean," he said, "by shootin' that there cat inside the city limits? If ye wasn't a dam dood ye'd git sixty days." —*The Humanitarian.*

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A Successful California Promotion.

In connection with the illustration on the front page, *Town Talk* takes pleasure in giving its readers a short account of the history and surroundings of the Abalone Packing Company of 326 Post street, San Francisco. This company, which is an assured success (since it starts out with all the orders it can fill), is one of the promotions which have made the Pacific States Mining and Investment Company of San Francisco deservedly celebrated from one end of the United States to the other.

It suffices to state that, from the time the proposition of promotion was accepted, up to the time the Abalone Packing Company's cannery started up at Cayucos, Cal., two weeks ago, less than six months elapsed. In these few months a sufficient amount of stock was sold to justify the erection of the cannery and a wharf, the hiring of divers, the purchase of most complete modern outfits for the divers and the equipment of the cannery with up-to-date machinery and special appliances by which the cans are varnished, labeled and boxed at a single operation, with the speed of thought. In the work of promotion Mr. W. E. von Johannsen, the secretary of the Pacific States Mining and Investment Company, was aided by the National Underwriting and Trust Company and by the *Pacific States Investor,* a leading western financial newspaper with office in San Francisco.

The beginnings of the Abalone Packing Company came about in this way. Some years ago, J. W. Gayetty of Oakland, a native son of San Francisco, was attracted to the operations of the Chinese and Japanese fishermen at Monterey. Mr. Gayetty found that the Japanese and Chinese fishermen at Monterey were making use of the meat or flesh of the abalone, as well as of the handsome shells, well known to the lovers of curios and to the jeweler. It occurred to Mr. Gayetty that the Orientals might know a thing or two that had escaped the attention of the white people, so he kept his eyes open and his mouth shut. He found that immense quantities of the abalone meat, either dried or rudely preserved, were being shipped to China and Japan. He sampled the product and decided that, though it was not palatable as crudely prepared, there was a piquancy and flavor which oysters and clams did not possess. To find a process by which the Abalone meat might be made a delicacy for white people was the problem which Mr. Gayetty set to work to solve and with pronounced success. He obtained sufficient financial support to start a small cannery in a rockbound cove at Carmel Point, just below Monterey. The product of this cannery sold so fast that a much larger enterprise was contemplated, but circumstances occurred by which the control of the cannery passed out of Mr. Gayetty's hands. The result was that the enterprise collapsed, for the men who had taken hold did not know Mr. Gayetty's secret and the Abalone food put on the market under another name was a failure.

About a year later Mr. Gayetty became satisfied that the demand for the original Abalone food, as prepared by him, still existed, and, in fact, that his process was a valuable thing. He was led to apply to the Pacific States Mining and Investment Company to finance his enterprise by the excellent reports he had received of other concerns which that company had placed on a paying basis. The result was satisfactory and today Mr. Gayetty is president of the Abalone Packing Company, with a going cannery at Cayucos, San Luis Obispo county, Cal., and with offices at 326 Post street, San Francisco. The cannery stands on its own wharf, which is built out from the regular wharf at Cayucos, a port of call for the steamers of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. The possibilities of having to enlarge the cannery have not been overlooked and the capacity can be doubled at any time. The position of the cannery on the wharf, at which steamers will call regularly, places it in immediate connection with the markets of the world.

The abalones may be compared to a gigantic marine snail, having only one shell, which covers it above like the carapace of a tortoise, turtle or terrapin. It is a tenant of the deep water and especially of a rocky bottom. The average depth at which it is obtained by the divers is from twenty to one hundred feet. The contents of a large abalone shell will weigh as much as two pounds. The meat is absolutely free from impurities and has a delicious flavor when properly prepared. If heated or boiled in the ordinary way the product is tough and horny, but by Mr. Gayetty's process it is made as soft as a clam or oyster, perfectly white and extremely nutritious and digestible.

The supply is practically inexhaustible, for the abalone is not a shore product like the oyster, mussel or clam, but comes in from the deep ocean. As fast as a section of abalone fishing ground is depleted, it is re-populated, so to speak, in a few weeks or months by new arrivals from old ocean. The entire coast of California, from Monterey to Cape St. Lucas teems with abalones, but the catching of them has hitherto been effected solely by Chinese and Japanese and then only for the shells and the meat, prepared for shipment to China and Japan in a condition unpalatable to white people and with a large amount of waste. In the cannery at Cayucos not an ounce is wasted. The viscera, which are easily detachable from the flesh of the abalone, furnish the finest kind of glue and are specially cared for. The shells are worth from thirty-five to one hundred and sixty-five dollars a ton, according to size and quality. A special market exists for them in Europe, where the beautiful iridescent interior of the shell is manufactured into articles of jewelry, inlaid work on furniture, buttons, etc.

Cayucos is about one hundred and eighty-five miles southeast of San Francisco and it augurs well for the success of the cannery that nearly every citizen in the place has taken stock in the enterprise. In employing the necessary help, preference has been given to local residents, and property in the town is already rising in value with indications that quite a little boom will be given to San Luis Obispo county by the success of the enterprise. It is worth noting that the chefs of the first-class restaurants and large hotels of San Francisco have tested the product of the cannery and have become so enthusiastic as to promise regular orders and a place for abalones on the bill of fare. Like oysters, abalones are good any way, fried, stewed or in fritters. An abalone cocktail is an ideal appetizer, and for chowder, the abalone beats clams, "all hollow." Occasionally very valuable pearls are found in the interior of the abalone shell, equal in every respect to those found in the pearl oyster and due to the same cause. The company will take due care to secure these pearls, for which a ready market is assured.

STAGE

The Thrill That Never Came

Clyde Fitch of New York is principally noted for his industry. He is the most prolific of American playwrights, but of late he has betrayed pronounced symptoms of brain-fag. Indeed, after seeing "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" one is inclined to believe that the disorder has developed into paresis. It is hard to believe that the author of "Beau Brummel" was ever guilty of such anæmic dramatic writing as revealed in the play in which Mary Mannering is appearing at the Columbia. It is said that the men who are writing plays for New York audiences these days seek to produce one great thrill. They feel that if they can achieve that they have attained success. But it is usual to spring the thrill in the third act. I tolerated three acts of "The Subbornness of Geraldine," waiting patiently for the thrill that never came, and then I silently stole away muttering imprecations on the head of Clyde Fitch for having bored me through a whole evening. Perhaps the thrill comes in the fourth act. I needed it very much; almost as much as the unfortunate actress who actually fainted not for theatrical effect but in reality on Wednesday night, needed a stimulant, but I could not wait for the fourth act. The three acts had exhausted me. I felt that if the fourth act afforded a thrill that was as powerful as the concentrated thrills of three Pinero plays, six by Henry Arthur Jones and ten by Clyde Fitch, it would not compensate me for what I had endured through three acts of "The Stubbornness of Geraldine." They are the three talkiest acts that ever dragged their weary length along in this city, and there's not a line that rises to the dignity of an epigram in the three of them. If Mr. Fitch would confine himself to the writing of such plays he would never be threatened with brain-fag, even though he should turn them out to the capacity of his typewriter. It is not fair to criticise the work of Mary Mannering in the role of Geraldine Lang. However it may not be amiss to suggest that if she and the other young women of the company took lessons in enunciation from Mrs. Thomas Whiffen it would be easier for their audiences to comprehend just what Mr. Fitch was writing about.

Clyde Fitch Above the Realities

Clyde Fitch is evidently above bothering about mere realities, however fond he may be of realism, with his rocking ships and his trunk-set stages. How, I would like to know, would an impecunious count, in the second cabin at that, procure a fresh white rose the last day out on an Atlantic liner to lay in the steamer chair of his beloved? History explaineth not.

The Return of Stevens

Monday night's performance of "Wang" at the Tivoli had all the joyousness and good cheer of a family reunion. Edwin Stevens made his reappearance after more than a year's absence and was enthusiastically received by a large audience—the largest and most enthusiastic since Mascagni. On the stage there was a warmth of friendliness and good spirits that radiated over the footlights, and the popular actor's admirers, who occupied every seat, clapped and stamped until he was compelled to make a speech. "Wang" is probably the most congenial character in Stevens's comic opera repertory.

At the Orpheum

After witnessing such an inane and utterly meritless vaudeville sketch as "He, She and It," which Emily Lytton and William Gerald use as a pretext for the display of their talents, one wonders why people who are capable of writing meritorious trifles of that species are not engaged in supplying the demand for the vaudeville stage. The Orpheum has a fairly good show this week, but "He, She and It" is not a praiseworthy feature of it. The star of the week is Mr. James J. Corbett, formerly of Hayes Valley, who has developed into a clever monologue artist. Corbett tells some good stories, but the point of the stories lies in the fact that they are about Corbett and that he tells them. They are stories of some of his amusing adventures in the days when he was the champion pugilist. Corbett has a good sense of humor and he tells the stories well. Fisher and Carroll, the eccentric comedians are, next to Corbett, the big hit of this week's bill.

"Lover's Lane"

Ernest Hastings is always at his best in a character part. As a society lover he never quite satisfies, but when the lover is a "character" then Hastings never fails to please. "Lover's Lane" is charming in this Alcazar production, and gives one a very different idea of the Clyde Fitch drama from that we obtained when it was lately produced here by a road organization. The play is distinctly rural in its surroundings and characters, and the beautiful scenery is not a slight point in its makeup. The several pairs of lovers have their individual niche, and strike a sympathetic chord, in which the wild little transplanted orphan, Simplicity, introduces some striking notes. Oza Waldrop has the role of Simplicity, played by Millie James in the original New York production. I believe Miss Waldrop could please Broadway with her impersonation, which is strikingly natural. The cast as a whole is one which one would not ask to be changed in any particular. The fine drill of the stock is shown in the way in which not even a "walking" part is slighted. Osbourne, Fanny Young, Bacon, Miss Creighton and Miss Gordon all score. Fanny Young's reception, after her long absence, on Monday night was equal to a Roosevelt ovation.

"Jerome" and Perkins

Of a different cast from "Lover's Lane," though as distinctively rural, is "Jerome," the Grand attraction. Adapted from Mary Wilkins's story of the same name, the adaptor has managed to retain in the dialogue much of the peculiar Wilkins flavor that makes the New England writer so popular with magazine readers. "Jerome" has scenes with novel settings. The sitting-room in Squire Merritt's home, for instance, in the second act, is a duplicate of what one may still find in old New England farm houses, haircloth furniture and all. The third act has a startling mill wreck scene, not however of the buzz-saw drama order. There is the inevitable mortgage, without which a New England play would seem incomplete. The birthday party is one of the prettiest scenes that have been introduced into any play of late

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In conformance with its usual custom the California Northwestern has made elaborate preparations for the glad vacation time, as is evidenced by the handsome hundred-page booklet that it has just issued. This publication, "Vacation, 1903," gives a long list of places that take summer boarders, tells of the special attractions of each place and gives the rates by the week.

For campers, there are no end of attractions. Throughout Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino and Lake counties the climate is delightful and it is a pleasure to sleep in a tent. Along the Geuneville branch of the California Northwestern, paralleled by the picturesque Russian River, are many ideal spots for camps, the river affording good boating, bathing and fishing. One of the most beautiful places on this branch is Russian River Heights, one of the most charming spots in all the West.

The booklet contains much valuable information, and all who expect to make a vacation trip this summer will do well to supply themselves with a copy before making up their minds.

years. There is something about it that reminds one of Rosina Vokes's little plays, and Antoinette Walker as the Squire's daughter acts with a spirit that recalls the much-lamented Rosina. This is the first chance Miss Walker has had to show her ability, and she looks as pretty as a rose in her old-fashioned frocks and blonde curls. Mr. Perkins has the title part, a rural hero of old comedy build, and he invests it with interest. He is a modest hero, and lets the other characters have as much chance as himself for distinction. Gilbert Gardner as the villain is exceptionally good, and Fred Butler has an admirable part in Colonel Jack Lamson. H. D. Byers as the father of Lucina is also excellent.

That One Night Performance

"The Circus Belle," that had one appearance before a local audience, is not such an absurd thing as one would have imagined from its disastrous end. I have seen the manuscript of the musical comedy, the libretto of which was written by Frank Robinson and the music by several local composers, and it reads very well. It is clever, and the lyrics are catchy and bright. But the first performance was such an awful fiasco that it is doubtful if the "Belle" will ever secure another metropolitan production. It didn't get half a chance on that first night, for the chorus had been so hastily drilled that it fell down on its first number and that started the audience to guying the show. The chaffing kept up until the final curtain. Then the prima donna, who was a young woman of seven years' stage experience, unfortunately stumbled on her entrance and that gave the audience another cue. It was a foolhardy thing for a manager to put on a half-trained company at a theatre like the Republic, and few productions could have survived the ordeal. But "The Circus Belle" is a good musical comedy. It may get another chance some day, on the road if not in town.

Dillon Goes to the Grand

Gerald Dillon, the veteran press agent, has transferred his services from the Belasco & Mayer theatres to the Grand Opera House, and he will soon begin the booming of the Rogers Brothers' attractions. The importance of the press agent as a factor for success in the theatrical business is becoming more generally recognized every day. However the industrious and clever press agent is often entitled to credit he does not receive. He creates reputations for players and playwrights, and stimulates popular interest in performances that otherwise would have received little attention. The only successful press agents are those that have the confidence of the critics and of the newspapers with whom they deal. Critics and newspapers, like the people, can be fooled, but not all the time. The sensible press agent is a candid one, who has had newspaper experience and who, like the trained reporter, has a "nose for news." Mr. Dillon is of this class, and the management of the Grand should be felicitated upon having secured his services. He handled the press work for Will Greenbaum during the past season, and he distinguished himself during the last Grau grand opera season by his work in behalf of the famous impresario and his stars.

The last concert of the present season of the Loring Club will be given in the Theatre Republic next Thursday evening. The club has engaged Mlle. Antonia Dolores (Trebelli), who, in addition to singing the important solo part in Schubert's "The Almighty," which is written for soprano solo and male voice chorus with the accompaniments of orchestra, piano and organ, will also sing three groups of songs. There will be several other good numbers.

Mr. H. B. Pasmore will give a pupils' invitational concert at Y. M. C. A. Auditorium next Wednesday evening. The program embraces songs by Schumann, Mendelssohn, Massenet, arias by Handel and Meyerbeer and part songs by Garrett, Arthur Fickenscher and John Harraden Pratt; also "The Night," by Rheinberger, with flute, violin, viola, cello, and piano accompaniment.

Adelaide Birchler, who will debut at the Orpheum next week, is a contralto of local renown. She has sung in church choirs, and also appeared at some of the Pasmore concerts.

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The new season of the California theatre will open on May twenty-fifth with "The Runaway Girl." When Alice Neilsen was last at the Columbia, the one member of her company who made a notable hit was John Slavin, "the little fellow of the trio of comedians." From the first night he won unbounded popularity and his comedy work was the talk of the town. This same John Slavin comes to the California as a member of the Augustin Daly Musical Comedy Company which is to present the Daly musical pieces here for a season of eight weeks. Slavin is one of the highest salaried comedians on the stage.

ARIF SAVAY, the High Priest of the Amritist Society

Mr. Arif Savay, the editor of that brilliant journal, *The Iconoclast*, and high priest of the Amritist Society, of which that paper is the official organ, will deliver a series of lectures in this city on interesting topics. The first will be given at the Alhambra theatre tomorrow (Sunday) night, May seventeenth, and the subject will be "Success." This lecture will be free to the public, and tickets can be had on application to the office of the society, Room 306, Parrott building, at Kohler & Chase's, and at the theatre on the evening of the lecture. There will be no collection taken up, nor fee of any kind, as this lecture is simply to introduce Mr. Savay to the public. Other lectures will be delivered on Sunday nights at Steinway hall, and the prices for these will be one dollar for a course of three, and general admission fifty cents. The subjects of these lectures will be announced later. Mr. Savay is an American by birth, but descended from one of the royal families of India.

The recent productions of "The Bells of Corneville" for the benefit of the Presentation Convent at the Native Sons' hall, and in Berkeley, were so successful that a repetition has been demanded. Native Sons' hall was so crowded that many were unable to see the pretty opera when given here, and it is to satisfy the demand that another production will be given some time near the end of the month. Three of Mr. Joseph Greven's pupils—Mrs. Lenore Greven as Germaine, J. Beatty as Grenicheux and F. W. Huber as Gaspard—scored hits in the production.

Mary Hampton in a playlet comes soon to the Orpheum. Mary has had a good rest since her last essay here as leading lady at the Alcazar. She went to the Alcazar, it will be remembered, from the Frawleys, the step being taken shortly after the famous war of the three Marys—Van Buren, Scott and Hampton.

That the public likes good music better than trash is proved by the manner in which the trio from "Faust" is received at the California this week. It is injected into "Town Topics" and on Monday night had to be repeated to satisfy the audience.

Homer Henley will sing with the "Heartsease" sextet at the Alcazar next week. He sang in the Henry Miller production of the play.

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Before W. H. Crane left town he, with his wife, called on the veteran actress, Mrs. Elizabeth Saunders, whose birthday every year is celebrated by her friends with great eclat. Mr. Crane has any number of friends in San Francisco. He was the guest of honor at a large supper at the Bohemian Club the Thursday before his departure.

Japanese "day fireworks" will be a feature of the benefit entertainment of San Francisco Lodge No. 3, B. P. O. E., at the Chutes on the twenty-ninth.

Features of Next Week's Bills

Mary Mannering in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" will remain another week at the Columbia; Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

The special summer engagement of the popular actor, White Whittlesey, begins at the Alcazar in the romantic comedy, "Heartsease." From the time that he was coached by David Belasco for the Greek play, "Electra," Mr. Whittlesey's advancement has been rapid. He has supported E. H. Sothern, Julia Arthur, Ada Rehan and Henrietta Crosman and gained distinction in Augustin Daly's company. Next season he is to appear in the great revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" which Nat C. Goodwin undertakes at the Knickerbocker, New York. In the meantime the Alcazar will have him for awhile.

In the revival of "On The Quiet" at the Grand Walter Perkins will be given opportunity to compare his work with that of William Collier. The play itself is a succession of laughable complications, resulting from the conditions imposed by a will and the entanglements of a love affair between the hero and heroine. The scenery is all modern and the last act represents the yacht *Coryphee*.

"Wang" will remain at the Tivoli, its run being good for several weeks. "El Capitan" will come next.

The statuesque beauty, Helene Montrose, is going to sing "Rosey Posey" on Monday night at Fischer's. "Fiddle-dee-dee" is too popular to take off the boards, though "Twirly-Whirly" is almost ready for production.

The Whitney brothers, composers of the "Mosquito's Parade" and other popular music, will begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum in a novel act, including a musical stair-case, a collection of water pitchers from which "Mr. Dooley" is extracted, a base-burner in full blast, filled with chimes, and xylophones concealed in blackboards. The brothers Freydo, expert and clever acrobats imported direct from the Circus Busch in Berlin, will be new. Martini and Max Millian will also be new. Martini is an expert conjurer and performer at legerdemain while his partner, with clever comedy, exposes every trick. Miss Adelaide Birchler, a contralto of great richness of voice and thorough schooling, will make her vaudeville debut. Corbett will stay another week.

At the Chutes the newcomers will include Athan, Wilson and Clarke, comedy sketch artists, Zarelli, silver wire walker, and Katherine Fuller, mezzo-soprano. The Wilson family will remain. Ella Burt will coast the Chutes on a bicycle every afternoon and evening after the performance in the theatre. The original Pepper Ghost Show, direct from London, is the latest novelty at the Chutes. —*The Playgoer*

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A Notable Function

The Presidential visit was made the occasion of several dinners and receptions, among which a notable and most pleasant one was the breakfast given by the Pacific States Mining and Investment Company to its friends and patrons. The offices of the company at 326 Post street were converted on short notice into a banqueting hall, being spacious enough to accommodate all the guests and leave room to spare. The breakfast was timed to occur immediately after the unveiling of the monument in Union Square, commemorative of Dewey's victory at Manila Bay on May 1, 1898. The windows of the offices of the Pacific States Mining and Investment Company are immediately opposite the monument, at the distance of not more than one hundred feet, and they also faced the triumphal arch so that the guests enjoyed a splendid view of the ceremonies.

The menu at the breakfast was a triumph of culinary art and included as a novelty "Abalone soup," the abalones being provided by the Abalone Packing Company from the cannery at Cayucos, just completed and now in active operation. The Abalone Packing Company is one of the many successful promotions effected by the Pacific States Mining and Investment Company. Baron W. E. von Johannsen, secretary of the company, was the host and acquitted himself to admiration, maintaining his reputation for bonhomie and geniality. The following was the menu: Canape of caviar, oysters on the half shell, abalone soup, terrapin a la Maryland, vol au vent of sweetbreads, Roosevelt punch, spring chicken, German sauce, pate de fois gras en gelee, Romaine salad, dessert, biscuit glace, cakes, almonds, pecans, candies, cafe noir, liqueurs. The breakfast was served by the Ludwig Catering Company of San Francisco. Among those who accepted invitations were: Colonel and Mrs. Charles L. Pierce, Rev. Father Sebastian Dabovich, Miss Mary Dabovich, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Wilder, Mrs. H. M. Parker, Dr. H. R. Arndt, Paul Freygang, W. A. Richardson, James A. Devoto, T. J. Crowley, Miss Ethel Hunt, J. Wolff, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Adams, Miss Mattie McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. William Irelan Jr., M. T. Hardee, Miss Lewis, M. F. Connolley and J. Samuels.

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LETTERS

Bacheller's Latest Romance

It is an old saying that one must spoil two children in experimenting before being competent to bring up the third properly. It would be too much to say that Irving Bacheller's two previous novels are spoiled brain-children, but his third, "Darrell of the Blessed Isles," is decidedly the best of the trio. Like those of its predecessors, the scene is laid in the St. Lawrence Valley, in the early years of its settlement, and like them also, the interest centres about the relations of a quaint, elderly character and a growing youth, but Darrell is neither Eben Holden nor D'ri in a new costume. On the contrary, he is altogether unique and original, and more lovable than either, which is saying much. If the advent of Willie, carried in a basket on the back of "Uncle Eb," attracted such wide attention, what is to be said of the little chap in this latest book, who comes to the Allen homestead strapped upon a little red sled drawn by a dog which had been stolen from the farmer some time previous? It is when this waif, named Sidney Trove and adopted by the childless couple to whom he is so strangely brought, has reached the age of fifteen or thereabouts that Darrell, the traveling clock tinker, makes his appearance, and the friendship which springs up on the moment is continued through life. Rhoderick Darrell is a man of parts, mainly self-educated. He is without family connection, and though far from being a recluse, is to some extent a solitary man. He is a student of Shakespeare, Milton and the classic authors, and in the pursuit of his calling, which leads him over solitary roads and through the silent woods, is in the habit of beguiling his time by reciting long passages from his favorites. The result of this pastime is that he has unconsciously adopted the phraseology of the seventeenth century, and this, with his slight flavor of Irish brogue and his own native wit and humorous philosophy, adds to the charm of his personality. In his first chance meeting with Sidney, Darrell introduces the lad to Shakespeare, and rouses his ambition. Later, when Sidney goes to the neighboring town of Hillsdale, in the pursuit of an education, the intercourse is renewed in the oddest and quaintest place, the workshop of the clock mender, where, surrounded by tools and timepieces, he learns the way to the "Blessed Isles of Imagination," where one may have all things for the asking. In addition to Rhoderick Darrell, who easily claims precedence, there are a number of other quaint characters such as are to be found only in primitive settlements, and the pictures of life in the middle of the nineteenth century are enriched by their preservation. "Working his way" was not, in those days, accomplished through the assistance of a scholarship in athletics, and Sidney's expense account for a week should make the modern luxurious youth sit up and make comparisons. What a district school was made under the oversight of a good teacher is another picture, and the almost forgotten industry of buying bands of cattle to dispose of on the hoof, leading and driving, and finding a market without the assistance of railroad or telegraph, is also recalled. There is a pretty love story which comes to a proper end, though the road is not without ruts, and the mystery of Sidney's ancestry and advent, as well as the explanation of some of Darrell's peculiarities of life, are well hidden till the end. It is a foregone conclusion that this book will duplicate the success of "Eben Holden," and "Darrell of the Blessed Isles" will have a stage presentation. But Darrell is so altogether natural and lovable, that the demonstration which is sure to greet him will be in direct contrast to that occasioned by recent presentations of stage Irishmen. Lothrop, who was the publisher of Mr. Bacheller's previous book, also stands sponsor for this one.

"A Joyous Heart"

Vella Carruthers ought to have been a most pathetic and melancholy child and a grief-stricken maiden and mother. When she was an infant of but a few months of age, her father was killed in an accident, and her beautiful young mother died because she did not care to live. The baby went to the care of distant relatives, her only kin, strange, silent, loveless people, and later on the little girl was sent to boarding schools. She should have, by all precedent, wept and grieved and fallen into an early decline, but Vella had a "joyous heart." She was glad to be alive—and when the time came, glad to die. Though the time in which the scenes of "A Joyous Heart" are set was just before, during, and after the Civil War, and the location the middle region of Ten-

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nessee, the plot deals with the fortunes of the Osborne family rather than with that of the Union or Confederacy, and though the battle of Murfreesboro was fought so near at hand that the homsstead was used as a hospital for some of the wounded Confederates, there is very little of the carnage dragged across the pages of the book. The Osborne family consisted of a widowed step-mother, a transplanted Puritan, born two hundred years too late; Fanny, young, cynical and self-seeking, and Elmore, headstrong, self-confident, and as egotistic as his sister, in a different way There is an uncle, Bourke Osborne, "once the handsomest man, the best dancer and the deadliest shot in the county, and once, you may be sure, loved of ladies and imitated of youth," but now old in middle age and crippled by rheumatism. Elmore Osborne immediately falls in love with Vella, but his narrow, jealous nature, which demands that the women of his household shall hold themselves a little higher than the angels, does not foreordain happiness to her, or to any other woman who might become his wife. Since he makes his beginning by imagining that Vella has become in some intangible, invisible way, besmirched through having spent a year in Philadelphia, the rest may be left to the imagination of those who do not discover more for themselves by reading. Perhaps no more sorrowful history has ever been conceived, but it is only at the end, when one takes a backward glance, that this is realized, for the bright, sunny nature of the girl and woman pervades everything. Through an ill-assorted marriage, and early widowhood, a motherhood which should have been, by all human rule, a long grief, and in the end, when life seemed at last to promise happiness, the faithlessness of another, Vella kept courage, and there may be "here and there hearts to live their lives out a little stronger, possessing something more of sorely needed fortitude and cheer, because of the blithe harmony of the most ill-fated soul they have ever known," even though the acquaintance be made only through the perusal of this optimistic story, in the days when pessimism and dissatisfaction is the rule. Readers of the higher class of magazines has long since met Viola Roseboro' through the medium of her short stories, and they will not regret her essay into the field of the novelist. ["A Joyous Heart" is published by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

Another Braddon Novel Coming

"Miss Braddon" is about to publish another novel, after a silence of several years, but the event will not be so much of a sensation as the recrudescence of Augusta Evans, since the English writer has not been in retirement for anything like the the sixteen years which marked the lapse of time since the last book of Augusta Evans before "The Speckled Bird" made its appearance. "Miss Braddon," who is Mrs. Mary Maxwell, but who prefers to keep her two characters entirely separate, is well past her middle sixties, and she has published more than sixty successful novels. Her literary career began early, and her reputation was made by "Lady Audley's Secret," which made its appearance when she was twenty-five, and is today more alive than some of the best-sellers of this time last year. Although it was as a "sensational novelist" that "Miss Braddon" made her reputation, her later works are not to be classed in that category. In her character of Mrs. Maxwell, the writer takes no interest in "Miss Braddon's" novels, and neither talks of them herself nor cares to hear them discussed. "Miss Braddon" is equally unconcerned about the social duties of Mrs. Maxwell, who rejoices that the only picture of "Miss Braddon" that was ever printed was taken so long ago that no one would now recognize it. Probably no other woman has made so much money out of her books as has "Miss Braddon." Her business affairs are in the hands of her son, and she usually receives twenty thousand dollars for the English book rights of her novels and as much more for serial rights. She has lost count of the number of editions into which "Lady Audley's Secret" has passed, but there have been over fifty. More than three million copies of her works have been sold in the cheap edition alone, and there is no abatement of their popularity. —*The Bookworm*

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With the Money Makers

To Increase Its Capital

The latest move of the directors of the Bank of California is to call a meeting of the shareholders on Wednesday, July 15, to consider a proposition to increase the capital stock of the institution from $2,000,000, composed of 20,000 shares of a par value of $100 each, to $3,000,000 with 30,000 shares of $100 each, and as a close canvass among the shareholders has already been made by the directors, it is almost an assured fact that the proposition will be carried. The new shares will be offered to stockholders at $300 per share in the proportion of one share for each two shares owned; in this way $3,000,000 will be added to the capital and surplus of the bank. With the undivided profits which amount to something like $3,750,000 the bank will have a capital on which to transact business in the neighborhood of $10,000,000.

Industrial Shares in Favor

Industrial shares have shown a fair measure of activity during the week and there has been comparatively little fluctuation in prices. Generally speaking investors are showing a little more partiality to railroad and manufacturing stocks than for some time past. These securities are regarded as being of the most substantial character and more likely to be regular dividend payers at no distant day. Stocks of manufacturing corporations are in a better position today, than at any time in the history of the State, because of the solution of the fuel problem. This has been the bugbear in the pathway of California manufacturing industries ever since the State was admitted into the Union. But now, with the rapid development of electric power and the increasing yield of crude petroleum, the manifold resources of the State can be utilized at home at a low cost of production. This has increased the manufacturing industries and the shares of stock in these corporations are being eagerly sought for by investors. Speculative traffic in shares during the week has been quite general in character but for two or three days lighting shares held the boards as centres of attraction. The primary cause of this activity in gas stocks, as far as can be learned, was solely due to a revival of the reports that Eastern capital was still seeking to secure control of the electric and gas lighting plants in the city. Whether anything of a definite character has transpired since the alleged renewal of the option on the property and plant of the Independent Light and Power Company cannot of course be known except to the parties immediately interested. This, however, has not interfered with speculative interests alternately booming and depressing the price of shares of the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company. As that company has the most extensive producing plant in the city, it is claimed that any combination would of necessity be compelled to purchase this plant in order to head off competition. On the other hand it is stated by those who are in a position to know that even though the Independent and other companies might be absorbed, the new owners would be totally indifferent as to the existence of the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company. During the early part of the week the shares of the latter company were held quite steady for a brief period, but it was impossible to stop the downward tendency in prices. Ever since the first reports of prospective combinations, operators and dealers in shares have been eagerly watching for some possible fulfillment of speculative rumors, until now with the lapse of time and no development, it takes more than mere rumor to uphold prices to the level to which interested parties force them. This accounts for the downward tendency in prices at the present time. San Francisco Gas & Electric shares have eased off a little each day so that now $55 and $56 is about a full price with buyers rather backward and not inclined to handle the stock except in small quantities. The shares of the Pacific Gas Improvement Company have also experienced a depressing influence for the same reasons as set forth in the foregoing paragraphs. The decline in price has not been very great, but it has been sufficient to plainly show the weakness of the situation. Equitable shares have been selling in a small way from $4.50 and $4.75, the latter for the most part being the asking figure. Mutual Electric Light has been steady at $9 and Pacific Lighting Company has been held at $56.50, although buyers have been loath to offer more than $55.75. While it is known that negotiations and conferences have been held relative to possible combinations of local lighting interests it is evident that nothing definite has been accomplished and apparently there is little probability of any tangible result being reached. Street rumors make many claims for both sides but it seems to be very difficult to effect any settlement whereby conflicting interests can be satisfied, meanwhile the war in gas rates goes merrily on. Powder stocks hav shown very little change during the week, although Giant has developed a strength which by some was wholly unexpected. Sellers are demanding $71 and $72 per share for small parcels, but buyers are rather backward and do not seem inclined to offer more than $70. This strength is doubtless due to the reports of prospective consolidation of interests of the powder companies controlling the local field. Spring Valley Water shares have been selling slowly, the lots changing hands being of small proportions. Sellers are asking $84.50 to $85, but there are few buyers who are willing to pay more than $84 as a maximum figure. Oceanic Steamship shares are held quite steady with $9 as the best bid, and $10 as asking price. These prices seem very low for stock upon which $100 per share has been paid in. It is probable, however, that after reorganization the securities of the company may develop a high standard of valuation. Bank of California shares have taken another leap upward and $625 per share is now the asking price. There have been no sales at this figure, but with the persistant demands of buyers and the firmness of sellers it is not improbable that this will be the market value before long. Sales of bonds have been fairly extensive and while some Spring Valley 4 per cents have changed hands the bulk of transactions has been in electric lighting and railway securities.

—*The Financier.*

The May issue of the *Pacific States Investor* is especially strong in editorial and original articles, one of which will be read with general interest on account of its reference to the financial stringency which some believe to be impending. The Central American situation receives masterly treatment in the editorial columns, and the article dealing with illumination of interiors will be read with avidity by all who recognize that in great cities this is the most important problem of the time and the one which promises the richest rewards for solution. The "Notes by the Way" are timely, pertinent and invaluable to investors.

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MUSIC

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The Stewart Concert

One man to thirteen women was the proportion of vocalists at the pupils' concert of Dr. H. J. Stewart last week. The man was Mr. William Hogg, who gave an uncommonly good rendition of Vulcan's song from Gounod's "Philemon et Baucis." Of the ladies who furnished the remainder of the long entertainment, the first and last on the program were perhaps the best of the baker's dozen. Miss Camille Frank had the opening number, three songs from Felitz's "Schongetlein." Miss Frank has a mellow voice which she uses with sympathy and expression. At the end of the program came Mrs. Wallace Wheaton Briggs, who had two striking Chadwick songs which she rendered with good spirit. Mrs. Briggs's articulation was excellent and she put life and spirit into her rendition. Mrs. E. J. Jolly had a trying Weber number with which she struggled bravely; she was much better in the song which she gave as an encore. Miss Adele Shaw has a piquant manner, and was extremely pleasing in "A Woodland Madrigal." Mrs. Carrie McLaine Mason committed many vocal and other sins in Liszt's "Lorelei," not the least of which was her deplorable pronunciation of German. Mrs. Florence Darby was not adequate to the requirements of her Verdi aria. I have heard Mrs. L. Snider Johnson in better voice, but she was very effective in the song composed for and dedicated to herself by Dr. Stewart, "A Winter Love Song." Miss Helen Pettigrew was pleasing in her two program numbers, "Si mes vers avaient des ailes" and Bemberg's Venetian Serenade. Her voice is pure and she sings intelligently. The concert opened with two movements from Mozart's Sonata in A, violin Mr. Nathan Landsberger and piano Dr. Stewart. At the close of the vocal numbers the same artists gave the minuet and allegro from Beethoven's Sonata in G, both selections being worth going a long way to listen to. Dr. Stewart accompanied the pupils' songs on the piano

The Sundland Pupil Recital

One of the most interesting pupil recitals I have ever attended was that of Mr. Abraham Sundland last Friday night. Maple hall was scarcely large enough to accommodate the large audience, and many were compelled to stand during the entire program. It was, however, worth standing through, for the numbers were all interesting and well-chosen. The pupils taking part ranged from Sadie Epstein, a tiny tot of perhaps seven years, to advanced players. The program began with simple selections rendered by the children, and ended with a brilliant bolero by Moszkowski, executed by the two Millers, Annie and Mary. All of the players showed a fine knowledge of the technique of piano-playing. Mr. Sundland has always ranked among the most scholarly of our pianists, and his pupils have managed to acquire much of that brilliancy which his own work shows. While one cannot mention individually every participant in a public recital of this kind, still I cannot refrain from mentioning the number of little Mildred Abraham, who played the Mozart rondo in D major. This little girl played with less dash than some of the others, but she showed a remarkable grasp of her theme, and much sympathy of interpretation. Madeleine O'Neill and Annie Miller, of the older girls, played their numbers with almost Hofmann-like *elan*. The program in full was: Dance of the Gnomes, Jean Faber, Helen and Rena Stuparich; Slumber Song, The Fair, Gurlitt, Sadie Epstein; Gipsy Rondo, Haydn, Fred Bissinger; Rondo, D major, Mozart, Mildred Abraham; Gavotte, Godard, The Butterfly, Lavallee, Mary Miller; Valse, Durand, Rena Stuparich; Turkish March, Beethoven-Rubinstein, Valse, op. 34, Moszkowski, Madeleine O'Neill; Tannhauser March, Wagner-Liszt, Annie Miller; 'cello solo, "Triste," "Joyeuse," Squire, Fred Bissinger (pupil of Mr. Theodore Mansfeldt), accompanied by Rena Stuparich; Polonaise, Rogers, Kitty Lichtenstein; Tarantelle, Sydney Smith,

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Comic Opera, Once and Now

"It may sound pessimistic," writes Lewis M. Isaacs in the current *Bookman*, "to say that the golden age of operetta is gone; but when, after considering the present outlook of musical comedies and farces, one turns back thirty years and sees how a former generation fared in this particular, the remark seems justified by the facts. * * * Can public taste have so degenerated as to demand pieces of the calibre of *The Silver Slipper* in preference to the kind of a generation ago? It is improbable that the public have made a deliberate choice. A more reasonable explanation of the evolutionary phenomena is the inconstancy of the general public on whose favor this *genre* of entertainment is mainly dependent for its existence. They have an insatiable desire for something new. * * * If the public at large are properly prepared for it, there can be no doubt of the successful issue of an extensive revival of operetta." This is what I have often asserted. The operas of Offenbach, Lecocq, Audran and Planquette could, I am sure, be revived and if well produced, with clever artists in the principal roles, would soon dash from their pinnacle of popularity the trash that now masquerades under the name of comic opera. The German comic operas and some of Gilbert and Sullivan's are worthy of being included in such a revival. One can look back ten years or so to the time when the Tivoli was the home of real comic opera, and the productions always drew crowded houses. Of course there are no Alice Oates's, Aimees and Judics now, but there might be some to rise and take the place of those famous artistes. The Tivoli managed to secure substitutes for those stars, and they were not bad substitutes, either. Let us pray for the revival that Mr. Isaacs wishes.

Irving Institute Commencement

The graduating exercises of Irving Institute will occur next Thursday evening in Golden Gate hall, and a very fine program will be their accompaniment. Hermann Genss will render a Schubert march and other piano numbers will be given, by Margaret Vernet Weinmann, Eleanor Sybil Esther McLennan, Agnes Maud Heywood, Josephine Olive Fairchild, Mary France McDermott and Frances Alice Graeter. There will also be songs, solos and chorus, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Nichols will award the diplomas.

At Steinway hall on the evening of May twenty-ninth pupils of Mrs. Marriner Campbell will present Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater." This work is rarely produced because of its difficulties in vocalization and its presentation is therefore of unusual interest.

Homer Henley, Herbert Williams, Mrs. Scott-Basford, Mrs. Marian E. B. Robinson, Mrs. Carpeneto-Mead and Miss Ruth Weston will take part in the production of S. Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," at Maple hall next Tuesday evening. This work will be a complete novelty here. The second part of the program to be rendered at this first concert of the Barton Choral will consist of songs and part-songs composed by Gerard Barton. Mr. Barton, a recent comer among us, is a composer of rare ability whose songs have been given on various programs lately. His wife is a pianiste and accompanist of rare excellence.

At the U. C. Alumni reception on Wednesday night at the Hopkins an orchestral promenade concert under Henry Heyman's direction was a pleasing feature of the entertainment provided for the guests.

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A program of sacred music will be given at St. Dominic's church tomorrow evening. The following numbers will be rendered: Organ solo, Fantasia in E flat, Best; aria, "The Lord is Risen," Sullivan, Miss Jessica Seymour; organ solo, Legend of St. Francis d' Assise (St. Francis preaches to the birds), Liszt; solo, "Gens duce splendida" (Hora Novissima), Parker, Miss Ella V. McCloskey; Easter music from Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," with solos by Mrs. B. Apple; at Benediction, "O Salutaris," Dettner, "Tantum Ergo," Faure; concluding voluntary, March in D, Best.—Dr. H. J. Stewart, organist and director of the choir.

Miss Goodsell's Pupil Recital

Last Saturday evening, at the residence of Mrs. W. F. Shattuck, 2821 Steiner street, Miss Dorothy Goodsell's pupils gave a delightful recital. Sixteen pupils participated in the program, some coming from Palo Alto, Redwood City, Oakland and Berkeley to join the San Francisco representatives. Miss Goodsell has a studio in each of those places. The program was well rendered, ease and freedom in breathing and clear, distinct articulation being particularly commendable in the singers. The program was: Nazareth, Gounod, Mr. Shattuck; The Woodpecker, Mighty lak a Rose, Nevin, Miss Foster; Out in the Open Meadow, Stewart, Miss Upham; Japanese Love Song, Carrington, Mrs. Hastings; O! Love Divine, Geo. Nevin, Saphic Ode, Brahms, Mrs. Meek; A Song of Spring, Neidlinger, Mrs. Stubenrauch; Just for Today, Abbott, Little One a-Cryin', Speaks, Miss Kirkpatrick; Songs My Mother Taught Me, Dvorak, Villanelle, Dell 'Acqua, Miss E. Jones; Life, Blumenthal, Mr. Young; Without Thee, D' Hardelot, The Great Beyond, Carrington, Miss Partee; All for You, D' Hardelot, Spring's Awakening, Hawley, Mrs. Rugg; O, that we two were Maying, Henschel, Hindoo Song, Bemberg, Miss MacFadyen; trio, Ebb and Flow, King, Misses Foster, Partee and Kirkpatrick; Waltz Song (Romeo and Juliet), Gounod, The Danza, Chadwick, Miss A. Jones; Bird and the Rose, Harrocks, Creole Love Song, Buck, Dr. Little; duet, I Feel thy Angel Spirit, Hoffmann, Mrs. Rugg and Mr. Young.

The Antonia Dolores (Trebelli) Concerts

The first of the Dolores concerts will take place next Wednesday night at the Alhambra. The program is interesting and varied and begins with a group of Italian songs—"Star Vicino" by Salvator Rosa, "Se Florindo" by Scarlatti, and "Per La Gloria" by Buononcini. A group of songs in English follows, consisting of "May Dew" by Bennett, "The Tear" by Rubinstein, and "Oh, Tell Me, Nightingale" by Liza Lehmann. French composers are represented by a Russian Song of Paladile's, and a serenade by Massenet. The operatic numbers include a recitative and aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," the Shadow Dance from "Dinorah," and the prayer from "La Tosca." By special request the beautiful English song, "Hear the Gentle Lark," with flute obligato played by Louis Neubauer of the Tivoli orchestra, has been added to the program. The sale of seats will open Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where tickets may be purchased for all three concerts. The Saturday afternoon concert will be the only matinee at which Dolores will sing in the city. The Sunday night concert will be devoted to sacred music and special request numbers. Requests for any particular numbers should be sent to Will L. Greenbaum.

At Philomath Club's annual meeting (board of directors) on Monday afternoon Mrs. Hume read her paper on "The Bible as Literature," and Miss Pauline Hess gave two recitations. Her selections were the favorite "Oh, Sir" and "A Telephone Conversation" which were very cleverly rendered, the reader showing considrable dramatic talent.

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Other People's Ideas

From "Knight of Gwynne," by Charles Lever:

When Cupid is bankrupt, there is no use in attempting to patch up his affairs by any composition with the creditors.

The most insufferable assumption of superiority is never half so chilling in its effect upon underbred people as the calm quietude of good manners.

Daly: I know of no cruelty in savage life that has not its counterpart amid our civilization, and for the rude virtues that are nurtured there, they are never warmed into existence by the hotbed of selfishness.

Daly: When people talk of suffering virtue, believe me, the element of courage must be wanting; but where the stout heart unites with the good cause success will come at last.

It is a fact not only well worthy of mention, but pregnant with its own instruction, that persons who have long enjoyed all the advantages of elevated social position better support the reverses which condemn them to humble and narrow fortunes, than do the vulgar-minded, when, by any sudden caprice of the goddess, they are raised to a conspicuous and distinguished elevation.

Miss Daly: I hate pity. It is like a recommendation to mercy after the sentence of an unjust judge.

From "The Mystery of Orcival," by Gaboriau:

Hector: Life is only a succession of broken friendships. What is a friend, after all? One who can and ought to serve you. Ability consists in breaking with people when they cease to be useful to you.

There are times when the armor of hypocrisy becomes so burdensome that one is forced, cost what it may, to throw it off if only for an instant.

The logic of life, alas, fatally enchains all our determinations to each other. Often an indifferent action, little wrongful in itself, is the beginning of an atrocious crime. Each of our new resolutions depends upon those which have preceded it, and is their logical sequence just as the sum-total is the product of the added figures. Woe to him who, being seized with a dizziness at the brink of the abyss, does not fly as fast as possible, without turning his head; for soon yielding to an irresistible attraction, he approaches, braves the danger, slips, and is lost. Whatever thereafter he does or attempts he will roll down the faster, until he reaches the very bottom of the gulf.

From "The Forest Lovers," by Maurice Hewlett:

Friar Bonaccord: Let me tell you this, from a man who knows what he is talking about, that if you think to escape them by neglecting them, you are going the devil's way to work. If you wish them to let you alone, speak them fair, drop easily to your knee, be a hand-kisser, a cushion-disposer, a goer on your toes. They will think you are a lover and shrug you away. Never do a woman a service as if to oblige her; do

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The Abbot: Between a woman's heart and her conscience there can be no fight. There is, rather, a triumph, wherein the most glorious of the victor's spoils is that same conscience, shackled and haled behind the car.

From Mrs. Fremont Older's "The Socialist and the Prince":

Stryne: Do not make the mistake of supposing that any one is very much better or nobler than his neighbor. There are hideous mysteries lying at the bottom of every sea. We all have about the same number of black spots on us. Some keep them a bit better covered than others. That is all.

—*The Gleaner.*

Behind the Bar

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—*The Soak.*

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NELLIE G. PAULSELL, Plaintiff, vs. O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco. State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of this plaintiff and upon the furt her ground of defendant's extreme cruelty toward this plaintiff, said action is further brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court awarding the minor children of the parties to this action to plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

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San Francisco, May 23, 1903

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Our Provincial Boasting

Pertinent to the general aftermath of the Roosevelt visit is the question whether it is not high time to quit boasting about our hospitality. We invariably receive our notable visitors with chest and glad-hand simultaneously extended, and scarcely do we bid them welcome before we begin extolling our generous hospitality. When the State plays the part of a host it should conform to the same rules of politeness that govern the individual in like circumstances. No gentleman ever bores his guest with a long dissertation on the reputation that he has achieved for hospitality. A man's hospitality speaks for itself, and there is no need of his impressing his guest with the quality of his graciousness by telling him about it. The ideal host acts as though he feels honored that he has the opportunity to appear in the role. Hospitality is most appreciated when the effort it involves is least accentuated. California became famous for hospitality in the early days of her history, when the owners of the old ranchos entertained with a lavishness that was almost royal. The spirit of munificence that stimulated the hosts of those days is now little more than a memory. The infusion of a little of the essence of Yankee thrift into the veins of the community has wrought a change in the temperament, and the consequence is that though we like to live up to the reputation of the founders of the State, and to that end make spectacular splurges on certain occasions, we cannot refrain from the Yankee habit of boasting of our virtues. It is evidence of our provincialism, and we should try to improve our manners in that respect.

The Roosevelt Progeny

Since President Roosevelt made it clearly understood to a certain class of writers that he did not wish the sayings and doings of his children, whether real or imaginary, to be turned into copy, there has come about the other extreme, in which "Teddy," "Archie," "Quentin" and "Kermit" figure in all sorts of burlesque adventures, such as awakening guests at the White House by appearing in their night gowns and emptying pitchers of water over the sleepers, taking flying leaps over the stair balusters and landing on the shoulders of diplomats, who are obliged to carry them about the grounds under penalty of having their ribs drummed by sturdy heels. Of course no one in America is quite foolish enough to accept the yarns, but the unwarranted indulgence with which the average parent treats his offspring is such that it will not be at all surprising to discover that foreigners, especially those who have come into contact with specimens of the ordinary type of Americanus Juveniles, will accept them as genuine. From what we know of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt in other connections, there is every reason to believe that they are gifted with at least ordinary common sense, and that the children are under as much restraint and discipline as can well be enforced in a household of healthy boys. The children whose parents happen to occupy the White House are not public characters. It is not their fault that their father is President, and they should not be made to suffer from it. The exploitation of "Baby McKee" during the Harrison administration was carried to such an excess that those who like to attribute obvious effects to obscure causes might give it place amongst those which have led to the so-called "race suicide." President Cleveland succeeded in keeping his children in the background, and to this day no authentic picture of them has ever been published. Even such malicious inventions as that the eldest child was deformed, idiotic, and a deaf mute drew neither contradiction nor denial, nor, what was probably the thing aimed at, a chance to interview the dwellers in the nursery. The Roosevelt children are older, and not so easily secluded, but they are entitled to protection from the antics of the clown journalists.

The Charges Against Wood

During one of his speeches in this city President Roosevelt took occasion to commend the work of his friend General Leonard Wood. President Roosevelt is as loyal to his friends as was General Grant, and like General Grant he will no doubt be willing to shield an undeserving friend from harm. It is a noble sentiment that prompts a man to be steadfast in his friendship even when all claims upon him have been forfeited by betrayal of confidence. But unfortunately the State often suffers through the friendship of individuals. The loyalty of a friend in a high place has saved many a corrupt official from the penalty that his misconduct incurred. General Wood, who was so highly complimented by President Roosevelt, has been under fire for months, and it has been pretty clearly proved that as Governor of Cuba he countenanced some very discreditable transactions. Moreover it appears that if it were not for his pull at Washington an investigation would have been held which might have resulted in some damaging disclosures. His record is badly clouded, and if he were jealous of his personal honor he would demand an investigation. The charges against him are accumulating. The latest scandal in which he is involved grew out of the publication by the *North American Review* in February, 1900, of an article attacking General Brooke's administration in Cuba at about the time when Wood supplanted Brooke in supreme command at Havana. The article attacked Brooke, the superior of General Wood, in the most unmeasured

terms. The article was so plainly a violation of military decency and discipline that Secretary Root ordered General Wood by cable to call its author, Lieutenant Rucie, to account for it. Rucie was on General Wood's staff, and in consequence of the article he was removed from several commissions and offices in which, according to Wood, he was doing valuable work for the Military Government. Now it appears that Lieutenant Rucie was merely the nominal author of the article; that the real and responsible author was Leonard Wood. If this charge is true surely General Wood should be court-martialed, for he not only made an attack on a superior officer in order to supplant him but he concealed his part in the affair and permitted his partner, a subordinate, to be punished for it. The man who would do such a thing is unfit to be an officer of the United States Army.

Titles Abolished in Italy

There has been a wholesale housecleaning in the Italian Heraldic Office and all those titles which could not show a clean pedigree have been cleared off the books. This makes a clean sweep of the "Black" nobility, whose honors were conferred by the Popes. With them go those titles granted by the Kings of Naples, as well as all those bestowed by the fugitive and deposed Bourbons. Henceforth an Italian title, to be valid, has to come from the Italian King. At first sight this looks as if the industry of dealing in Italian titles for matrimonial purposes had received a knock-out blow, but when people who have money are willing to exchange it for a title, it is going to require more than a mere revocation to effect anything of an improvement. An Italian whose family once had a title will be in no worse condition than the French nobility under the Republic. Even if there is a prohibition against using the title in Italy, there can be nothing to prevent its being sported elsewhere. It may make the American rich father a little more cautious of the quality of a coronet he purchases for Mary Ann, but when an English Countess, supposed to be as infallible in detecting the real thing as a magnet is in differentiating iron filings from sand, can be deluded into accepting a coachman, even the decree of the Heraldic office will not protect the American heiress from the bootblack or barber. But there is no occasion to waste any great amount of sympathy on the victims of the swindles. Usually these marriages are simple matters of barter. Without the title the man would not be considered for a moment. Without the money, the woman would not even be glanced at. The marriages are generally "arranged" with reference to these matters alone and after an acquaintance of the briefest duration. What is really needed is some sort of insurance company which will make good the loss if the title is imperfect.

The Hypocrisy of Reform

It has been the experience of almost every large city in this country that the professional reformer is always more bold and reckless in his questionable practices than the practical politician who regards public office as a private snap. There has seldom been a Reform administration that has not made itself ridiculous by misdirected effort, or contemptible by cant and hypocrisy. The present Reform Administration of New York recently ordered that evidence be collected against gambling and disorderly houses. Policemen were detailed in plain clothes to collect the evidence, but instead of going to disorderly houses they visited the well-conducted palaces of sin to which they could not gain an entrance without an introduction, and the bills that they put in are a scandal to the Administration. Such items exploited by the newspapers as "two women, twenty-two dollars," "six rounds of refreshments for twenty inmates, ten dollars and eighty cents," "breakfast for two females, officer and self, four dollars and a half," point to systematic lewdness for its own sake. It appears that prosecution seldom followed these fleshly raids which are reminiscent of the Parkhurst excursions into the haunts of vice, and the inference is that public decency as represented by the police was a huge joke. Never in the reign of Tammany did an Administration in New York fly in the face of decency as did the police detailed by Mayor Low to gather evidence against disorderly houses. And never in the days of Buckley did corrupt officials carry on their nefarious enterprises with the boldness that has characterized the conduct of some of the men that have served under Phelan and Schmitz.

The Eclipse of Miles

General Miles has ceased to be a thorn in the side of the Administration. Since the publication of his report on the outrages perpetrated by our soldiers in the Philippines he has been interviewed a few times but nobody has paid any attention to his utterances. General Miles has suffered eclipse. Having missed his opportunity in the Spanish war when all our soldiers were making records in the field, he is no longer taken seriously. A grumbling, scolding soldier cuts an awkward figure, and that is the role that General Miles has filled for several years. He achieved his exalted position in the army through political influence, passing over the heads of men who had rendered more conspicuous service to their country, and who were far more deserving of recognition. Yet he was not satisfied. He wished to become President and he proceeded to boom himself at the expense of others. As a consequence he made many enemies and soon lost prestige. He went to the Philippines on a political mission, and accepted the testimony of prejudiced natives as foundation for aspersions cast by him on his brother officers. He was ready to incline his eager ear to any yarn of army persecution that a native might tell, and consequently it was easy for him to gather material for his official report. No doubt he thought that it would so startle the War Department that Secretary Root would try to suppress it, and thereby give him the opportunity to censure the Administration. But Secretary Root promptly gave the report to the public, and that was the end of it. We all knew that outrages had been perpetrated in the Philippines. We do not think that

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our army is far more humane than the soldiery of other Christian countries, but we do not care to be reminded of its shortcomings by the disgruntled Commanding General.

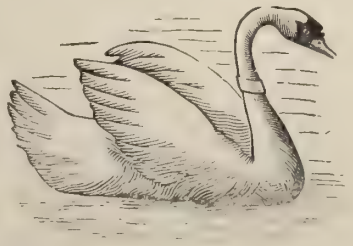
The Suicide Cult

One of the questions occupying the attention of the statistician is the increase of suicide, and all sorts of absurd and far-fetched reasons are brought forward to account for the undeniable fact. The reason is not so obscure that it may be laid at the door of early strawberries or late peaches, for it is to be found in the modern plan of education, which places egotism and the ease of the individual above all else. The children who were subjected to the old-time "spank-cure" and made to assist in the household and farm labor were not given to shuffling off the mortal coil whenever every circumstance was not exactly to their liking. The modern youngster, who is coaxed and coddled and pleaded with, and who is sent to kindergarten to be amused, and lifted and carried through the grammar school with the least expenditure of labor on his own part, is not apt to develop much fortitude. The eclectic system, which permits the high school and university student to omit from his course anything that does not please his fancy, will not help him to imbibe any serious ideas with respect to duty, especially when, from the cradle, he has been emancipated from any task which was not primarily an amusement. With all the thorns removed from the roses, all the stones picked from the path, he never learns the satisfaction of overcoming obstacles. He is capable of a spectacular display before an admiring audience, but not of sustained effort, and the spectacle of a brawny football player crying over his defeat is a perfect picture of the way in which the modern man meets reverses. Instead of shutting his teeth, clinching his hands and going at it again, he gives up and bellows. For the slightest pain or physical inconvenience there is a resort to drugs, and for even so simple a matter as the extracting of a tooth, there is a demand for some anæsthetic. The number of children who put an end to their own lives is simply appalling, and the fact that they are so ready to throw themselves overboard from the ferryboat because they are forbidden to attend the theatre, or resort to firearms unless they are free to attend the Chutes, is not so much an evidence of the harsh and cruel treatment of the parents as it is of the incorrigibility of the children. It is incontestible proof that they have been sadly in need of restraint and that it has not been applied in time. The man who commits suicide because he has failed in business, and is not willing to begin at the bottom, has little if any compunction about leaving his wife and children to struggle along as best they can. He thinks only of himself and his own ease. The woman who resorts to carbolic acid is apt to be spiteful, and to be so taken up with the gratification of her temper, and in making things as unpleasant as possible for others, that for the moment she forgets her own sufferings in the contemplation of the annoyance she can cause. The forger or embezzler gives no consideration to the additional disgrace he is bringing upon his relatives. He cannot bear to face the music, and so he leaves it to others. It is the complete relaxation of wholesome discipline which is to blame for the increase of suicide, the inability to take hard knocks. There is a lot of preaching on the subject of quitting, but we are short on practice. It is not talking about what ought to be done, but doing it, which will give practice. Cutting up the family firewood was good practice toward clearing forests, and working out the hard problems in fractions and square root in the old arithmetic went a long way toward preparing for the tackling of the problems of life. Life is no harder now than it ever was. If anything, it is easier. The fault lies in the methods of preparation for meeting the hardships. With the whole trend of mental and moral training in the direction of shifting responsibilities, doing only what is perfectly easy, and shirking duty, it is no wonder that the only way the modern man knows how to meet a contingency is by turning his back and running away from it.

Be Strenuous and You'll Be Neurotic

From Dr. Oliver T. Osborne comes a warning against the dangers of "The Strenuous Life." He delivered an address on that subject before the American Therapeutic Society at Washington the other day, and he stated that neurosis of the heart or debility of its muscles, causing degeneration of the circulatory system, menaced those who were too ardent and persistent in their pursuits. Much of the neurosis of the day is due to the resourcefulness of modern invention—the scores of devices to compass time and annihilate distance. The fast elevator that stops with a jerk and the automobile that is pulled up suddenly to avoid running over a pedestrian are responsible for much of the strain that seriously damages the heart. In our daily routine impetuosity is characteristic of our conduct. We try to do everything on time, and we go through life with a watch in hand. We rush up long flights of stairs, we run for a car, we dash out of a theatre before the performance is over, we bolt our meals and we are always filled with anxiety. We can accomplish all that is necessary if we are reposeful, providing our brain is active, and we do not overtax our capacity. The strenuous life, like a fast one, is short. It plays havoc with the nervous system, and when one's nerves are shattered a halt must be called. Exponents of the strenuous life lose a lot of time trying to recover from the effects of their haste and intrepidity. There is much in the reposeful life to commend.

Good humor and a smiling face go hand in hand with Jesse Moore "A A" Whiskey.



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THE HEAD OF MURIETTA

Livid head and blackened hand
  Severed from a bandit chief,—
Hand that wrought what head had planned
  For assassin and for thief.

Face of fiend, illumed by Hell,
  Through whose Gorgon eyeballs shine
Hate and craft no death can quell,
  As they glitter into mine!

Safely prisoned in the glass,
  Dream of bloody orgies still;
Through that head what thoughts must pass!
  How that hand must lust to kill!

Fleshly orbs and mirrors black,
  Still the scenes where men did die,
Still the blood that marked thy track,
  Redden in each demon eye.

Lo, the hacienda's flame
  Tells the ruin of thy raid,
And a place, that knows no name,
  Knows the wailing of a maid!

Oft his gold the gamester stored
  Warm beside his cunning hand—
Oft thine own received his hoard
  With a short and sharp command.

At the gay fiesta's ball
  Maiden laughed with cavalier,
Till a shudder shot through all:
  "Murietta: he is here."

Seemed betimes thy courage lost,
  Faint with mountain-weight of crime—
It was but a ride at most
  Where the Mission bells held chime.

But a swift ride by the moon
  Where the pale adobes shone,
Craving from the Christ a boon—
  And the Virgin carved of stone.

Sunk on peaceful knees to pray,
  Thou and all thy robber horde
Did kiss the rudest cross where lay
  The mangled body of the Lord.

It is said that thou didst give
  Ravished riches to the poor,
So to thee, when fugitive,
  Opened each his sheltering door.

Some do say thy soul was crazed
  By a grief too great to bear—
By a happy homestead razed
  And a butchered wife and heir.

If these things be true, O may
  Prayers of priests and poor men's tears
Count for thee on Judgment Day
  'Gainst the sum of thy arrears.

But nor prayers nor tears could stay
  Heavenly vengeance when it fell,
When thy mates were swept away,
  When thy soul was flung to Hell.

Murietta, bandit chief
  Of the dim days long ago,—
Robber, murderer and thief,
  Wolf of lawless Mexico!

It was long, oh, long ere fell
  Thy fierce head beneath the Law,—
San Benito's hills may tell
  What that day the vultures saw.

Safely prisoned in the glass.
  Dream of bloody orgies still;
Through that head what thoughts must pass!
  How that hand must lust to kill!

May, 1903.

Herman Scheffauer.

The Saunterer

Hearst Promoting Harmony

In the furtherance of his political plans Mr. William R. Hearst has undertaken to straighten out a very intricate tangle in local politics, and to secure a united delegation from California to the next National Convention he appears to be willing to distribute olive branches in every direction. The work of establishing the *entente cordiale* in the interest of Mr. Hearst has assumed a very wide scope. Mr. Phelan is not the only man that has been conciliated, but Mr. McNab, too, has been taken into camp. And as a consequence a serious hitch arose in the plans of reorganization. All went smoothly until Congressman Livernash undertook to capture the first meeting. He was easily handled but it appears that on that occasion he was representing a certain clique that has an influence among the political labor leaders. They claim control of a large element of organized labor which they are using for various purposes. They had hoped to dictate the policy of Democratic reorganization, and to be permitted to name the men of the inner council. They objected to the men in control at the Pioneer hall meeting because they knew that they could not handle them. Hence the activity of Congressman Livernash, and his wild efforts to stampede the meeting.

Carvalho Smoothing the Way

Some days ago Manager Carvalho of the Hearst enterprises, political as well as journalistic, made his appearance in town. Mr. Carvalho is Mr. Hearst's chief of staff with headquarters in New York. He directs the policy of all the Hearst newspapers and at present he is devoting most of his time to promoting his employer's political aspirations. He came to town to look over the situation, and he has interviewed everybody from Max Popper, the chief hammer thrower of the Iroquois tribe, to Jimmy Phelan. He intimated that his purpose was to cement all factions, and he said that the *Examiner* was not going to boost any clique, or attempt to crowd anybody out of the party. It was on account of his presence that a halt was called in the work of reorganization. The visit of Mr. Carvalho has afforded some consolation to Jimmy Phelan and Gavin McNab, who had about given up hope of breaking into the reorganized Democracy.

Hearst Meets Mr. McNab

It should be interesting to watch developments and observe to what extent McNab and Phelan have been reinstated in *Examiner* favor. As the representative of organized labor the *Examiner* may find it embarrassing to whitewash the two men who were responsible for the police being engaged in the intimidation of the striking teamsters. However there is no limit to capacity for forgiveness when stimulated by political ambition. No man ever defamed another more brutally than Gavin McNab did when he published an open letter some years ago abusing William R. Hearst. There were some vicious charges in that letter, but McNab did not feel sufficiently revenged until the assassination of President McKinley. He was the first man in San Francisco to charge Hearst with responsibility for that crime. And yet I hear, on first class authority, that during the recent visit of the *Examiner's* proprietor to the city, he sat down with Gavin McNab and they discussed politics together.

McNab's Abuse of Hearst

Perhaps Mr. Hearst was never informed of all that McNab said and wrote about him in his bitter hatred, and at any rate forgiveness is divine but what do Mr. McNab's friends think of the canny Scot now? If Gavin McNab believed all that he wrote and said about William R. Hearst in the last three or four years, and yet sat down with him within a month, in friendly converse, to discuss ways and means for booming the newspaper proprietor for the high office of President of the United States, then he is an unprincipled scamp, unfit to associate with decent men. If his abuse of Mr. Hearst was merely the expression of a malignant spirit then he should be ashamed of himself and he should seek to make reparation, but not behind closed doors or by seeking to lick the hand of his victim that forgiveness might follow fawning.

No Denials to This

Just a few months ago "Bob" Mien was denying his engagement with Miss Mae Perkins, the erstwhile fiance of Mr. Bew, an Alameda druggist, and daughter of U. S. Senator George C. Perkins. Now Mr. Mien has been credited with another fiancee, and this time has not denied the betrothal. Miss Adelaide Deming, who will become Mrs. Mien in October, if neither of the parties to the engagement balks meanwhile, is a twin-sister of Alice Deming, who married Harry Corson Clarke. Their cousin Florence married young C. K. Harley a year or so ago. Mr. Mien's fiancee is a strikingly handsome girl, and she always dresses with taste and distinction. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Orr Deming, and will have a good-sized *dot*.

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HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?

Mabel Hopkins's Marriage

My predictions rarely go amiss. A long time ago I mentioned the fact of Charlie Quinn's devotion to Miss Mabel Hopkins, and predicted it would lead to the altar. The prophecy came true the other day. Mabel Hopkins is a cousin of the three dazzling matrons, Mrs. Gus Taylor, Mrs. Will Taylor and Mrs. Fred McNear, but she does not move in their set. She is a stunning looking girl and is very much in love with her bridegroom. Mr. Quinn is the well-known turfman.

She's suitors as many as twenty,
  She'd dukes and she'd earls at her feet,
She'd bouquets and billets a-plenty
  And offers both tempting and sweet;
For her hand Mammon bid against Cupid
  And sued for her smiles, but alack!
She made all the prophets seem stupid
  When she skipped with a knight of the track.

Ah Fate, how abruptly thou liftest
  The veil from Society's eyes,
When the race is sometimes for the swiftest
  And the dark horse trots off with the prize;
She was booked for a marriage of station—
  Too late now to whistle her back—
Her finish was sure a sensation
  When she skipped with a knight of the track.

Good matron, o'er proud of your daughter,
  Lean back on your cushions and think.
You can lead a fair filly to water
  But you cannot compel her to drink.
Without Cupid's hosts you may reckon,
  And argue that white must be black,
But should Cupid happen to beckon
  She'll skip with some knight of the track.

The Lion Balked

Mrs. Eleanor Martin dearly loves a social lion, and there is nothing that pleases her more than to entertain some one of great distinction. It is probably her hospitable nature that prompts her to provide entertainment for distinguished visitors, but in these degenerate days the worthiest motives are misconstrued. Last week Mrs. Martin planned a social *coup* that would have approximated in importance that of the De Youngs in securing President Roosevelt as a host. But it miscarried. Mrs. Martin contemplated having for her social lion no less a personage than Monsignor Falconio, the distinguished Catholic dignitary. She sought him after a service at the Cathedral and extended an invitation to dinner at her home. Monsignor Falconio smiled pleasantly, and expressed sincere regret that his time was so incessantly occupied as to render it utterly impossible for him to accept Mrs. Martin's hospitality. Mrs. Martin was sorry, too, but she was familiar with Monsignor Falconio's itinerary and she knew that he was going to visit a church near her home on a certain day. It would please her very much for him to drop in to tea that afternoon. Again the polite Italian clergyman smiled pleasantly. Perhaps if he had been invited to drop in to cafe noir he would not have been so surprised, but a tea! However he expressed his regrets just as though he felt he was going to miss a great treat.

Why Mrs. Scott Wasn't There

A "Constant Reader" has written to me for information about the Burlingame luncheon in honor of the President. "Constant Reader" wants to know, among other things, whether Mrs. Henry T. Scott absented herself from that formal, semi-public function on account of the recent bereavement of her family. I am surprised that a "Constant Reader" of *Town Talk* should be unaware of the departure for Europe, some time ago, of such a prominent woman as Mrs. Henry T. Scott. As she is in Europe now of course she was not absent on account of any bereavement. Moreover if she had been in town she probably would have attended the luncheon. It was her husband's brother who recently passed away, and Mr. Henry T. Scott was very much in evidence on the occasion of the Burlingame luncheon. Indeed he was the host, and in the absence of his wife, his daughter, Mrs. Walter Martin, occupied the seat of honor. The Scotts were not so conspicuous during the Roosevelt visit as they were when Mr. McKinley was here, but it was not their fault.

Joaquin Miller Reported Dead

The report was published in New York last Wednesday that Joaquin Miller had died suddenly in his mountain home near Oakland, after an illness of only twenty minutes. The poet's wife, who is sojourning at Saratoga, wired out to her husband's secretary to verify the report, and she received this reply: "Joaquin is in perfect health; report of illness false." It was on Wednesday night of last week that the Poet of the Sierras made his appearance at the Bohemian Club in his usual picturesque attire and with an unusually picturesque package which he could not have carried had he not been in sound physical condition. The poet was the object of much interest to the members of the Presidential party who attended the club that evening. Never before was he in such a communicative mood. Feeling that he was the whole show he took the centre of the stage and talked and talked until everybody begged for mercy. The report got out that he had talked himself into a comatose condition, and somebody evidently put an exaggerated account of the incident on the wire.

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Why Bromley Demurred

Though Poet Miller was in exuberant and other kinds of spirits at the club that night he wilted somewhat when "called down" by Chairman Phelan. That the flow of a poet's soul should be stemmed by the hand of commerce in Bohemia's sacred shrine was to his notion a damnable outrage. So he quit the jinks room in high dudgeon, and muttering his disapprobation of the treatment he had received, he hied himself to the wet-goods department below and told his troubles to the sympathetic barkeeper. Upon his departure Mr. Phelan called on "Uncle George" Bromley.

"What do you wish me to talk about?" asked "Uncle George."

"Talk about the wild and woolly West," suggested Mr. Phelan.

"I don't like to talk behind anybody's back," said Bromley. "The wild and woolly West has just gone down stairs."

Hobson's Bad Break

Miller's package was not the only embarrassing feature of the Bohemian jinks. Richard Pearson Hobson caused some uneasiness among the members. All unmindful of the presence of a British Admiral, the hero of Santiago iterated and reiterated the supremacy of the American navy, whereupon various British officers who were present as guests shifted uneasily in their seats. But the rest of the evening went smoothly enough and delightful after-supper speeches were made by Horace Platt, Secretary Moody, who was very happy, and President Nicholas Murray Butler, who is both graceful and a wit.

An Aztec Jinks

The next jinks of the Bohemian Club should be an interesting one. It is to be an Aztec jinks, quite on the order of the last one, which was an Indian jinks and the most successful ever given by the club. Dr. Jack Shiels is to be the sire, the scenic effects will be furnished by Amadee Joullin who is au fait in Aztec matters, the words will be by Louis Robertson, the poet, and the music by Dr. H. J. Stewart.

No Engagement Announced Yet

Ernest A. Wiltsee, who once cut such a wide social swath in San Francisco, is back from Mexico with the charming widow, Cornelia Baxter Tevis, and still no engagement is announced. It is scarcely conceivable that Wiltsee would let the grass grow under his feet in announcing the betrothal if such a one existed, so it is reasonable to suppose that the Mexican trip has failed. Wiltsee invited the widow and some other people to make a three weeks' tour of Mexico in a private car with him. He had been there before and he knew how romantic Mexican moonlight is and what an admirable love-light it is. It is said that he fell in love during his first Mexican trip. The widow accepted the invitation, but that seems to be all she did accept. I am afraid Cornelia is coy, as she has every right to be. There's nothing on earth so independent as a widow with money, and why she should want to marry any one, even the seven-foot Wiltsee, no one can see.

Georgia Sullivan to Marry

Bachelorhood for maids seems to be going out of fashion. There are few left of the "old guard," and that few is constantly diminishing. Miss Georgia Sullivan, whose engagement is just announced, was thought to be one of those who preferred eternal liberty to the thralldom of the marriage tie, but she has fallen a victim to Cupid. The happy man is a Washington, D. C. lawyer, Louis Wright by name. The details that have been received here are meagre as to his personality. "A prominent lawyer" seems to be all that is known of Mr. Wright. Georgia Sullivan is a vivacious and happy tempered young woman. She is a sister of Mr. Frank J. Sullivan, the well known attorney and energetic Park Commissioner, and also of Miss Ada Sullivan, whose engagement to Mr. James D. Phelan has been frequently rumored.

Miss Voorhies's Friend

At a luncheon given the other day by Miss Mollie Phelan in celebration of the anniversary of the marriage of the Frank Sullivans, the conversation drifted to the topic of ancestry. This is a topic that is usually eschewed in local society circles, but on this occasion it was learned that several people present could trace their family tree back several centuries. Marie Voorhies was one of them, but she said she had a friend who had a record of her ancestors that extended back many years before Christ. It is said that she dragged her unknown friend into the controversy to discourage others from putting too severe a tax on their imagination.

Jack London Has Oakland by the Ears Again

Jack London has again shocked Oakland society. It seems that he was invited to address a fashionable woman's gathering over there, and true to his viewpoint that if you can't attract attention by your writing, you can by your clothes, he appeared before that fashionable throng in a sweater. Whereupon several of the matrons arose and left the room. Why is it that the habit of writing should interfere with one's daily baths or the wearing of conventional clothes? The climate and the law decree that one must be covered, why not with the appropriate thing as well as by the inappropriate?

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An Indiscreet Rector

Nowadays the pastor of a church must be a paragon of discretion and suavity if he desire to enjoy the good-will and approbation of all the people to whose spiritual salvation he ministers. When the Rev. Dr. Lacey went to his new cure in Brooklyn, the Vestry of Christ church, Alameda, felt that it would be a difficult task to find a suitable man to fill the vacancy. When a man crosses the bay every day in the week he likes to be permitted to take his religion easily on Sunday. Dr. Lacey was a considerate man in that respect and therefore he was a success. The vestry wanted a man of his leisurely ways, and after a good many "try outs" it was decided that the mantle of the departed rector should fall upon the shoulders of the Rev. Mr. Guthrie whose French and Scottish ancestry bespoke a satisfactory mixture of tact and shrewdness. But many of the parishioners of Christ church are now of the opinion that the Scotch temperament predominates in the rector's character, and that tact is not one of his distinguishing traits. As soon as he entered the Alameda vineyard the Rev. Mr. Guthrie became very active and he soon organized a number of societies to co-operate in the church work. But in the course of time his plans conflicted with those of the women of St. Agnes's Guild. This is an old established society in Christ church, and many of its members have passed into the sere and yellow leaf period, but the organization has always retained the name which was adopted when its founders were blushing maidens. Not long ago the minister took occasion in one of his sermons to question the propriety of using the name of St. Agnes for an organization of mothers and grandmothers, and hence the disfavor in which the clergyman is held by some of the women of his church, who have discovered that he is very theatrical in the pulpit and that he rolls his eyes unnecessarily.

Exit Sybil Sanderson

Now that Sybil Sanderson has passed away in the far-away city of her triumphs her old San Francisco friends are filled with poignant regret at the recollection of the indifference of their attitude toward her when she was last here. It was known to some of her intimate friends that she was sorry she had visited the home of her childhood. As an artist she was severely criticised, and as a woman she did not receive the treatment a woman expects. Emma Eames was lionized but Sybil Sanderson was shown comparatively little attention. It was said that the frigidity of her reception was due to the fact that in Paris she did as Parisians do, but that is hardly the correct explanation. San Francisco society never draws the line at a woman's past unless she occupies a very obscure position. Our smart set is not intolerant of those that sneer at the decalogue, for they have entertained the heroines of some very salacious escapades. Sybil Sanderson was a very unconventional woman, but many of the stories of her private life were pure fiction. She never took the trouble to contradict any of them. It was at the home of a San Francisco matron that she made the remark about her jewels that was quoted all over the country. The matron observed that Miss Sanderson's jewels must be worth a fortune.

"Oh, did you think my jewels were real?" laughed the prima donna. "Don't believe me as bad as that."

And she explained that the magnificent brilliants she wore in the operas were stage jewels.

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

Her Success Abroad

Opera-goers in this city were disappointed in Sybil Sanderson, because they had read so much of her success abroad, and could not understand how it was made with a voice of such small volume. But in Paris they can enthuse over a clear, light soprano with well rounded high notes, especially when it is possessed by an artist with such beauty and *chic* manner as Sybil Sanderson possessed. She never sang in any of the heavy operas in Paris. Massenet created roles to suit her organ; also her figure, for the Sanderson bust was as much a feature of her impersonations as her voice and acting. She was a charming actress, as all who saw her in "Manon" and "Romeo and Juliette" conceded. It was pique at her failure to enthuse an audience in her old home that made her refuse to sing again after her two performances.

Her Girlhood Days

Her early girlhood here is well remembered together with many of the episodes that shocked the prudes of other days. She was just out of her teens when she planned an elopement with an operatic star. One story goes that her father locked her in her room and prevented that flight, while another version was that the singer paid a visit at the Sanderson home one day after he had dined. He had eaten freely of the favorite Italian relish and the fair Sybil, detecting the odor of garlic, bade him leave her forever. Sybil Sanderson's first appearance on any public stage was at the Grand Opera House in a comic opera performance by amateurs. She made an instantaneous hit, as did her friend Ruth Holladay, who afterwards married Blackwell, the British pickle man, and after his death, Mr. Brooke, also of Great Britain. With all her faults of omission and commission and errors of judgment, Sybil Sanderson was a lovable woman. She was very generous, and provided for her family with lavishness. After Judge Sanderson's death, his widow and daughters would not have had very much had it not been for the eldest of the girls. Their

house at Sacramento and Octavia streets, near Holladay Heights, was sold. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Williams afterwards occupied it and continued the hospitality that it had dispensed during Judge Sanderson's time. Mrs. Hearst chaperoned Jennie, the second Sanderson girl, on a trip to Washington, D. C., and was a sort of fairy godmother to her. Jennie is now Mrs. Herrick, and there are two other girls, Edith and Marion. For many years they, with their mother, have been living in Paris.

Berkeley Students Josh Wheeler

The students of Berkeley are a most irreverent crew. Nothing is too sacred to enjoy immunity from the shafts of their sarcasm. Even the dignified President of the university comes in for his share of ridicule at the hands of the students. President Wheeler enjoys the confidence and respect of the regents, but the students do not take him seriously. They admire him for his scholarship but not for his shiftiness in side-stepping responsibility. They have noticed that when there is any disagreeable duty to perform it is saddled on one of the committees of the faculty. Hence they are inclined to regard him as an invertebrate executive. The senior class produced an extravaganza last Tuesday, and one of the characters was Benjamin Ide Wheeler. Mrs. Wheeler was in the audience and she was heard to remark that it was altogether too personal. There was also a character in the extravaganza known as "Victor," Ben Wheeler's "lackey," who was easily recognized as a burlesque on Victor Henderson, private secretary to President Wheeler. Mr. Henderson is sometimes referred to facetiously as the Vice-President of the university. He is a graduate of Berkeley, and some time ago he undertook to conduct a course in journalism. His knowledge of journalism was acquired in an experience of two weeks on an interior paper. The course in journalism soon petered out because the students regarded it as a joke.

The Absent Host

It is customary for President Wheeler to give a reception in Commencement week to the senior class. He gave one this year but he did not swell his record for hospitality. He gave about half an hour to the reception and then disappeared. It was a case of Hamlet with the melancholy Dane conspicuous by his absence. Naturally the students felt that they had been treated cavalierly, but they attributed the withdrawal of their host to the fact that he had been leading a very strenuous life in the wake of his friend Theodore Roosevelt. However the incident provoked a deal of gossip in Berkeley, as did also that overflow luncheon on the occasion of Roosevelt's visit to the university.

Wheeler's Remarkable Omission

Though President Wheeler is not noted for his tact, and though he has been subjected to severe criticism from time to time, he never did anything to provoke so much unfavorable comment as was heard anent his failure to include Mrs. Phoebe Hearst and her son in the list of donors to the university read by him at the last Commencement exercises. He has been accused of having intentionally omitted their names, and one indignant individual, in an open letter to the Oakland *Tribune,* denounced him as a cad and a snob. He added that if Mrs. Hearst would state that she had requested Mr. Wheeler to make no mention of her name he would apologize. However, the editor of the *Tribune* stated that Mrs. Hearst did not request President Wheeler not to mention her name. It is incredible that he would deliberately abstain from giving credit to Mrs. Hearst and her son for their philanthropy in behalf of the university merely because of the presence of President Roosevelt. I know that on a previous occasion Mrs. Hearst did request him to quit harping on the subject of her generosity, especially when she was present. However President Wheeler's explanation of what appeared to be an oversight is quite plausible. He said he merely read the names of donors that had not been previously mentioned, and that it is customary to read the names of the latest donors on Commencement Day.

His Lack of Courtesy

The explanation does not satisfy some people, who think that as the Hearsts have contributed more than all others they should have been mentioned on that occasion, especially as the exercises were held in the magnificent new amphitheatre for which the University is indebted to William Randolph Hearst. Besides, on that same day Mrs. Hearst had placed her Berkeley residence at the disposal of President Wheeler for the entertainment of his guests. Notwithstanding President Wheeler's handsome salary he has declined to furnish the commodious residence built for him by the State, and as his home is not large enough to accommodate a big party he availed himself of the hospitality of Mrs. Hearst for the overflow. And among the overflow, by the way, was Admiral Bickford, representing

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the British government by order of the King. It was probably characteristic oversight on the part of President Wheeler that was responsible for the exclusion of the Admiral from the presence of President Roosevelt during the luncheon. It was also due to his oversight that Mayor Olney of Oakland was invited to neither the amphitheatre nor the luncheon, though Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco was invited to both. Of course the people of Oakland were sore at the slighting of their Mayor. So poor Benjamin Ide Wheeler has troubles of his own these days. He scored beautifully over his friend Jordan in securing Roosevelt for the commencement exercises, but Dr. Jordan had the tact to provide carriages for the visiting newspaper men in the Presidential party, and they wired to their papers all over the country a fine account of the visit. They gave Palo Alto a splendid advertisement. At Berkeley all the politicians were provided with carriages but the newspaper men had to walk through the dust to the university, and the consequence was that they devoted very little space to the affair.

Jordan the Educator

When President Roosevelt told the students of Stanford how helpful the head of their university had been to him, he paid the great educator a compliment that is worth considering, because of the nicety shown in the choice of terms. Helpfulness is the *sine qua non* of successful teaching. And Dr. Jordan is pre-eminently helpful. Not only does he possess first-rate ability, or rather abilities, but the art of making them effective is his also. He spends himself freely for the benefit of the public. He believes that an educator exists for the use, first of immediate students, then of the community at large; and he honors his belief by living up to it. With the possible exception of his poetic gift, not one of his many talents is kept wrapped up in the napkin of the parable. His philosophy is practical, a sort of hygienic hedonism, exceedingly wholesome, and especially appropriate for the use of healthy youths, with ruddy faces as yet unsicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. There are many forces in California now cooperating to make here a mental and moral climate to match in gloriousness the physical climate for which the country is famous; and one of the most potent of these is David Starr Jordan.

The Smiths Overlooked

Over nothing that occurred across the bay has the talk run more spiritedly than the overlook given the Borax Smiths of Arbor Villa in allotting the places of honor in the Oakland parade. A dash of humor was lent to the parade by the conspicuous efforts of these enterprising people to make a place in the line not provided in the program. Although Mr. Smith was a member of the reception committee, when it came to making up the procession, he was left to spar for position along with Tom Pearson, the colored lawyer who "butted in" on the strength of the Booker Washington dinner, and the lesser fry who scrambled in the breach he had made. Neither was "Borax" Smith bidden to the Wheeler luncheon at the university, nor was he invited to ride with the President in the car furnished by the Transit Company to take him from Berkeley to Oakland. And yet it was Mr. Smith's company that furnished the car for the occasion. Now the "Borax" Smiths are considered the biggest toads in the Oakland puddle. Mr. Smith is the head of the borax monopoly. He makes his servants wear livery. He is the kingpin of the Realty Syndicate, which is doing a lot of ground and lofty financiering. He is the leading spirit in the Oakland Transit Company, which has just issued another three million dollars of bonds, and also in various other allied corporations with a large capitalization. It therefore caused remark in the vulgar crowd to see such great people as the "Borax" Smiths waiting among the common, unsyndicated folk at the university gate for the President to come out from his luncheon.

Barred Off Their Own Car

When the car on which the President was to ride came with the Oakland committee, Mr. Smith gallantly helped Mrs. Smith and her two daughters aboard. Why not? Was not the car the property of one of the Smith corporations? "Ah," the crowd whispered, "they are going to ride with the President." But it was not to be. Some one of the committee significantly mentioned that no women were to be included in the Presidential party. Thereupon Mr. Smith helped his family off again. Now this incident is still the subject of comment in Oakland. Some people think that such a representative citizen as "Borax" Smith should have been permitted to butt in, but others uphold the action of the committee.

Successfully Sparred for an Opening

At Oakland Mr. Smith had better luck. Once in his own carriage he began a unique series of manoeuvres to get into a strategic position in the parade. Twice he tried to break into the line, but was compelled to fall back under a fire of sarcastic remarks. One of the President's party observed the Smith campaign for position and exclaimed, "Why don't the police arrest that man?" But he did not know of whom he was speaking. Fancy an Oakland policeman touching "Borax" Smith! At last Mr. Smith "bruk the square," and rode in triumph to the high school. But there, alas! he was slighted again, for he was given the glassy eye by a husky doorkeeper when he tried to make his way in among the elect.

Some Sins of Omission

Though the reception to the President in this city was a triumph for Mr. De Young and the whole Citizens' Committee, there were some sins of omission that have been

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seriously regretted. The most flagrant was the indifference to the officers of the British war vessel who came many miles o'er seas, at the command of King Edward, to represent the British government. According to well established rules of international etiquette they should have been shown the highest consideration on all occasions, but they were not treated in some instances with ordinary courtesy. Our manifestation of provincial rudeness was largely due to the fact that everybody was so intent on getting into the limelight that he had no thought for the courtesy or deference due to the distinguished visitors. On the occasion of the dedication of the Dewey monument no attention whatever was paid to the British officers. They had to elbow their way through the crowd, and when the affair was over they had to walk back to the wharf, no carriages having been provided for them. Another sin of omission that provoked a great deal of criticism was the failure of the committee that had charge of the parade to invite the League of the Cross cadets, one of the best drilled bodies on the coast, to participate.

He Missed Wilson

The President's stay in Yosemite was one long chapter of laughable contretemps so far as the Commissioners were concerned. Jack Wilson, who spent much time and money in preparing fireworks, food and various entertainments for the President, to say nothing of an elaborate khaki trousseau for himself, never saw the President at all, and had not caught up at last accounts. The President calmly cut all the fireworks, the searchlights, the bombs, etc., and went off on a camping trip of his own. Jack Wilson is being subjected to an unmerciful guying which he takes quite good-naturedly, and reminds his hearers of the story he told on himself when he came home from his last trip to Washington. He knew he was to meet the President and he had prepared a long address, and as he clasped the Presidential hand he opened his mouth and began to tell that he knew "Van" Stow, etc., etc., when a major domo touched him on the arm and said, "This way, sir," and he found himself just going out the main entrance—the reception quite over and the address unsaid.

The President's Table Manners

Those who had the pleasure of breakfasting, lunching, dining or banqueting with the President and who are not too overawed by the presence of greatness, are saying now that his table manners are not all that they ought to be. The Roosevelts are an old Dutch family and have been rich for generations and they should have been possessors of that leisure which is supposed to lead to culture, but the President chews with his mouth open and he has such very long and prominent teeth as to suggest the carnivorous animals rather more strongly than is pleasant.

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Impressions of Roosevelt

Politicians and newspaper men who came in close contact with President Roosevelt during his tour have declared him more pleasant as a hero than as an individual. Like many another picturesque phase of nature he is better to admire from a distance than close at hand. Politicians and newspaper men are a cynical lot, and they do not give two snaps for what a man is or does so long as he is not personally agreeable to them. President Roosevelt has had his own way probably more than any of his predecessors and the strenuous microbe and the war lord microbe with which he has become inoculated since his accession have made him somewhat positive and dictatorial in his demeanor, and whereas the populace love a dictator the court usually detests him. However, none of them accuse him of anything petty or peevish, but if he has a fault it is that of willfulness and the inability to take himself otherwise than seriously. Still he would doubtless have smiled had he heard the comment of the messenger boy who stood on the side lines Tuesday when the parade passed. "Hi, Arthur!" he shouted, "there goes Teddy." "Whereabouts?" asked Arthur. "Aw, don't you see him?" said the kid, "he's the guy standin' up and wavin' his dicer. Gee! Git onto de smile—just like an octave of pianna keys!"

Where Was Dr. Lung?

Members of the University Club are wondering what has become of Dr. George Lung who, when he was last in San Francisco on his way home from the Orient, stopped at the University Club and told his intimates there that he had just been appointed to the Marine Hospital in Washington—next to Surgeon-General Rixey's the best billet in

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the navy, including as it always has, attendance on the White House and the President and his family. Dr. Lung went on to fill the appointment and was exceedingly popular with the Roosevelts and in Washington society, where he lived at one of the fashionable clubs and entertained much at delightful little teas. Being a young and handsome, as well as a cultivated and polished man, his popularity rapidly increased. He accompanied the President on several short trips and expected to come west with him. But just before the Californian trip was commenced a blow fell. Even the President does not know what happened but Dr. Lung found himself ordered to the sleepy city of Philadelphia and it was announced that Rixey would accompany the President. It is supposed that Dr. Lung was too popular, but if this is the case, it is certainly the President's loss, for the most unattractive man of his entire party was Surgeon-General Rixey.

Battlefield Repartee

Brigadier General Humphrey, who returned this week from the Philippines, is a good fellow as well as a general and he had not been long in town before he was surrounded by a group of military friends and admirers. The talk naturally drifted to events of the late campaign and the General grew reminiscent. Shortly before the Spanish capitulation of the Islands, according to the General's story, the Spanish and Insurgent lines were opposing each other, and at the head of the Spanish forces was a general who bore the strangely un-Castilian name of O'Neal. Commanding the insurgents was General Pilar del Mar, who, was originally a cab driver in Manila. During the fighting the insurgents got considerably the better of the Spanish, and Pilar, with characteristic native sarcasm, penned the following note to O'Neal and sent it across the lines:

"Pilar del Mar sends his compliments to the honorable Generalissimo O'Neal and asks if he can, in any way, be of service to him."

The haughty Spaniard was not long in sending back the following message:

"General Juan Maria Ferdinando O'Neal sends his compliments to del Mar and wishes to say that, when he is in need of a coachman he will be pleased to call upon him."

Bride Looted at the Altar

Though the story of the Thaw-Yarmouth marriage in Pittsburg was hinted at by the dailies at the time of its occurrence, they have never exploited the details of that abominably sacrilegious ceremony by which an innocent, inexperienced girl became the wife of the most unconscionable, fortune-hunting blackguard that ever came to this country. While it was generally known that the Earl of Yarmouth came to America in search of an heiress, and that his marriage with Miss Alice Thaw, a mere child, was the result of a cold-blooded bargain, the papers have refrained from giving publicity to the facts that stamp the bankrupt nobleman as a sordid and degraded wretch. After ensnaring his victim with his theatrical blandishments, he imported an English solicitor to examine her father's will and to enter a settlement. It was first decided that the Earl should have a written contract by the terms of which he would receive five thousand dollars a year for his personal expenses, all others to be provided by his wife. But he was not satisfied with this arrangement. However he pretended to be satisfied until the final hour. He waited until the guests were assembled, when the organ had heralded the coming of the bride and the minister was at the altar and the best man in the vestry-room. Then it was that he chose to demand a settlement that doubled the amount fixed by the contract and provided for the reversion of his bride's entire fortune to the Hertford estate, which he represented. He made the demand under penalty of refusal to go on with the ceremony. The girl's brother remonstrated, but the Earl stood firm. Finally the lawyers representing both sides were summoned from the body of the church, and the papers were drawn up to suit the contemptible rogue. Meanwhile the situation in the church had become intense, the organ repeated over and over again the strains of the wedding march, but the bride came not until the lawyers finished their task. Harry Thaw, who was to have given his sister away, left the church before the ceremony and his younger brother was substituted. Did ever a more vulgar performance take place in a Christian church?

Ogden Hoffman's Latest

As exemplars of the strenuous life, the younger generation of Hoffmans has always played to standing room only; but Ogden Hoffman's latest performance surpassed in thrill and exciting incident anything which that Johnny-on-the-spot young man has heretofore attempted, including that famous South Sea cruise for pirates' treasure. In the beautiful canon of the Lagunitas, over in Marin, Miss Alice Hoffman maintains a hunting lodge, and there "Og" Hoffman and his brother Jack rusticate, during the close season for pirates, be it understood. While fishing one day this week, the brothers discovered a still, deep pool,

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in which basked three gigantic steelheads. These whoppers persistently declined to respond to the allurements of the Hoffman fly-hook. "I bet you I can catch one with my hands," said Ogden. "I'm on for a five spot," replied Jack. In an instant, Ogden's clothes lay on the bank and that exponent of muscular activity was groping among the big fish, ten feet under water. As soon as a noble fourteen-pounder felt that inquisitive hand, he lashed out and dealt the diver a stunning blow between the eyes with his broad tail and then proceeded to climb all over him. The two smaller salmon joined in the mix-up, while Jack danced up and down, shrieking his approval from the bank. Honors were easy for the first two rounds and then, just as Ogden had succeeded in pinning one of the fish in a crevice, the bank caved in and precipitated Jack Hoffman and all of Ogden's clothing into the stream. The worst of it was that the current bore away a specific article of his wardrobe which is never *de trop,* save at a Caledonian picnic, and on reaching the lodge where Miss Hoffman was entertaining guests at an al fresco luncheon, Ogden unostetatiously betook himself to the hayrick, while Jack, arrayed in dry clothing, told the stirring tale to an accompaniment of popping corks, echoing laughter and the muttered execrations of the unwilling prisoner.

The Wheeler-McEnerney Tilt

The legal fraternity is much interested in the Sanford case, which has been made notable by Charley Wheeler's efforts to grill Garrett McEnerney. Wheeler did a good deal of hinting at unprofessional conduct which greatly amused members of the bar. Not long ago Mr. Wheeler, who, by the way, is Tom Bishop's partner, addressed the Bar Association at its annual banquet on the subject of "Legal Ethics," and the address was regarded in the light of a practical joke. Lawyers usually take themselves very seriously, but there is a keener sense of humor among local practitioners than most people imagine. In the Fair case that paragon of professional propriety, D. M. Delmas, put Charley Wheeler on the stand for the purpose of exploiting that gentleman's morals, and on that memorable occasion Mr. Wheeler experienced more than one bad quarter of an hour. Professional ethics are somewhat mythical. They are honored in the breach in proportion to the eminence of the attorney who ignores them. In the Sanford case Mr. Wheeler failed to smirch his brother attorney. Lawyers are generally considered to be bad witnesses, but McEnerney is an exception. His mind works like chain lightning, and he seemed to anticipate every question.

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At Del Monte

There is some talk of making Monterey a naval station. If it had a naval station from which to recruit social beaux to co-operate with those of the army already there, it would become the gayest social centre of the West. Though the season is young Del Monte is already bubbling over with gayety, and any number of brilliant happenings are under way for the coming season. Among the visitors this week are Count Louis Bonaparte Primola of Rome, Doctor James H. Hepburn, the army surgeon, ex- Governor Tuttle of New Hampshire, Mrs. S. S. Sewell and family of Augusta, Maine, Major and Mrs. J. R. Williams, U. S. A., O. J. Salisbury, the Utah mining man, with his family. The Salisburys intend staying for some time at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels are going down for the summer with their children. E- Speaker of the House D. B. Henderson was one of last week's distinguished arrivals.

There are to be merry times this summer in the Dickinson cottage at Sausalito. It has been rented by that rollicking trio, Clarence Follis, Will O'Connor and Ed. Tobin. They will undoubtedly do some lively entertaining over there.

Reckoned Not with the Habitues

The Open-Air League, of which Mrs. Lovell White is president and which devotes its time and energies toward making the earth, and especially this corner of it, a garden spot, had an amusing adventure the other day. The ladies had been working hard all day planting young trees and vines on Telegraph Hill, the terrible scars of which they are womanfully trying to cover. After working hard all morning the ladies went down the slope to get a little luncheon at a Spanish restaurant, and scarcely had their skirts ceased swishing when a half a dozen or so of goats, that had been quietly waiting, came up over the brow of the hill, and in ten minutes not a leaf or twig of green remained. Moral: When you want to do a thing begin at the right end. First tie up the goats.

THE PLACE FOR BRIDES.

Hotel Vendome at San Jose has ever been a famous place for spending the honeymoon, but it's gaining a fame better than that —for matrimonial match-making. There, in the cosy corners of the corridors, or beneath the shading elms, lurks young Dan Cupid, and he even ventures boldly out upon the tennis courts, or trips over the bunkers on the golf links. The Vendome is growing in popularity every season, and the number of young men and young women who go there is the principal reason for it. No other resort possesses so many features to attract and entertain as Vendome. Every year something has been added to meet society demands. The latest improvements include the new annex, adding forty rooms to the hotel, each with long distance telephone; the lanai, giving a sheltered idling place; and the enlarged swimming pools. The annex, extending northerly at an angle which gives the best results of sunlight and air, is a welcome addition. It provides not only many attractive suites, but it gives a sweep of hallway through the hotel which will be a delight for evening promenades. The big swimming pools offer here all the sport of the seaside, and in the same building are the best bowling alleys in California. Tennis, croquet, automobiling, and horseback riding are on the list of things entertaining, while days on the golf links or coaching to the Lick Observatory are events that ever allure. At the stables connected with the hotel, carriages and riding horses may be secured, and the new automobile house has helped to make this attractive resort a favorite rendezvous for those who speed over the shaded roadways in horseless runabouts. You'll make no mistake if you go to Vendome. Write Geo. P. Snell, Manager Hotel Vendome, San Jose, California.

A Corner in Cups

The Rev. Charles Hitchcock, principal of a military academy over in San Rafael, has just discovered that it is a far simpler undertaking to teach a given number of youths the 'ologies and a quantum suff. of Greek or Latin, than it is to manage a school athletic tournament. He announced his enterprise some weeks ago and the parents and guardians of the budding Sandows—the Pinckards, Griffins, Maillards, Baums—chipped in so lavishly for mugs, cups and tankards, that the display entirely filled the show window of a firm of silversmiths. The plan at the time the money—about one thousand dollars—was subscribed was that each of these costly prizes should become the absolute property of the strenuous youth who won it, but Dr. Hitchcock's revised version is that the victor must content himself with having his name emblazoned on the trophy, which will adorn the Hitchcock sideboard until next field day. Then, a new appearance, a new inscription, and—back to the sideboard! But the youthful athletes will not have it that way and some have declined to compete, while more than one paterfamilias who pungled has expressed dissatisfaction. Of course every man who paid felt in his heart of hearts that his boy held a first mortgage on some particular mug—and hence the wail of woe.

Across Continent to a Ball Game

Mrs. George M. Pinckard has left her beautiful San Rafael home for a trip East, which, as she planned it, is destined to be the briefest on record. Her son Ayer, a well-built youth of eighteen, is preparing at St. Mark's School to enter Harvard; and, quite incidentally, is devoting considerable attention to athletics. A recent letter apprised his fond mamma that he had been elected captain of the school nine, that there was to be a match game of ball for the inter-school championship at the end of the term, and that he wished to goodness his parents could be present to see his team wallop their competitors. Mrs. Pinckard determined to surprise her son and forthwith started on her long journey across the continent. She will remain East only three days, one of which will be devoted to the ball game, and will then return with Ayer to California.

The Morgan-Davis Betrothal

Mrs. W. P. Morgan is said to be highly pleased at her younger daughter's engagement with Horace Davis's son. With Therese's known penchant for following her own free will in everything, and her confessed delight in Bohemia and its devotees, Mrs. Morgan was never quite sure that she would not get a penniless artist or briefless barrister for a son-in-law. Norris Davis is all that the most exacting mother could wish—young, rich, good-looking and well born. Being the grandson of Rev. Thomas Starr King, the eminent divine, he is of the genuine blown-in-the-bottle purple brand. He is also a popular youth. Therese Morgan is probably the most popular girl in her set. She is not a beauty, but her wholesome blondeness is more attractive than mere line regularity and roseleaf complexion. She is clever, but does not indulge her wit at her friends' expense. She is very enthusiastic about everything, and never affects that blase air that is considered the correct thing by many society girls. Miss Morgan's chief characteristic is her outspoken sincerity. She never evades. When she took up smoking, for instance, she did not indulge her fancy for little Egyptians and Turks sub rosa. All her friends were told what a tonic for nerves a cigarette is, and though the prudes professed to be shocked they could not but admire Therese's fearless frankness.

Nuptial Mass at the Cathedral

St. Mary's Cathedral was filled to overflowing Wednesday morning, with well-wishers who assembled to witness the marriage of Miss Kathryn Ivancovich and Harry Sullivan. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Montgomery and afterwards there was a nuptial mass celebrated with all the impressive pomp of the Catholic service. Father Cottle was the celebrant and he was assisted by several clergymen. The decoration of the altar was the loving tribute to the bride of the Sisters of the Holy Family, one of whom is the bride's only sister. The bride, a handsome brunette, was girlishly lovely in her white satin wedding gown and long tulle veil. The bridesmaids were charming in pink and white, and the maid of honor, Miss Gertrude Sullivan, a beautiful blonde, was radiant in white with a white picture hat. The queen rose in this bevy of youthful beauty was the mother of the bride, who gave her away. It is scarcely an exaggeration to call this handsome, distinguished looking widow the most beautiful woman in San Francisco. She wore a magnificent gown of heavy pale pearl silk and point lace and a dainty pearl gray hat with a brim faced with pink roses. On all sides as the throng left the church could be heard comments upon the great beauty of the bride's mother. Young Mr. Sullivan is the son of Jeremiah F. Sullivan, one of the most eminent and highly respected members of the local bar.

Emil Steinegger is on his way home, after some years' absence in Vienna. He left the Austrian capital on May eleventh and will go to Switzerland, France and Italy before taking the Gibraltar route home. By the first of August he expects to be settled in San Francisco, resuming the classes he left when he went abroad to study under

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Leschetiszky. In Vienna Mr. Steinegger not only perfected himself in piano work, but took up harmony and theory.

"Mrs. Pat's" Other Double

Another San Francisco beauty who, with Mrs. Carolan, may dispute the distinction of looking like Mrs. Patrick Campbell is Mrs. Gaston Ashe. Mrs. Ashe, beside the white skin and raven tresses that have made the English actress famous, has something of Mrs. Campbell's distinguished carriage and the soft grace which makes one suspect that her bones are fashioned of velvet. Fortunately for San Francisco, however, she lacks the Campbell rudeness, for she is a very gracious woman. Mrs. Ashe proves the contention of some of Mrs. Campbell's critics that the latter lady is not a typical English beauty. Mrs. Ashe comes of an old California Spanish family, having been Miss Bolado before her marriage, and those who know her best declare that her charms are distinctly Castilian.

Mr. Isaacs: "Sigismundo, I am going to puy you a leetle sister."

Sigismundo: "Vy not puy dwins, fader, while you're apout id? That would pe a petter pargain."

Adams or His Double?

Henry Austin Adams, the Episcopo-Catholic convert who has made a more or less fat income on the lecture platform telling the dear public how it feels to do sensational things, is in trouble and plenty of it. Adams is now in Auckland, whither, it is rumored, he fled with a young girl who had become infatuated with him in other capacity than that of lecturer. Adams, however, has written to various members of the cloth and laity explaining that any stories connecting his name with that of the young woman are damnable lies and black slanders. Adams appends to all these epistles pathetic appeals for money, explaining that the late scandal has unbalanced his mind and that, while in a trance, he fled to Auckland and changed his name. If these circumstances are not suspicious. Adams is certainly a much libeled man, and he has the right of redress allowed to any citizen so musused. And if these tales be untrue it is no less than miraculous how many stories of an equally pungent nature were circulated about the platform religionist before his final hegira. When the gentleman was on a recent lecture tour here it was whispered abroad that he had been one of the principals in a "wet night" in a suburban hotel, that the glasses had clinked till all hours and that the sounds of feminine laughter had indicated that there were many Eves to one Adams. If Mr. Adams had been, like Elbertus Hubbard, engaged in idol-cracking and God-defying, and, like the Roycrofter, had confessed to loving "many women—one at a time," the rumored escapade would have made little stir, but to a man of his godly profession the whispers were menacing indeed and but served as a preface to the storm which seems to have driven the religionist into the wilds. His friends, however, insist that he is innocent and intimate that he is the victim of a malignant double.

Mrs. Stanford's Conversion

Once more the report is current that Mrs. Jane Stanford is about to join the Catholic church. In late years she has devoted a great deal of her time to the study of religious questions, and she has sought instruction from a clergyman of the Catholic church. It is believed that her recent decision to withdraw from active participation in the management of affairs at the Stanford University was in a measure due to her contemplated change of religion. Nearly a year ago the first intimation of her impending conversion was given in a paragraph published in a New York paper.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, who is bossing things generally in connection with the fete at the Presidio which is to be held there today, has been using every endeavor to eclipse the garden party held at Fort Mason last Saturday. While one was a civilian affair merely, the other is in aid of a button institution—the sailors' club house at Vallejo. It is under the patronage of the wearers of gold lace in both branches of the service, who are, it is understood, determined to make it a brilliant affair.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee arrived at Byron Springs this week. Others at Byron are Dr. George Terrill, W. H. Hammond of Visalia, Mrs. B. Triest, Miss Triest and C. A. Merrill of Stockton.

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At the first banquet, given by the citizens of the City of Chicago to

President Roosevelt

on his Western trip, at the Auditorium Hotel, April 2nd, the only wine used was

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The McCalla Boom

The social boom of Mrs. McCalla, wife of Captain McCalla of Vallejo, has been launched, and it is now under forced draught. It is interesting to note the progress of a new candidate for social honors. Madame La Bavarde, who is probably the most industrious of all our social boosters, is attending to the case of Mrs. McCalla, and she is surely rendering good service. Scarcely a day passes without Madame La Bavarde pouring forth a little gush on the subject of Mrs. McCalla. On Friday of last week she became positively eloquent in her apotheosis of the naval officer's wife, and all because the latter delivered an address to President Roosevelt at Vallejo. Of that address Madame La Bavarde wrote, in one of her characteristic. Caesarian sentences: "Not a word too much—every period well rounded—every point well made, with a bearing so intensely womanly, and at the same time so dashing, it was a sight that thrilled every one present, and upon the conclusion of her presentation cheer followed cheer with a degree of enthusiasm—not second to the demonstration following up Roosevelt's emphatic, ringing speech, which was fine, clear and logical." Isn't that a beautiful sentence? I cannot say of it, however, as Madame La Bavarde said of Mrs. McCalla's speech in her own peculiar English, "Not a word too much"; nor yet can I say not a dash too many.

More of the Gush

Perhaps the personality of Mrs. McCalla is such as to justify the hysteria of Madame La Bavarde. As she is the wife of gallant Captain McCalla I have no doubt that she is an estimable and a sensible woman, and therefore I presume that the bavardian gush about herself must have pained her fearfully. It reads so much like the romantic flattery of a hired press agent that the subject of it was no doubt inclined to blush at the thought of being suspected of courting it. In that same article the readers of the *Bulletin* were told that no one who saw and heard Mrs. McCalla will ever forget the beautiful, graceful woman; that the honors fell to Mrs. McCalla and her three handsome daughters, each of whom has inherited the willowy grace and the sweet voice of the mother as well as the instincts of a gracious hostess; that the right people were brought together, and each and every one carefully attended to, et cetera. And then followed a list of the "right people" that Mrs. McCalla had brought together.

Is Miss Lawlor the Magnet?

Dr. Harry Tevis has announced his intention to take a trip to Europe in September, and on the heels of the announcement comes the rumor that the purpose of the trip is to join Miss Lily Lawlor in Paris. It will be remembered that during Miss Lawlor's recent sojourn in this city Dr. Tevis was so attentive to her as to create the impression that he had begun to find bachelorhood a bore. Miss Lawlor deferred her trip abroad so many weeks that some people thought she was waiting for the young millionaire to screw up his courage, and now there is suspicion of a mutual understanding having been reached.

Talented Belles of Stockton

The story comes to me from Stockton that Miss Genevieve Peters, one of the belles of that town, has a strong desire to enter the newspaper profession. She is possessed of considerable literary talent, and her epigrams have contributed to the gayety of many a social function in the slough city. I hear that when Elbert Hubbard visited Stockton he met Miss Peters and put in a plea for a photograph. Another very bright young woman of Stockton is Miss Jean Reed who is also one of the beauties of that burg. She has a rich contralto which has been well cultivated, and she has sufficient talent to justify a public appearance. She is to make the Alaskan trip this summer with her sister, Mrs. Henry Hewlitt.

Persecution of the Jews

It is now three-quarters of a century since Macaulay, smug, typically British, provincial alike in politics and religion though he may have been, wrote his magnificently noble essay on "The Civil Disabilities of the Jews"; turning against the oppressor, in behalf of the oppressed, the full force of his telling antitheses. In spite of the intervening years of Christian civilization, Russia of today calls loudly for a pen of equal power with that of Thomas Babington, equally inspired with righteous indignation—the pen of some ready writer who hates blind hate, to whom intolerance is intolerable. And but yesterday the Dreyfus case in France had the ear of the world. And even Ameri-

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ca may not be enthusiastically proud of the fact that the disabilities under which the Jew here labors are social—not civil.

Swinburne's Indictment

Great is the injustice of Christian to Jew the world over, great also the ingratitude, making the injustice all the more damnable. The first Christian—the only Christian, I might say—was a Jew. It is vice; it is folly, to forget that. To the wonderful Semitic race we owe that inimitable literature, the Bible, and all that it means, directly and indirectly, to the world. The debt of Art, of Philosophy, to the Jew is, like that of religion, incalculable. To fail to appreciate him is a fault; to feel intolerance for him is a crime; to persecute him, to do him hurt is—well, find a hint of what that is from this sonnet of Swinburne's:

O Son of Man, by lying tongues adored,
By slaughterous hands of slaves with feet red-shod
In carnage deep as ever Christian trod,
Profaned with prayer and sacrifice abhorred
And incense from the trembling tyrant's horde,
Brute worshipers of wielders of the rod,
Most murderous even of all that call thee God.
Most treacherous even that ever called thee Lord;—
Face loved of little children long ago,
Head hated of the priests and rulers then,
If thou see this, or hear these hounds of thine
Run ravening as the Gadarean swine,
Say, was not this thy Passion to foreknow
In death's worst hour the works of Christian men?

An Up-to-Date Heathen

Wong Fook, the king pin of the Chinese "Eight Statesmen" who have been marking for death the members of a Chinatown club that have stood for progress and refused to be blackmailed, is probably one of the funniest products of a mixed civilization who ever dwelt in this town of weird contrasts. Wong, who is a tough native-born Chinaman, has shed his pigtail and wears American clothes of a Tehama street cut. Both in character and outward appearances, indeed, Wong has modeled his civilization on that of the ward politician, and Eastern tourists who are in search of a really, truly Highbinder chief receive a curious shock when Wong is trotted out for inspection. He is the owner of some half-million dollars' worth of property, most of which he has acquired through fan-tan joints and other unlawful means, and the tourists who stand in with the right party get a chance to go through Wong's palatial gambling resort at the corner of Dupont and Jackson, and of hearing how an emperor of hatchet-men actually talks, which is something as follows:

"Poker? Well I guess I takes a hand now and then just fer ducks, see? But gamble—not fer yer uncle Dudley. I let the Chinks gamble and I rakes in the receipts—savvy? Of course once in a while I drops a few bucks on the ponies just to keep my hand in, but as far as plunging, I ain't that kind of a dam fool. Yes, I let a few of my friends play fan-tan here just to pass away the time, but I don't take no money out of it—only just enough to help pay the rent, that's all. What are you taking, gentlemen? whisky?"

Summer Sale of Smart Millinery

One of the best opportunities offered modish women this season to secure smart and exclusive styles in millinery, at prices never before quoted in San Francisco, will be Mrs. Caswell's sale, opening next Monday, May twenty-fifth, at 28 Post street. When "Caswell" is marked on a hat everybody knows it stands for the proper thing in millinery, and the rare Caswell sales are as important to a society woman as a social function. Many of the hats, toques and bonnets are from prominent Parisian makers, and these exquisite patterns will be sold at five, ten and twelve dollars, not a third of the original figure. The entire stock, including ribbons and flowers, will be offered at prices far below cost. The doors will be opened at nine o'clock Monday morning for the sale.

Gair-Sweeney Engagement

The wire to Seattle was hot this week with the felicitations of the friends of Mr. Edward F. Sweeney on his engagement with Miss Essie Louise Gair of Brooklyn, New York. Mr. Sweeney is the vice-president and general manager of the Seattle Brewing Company, and he is one of the most energetic and popular of the business men of the Northwest. Moreover, his activity has been felt in this city, for he invaded the local market in a way that startled his rivals in business. His fiancee is the daughter of the Robert Gairs of Brooklyn. Mr. Gair is one of the largest and wealthiest manufacturers of that city. Miss Gair is a cultured and beautiful young woman. The marriage is to take place at the Gair home in Brooklyn on June first, and the honeymoon will be spent on the Atlantic seaboard.

Mrs. Marriner Campbell has issued invitations for a rendition of Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater," to be given next Friday evening in Steinway hall.

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You are especially asked to visit our beautiful store and see the wonderful manufactured diamonds and the marvelous silver and fish skin pearls.

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Remember Thee

Remember thee! The earliest morning beam
That breaks my slumber brings thee back to me;
Then through the long and lonely day I see
Thy haunting beauty, till my soul doth seem
Lost in the glamour of a glorious dream
That keeps me ever constant unto thee;
And when Night comes, God, how I burn to be
Blest with thy passion, peerless and supreme.

Forget thee? No. Recall the glowing hours
Whose golden wings oft wafteth us away
To where our mingling souls in rapture met
And breathed the blissful fragrance of the flowers
That Love gives to its devotees who stray
Where we have strolled—then ask if I forget.

May, 1903. *Louis A. Robertson.*

"I've come to the conclusion that there is considerable stern reality about that ancient joke on the characteristic plumber's bill."

The speaker stood in the lobby of the California hotel Tuesday night looking at a throng of claw-hammered men wearing jeweled paunches and stall-fed jowls.

"Why have you come to that conclusion?" asked his friend.

"Because I've been looking over these prosperous fellows, and I have been informed that they are all Master Plumbers."

A Snap-Shot

It is midspring: midday. My house is set on a hill, overlooking life. My door is wide open. Just below me a kid gambols on the slope, while its mother sits drowsily chewing the cud in the shade of a honeysuckle that has strayed in sheer wantonness across a garden fence. A gorgeous butterfly zigzags over the fence and is lost to view among its fellows, the flowers. A humming bird poses for me a moment, then drops on a clothesline. On a shingled roof a pigeon follows his coy mate with amorous persistence. Fresh puffs of fleecy smoke rise languidly from a chimney. Some one has put coal into a kitchen stove. At the foot of the hill, in the same lot with a cottage, is a cow-shed. A broken-down cart leans against the white-washed wall. In the cart sits a red-haired girl nursing a baby. Now she stands up to watch a passing funeral. In the middle foreground workmen are getting down from the roof of a stone church in process of erection—in spite of its newness, a bit of granite mediævalism planted firmly there, as if for all time. I can distinguish among them the black coat of the priest, who is architect. An electric car is rushing past the church. And beyond it dashes an express, and is gone. In the background, a college, a convent, a car-house, a red-brick shoe factory, and the mansion of a millionaire stand out in bold relief amid the innumerable houses, the incongruous colors of which are harmonized by the haze. In the dim distance the bay blends with the gray sky, which shades off into a pale blue above. . . . I begin to doubt the reality of what I see, and to dream of what I do not see. What an infinity of roofs!—hiding I know not what kisses, what crimes, what feasting, what fasting, what laughter, what tears! Oh, blessed opacity of wood and stone! . . . Thank God the roofs are not of glass! *Harry Cowell.*

Life has four blessings: Wife, children, friends and near at hand a bottle of Jesse Moore "A A" Whiskey.

The Wires Were Crossed

"Hello! hello! Yes, this is Mrs. Newriche. Who is it, please?"

"This is the *Daily Gush* office."

"Oh, is that you, Madame Boostheclimber?"

"Yes, Mrs. Newriche; I wanted to know if you had anything new for me tonight."

"Oh, sure. I'm going to the mountains for a few weeks, and I'm having a lot of new dresses made—exquisite confections, and they're going to cost an awful lot of money. But you can say that I imported them from Paris, and by the way, I should like you to repeat that notice you wrote about me a month ago, the one in which you said how young I looked, and how graceful and aristocratic."

"All right, I shall be delighted."

"That's a dear good woman. I'll invite you up to spend a few days with me in the mountains."

"Oh, thanks; that will be jolly. What day shall I come?"

"I'll let you know later. By the way, did you hear that Mrs. Smartem is going to give a tea next Thursday? Yes. You can run the names of all the people that were at Shekels' tea last week. The same people will be there. And old Mrs. Gotrox is going to give a theatre party at the Columbia tomorrow night, to Miss Snobley. Just run in the same old gang for that, too, and just say after it's over that I looked radiant as usual. I'm sorry that I haven't more news for you, but really there's nothing doing these dull days, but if you want you may go to lunch with me today at the Grill just to make a paragraph. Will you go? All right. I'll meet you at twelve-thirty. Good-bye."

"Good-bye." —*The Eavesdropper.*

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Today's Royalist

I'd like to have lived in the time of Queen Bess
When duels and battles were rife,
When swords were the popular form of redress,
And insults were paid for with life;
I'd like to have lived when the commoner dwelt
Apart, in a world of his own,
And died ere the time that he voiced what he felt
And placed his own spawn on the throne.

I'd like to have felt the self-satisfied thrill
Unlimited power can afford;
I'd like to have lived when the gentleman's will
Was urged at the point of his sword,
Instead of today, when "Equality's" rule
Puts "Rights" in the mouth of the clan,
When works of the sage can be jeered by the fool,
When master's no better than man.

I'd like to have lived when the ermine embraced
None other than royalty's form;
I'd like to have lived before caste was effaced
Beneath the mob's leveling storm;
I'd like to have lived when the form of restraint
Held commonwealth under the man,
And felt what it was to be free from the taint
Of "Liberty's" plebiscite ban.

May, 1903. *Mabel Porter Pitts.*

Leaves From the Dictionary of a Debutante

Ambition—That which makes rich marriages and poor wives.

Art—The heaven-born knack of saying No to a man in such a way as not to discourage him.

Bore—A man who imagines a conservatory is made to talk in.

Ball Room—A place where one's quarrels and conquests are set to music.

Chaperon—A discreet woman who understands the value of absence.

Dress—Something you never have enough of.

Duties—Something you always have too much of.

Enemy—The girl who kisses you at teas.

Friend—A rather plain girl who is looking for partners.

German—A social function where you dance to beat the Dutch.

Heart—An organ that persists in beating at the wrong time and spoils the plans of the most ambitious climber.

Ingratitude—The attitude of a man who, when rejected, seeks to soothe his pain by falling in love with your rival.

Jealousy—The passion which makes men shoot and women coo.

Kiss—That which is looked forward to with expectation and received with surprise.

Lies—Society's defense against bores.

Marriage—An act of God or a stroke of business—as the case may be.

Nobody—One who inhabits the dismal vacuum outside our Set.

Officer—A gentleman employed by Uncle Sam for active service—principally dancing.

Prude—A girl whose idea of good form differs from yours.

Quintessence—Of joy: to be hated of your sex for cornering the man-market; of woe, to be obliged to knock with the disgruntled majority.

Riches—The basic principle of patrimony, matrimony and alimony.

Snob—One of the names applied to us by outsiders.

Traitor—A girl who steals your men under a guise of friendship.

Usefulness—A nice little college boy who can be flirted with harmlessly yet answer the purpose of decoying something worth while.

Vanity—Personified in a man who has been "sought after" by more than one girl in a season.

Wit—An article which, in society, should be handled like dynamite, and like that explosive, should be kept carefully concealed lest its owner be branded dangerous and undesirable to know.

Xtra—A dance which, when taken with the wrong man, seems one too many, and when taken with the right man, one too few.

Yacht—A craft which is christened with champagne and waterlogged in the same beverage.

Youth—A period of foolishness which wise men envy.

Zest—The first law of nervous prostration.

—*The Lexicographer.*

Mr. Palette Dauber—Let us hie to the Barbary Coast and dine in one of those Latin Cafes.

Topnote Chello—Why to a Latin cafe?

M. Palette Dauber—For the delicious atmosphere, of course.

Topnote Chello—But you can't eat atmosphere. Let us go to Zink's or the Tavern where they have music.

M. Palette Dauber—I have no taste for music.

They compromised on a free lunch counter.

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Chief of Police Wittman's

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Three=Day Liquor Cure Institute

San Francisco, May 6, 1903.

Three-Day Liquor Cure Institute, 295 Geary Street, City.

Gentlemen: I am pleased to inform you that Mr. Rule of this city has written to me that he has been entirely cured from his old appetite for liquor. This is the gentleman that I recommended to your institute some time since for treatment for the Liquor Habit.

From all the evidence at hand the treatment in this case has been an entire success.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) GEORGE W. WITTMAN, Chief of Police

Rule's Thirst for Whisky Cured by Our Treatment

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STAGE

Theatrical Plans Projected

All sorts of important theatrical plans are maturing these days. One hears that Harry Bishop, who has secured the lease to the Bouvier theatre now in course of erection, has made some combinations by which he expects to secure some very big attractions. It is said that he intends to run the theatre independent of the big syndicate and that he will play Hackett, Mrs. Fiske and several other great stars there. Other plans involve the future of the oldest of all our playhouses—the Tivoli. It has been frequently announced that Mrs. Kreling intended to tear down the old building in which music lovers have been regaled with light opera for a quarter of a century, and that she purposed building a fine modern theatre on the historic site. So often has the announcement been made that when it was last heard some months ago a cynical individual was heard to remark that it sounded as familiar as a Hartman joke. Now it is said that Mrs. Kreling intends to move her theatrical Lares and Penates over to the Olympia, and that an office building is to be erected on the Tivoli site. The Olympia is a substantial building and can easily be metamorphosed into a fine, commodious opera house. It is probably owing to the fact that Mrs. Kreling has been somewhat uncertain as to her future plans, and that she contemplated closing in order to build, that the Tivoli company has not been kept up to the old standard, but I hear that the new era in the history of the Tivoli will be opened in magnificent style, and that thereafter the house will maintain its reputation for enterprise in securing the very latest operas and musical successes. San Francisco has been music hungry of late, despite the presence of Mascagni and other stars. In the old days we heard new comic operas in the Tivoli almost as soon as they were produced in New York, and sometimes before, as in the case of "The Mikado," but in recent years we have been dreadfully behind the times. "San Toy" which is coming to the California is a delightful little opera which I heard in New York two years ago. "The Runaway Girl" is a musical comedy, even older than "San Toy," and there are several others such as "The Country Girl," "The Emerald Isle," "The Silver Slipper" and "The Chinese Honeymoon," which we have not heard yet. But let us hope that when the new Tivoli is born "Wang" and the perennial "Toymaker" will be permanently sidetracked, and we shall have the latest and the best, and no longer have reason to feel that we are off the theatrical map.

Graduates From Various Fields

Theatrical men are not usually born to their business. They jump to the stage or the box office from all walks of life. Sol Smith Russell was a printer, I have heard. George H. Broadhurst was a newspaper man. And George H. Davis, whom Belasco and Mayer have just promoted to be the manager of the Central theatre, came into theatricals from a down town commission house in which he was a partner. He was treasurer of the Central, became popular with the theatre's patrons when serving in that capacity, and now he is the manager. Charles Cook, whom Mr. Davis succeeds, has been in poor health for some time past. He has had wide experience in the theatrical line, and was for many years in the Hayman forces. At one time he was manager of the Macdonough. Ernest Howell, of the Central stock, was a reporter and then a real estate clerk when he thought he'd try acting awhile. Nobody thought he would stay long at his new occupation, but he has been on the stage long enough now to know it was what he was cut out for. He has the fattest part he has yet attempted in "The Romany Rye," a silk-hatted secondary to the principal villain. Charles Francis Bryant, who is to go East to assist Dave Belasco, was not bred to be a stage manager. George Lask did some newspaper work before he found his proper bent.

A Star and the Star

A great star of rosebuds was one of the floral offerings heaping the stage after the third act of "Heartsease" on Monday night. It was a neat tribute to the first appearance of White Whittlesey as an independent stellar attraction. Mr. Whittlesey had made a little speech in the first act, after the applause that accompanied his entrance, but he had to make another to go with his floral reception. He stammered a bit, and finally said he had been prepared with a speech, but he couldn't think of a line of it, so in a few unaffected words he thanked his audience. When Whittlesey was here before, he was always an adjunct to Florence Roberts, and though he made many friends he never could be quite sure that the plaudits coming to him were not meant for the feminine star. But his reception on Monday night should be evidence enough to him that he has many strong admirers here. The house was packed. "Heartsease" was always a favorite in Henry Miller's repertory, and every Miller season here the public insists upon at least one performance of the Klein-Clarke romantic comedy. It is a play packed full of heart interest and does not depend upon snappy epigrams or risque situations to make it go. The Alcazar people fit even better into their parts than was expected of them. Henry Shumer moved over from the Central to play the part of the villain, Sir Geoffrey Pomfret, and proved that the managerial judgment did not err when it gave him the part. Albert Morrison as the young Irishman is like a hero from one of the Agnes-Egerton Castle tales. George Osbourne gives a strong impersonation of the irascible father. and Miss Adele Belgarde is effective as Lady Neville, though if she had a better command of facial expression she could make a more satisfactory climax to the scene in which she listens rapturously to what she believes to be the avowals of love of Eric Temple. Of Mr. Whittlesey it should be said that he does not suffer by comparison in the role of Eric Temple with Mr. Henry Miller. The Miller interpretation may be more subtle but it is not more virile.

The Idol of the Girls

The matinee girl has polished up her lorgnette and replenished her caramel box, now that White Whittlesey is back at the Alcazar. There is no drama of romanticism that affords a greater plenitude of more wholly satisfying weeps than "Heartsease," and no actor whose personal pulchritude moves the feminine heartstrings to more violent agitation. When Whittlesey parts the portieres and steps into the limelight of the stage picture it is as if the fabled prince of the fairy tale stood revealed in proper person, and the matinee girl gasps and sighs and wishes that

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Heaven had made her such a man. Fortunately the fascinating Whittlesey has been endowed with brains, as well as good looks. There is fine intellectuality in his work and a freedom from the vain arrogance and affectation which the homage of weak women usually inspires in the object of their admiration. Whittlesey, younger than Drew and Belasco, more forceful than Faversham, as handsome as Hackett and less lachrymose than Miller, stands well the test of comparison with any and all of these flagrant and unblushing heartbreakers. The Alcazar people are going in for big productions of high class plays for Whittlesey. We are to see him later in "The Tyranny of Tears," "The Tree of Knowledge," "D'Arcy of the Guards" and other congenial comedies and dramas.

Gilbert Gardner carries off the honors in the production of Augustus Thomas' "On the Quiet" at the Grand this week. As Dr. Wolcott he does the best work of his long engagement in the stock company. His interpretation is well thought out and portrayed with infinitely more finish than we would expect from a comedian at a theatre where the bill is changed every week. Walter Perkins did better work as Jerome than as the eccentric hero Robert Ridgeway; however, he stirred the risibles of the audience almost as effectively as Willie Collier, for whom the part was made to order.

Flapdoodle and Criticism

The sprightly theatrical criticisms and interviews of Mr. Ashton Stevens have been missed by readers of the *Examiner* for two weeks. Mr. Stevens is taking a vacation in San Rafael. With Mr. Stevens away, theatregoers that like to read something more substantial than mere perfunctory booming of plays and player-folks after first night performances, have some difficulty in achieving gratification. In my opinion theatrical managers should be more pleased with honest criticism, even though it be severe at times, than with the stereotyped flapdoodle that passes for criticism in most of the dailies nowadays. Uniform praise of every old thing that comes along leads to indifference on the part of the public as to what is written by those that never condemn even when condemnation is justified. But when the critic who damns occasionally with more than faint praise, enthuses ecstatically over a performance of exceptional merit, the effect is immediately felt in the box-office.

Writing a Drama for Barney

Barney Bernard will never be satisfied until he is out of burlesque. His ambition, like that of all comedians, is to make people weep as well as laugh, and he is eager to follow in the footsteps of Dave Warfield by appearing in legitimate comedy. He recently heard a story full of dramatic interest that developed during a trial in one of our courts, and he has engaged a local playwright to dramatize it.

Not the least feature of E. H. Sothern's production of "If I Were King" are the pictures to be presented of old Paris. It was originally intended by Mr. Sothern's parents that he should be an artist and for a number of years he studied painting in some of the most celebrated studios of London. This early training helped him greatly in his stage career and while Justin Huntley McCarthy's researches into history have laid the foundations for the different scenes, Mr. Sothern's artistic insight has helped to give them form and color.

Margaret Anglin is to come to San Francisco, after all the talk *con*, with the Henry Miller company. Probably when she comes the truth may be learned as to whether she is or is not to marry Miller, in case his wife grants him legal freedom.

Mary Hampton played the daughter in that memorable production at the Baldwin of "Aristocracy" in which Blanche Walsh was the wife, Barrymore the American husband and Faversham the foreign nobleman.

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Just a little while ago the London gossips were talking about Lawrence Irving's devotion to Alice Neilsen, and now Sir Henry's son has married one Mabel Hackney. Young Irving and Ethel Barrymore were once engaged, but the latter's melancholy temperament did not go well with the buoyant disposition of his fiancee and they broke their engagement.

Her Great Promise

With a voice of rare quality, and not a little technique at her command, Mademoiselle Antonia Dolores (Trebelli) arouses expectations to which she does not quite come up. The hearer never is, but always to be, thrilled; and the end is disappointment rather than delight, the heart becoming sick by reason of the deferring of hope. During the "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark" number, with its flute obligato, expectancy was at its height, and the recall had that passionate ring in it that is ever pleasant to hear. Throughout the whole performance (or should I say, promise?) the applause was generous; the audience being very willing to pay its praise in advance. If a capacity for taking infinite pains is the first attribute of genius, Mr. Newell is not a genius. His work is damned by indolence, indifference. He gives you the impression that he could play well if he thought it (or you) worth the trouble. To assume such an attitude toward an audience is, to say the least, impolite, impolitic and inartistic.

The news has gone forth on the Rialto that the Nance O'Neil company will shortly be here, direct from St. Paul, to play a six weeks' engagement at the Republic. The company has been touring since leaving here, taking in Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, Salt Lake City, Denver, Springfield and other cities. There was plenty of artistic success all along the line, but not such a great financial triumph as was expected.

L. H. Bishop, one of the stockholders of the Grand Opera House, and for a long time past the theatre's business manager, has resigned, I hear, from that post to go into the theatrical advertising business with the Al Dodge Co. Mr. Bishop is one of the most popular theatrical men on the coast.

Features of Next Week's Bills

Mary Mannering originally intended to produce a new play for the final week of her engagement but she has deemed it advisable to keep the Fitch comedy on. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday of "The Stubbornness of Geraldine." E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King" comes next, and Mr. Sothern will hold you for awhile. Theatregoers will find the Sothern engagement to be one of the greatest treats they ever had.

Everything is in readiness for the opening of the pretentious season of musical comedy at the California. The Augustin Daly musical company of eighty people, direct from Daly's theatre, New York, arrived on Thursday by special train. The opening piece will be "A Runaway Girl," a musical comedy that has been famous for its phenomenal runs and its tuneful qualities. The house is practically sold out for the opening night and the audience promises to be as smart a one as has turned out to a theatrical event this season. The pieces to follow "A Runaway Girl" will be "The Circus Girl," "A Gaiety Girl," and "San Toy."

"Heartsease" goes for another week at the Alcazar.

"My Friend from India" will be the vehicle in which Walter E. Perkins will say au revoir to San Francisco. The Du Souchet farce is exceedingly popular here. Sunday evening, May thirty-first, the first production of Rogers Bros.' musical eccentricity, "In Washington," will be given in this city. The Rogers Bros.' productions pack the Eastern theatres in which they are presented. The Grand Opera House management has purchased the entire scenery and costumes used in the New York productions, and have brought from that city a splendid company, which is headed by Raymond & Caverly. Among the other features will be a chorus of fifty beautiful girls, specially selected by Charles H. Jones, the famous stage manager, from the "Florodora," "King Dodo," "Nancy Brown" and "Princess Chic" companies. The orchestra will consist of twenty-one picked musicians, and the leader of it will be Geo. P. Towle, late musical director of Daly's, the Casino and the Bijou theatres of New York. Seats will be on sale at the box office of the Grand Opera House Monday morning.

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Ladies' Gowns and Skirts,	75c,	$1.00,	$1.50,	$2.50	and up to	$20.00
Ladies' Chemise and Drawers,	50c,	75c,	1.00,	1.50	and up to	10.00
Corset Covers	25c,	50c,	1.00,	2.50	and up to	10.00

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SUMMER SHAWLS of White Shetland and Silk for out door use around shoulders or head. The Shetland as low as **75c** up to **$5.00.** The Silk from **$2.00** to **$10.00**. Also Travelling Shawls.

"El Capitan" will have its first presentation at the Tivoli Monday night. Edwin Stevens will be heard in the Hopper role of Don Medigua, Arthur Cunningham as Don Cazarro and Annie Myers as his daughter. Webb is the chamberlain, Pozzo, and Caro Roma is the wife of Medigua. Bertha Davis is cast for Isabel, the heroine, and Lee is the young lover. The opera will be beautifully costumed and there will be a number of elaborate marches.

As much interest has been displayed regarding "Fiddle Dee Dee," since its revival at Fischer's, as on the occasion of the first production here. The box office is literally besieged with orders for tickets and it seems as if all San Francisco were once more flocking to see the burlesque. "Twirly Whirly," the last one of the Weber & Field's successes, will follow, and it is going to be another big production.

At the Orpheum Mary Hampton will appear with a competent company in a satirical comedietta by Edmund Day, "The Melodrama"; during the action of the piece she will appear in three distinct characters. The Permane brothers, English clowns, direct from the Folies Bergere, Paris, will appear for the first time in America in their original act, "The Nightingale's Courtship." Zelma Rawlston, character impersonator and "fashion plate," comes back after a three years' success in London and Eastern cities. Kartelli, crack wire performer, comes highly praised by the Eastern press. The Baileys, a colored comedy sketch team, will be new. The Whitney brothers will change their selections, Martini and Max Millian will present a new illusion styled "The Mysterious Automobile," and the Freydo brothers will continue their acrobatic act.

At the Chutes Kraton, who has been creating a sensation in the principal Eastern vaudeville houses, will make his first appearance in this city, as will also Christy and Willis, the "tramp juggler and the premier danseuse." John J. Welch, dancing comedian, will show the latest steps and Jessie Dale, the California baritone, will sing illustrated songs for the first time here.

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300 Nights in New York. 600 Nights in London. A Company of Eighty including John Slavin, George Fortesque, Alfred Hickman, Harold Vizard, Clarence Harvey, Joseph Canto, Isobel Hall, Violet Dale, Marie Doro, Sadie Kirby, Geane Millard, Jane Newcombe. PRICES—$1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c

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Will soon make room for "Twirly Whirly." These artists are still here Kolb, Dill and Bernard, Maude Amber, Winfield Blake, Harry Hermsen.
Reserved Seats:
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Children at Matinees, 10c and 25c
Coming—the famous singer, Mme. Eugenia Mantell

From Frawley to Irving

Another California girl has broken into the charmed circle of the English stage. Elizabeth Stewart, who left here with the Neill-Frawley company last August, has been engaged by the management of Sir Henry Irving's company to play in the cast with the great Englishman. Miss Stewart is not only the first Californian to attain the distinction of an engagement with Irving, but she is perhaps the first American woman to enter the London dramatic arena through the back door. She was playing in India with the Frawleys when an agent of Irving made her the offer to proceed to London and join the famous company there. Needless to say she accepted at once, and despite the loss to Frawley, he allowed her to sever her contract, and all her associates bade her Godspeed from Rangoon. Miss Stewart and Miss Eva Dennison were the two pretty girls of the Frawley company in its present Oriental tour. I except Miss Mary Van Buren, for a torrid sun has played havoc with her looks, and though at last hearing she still preserved the magnificent plenitude of charms which made her figure so attractive, yet her complexion is utterly gone. Three months of Manila, with other months in Burma, Siam and the Straits' Settlements are enough to ruin any skin. The Frawleys have sailed for Australia, I understand, and will play a long time in that country. They had a rather successful trip in India after a disastrous one in Manila, and anticipate a paying stay in Australia. They will return here by way of Honolulu.

In the Bard's Plays

There is to be a great revival of Shakespearean plays next season. Our old favorite Wilton Lackaye, who was once a matinee idol, but who has been devoting himself to character work of late years, is to be starred in "The Merchant of Venice." Those of us who saw his Rabbi in "The Children of the Ghetto" should be quite confident of his ability to play Shylock. Viola Allen is to appear in "Twelfth Night." Warde and James are to produce "The Tempest," "Othello" and "Julius Cæsar," and they are to attempt a Broadway run. Heretofore they have been content to appear in the provinces. The nearest they ever got to Broadway was the Harlem Opera House. Mrs. Fiske is to appear in "Macbeth" and "Much Ado About Nothing." Nat Goodwin will make his second Shakespearean attempt but not in anything so serious as "The Merchant of Venice," in which he once appeared with sad results. He is anxious to produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and play Nick Bottom the weaver. Mr. Sothern will play "Julius Cæsar" and Henriettta Crosman will open the season in "As You Like It."

The Kicker Had Kicked

In Mr. Robert Edeson's supporting company is a young man who has earned for himself the title of the "Genial Kicker." Strangely enough he is possessed of a distinctly agreeable disposition and a nature commonly alluded to as "willing." Nevertheless when requested to perform some additional task he raises innumerable objections, then, after he has relieved his mind, placidly does what is asked of him. The other night Mr. Edeson called him to his dressing-room to inform him that Mr. Harris, his manager, had assigned him an extra bit of work in "Soldiers of Fortune."

Mr. Edeson, astonished, exclaimed, "Why don't you kick?"

"Mr. Harris told me about it today," he replied.

"Oh, then you have kicked," said Mr. Edeson.

Dorothy Dorr, who is to be a prima donna in a new opera next season, is in private life the wife of Harry J. W. Dam, formerly of San Francisco, now of London and New York. Miss Dorr is a Boston girl, daughter of an Army surgeon, but she made most of her stage successes in England. She played an engagement as leading lady at the Alcazar a few seasons back, but she did not catch the favor of the theatre's patrons. They thought her too mature for the roles given her. She is a handsome woman, with a figure running somewhat to excess of avoirdupois.

Lily Langtry has become what on this side of the Atlantic we call a "syndicated star." In her South African tour she will be supported by local stock companies in the cities where she plays.

Sothern in "If I were King" and Amelia Bingham in "The Climbers" are near Columbia futures. —*The Playgoer.*

The whiskey of the particular — Chapin & Gore.

MUSIC

Ragtime vs. National Airs

Professor Georg Eduard of the Northwestern University says that the day of "America," "The Star Spangled Banner" and all other national airs is past, and that ragtime has supplanted them. "'Hot Time' today stirs the hearts of Americans more than any other tune," declares Professor Eduard; "American soldiers have sung it around the world. The charge up San Juan hill was made to its music, the band played it when the United States troops were entering Peking, and today they are singing it in the Philippines." They also sang it at the golden banquet given in honor of Roosevelt, and the President joined in with vim. But ragtime was not more popular than national airs at that banquet. Henry Heyman directed the music and he chose most of it with a view of keeping the guests' vivacity at white heat. He gave them "Marching Thro' Georgia," "Suwanee Riber," and "The Star Spangled Banner." He also gave them "God Save the King," which was that to the Britishers present, and "America" to the Americans. The President himself requested several of his favorites. The orchestra, by the way, was a picked one, selected from our best musicians, who with their leader came in for many compliments on their artistic work.

MISS MARY CARRICK
Hugo Mansfeldt's Brilliant Pupil who will give a Liszt Recital in Steinway Hall next Monday Evening

Walter and Richard

A Berlin correspondent writes that Walter Damrosch and Richard Strauss have struck up a warm friendship. Strauss played for Damrosch his latest composition, a wonderful thing for an orchestra. Strauss will not go to New York until next year. He will give concerts in the principal American cities. Damrosch went to Berlin to secure singers for a great Wagner season, but is encountering difficulties, as the German singers of eminence are

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mostly engaged for the next three seasons. Damrosch knew Liszt, Hans Bulow, Wagner and Raff, and himself studied under Bulow. He has been having a pleasant time visiting old friends. He is going abroad next spring with his symphony orchestra to give Wagner concerts in Berlin, other German cities, Paris and St. Petersburg.

The Carrick Recital

Miss Mary Carrick, pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt and a graduate of Notre Dame College, will give a Liszt piano recital in Steinway hall on Monday evening. She has devoted much study to the works of the Abbe; her execution is said to be very facile and her power of interpretation remarkable. Miss Carrick is a San Francisco girl. The program to be rendered at the recital will include: Praeludium C dur, Schubert's "Du Bist die Kuh," Legende St. Francois d'Assise—La Predication aux Oiseaux (first time here), Mephisto Walzer No. 2, Grosses Konzert, solo E moll, eight movements (first time here), Etude de Concert, Lied transcribed by Hugo Mansfeldt, Tarantella, Venezia e Napoli, Romanza from "Tannhauser," Waldesrauschen, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8. Such a program sounds ambitious for a young, inexperienced woman, but Mr. Mansfeldt says Miss Carrick can play it. He is a great Liszt exponent himself and was a pupil of Liszt at the same time Rosenthal studied under the great master.

The Barton Concert

Maple Hall was well filled on the occasion of the first concert of the Barton Choral Society, and the appreciation of the audience, in conjunction with the artistic character of the performance, augurs well for the future success of the society. The first part of the program consisted of songs composed by Gerard Barton and rendered by well known vocalists. The part songs were especially successful, the beautiful blending of the voices bringing out the harmonies in a fine manner. Miss Marian Robinson was excellent in the two Shakespearean songs. "A Lover and His Lass" is really one of the triumphs of song-making. It is the true lyric spirit and the lilt of the refrain is wonderfully catchy. It is one of those rare instances where the music does full justice to the words. Ruth Estelle Weston gave a charming interpretation of "The Rosary." Her voice is sympathetic and her method better than the average. S. Homer Henley was effective in his sea song, "The Man at the Wheel," words by Robert

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Cameron Rogers. Mr. Barton has furnished a ringing, swinging melody, and the whole has a breeziness which ought to make it a favorite song with bassos. The four-part "Serenade," words by Samuel Minturn Peck, was a beautiful number. The second part of the program consisted of the cantata of "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," music by S. Coleridge-Taylor. The barbaric opening chords on the piano at once challenge attention, and the peculiar swinging rhythm of the vocal part holds it to the end. The work is mainly chorus, and is somewhat of a recitative, the most melodious part being the one solo, which fell to the lot of Mr. Herbert Williams, the tenor. Mr. Williams's pure and expressive voice did full justice to the beauty of the part. Mr. Gerard Barton directed, and Mrs. Carolyn H. Barton accompanied in a masterly manner. The part songs were in the hands of Grace Marshall and Mary Carpeneto Mead, sopranos, Marian E. B. Robinson, contralto, Herbert Williams, tenor, and S. Homer Henley, basso. Many of Mr. Barton's songs are new and still in manuscript.

Madame Eugenia Mantelli, the celebrated grand opera contralto, will arrive here shortly prior to the opening of her Pacific Coast concert tour, which begins in Los Angeles on Tuesday of this week. She appears in a series of operatic recitals such as in which she has won renown in three continents. She will appear in evening dress and in costume, singing excerpts from "Carmen," "The Barber of Saville," "Samson and Delilah," "The Huguenots," "Faust," and "Mignon," as well as several beautiful English selections. Madame Mantelli was for five years a leading Italian contralto with the Maurice Grau opera company. When the organization was last in California she did not come with it as she was specially engaged that season as prima donna of the Royal Opera in Lisbon. Next autumn Mantelli will sing in opera in Berlin, Hamburg and Vienna, where she is a great favorite. She recently returned from South Africa where she sang in Buenos Ayres, Rio Janeiro, Montevideo, Valpariso, Santiago de Chili, Lima and other cities of importance.

A piano recital will be given on Tuesday evening in Steinway hall by Gertrude Fleming, a ten year old pianist, a pupil of Mr. Rudolf Forster. Little Miss Fleming has been studying music since she was six, and her repertory includes such composers as Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Bach, Mozart and Scharwenka. She also sings, and at her recital will render Gounod's "Ave Maria."

An interesting musicale, and very largely attended, was given recently at the College of Notre Dame in San Jose by Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and her three children, May, Avis and Warner, assisted by Samuel Adelstein. The Sisters and their guests thoroughly enjoyed the program, which included instrumental quartets, 'cello, violin, lute, mandolin, piano and soprano solos. It was a well chosen and well rendered program.

At Paul Elder's book shop this evening will be given "An Evening with Wagner," by Miss Annie Wilson, pianiste, and Warren Hastings Olney, baritone.

The concert under Mr. Pasmore's direction on Wednesday night, and the Loring Club concert on Thursday, occurred too late in the week to be reviewed in this issue. —*The Music Critic.*

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LETTERS

"The Lieutenant Governor"

Now that "The Lieutenant Governor," which made its appearance in the *Smart Set* last January, has been brought out in book form, it is attracting general attention and causing more comment than so short a story usually occasions. It is a sort of "Lady or the Tiger" proposition, and one that no man would care to have forced upon him for solution. In the State of Allegania, a reform party of young and enthusiastic men has developed sufficient political strength to make itself troublesome to the heretofore dominant Labor Party. The result is what it often is, a compromise in which the inexperienced reformers are led to believe that they are getting a share of the plums and a chance to prove themselves. The successful State ticket is made up of Elijah Abbott, a practical politician, a Labor candidate, who expects and intends to spend the rest of his life in a comfortable berth, and John Barclay, a Reformer, young, enthusiastic and ambitious. It does not take Barclay long to discover that in spite of his office as Lieutenant Governor, he is as powerless as a cypher. Rathbawne, the proprietor of the mills upon which the city of Kenton practically depends for existence, is a just, fair man. He has spent the principal part of his life in building up his business, and at the time that the story opens he and it are prosperous, and his hands content. Fifteen recent additions to its force were incompetent, and were discharged, and McGrath, labor leader, demands their immediate reinstatement, with the alternative of a strike. Rathbawne is obstinate. He claims the right to conduct his business in his own way, and the strike is called. Barclay, the Lieutenant Governor, is engaged to Natalie, the daughter of the mill owner, and Governor Abbott, urged by McGrath, attempts to coerce Rathbawne through Barclay. But Barclay refuses to be made a tool. Then follow the usual results of a strike, drinking, disorder in the streets, and inflammatory newspaper articles. Rathbawne applies to the authorities for protection for his property and is refused on the grounds that he is in no danger, and as the Labor party is in power, he is informed that he can put an end to the difficulty by conceding everything. The mills are set on fire, and the fire department is as slow in responding as were the police, and things go from bad to worse. The Governor is petitioned to send the militia to restore order, but he denies that there is anything which calls for interference, and the reign of terror continues. At this juncture the *Deus ex machina* appears in the person of Spencer Cavendish, a former suitor of Natalie Rathbawne. He has tasted the depths of dissipation, and it is owing to the friendship of the Lieutenant Governor that he has been restored to something like respectability. Since Rathbawne will not surrender to the labor union and Governor Abbott will not protect the Rathbawne mills from destruction, the only way to end the struggle seems to be to remove one of the opponents. Cavendish shoots the Governor dead, leaving the way open for Barclay to succeed him and rescue the community. From a remark made by Cavendish at the moment of the tragedy, taken in connection with his dissipated habits, there is some reasonable doubt as to his sanity. Only Barclay and Natalie know what Cavendish referred to and that he was probably never more sane in his life. Now comes the problem. Cavendish has been sentenced to death. The day of execution is at hand, but a petition for commutation of his sentence has been circulated and has received a large number of signatures, both from doubts as to his responsibility, and from the acknowledgment that in spite of the crime he was a public benefactor. Now, what should John Barclay do under the circumstances? Should he be governed by the law and his own knowledge, and let the execution take place, or should he temper justice with mercy, and reprieve the prisoner? What would you or I do? What Barclay did readers must find out for themselves, but Guy Wetmore Carryl has given them an opportunity to do some sober thinking.

"Mr. Claghorn's Daughter"

Hilary Trent's novel, "Mr. Claghorn's Daughter," has made its appearance in the very nick of time, apropos of the revision of the Westminster Confession, which it is now decided shall be undertaken immediately. The story concerns chiefly the fate of the daughter of one Mr. Claghorn and the son of another. The Claghorns are an old New England family, descendants of a Mayflower ancestor, Presbyterians of the bluest dye, and following the

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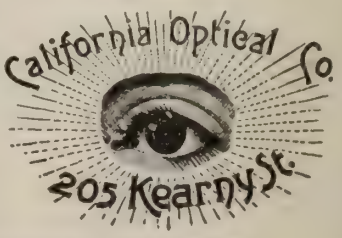

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ministry as a calling. The Mr. Claghorn who had the daughter started in the traditional way, with a family name and a course at a theological seminary, but having inherited a comfortable fortune, he left home, name, and calling, and became as French as circumstances would permit. His daughter he brought up without religious instruction of any kind, and it was her fate to marry a cousin who had all the New England traits and family traditions intensified. While Natalie's father believed that since evil could not be exterminated, the wisest course to pursue with children, who sooner or later, must make its acquaintance, is to give them a judicious knowledge of facts, Leonard has been trained under the opposite course, being kept isolated and ignorant. Which proved the more rational in the end is one of the points which Mr. Trent has elucidated by example. The religious problem, whether any one conscientiously believing and accepting the doctrine of election and foreordination and the damnation of infants who have committed no transgressions, can conscientiously marry and become parents, is somewhat forcibly put in Amelia Barr's "Prisoners of Conscience." Her characters were Celtic fishermen, while Mr. Trent deals with educated New Englanders, but the effect is the same, as far as conscience is concerned. Though the Westminster Confession is put on trial avowedly in this book, the extremely high branch of the Episcopalian high church is also pilloried. Leonard Claghorn's professed acceptance of the last comma and period of the Presbyterian creed and "Father" Camoril's affectation of practices which were ultra-doctrinal and beyond the man's capacity to keep come to grief alike, but it is not to be concluded from this that religion is in any sense derided or decried in the book. Those who have no interest in doctrinal points will find plenty to interest them in the wifely devotion of Natalie, the innocence of Paula, and the shrewd common sense of Achsah, the New England spinster, or Mrs. Joe Claghorn by marriage, and her ambitions, matrimonial and otherwise, for her son Mark. How the portions dealing with religious questions will be received is a matter of how much of the Westminster Confession is accepted. Those who, like Leonard Claghorn, believe or think they believe in it, will probably cry aloud at the sacrilege, but those who have professed no allegiance will pass the matter over as of no particular consequence. [Published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York.]

The Ella Wheeler of London

The essays which Mrs. Flora Anne Steele is contributing to the London *Saturday Night* are attracting widespread attention for a peculiar reason. Mrs. Steele is so well known as a writer of fiction, and so justly admired for her work in that field of literature, that when *Saturday Night* made its announcement that she would be a regular weekly contributor, readers sat up and wiped their spectacles, prepared to enjoy an exceptional feast of good things. But Mrs. Steele has not come up to expectations. Even the least exacting are forced to admit their disappointment and to wonder how she can manage to be so weary, flat, stale and unprofitable. In both matter and manner her essays resemble nothing so much as a "letter from the people," in which a demand is made for some reform on the principle that the thing is wrong and "somebody ought to know about it." One of the latest of Mrs. Steele's contributions concerns the substitution of the trained nurse in the place of the wife and mother. The article has been copied in whole or in part and widely commented on, but the personality of the author has been of such small consequence that in every instance it has been attributed to some disgruntled male, who, in all likelihood, has been catalogued as one of the army of John Bulls who "write to the *Times* about it" every time they lose the tags from their boot laces.

—*The Bookworm*

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With the Money Makers

The New Mining Exchange

The first session of the recently organized San Francisco and Tonopah Mining Exchange was held Monday morning in the Exchange room on the ground floor of the Mills building. The remarkable development of the Tonopah mining district is shown in the large number of mining companies already on the call list and the opening session of the board was characterized with spirited bidding for shares, which resulted in a good volume of business. The new organization started under most auspicious conditions, with seventy-four members. Henry C. Cutting is president; Emile E. Kahn, vice-president, J. S. Ewen, treasurer, and Louis Hagen, secretary. Two open sessions are tto be held daily, at 11 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., and investors as well as the general public are invited to be present.

The Gas Stock Flim-Flam

Trading during the past week has been of good proportions with noticeable activity in gas and powder shares. Transactions have been quite general, however, and while sales of some stocks have been comparatively light, the greater portion of the list has been fairly well represented. Prices remain quite steady and with few exceptions the fluctuations have been kept within narrow limits. The usual periodical boom in San Francisco Gas & Electric shares has been successfully worked on the public once more and the speculators have the gold coin and the people the certificates of stock. In the course of a few days it may be expected that the speculators will again have the shares of stock, but at reduced figures, the people, as usual, standing the loss. It does seem remarkable that this scheme can be worked so frequently on the public as during the last three months. Judging from the volume of business and the reports on the street the losses to the investing public must have been enormous, while the gain to the speculative interests has been correspondingly great. Early in the week certain speculators proceeded to create a demand for San Francisco Gas & Electric shares by circulating the report, in an apparently quiet way, that negotiations were again resumed and under way for a consolidation of all the lighting plants. About this same time certain orders to buy San Francisco Gas & Electric shares were conveniently placed and acting under the impulse of what appeared to be a nice inside tip, the investing public commenced to bite and seek shares of this stock. This sent the price upward again and the speculative interests which had bought liberally during the period of depression a week before had stock to sell, of course, at an advance. The outside people bought extensively and when the speculators had disposed of their stock and pocketed the proceeds the rumor gained currency on the street that the proposed deal was again off. This, of course, weakened the price of shares and with the downward movement in price, many buyers who purchased for a quick turn sold so that the loss would be as small as possible. This will further weaken the stock and enable the speculators to buy it in again at the reduced figures. It will doubtless be but a short time before some more shadowy rumors are upon the street tending to show that more negotiations are in progress. This will be the sign that the speculators have again got the stock in hand to float upon the unsuspecting public as soon as the buying orders of the latter assume sufficient proportions to force prices upward. Within a few days these same speculative interests who are manipulating San Francisco Gas & Electric shares have caused the statement to be given out that all negotiations were off as far as the Equitable Company is concerned. It was stated that the holders of the Equitable option were exorbitant and so forced those who were to finance the operation to withdraw. From the most reliable sources this is known to be absolutely false, and as a matter of fact the deal thus far has not fallen through. It is said that the balance of the indebtedness of the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company to the San Francisco Gas Light Company has been paid and that the directors of the latter corporation will hold a meeting within a few days and probably declare a dividend of $1.50 a share.

Other Stock Gossip

Giant Powder stock has been very firm and little can be had at less than $74.50, while most holders are asking $75, with few disposed to sell at the latter figure. The proposition for a consolidation of the various local powder companies is said to be making very satisfactory progress. From an inside source the plan is said to be to appoint appraisers to value the plants and assets of the various corporations, to estimate the earning power of each, and with this as a basis fix upon a price to be paid shareholders in their respective companies. By such a consolidation there is expected to be a marked reduction in the cost of maintenance, and also less expense incident to the cost of marketing the product. It is also believed that in consequence of the large increase in the cost of both labor and supply that the price of powder is too low and that the best way to effect an increase in the price, without compelling the consumers to pay higher rates is to reduce the cost of production by consolidating competing companies. Sugar shares have developed considerable strength during the week, and while transactions have not been extensive the paucity of business has been more due to the strong confidence of holders in future valuation rather than to any lack of demand for shares. Hawaiian Commercial has sold in small parcels at $47.75 to $48, but there is scarcely any of the stock to be had at less than $48.50. In the same way $18.50 is the asking price for Paauhau and while there is good demand at that figure the offers to sell are very light, Makaweli is held firmly at $26 with most holders demanding $27. Hutchison Plantation is steady with $15.50 bid and $15.52 1-2 asked. Onomea is wanted at $22.50, but the lowest asking price is $23.50. Bank of California shares have been steadily advancing and the lowest price is $650 per share. Other bank shares remain about steady. Spring Valley Water stock is a shade stronger and sells from $84.75 to $85. The company paid a dividend of 42c. a share on the 20th. Oceanic Steamship shares are offered at $8.75, but no one seems willing to buy at anything above $8. Sales of bonds have been moderate and prices have been generally well sustained, with fluctuations small and unimportant.

—*The Financier.*

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THROUGH TRAINS

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A Revolutionary Puzzle

The following is taken from a collection of odd rhymes and curious stories. It can be read in three different ways. First, read the whole as it is written; second, read downward on the left of the comma in the middle of each line; third, read the lines downward on the right of the comma. By the first reading the Revolutionary cause is condemned, by the other two it is praised:

Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the din of war's 'larms,
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us to arms.
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine.
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join.
The Acts of Parliament, in them I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight.
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast.
Who non-resistant hold, they have my heart and hand,
May they for slaves be sold, who act a Whiggish part.
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore;
To North and British lord, may honors still be done.
I wish a block and cord, to General Washington.

Thackeray on Death

In one of his letters Thackeray wrote: "I can't pity anybody who leaves the world, not even a fair young girl in her prime; I pity those remaining. On her journey, if it please God to send her, depend on it there's no cause for grief, that's but an earthly condition. Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the Divine light and warmth, there must be a serene climate. Can't you fancy sailing into the calm? Would you care about going on the voyage, but for the dear souls left on the other shore? but we shan't be parted from them, no doubt, though they are from us. Add a little more intelligence to that which we possess even as we are, and why shouldn't we be with our friends, though ever so far off? * * Why, presently, the body removed, shouldn't we personally be everywhere at will—properties of Creation, like the electric something (spark is it?) that thrills all around the globe simultaneously? and if around the globe why not *Ueberall?* and the body being removed or elsewhere disposed of and developed, sorrow and its opposite, crime and the reverse, ease and disease, desire and dislike, etc., go along with the body—a lucid Intelligence remains, a Perception ubiquitous."

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California. Department No. —. No. 85297.

MARGARET SCHIRMER, Plaintiff, vs. PHILIPP SCHIRMER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to PHILIPP SCHIRMER Defendant

Yon are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's adultery with one Mrs. Frank during and about the month of August A. D. 1902, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and this extreme cruelty towards plaintiff as in plaintiff's complaint alleged, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of April in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By H. H. ST. LEGER, Deputy Clerk

JULIAN PINTO, Plaintiff's Attorney
Room 204, 2nd Floor, Emma Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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Other People's Ideas

From "The Under Side of Things," by Lillian Bell:

An idol of the people is on so insecure a footing that it behooves one who aspires to that slippery elevation to look well to what sort of a cushion is beneath him, unless he likewise aspires to broken bones and bruised feelings, for by a single 'Thumbs down' he is apt to find himself shaken up, out of breath, and dizzy from his fall. A social idol, a belle, is, perhaps, in the most precarious situation of all.

A man with a conscience will sacrifice his head and his bodily comfort to his ideal of duty, but he clings tenaciously to his heart's desire, and yields that last of all. A woman with a conscience often makes a burnt-offering of her heart from pure altruism. Men call such a woman a saint—or cold.

It is queer, what a curious effect daylight has on love, and odd, how many of the kinks the moon puts in that the sun takes out.

Is anything more maddening than to go ambling peacefully along in life, smiling at the world and harming nobody, and suddenly dash your head against the stone wall of provincial virtue and lie on your back for awhile seeing red and green stars?

There is an element of viciousness in the virtue of a small town which is worse than loose-slippered liberality.

It really would be a delightful as well as a most instructive thing if a man occasionally could exchange places with the woman he loves and view his actions through her eyes. Perhaps he might better understand her causeless jealousies and her unreasonable way of holding him to account for quite harmless diversions. He might see how the moments he spends with other girls seem to lengthen out into the basis of a good quarrel—so different are men's eyes from women's. It would benefit them in the same degree that a year's travel benefits a provincial youth. He learns a new point of view.

—*The Gleaner.*

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—Department No. 7. No. 81376.

NELLIE G. PAULSELL, Plaintiff, vs. O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to O. F. PAULSELL, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of this plaintiff and upon the further ground of defendant's extreme cruelty toward this plaintiff, said action is further brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court awarding the minor children of the parties to this action to plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

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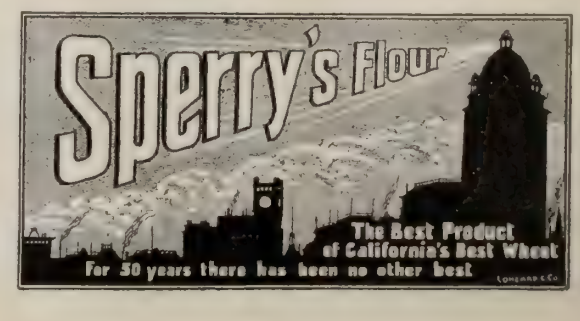

TOWN TALK

San Francisco, May 30, 1903

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Our Wide-Open Town

San Francisco has been a wide-open town for some months and nobody appears to care whether it be reformed or not. The reformer is evidently in a state of hibernation; his vocation is gone. In prosperous times, when people are happy, they have no use for reformers. The reformer is of the grumbler species, and contented people regard the grumbler as a bore. However the phenomenon is worth noting that San Francisco is today enjoying all the freedom and privileges of a wide-open town, and that not a protest is uttered against the various forms of vice that are permitted to thrive, by either press or pulpit. The festive gambler is abroad on the highways and the byways looking for victims, confidence operators are operating with impunity, the deadfalls of the slums are in full blast, and nobody cares a tinker's imprecation. We are evidently growing more tolerant of vice, and less suspicious of the authorities. The public conscience is off duty. And in view of the popular quiescence there appears to be no occasion for the sounding of an alarm. It is the modern notion that in a seaport town vice should not be altogether discouraged, but if so, laws should be passed granting license to those that provide entertainment for the vicious and the unwary. The vice that is tolerated in a wide-open town is not to be deplored so much as the evils that flow from a lax administration of the law. When the authorities are no longer inspired by a sense of duty to enforce the law, and when it becomes optional with them to enforce it or to permit infraction thereof, they soon take advantage of the looseness of the situation and profit by the freedom of action they enjoy. Enterprises conducted in violation of law usually yield great profits to those engaged in the illicit business and the authorities that permit the unlawful traffic do so in most instances because they have been paid for immunity. The police, for instance, permit crime when they are bribed to do so, and when the police authorities of a great city are corrupt personal and property rights are in jeopardy. There is no reason why the consequences that have flowed from police corruption in Chinatown should be confined to the denizens of that district. Originally the Chinese paid for permission to gamble, but we have lately learned that to fully enjoy the special privilege, they deemed it advisable to engage in the wholesale assassination business. The police winked at murder as easily as they did at fan-tan and Chinese lottery. What reason have we to suppose that the police may enter into co-partnership with the white lottery dealers and the crap gamblers, without promoting other and more serious crimes? Of course we have no positive proof that the police authorities are in league with the white gamblers, but the evidence is sufficiently strong to convince any sane person. It would not be admissible in a properly constituted court, but before the bar of Public Opinion it would undoubtedly secure a verdict. The police authorities are neither fools nor children. They know that the white lottery business is conducted openly in this city. They know by whom it is conducted, and they know that four thousand dollars a month is paid by the lottery gamblers for advertising purposes in the daily newspapers. Is it reasonable to suppose that the police grant them immunity through a spirit of charity? Among men about town it is pretty generally understood that no gambler would dare open a crap game without first obtaining permission to do so from the Chief of Police. There are half a dozen crap games running in this city, and Chief of Police Wittman is a wise police officer. To assume that he does not know that those crap games are running is to discount his sagacity. If we assume that he is permitting them to run then we must believe either that he is corrupt or that some one higher in authority is sharing in the profits of the gamblers.

Rockefeller's Unclean Coin

The *Examiner* thinks that popular opposition in Nebraska to the acceptance of John D. Rockefeller's gift of sixty-seven thousand dollars to the State University is unwise. Many people think that Standard Oil money is not clean and that an institution of learning ought to reject it as polluting. The *Examiner* says this is a counsel of perfection, too lofty quite for guidance in practical affairs; that no matter how Mr. Rockefeller obtained his money, it is in his possession, and if he wishes to do good with some of it, that wish, in justice, should be set down to his credit. Unfortunately the position taken by the *Examiner* is the attitude of the public toward all successful crooks. It is only the convicted rogue that suffers. So long as a prosperous rogue keeps out of jail he enjoys social recognition even from people who know him to be a malefactor. Social ostracism is not the penalty imposed on wrongdoers. Every day we meet men that fattened off illicit perquisites in public office, and we do not shun them. Therefore we do not discourage corruption in public office save by laws that cannot be enforced except when legal evidence of guilt is obtained. If the people of Nebraska believe that Standard Oil money is unclean then they should not accept favors from Mr. Rockefeller, for by doing so they would assist in building up for him a reputation for philanthropy. No community should contribute to such a reputation by accepting ill-gotten funds. There is a principle of public morals involved which is of more importance than the pecuniary profit to the commonwealth.

Mr. Rockefeller and all men of his class should be forced to shrink from the withering blast of public scorn, that others might be deterred from following their unwholesome example. If Mr. Rockefeller desires to enjoy the consciousness of good deeds let him make anonymous contributions to charity.

Widespread Labor Troubles

Must capital take a holiday? is the question propounded some days ago by the New York *Sun* anent the announcement by the Lehigh Valley Railroad of the abandonment of plans for extensive improvements which had been invited by the growth of trade and the accumulation of profits. It does seem as though capital is preparing to take a holiday. It also seems that a crisis is approaching in industrial affairs. The Lehigh company abandoned its plans for improvements because the profits of the corporaion were threatened with diminution through an increase of burdens imposed by organized labor. Social agitation and strikes are seriously interfering with the usual methods of distributing wealth in the East, and capital is threatening to take a holiday all along the line. If capital retire from the field industrial activity will cease, and the troubles of organized labor will begin. Clashes between labor and capital are occurring with great frequency on the other side of the Rockies, and the strain is becoming so intense that a break must soon occur. Lynn, Mass., is suffering from one of the bitterest labor wars that have ever been waged. It has been in progress since January, and no question of wages is involved. Moreover the labor agitators have no grievance against capital. It is a fight of organized labor against organized labor, resulting from a difference between two unions. In Chicago a food famine looms up by reason of a strike of butchers, bakers, confectioners and waiters. There is a teamsters' strike in New Haven and Yale students are acting as scabs. There are fifty-two hundred men on a strike in Denver. The subway laborers are on a strike in New York, but the contractors are filling the places of the strikers. There is a street railroad strike in Bridgeport, Connecticut, but the cars are being operated by scabs. There is a tie-up of the builders' trades in New York, and a defensive organization is being organized by the employers. So it is evident that dissatisfaction is widespread, and that the labor problem is as far from solution as ever. If capital should decide to take a holiday the walking delegate would find it expedient to do the same.

Our Slow Mails

When the authorities at Washington finish the investigation of the postal frauds in all their ramifications we shall take great pleasure in suggesting that they endeavor to improve the postal service in this city. Moreover, we shall make an urgent appeal that something be done toward facilitating work in the local post office. The postal service in this city is deplorable. It is worse, for it is a disgrace to the government. If Postmaster Montague filled the orders received in his stove store with no greater despatch than he exhibits in distributing the mails he would soon be compelled to retire from business, for his trade would drift away. The local officials appear to be utterly incapable of handling the business of their department. It appears that somebody is trying to make a record for economy, and to that end public convenience is sacrificed. The service so far as second class matter is concerned is especially deplorable, and as a consequence subscribers to periodicals are constantly complaining. It is not infrequent for a paper mailed in this city for local delivery to reach the person to whom it was addressed four days after it was deposited in the post office. There is evidently something radically wrong, for though the local officials are extremely courteous, and always prompt in investigating reports of repeated negligence or miscarriage, they appear to be powerless to get the mails into good working order. If the Republican party thinks that a thorough investigation of frauds is essential to preservation of the prestige of the Administration it should be equally important to correct serious abuses such as exist in the local post office.

Catering to the Elect

Beerbohm Tree says we are all wrong in our treatment of the drama. Instead of having stage performances in the evening they should be viewed with minds fresh after a night's rest, and in his opinion half-past six in the morning is the ideal hour for a performance to begin. Beerbohm Tree evidently belongs to the class who imagine that all the arts are for the elect, and that instead of an audience made up of "the common people," in search of recreation or amusement, there should be a select attendance of the cognoscenti and of those who care more to be doing the correct thing than for the thing they do. It is on this principle that art galleries are open, as a rule, only at such times as suit the convenience of the idlers, while the workers must spend their days in toil, and starve for lack of opportunity to nourish their æsthetic senses. It is the same spirit which prattles so prettily about "the elect" who keep literature alive, and "the indiscriminating public," but in the last analysis, it is the "indiscriminating public" which pays the price, buys the books and keeps the theatre doors open. No doubt my lady languid, in her silks and furs, her diamonds and her carriage, and her late arrival, makes a great stir in an audience, but she does not come to see the play or hear the actors. It is her own triumphs, not theirs, which engross her attention. A bevy of gaily clad damsels, flitting through an art gallery, munching candy and chattering gossip, is a more flattering picture to the custodian than a horny-handed laborer who spends half an hour before the one picture that appeals to him; and the matron who "teas" the latest literary lion, whose books she has borrowed from the library, makes a greater impression than the merely common herd who read and understand and appreciate. But Mr. Tree's half-past six in the morning audience would be mainly made up of those who best appreciate what costs them nothing, and unoccupied seats and an empty treasury are not the best

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stimulants for enthusiasm amongst the stage folk, any more than social recognition helps out the struggling genius of art or literature. No doubt it is extremely flattering to feel above "the masses," but in the long run it is the masses that count. In the last essay written by Frank Norris he lays down this proposition: "It is all very well to jeer at the People, and at the People's understanding of the arts, but the fact is indisputable that no art that is not in the end understood by the People can live, or ever did live in a single generation. In the larger view, in the final analysis, the People pronounce the final judgment. The People, despised of the artist, hooted, caricatured and vilified, are after all, and in the main, the real seekers after Truth." And when Mr. Tree and others of the exclusives can have their performances at an hour when only the æsthetics and the cognoscenti can witness them, when the common people are excluded, not by law but by conditions which are more iron-bound than any law, Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his associates can lock the doors of their theatres and seek some other method for gaining a livelihood, as well as for displaying their ability.

Egoism of the Unmarried

Mrs. John Van Vorst, in her recently published book, "The Woman Who Toils," cries out in more than one passage against what she terms "the egoism of the unmarried American woman." This egoism is displayed in a variety of ways, most glaringly perhaps by her love of clothes and gewgaws, her restlessness and dissatisfaction, her passion for independence, and by her disinclination to marry and become the mother of a family. To be sure all these are very reprehensible traits, especially when displayed by working girls, still it is worth while to pause and consider the matter from both sides. It must be conceded that the American girl of all social ranks is an egoist. But then, we have educated her to be one. For a generation economists, moralists, and pulpiteers have preached it into her. She has been counseled to scorn dependence; she has been co-educated, college educated, business educated. She has been fairly driven out into the press and stress of the business world. And it is safe to say that woman no less than man in the world of business, needs egoism, push and self-assertion. The qualities for which the modest violet is distinguished do not make for success there. One reason for the working girl's inordinate love of dress may be discovered in this connection. A good appearance is part of her stock in trade. A New York shop girl asserted lately that ninety-eight per cent of her success depended upon her appearance. The proportion may be exaggerated but the fact is not. A stenographer who recently answered an advertisement in this city was told by her prospective employer that he expected her to present a stylish appearance. The girl answered that she endeavored at all times to look neat. "I did not say neat," the man explained. "I said stylish." In one of Zola's best works, "Au Bonheur des Dames," the self-sacrificing Denise who is the very opposite of an egoist is almost a total failure in the department store where she obtains employment, because she ignores the arts of the toilet. Moreover the whole genius of American civilization and progress is egoism, the triumph of the individual over class distinction and the traditions of the past. The working girl of today may be the lady of tomorrow. She is taught to consider herself as good as her betters. If the rich woman can wear sealskin and velvet the poor one can at least don cheap imitations of them. It would no doubt be better for wage-earning girls if public opinion or class restriction prevented their indulging such foolish ambitions as the wearing of lace boleros, fancy buckles, picture hats and other finery referred by by Mrs. Van Vorst in her book. They could save more money and buy themselves better food. But this is America, and our watchword is liberty and equality. Our ideal of success is a material one and is expressed by luxury, show and possession. Our ideals are part of our national character and they have contributed to our national success. We are materialistic, positive, strongly individualized. In a democracy, what written or unwritten law can proclaim these qualities praiseworthy in one class and blameworthy in another? Mrs. Van Vorst herself appreciates this view of the matter, for she says: "The Perry factory girl is separated from the New York society girl, not by a few generations but by a few years of culture and training. In America, where tradition and family play an unimportant part, the great educator is the spending of money. It is through the purchase of possessions that Americans develop their taste, declare themselves, and show their inherent capacity for culture." The other point insisted upon by Mrs. Van Vorst, namely, the disinclination of the American working girl to marry and raise a family, arises from the same traits fostered by prudent counsel from her mentors. To be prudent, to look ahead, to think twice before she sacrifices her independence, to beware of early marriage, this is the advice she has been receiving on all hands, and certainly from a material point of view it is good advice. It has been part of the stock in trade of political economists for a generation. A large family means a diminished share for each out of the family budget. For the wife it means more work, more care, less leisure, less amusement. Altruistic indeed must be those who would, for the sake of the race, thus burden themselves as individuals; quite inconsistent, too, with that doctrine of enlightened selfishness which has been made so much of by certain teachers. There is no use in blaming the American unmarried woman. She did not create her ideals or the conditions under which she exists. We have demanded of her self-assertion, cool-headedness, calculation, financial independence and physical well being, and she has done her utmost in answer to our demands.

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HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?

A Nameless Essay

By Harry Cowell.

Man is a reed shaken by the wind, and though here and there a Pascal deserves to be remembered for his thoughts, the average specimen of the human race redeems his reediness" with but little thinking. On the contrary, he has an instinctive antipathy to thought. He eats for himself, but will allow almost any one to think for him. How many men do you know who think three times a day? When Pascal by inference defined man as a reed that thinks, he unthinkingly had his usual thoughtful self in mind. The use of observation instead of introspection would have led him to conclusions less flattering to his fellows. Thought does not sufficiently characterize the wind-blown human reed to justify its use as the mark that distinguishes man from the rest of animals. He who is intellectually and morally his own man is so rare as to seem other and more than man. Aided even by electric lights, the Diogenes of today has a hard hunt. Deathless hope—hope, "the despair of heroes"—should be his who seeks a man, a reed redeemed by thought. The mind of Richard Roe is merely a petty part of the "mob mind." Not one per cent of invention relieves the monotonous imitation of the average man. Any ape can copy; it takes thought to create. Flaubert was right. People hate style because it forces them to think. Of all high passions, the love of thought for thought's sake is rarest.

This disastrously prevalent intellectual laziness, this distaste for the thought-provoking phrase, this preference for pap, is due, no doubt, to weakness or lack of development of the rational faculty. For as the strong muscled delight in physical exercise, so do the strong-minded in mental exercise. In the attitude of the masses toward the things of the mind there is something pitifully infantile or valetudinarian. The effort necessary to make that individual declaration of intellectual independence which every adult freeman of the mind is called upon to make, is ever too much for their strength. To be a man—to think for oneself, to be self-moved in the direction of a reasoned out ideal—is a dignity seldom attained; seldom desired, even. How much inoperative knowledge the ordinary person possesses—knowledge, that is, without its appropriate effect upon conduct! How few men one meets who qualify their statements to fit facts, who feel any necessity of making nice distinctions! How few dare to delight openly in a book, a play, a picture, or a musical composition, which the critics have condemned! How often one who treats impartially a discredited doctrine is held to advocate it! Joseph Jacobson is a Jew; accordingly this, that or the other quality which is supposed rightly or wrongly to be a racial characteristic, is attributed to him as a matter of course. Let a man, in answer to a customary question, give Ireland, say, as the place of his birth, and at once it is inferred that he has an especial fondness for potatoes. This scion of nobility, because of his good birth, passes incredibly long as a gentleman, in spite of notoriously obvious evidence of the fact that he is an unmitigated cad. A thinker happens to express a belief in which the Dashists share. Forthwith he is dubbed a Dashist, and all the irrational beliefs of that sect thrust upon him and the measure of his mind taken. To say that one is of the opinion that two and two make four may serve as basis enough for being classified as a materialist, or even atheist.

Nowhere is thought more conspicuously absent than in the relations between men of different races and of different creeds. Love at home has commonly for its correlative hatred abroad; and when patriotism in practice proves to be a synonym of prejudice, its moral limitations ought to be evident to the least observant. When men act *en masse*, there is almost invariably a confusing of responsibilities and a consequent lowering of conduct. A crowd has no conscience. "Mob mind" is a very mindless thing. Now and then a man thinks; a nation, never. The mass as such is a thoughtless savage; and its thoughtlessness shocks more than its savagery. The stupidity of war is its most stupendous horror. Folly is the worst of vices. If men's feelings were less often at fault, taking thought would not be so imperative a social necessity. Faulty feelings call for corrective reason. He is a happy man who possesses what may be termed rationalized emotions. A [illegible] made ten years ago in a similar connection is near enough to my present thought to bear repeating: "The savage instincts which men, even in the most advanced societies, still retain, are ever prompting them to pursue courses of conduct which their civilized intellects condemn—thus causing them to be at war with themselves. "Do this," suggests the nearsighted savage instinct; "Nay, this," opposes the far-seeing civilized intellect; and though much ensuing conduct is in the nature of a compromise, yet the commands of instinct are obeyed oftener than those of reason. Hence the saddest and strangest of all anomalies; men who know what is good and do what is evil." It is in the conduct of the crowd that this anomaly is most painfully conspicuous.

But it is when Christians in the name of Gentleness do harsh deeds that the climax of stupidity is reached, and the lack of thought becomes absurd, laughable. To talk then of brutality is to insult the tiger; to be obvious; to show oneself devoid of the saving sense of humor. Let the thoughtful reader look at the incongruity of the thing, and laugh. Thus only may he preserve his sanity.

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The Saunterer

Hearst's Queer Policy

The old proverb, "Politics makes strange bed-fellows," is being amusingly exemplified in this city as a result of the Hearst policy of conciliation. So intent is Mr. Hearst on having a united delegation to the next National Convention that he is willing to make concessions on all sides. Some weeks ago when the work of reorganizing the Democracy was started by enthusiastic Hearst boomers it looked as though they would not have the slightest difficulty in capturing the machine. So disgusted were the majority of the practical politicians with the McNab-Phelan regime that there was a general hegira toward the new camp, and the work of reorganization made splendid progress. McNab made several efforts to stay the disintegration of the old machine but in vain. Presently the tip got out that a certain powerful influence that manipulates union labor politics was opposed to the new organization because it threatened to divert the labor vote to the Democracy. It appears that a little clique of union labor agitators are intent upon compassing the downfall of Eugene Schmitz, and that they purpose holding all their votes together for use at the primary election. Therefore they prefer that there should be no fight in the Democracy. They would rather see McNab and Phelan left in control of the works. Indeed, notwithstanding their bitter denunciation of McNab and Phelan for the part played by them in the teamsters' strike they are now willing to play into the hands of that pair in order that revenge might be more easily wreaked on Mayor Schmitz.

The Opposition to Schmitz

It was that labor clique of which Michael Casey is the head and front, and in which Pin Head McCarthy as the tool of Phelan is silent partner, that detailed the treacherous and erratic Livernash to undertake the task of capturing the reorganization meeting at Pioneer hall. Livernash and the other labor agitators figured that as Hearst relied for his main support on the workingmen of the country he could not afford to antagonize the men that controlled that element in this city. And they did not err in their calculations. Therefore it was that Mr. Carvalho, representing Mr. Hearst, came all the way from New York to seek to harmonize all factions, and it was about that time that the wily McNab, the execrated of all sincere labor union men, was inspired with a gleam of hope. Prior to the interference of the labor agitators he had ceased to be an influence in municipal politics, but his temporary resuscitation was accomplished by them. It is suspected that a little of Phelan's money went a long way toward invoking their aid, but that is another story, which will probably be told some day, when erstwhile bitter foes become political bedfellows of the future. When Carvalho arrived he was much alarmed over the situation and he counseled peace and harmony. He admitted that McNab as a factor in politics was of no importance, but that as the labor agitators objected to the reorganization movement, since it might cripple them in their fight against Schmitz, it would not be advisable to engage in a row.

No headache, no gastritis, follows the use of "Jesse Moore" pure whisky. It does one good. There is none other to equal it.

Reorganization Work Resumed

A halt was called by the reorganizers pending developments, but when the story leaked out that the advisers of Mr. Hearst had formulated a conciliatory policy there was a demand on all sides that the movement be pushed to a finish. Meanwhile McNab was chortling over what he believed to be the discomfiture of the Hearst boomers. He resorted once more to his whispering tactics, circulating the report that the Hearst boomers had received the double-cross, and that the movement was about to peter out. He undertook to organize clubs in two districts, and Jim O'Brien, the leader of the organizers, took a hand and captured both of them. The followers of O'Brien decided to go ahead with the work of organization regardless of the conciliatory tactics of Mr. Hearst's foreign advisers, and this movement has gathered such strength that there is no likelihood of its being overcome. It has for its purpose the breaking down of the barbed-wire fence erected around the local Democracy by Phelan and McNab.

Hobson Dallied With the Stockton Belles

Limelight Hobson, the hero of the merry smack, made quite an impression on Stockton's belles during his recent visit to that town. The beaux of the slough city went away back when Hobson took the stage centre and struck his characteristic attitude. When the spectacular hero put in an appearance the fair ones were very much agitated, for it is not often that Stockton has a lion to coddle. And they were just a bit piqued when they learned that Elsie Sperry was a member of the Hobson party on the way up, for that captivating young woman seemed to have an air of proprietorship. So all the festivities in the dashing lieutenant's honor were expanded to include Miss Sperry. There was a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. W. M. S. Beede, and a tea given by the Misses Clary, but at neither affair did the Stockton girls take a back seat, notwithstanding the presence of Miss Sperry. On the contrary there was keen rivalry for the hero's favor, and he whispered sweet nothings in the shell-pink ear of more than one coquettish damsel. Indeed Miss Sperry appeared to be quite overlooked at times, and the Stockton gossips say that she betrayed signs of uneasiness. A swimming party was arranged one morning and Miss Sperry proposed a walk to the baths, but the lieutenant preferred to ride, a circumstance that afforded the local belles who accompanied him much gratification. Later on one of them, who looks ravishingly pretty in a bathing suit, fairly dazzled the lieutenant in the water, and so devoted was he to her that a certain young woman who didn't go swimming almost fell into the tank in her efforts to divert his attention.

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The Snubbing of Stockton

Mr. Elwyn Hoffman depicts in verse the woe of Stockton over the snubbing the citizens received at the hands of President Roosevelt, who ignored an invitation, in a handsome case made of the bark of one of the Big Trees, and also the gift of a valuable dress-suit case made of home leather. The citizens blame Congressman Wood for having said mean things about Roosevelt, and they are now sorry that they didn't accept the proposition of a house mover to move a house across the railroad track, and break the cable in time to stop the train. These are the poet's lines:

Poor Stockton! Wretchedest city of the plain,
Where wealth and beauty waited Teddy's train
To give him welcome, thinking he would stay
An hour, at least, ere going on his way,
But waited vainly,—aye, and worst of all,
Forewarned by Loeb, dared not cheer or call,
As, never pausing, sped the swift train by
Lest sleep be startled from the Chieftain's eye!

Sweet, guileless village! Too much trust was thine
In "home-made leather," and a Power divine!
Thy dress-suit case, thought doubtless worthy goods,
Availed thee nothing in the hand of Woods;
Thy invitation, on its card embossed,—
O, whither went it? Lost, dear Heaven, lost!

Ill fares the town, to proud ambition prey,
Wherein the President declines to stay;
Speeches and banquets doomed to never be
May pass forgotten without tragedy;
But a people's trust, and a city's civic pride
When once destroyed, can never be supplied!

But past is all this now. The very spot
Where Stockton waited with its speeches hot
Is quite deserted. There the depot stands,
And there the S. P.'s sign-post lifts its hands;
'Tis all that's seen. The mighty crowd that came
To greet the President with loud acclaim
Has fled forever; and all bare the ground
Where Stockton's statesmen posed with mein profound.

Vain, transitory splendor! Could not all
Reprieve the pride of Stockton from its fall?
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed the night
In which the flying train was hid from sight!
When the poor people, every pleasure past,
Hung round the depot, gaping to the last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain,
That they had let the house-mover stop the train!

Glad-hand Jordan

Frank Jordan, the clerk of the Supreme Court, cast his hypnotic spell over the members of Oakland's Grand Jury one day recently. Jordan is the most remarkable happy-go-lucky individual in this State. Nothing feazes him. He is imperturbable in the most embarrassing situations, and there is no politician in the State so gifted as he in the art of converting an enemy into a friend. All other glad-hand artists are tyros and bunglers compared with Jordan. He has an elastic conscience that enables him to owe money with complacency, and an alluring way that fills a hopeless creditor with delight at the opportunity to increase the indebtedness. It was no trick for Jordan to hypnotize the Grand Jury. He was summoned before that body to show cause why he shouldn't be indicted for misfeazance in office during his term as county clerk of Alameda. It will be remembered that while filling that position he bought stationery enough to last the county for twenty years. Nobody thought that Jordan could ever convince anybody that he acted conscientiously in the matter. But he did. He convinced the Grand Jury that in anticipating the needs of the county for twenty years he rendered a great public service. He explained that he purchased the stationery from publishers of newspapers engaged in the printing business throughout the country, and that if he hadn't patronized them they would have suspended. As they were engaged in booming the county he felt that they should be kept alive. The jurors believed him.

Making a Great Record

Jordan is now the clerk of the Supreme Court, and he is likely to remain a fixture in that office for many years. Though his record in Alameda may have been shady he is undoubtedly making a brilliant one in the Supreme Court. He is conducting the office in a way calculated to put every lawyer in the State under obligations to him, and it is safe to predict that when he runs again the entire bar will be behind him. He keeps track of the court calendar and notifies every lawyer that has a case coming up in time to prepare him for the hearing. He even wires lawyers the news of an important decision, and he has compiled and published data about court affairs for the information of lawyers. There never was a more courteous public servant than this same Frank Jordan, and he is surely making a great hit.

The Keeneys in Mourning

The death of Mrs. William Alvord will throw several families into mourning. Mrs. Alvord was twice married, her first husband having been Dr. Keeney of the Army, and her second William Alvord of the Bank of California. Her sons are both married and have families. The elder, Charles M. Keeney, married Miss Spotts, daughter of the Admiral. Ethel Keeney, who married Charles M. Tom-

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linson of New York, is a daughter of the Charles Keeneys. Mrs. Alvord's younger son, Dr. James M. Keeney, married Miss Jones, a daughter of Mrs. O. C. Pratt. Mrs. Alvord was a very handsome and distinguished looking woman. She was a Daughter of the American Revolution, and one of the charter members and first officers of Sequoia Chapter of that order.

Our Fashion-Plate Pedagogue

Aside from the similar tendencies of Dr. David Starr Jordan and Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler to get into the public prints, there are very few points of resemblance between the two university presidents. Dr. Jordan appears in public and on the campus in a slouch hat and a weather-beaten frock while President Wheeler's public audiences are carried on amidst all the pomp and circumstance of a royal levee. Dr. Wheeler is a great stickler for dress, and while on the other hand Dr. Jordan has been criticised for his personal carelessness Dr. Wheeler has often been referred to as the sartorial President, and his fondness for dress in himself and others has been commonly remarked. It has been complained by undergraduates that, in an interview, the president has a somewhat disconcerting habit of examining a man's get-up from head to foot and letting his eyes linger on such details as strike him as unmodish or outre. This, perhaps, is a wholesome stimulant to men of independent fortunes who attend the university for the purpose of learning how to appear as gentlemen, but to the poorer students, of whom there are a great number at Berkeley, this habit of Wheeler's is embarrassing in the extreme. Shortly before graduation, I am told, a self-supporting student in a shabby coat applied to the President for an instructorship in the university. Now in making such an application the student bumped up against another of the president's fads which is that nobody shall teach in the University of California who has not first taken his master's degree. President Wheeler questioned the applicant closely and found that he was not yet entitled to the M. A., so he dismissed him saying, "I will be pleased to give you an instructorship, sir, when you have obtained your master's degree—and a new suit of clothes."

Jordan a Convert

Speaking of Dr. Jordan's simplicity as compared with that of Dr. Wheeler, I may remark that Dr. Jordan's appearance at the baccalaureate services at Stanford last Sunday clad in the robe and purple hood of the Doctor of Laws has created nothing more or less than a sensation at the university. And well it might, for this act seems to have marked a turning-point in the tenets of this strong-minded thinker. He has ever stood for Puritan simplicity in all the academic life and has expressed himself strongly as regarding the pomp and display of the English universities as mere relics of barbarism. But a splendid university quadrangle, costing millions piled upon millions, and a magnificent memorial church, grand with the sensuous ritualism of an old world, do not tend to a Spartan plainness in public demonstrations. Every tile and stone of Stanford University is redolent of form and ceremony and the cap and gown are bound to come as aids to the stage picture. Probably the main reason, however, for Jordan's sudden reversion to what he has hitherto been fond of calling mediævalism, is Mrs. Stanford's wish. It is a well known fact that her eye always lingers fondly on that which savors of display, and her High Church leaning would prompt her to do everything in her power to encourage the cap and gown. It is not saying too much to augur that, within a few years, Stanford will outdo Berkeley in the gorgeous pageantry of her commencements.

Counterfeiting Work of Local Artists

A certain art dealer in town has for some time been employing an expert copyist to make fac similes of the work of various prominent artists. It would scarcely be supposed that San Francisco was large enough for this industry, which has proved so successful in various European capitals, but the other day a very good fac simile of Charles Rollo Peters was sold in a local gallery for forty dollars, and one or two passable imitation Cadenassos are hanging on the walls of certain wealthy homes. They sold for a mere bagatelle of twenty-five dollars apiece. The local artists are naturally furious, picture-selling being slow enough in San Francisco without this to make it worse.

A Mortgage on Artists

A prosperous business man in town bids fair to have a very fine picture gallery before many years have elapsed. His method of accumulating pictures is unique. He has a well-known artist whose southern pictures have attracted much attention of late, engaged in lending money on the canvases of those who find themselves in need. As it is pretty certain that many of the artists who have thus pawned the products of their brush will never be able to redeem them the man of commerce is certain to become the owner of many pictures obtained far below their value.

Imperturbable Dickman

Charlie Dickman is imperturbable. At his last sale of pictures, he remarked philosophically, "Well, if we don't sell something here, the sheriff will come down and sell us out, so something is bound to be sold anyway." But as the artist sold two thousand dollars' worth of pictures, the visit of the sheriff was deferred, temporarily at any rate. Dickman, however, gave a big luncheon to the other artists to celebrate his good luck, and some of his shekels went in champagne. Such has ever been the way of the artistic temperament.

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The Adams Scandal

The Rev. Henry Austin Adams, who recently turned up in New Zealand, will have a hard time convincing his friends in this city that his disappearance was not premeditated, or that it was not a guilty passion that prompted him to desert his wife and four children. Before his departure the distinguished lecturer published, for private circulation, a pamphlet entitled "The Brief of My Client's Case; a Story of Tristan and Isolde," and it is evident that it was intended as an explanation of his disappearance. Though his friends sought to recall the entire issue there are three copies that have not been recalled. In this pamphlet he attempts to justify unlawful love, and said that men and women should, by the very nature of things, be as free as the birds and bees. It bears the inscription, "Being the last words to a few friends who knew the real me," and at the top of the page are these words: "Does the great God think I shall clasp air and kiss the wind forever?" The brief is prefaced by some verses, among them being this passionate rhapsody:

We climbed, we two, the "Mountain wrapt in Peace."
  The benediction of the night lay on the sea:
The pent up Love of Life longed for release,
And rapture decked a throne for you and me!
The storm-swept ocean of my Past grew calm:
  Stillness and rest lay shadowed at my feet.
Night's unseen choirs began their vesper psalm,
  While evening's acolytes swung censers sweet.
And we were there! We two, alone, unseen;
  Above life's lie; escaped from duties cold,
We two alone save for the stars serene,
  Those friends who keep the secrets they are told.
Then when the hush had deepened into pain,
  You broke the breathless silence with a song
So infinitely sweet in its refrain
  I wished each note were infinitely long.
Then from life's utmost deeps surged wild Desire.
  To have! To hold! To make that moment ours!
To make it yield us All, nor dare expire
  Till we had plucked the eternal Passion Flowers.
Pressing my lips to yours I bade you sing
  The very heart of song into my soul.
The stars above our heads began to swing!
  The crag on which we leaned began to roll.
Borne on the heaving flood of bliss we went,
  Heedless of clouds that warned fierce Passion Gales,
Which soon raged round us, and, their fury spent,
  Forced us to hoist our consciences for sails!
With which we made what way we could to land,
  Back to the ports of Sanity—and loss.
To Duty's shores where wise men understand
  Life's law is sacrifice—its key, the cross.

On the Eligible List

Dr. Eugene Zeile was one of a house party at the Rudolph Spreckels's ranch this week, which included Ethyl Hager and Virginia Jolliffe, and it has suddenly occurred to some people that the doctor ranks with Jimmy Phelan and Dr. Tevis as one of the most eligible bachelors in town. He is young, handsome and rich. When he was a student at Berkeley some years ago he was the idol of the co-eds, but he was so deeply interested in his studies that he appeared to have no use for girls. He went abroad after his graduation and took other courses at foreign universities, returning home a very learned M. D. He is a brother of Fred Zeile, who is one of the most liberal art patrons in San Francisco.

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

Cosgrave Retained as Editor

When the recent change in the management of *Everybody's* magazine occurred the report reached this city that Mr. J. O'H. Cosgrave, formerly proprietor of the *Wave*, had ceased to be the editor of that bright periodical. Mr. Cosgrave's many friends in this city will be pleased to learn that the report was without foundation. He has been retained as editor by the new management, the magazine has been enlarged and many new features have been added. It is now owned by the Ridgeway-Thayer company. Mr. Ridgeway was formerly associated with *Munsey's* magazine and Mr. Thayer was associated with the *Ladies' Home Journal*. That they know their business is evident from the fact that they have decided to retain Mr. Cosgrave as editor.

The Pilfering Habit

Pre-natal influence is manifesting itself in Oakland's high school. Oakland society has been very much agitated by the pilfering that has been going on in the smart set for some time, and now it appears that kleptomania has been inherited by many of the children, for thievery has been rampant in the high school for several months. Books, purses and articles of clothing have been stolen. The pupils of the high school are representatives of some of the first families across the bay, and it is among the first families that the activity of the kleptomaniac has occasioned a great deal of complaint of late.

"Shapes of Clay"

Though that most scholarly and brilliant of all American journalists, Ambrose Bierce, is now but a sporadic contributor to the Hearst papers his trenchant pen has not been idle. He is about to publish another book of poems, and I am quite sure that posterity will not forget the year

this book was born. Its author's calm indifference to fame was overcome by his friend Herman Scheffauer, who prevailed upon him to put the poems into the hands of a publisher. "Shapes of Clay" is to be the title of the volume, and Mr. Scheffauer informs me that it comprises poems of the purest and most exquisite and lofty sentiments, and humorous and comic verses as only Bierce can write them, scintillating with that wit, satire and mighty, overwhelming invective for which that distinguished writer is famous. Bierce has dedicated the volume to his two San Francisco friends, Herman Scheffauer and George Sterling, men who have written poetry that has received praise that would encourage any literary genius, for it was the praise of Bierce. Some years ago Sterling wrote a Memorial Day poem which Bierce ranked higher than Lowell's Commemoration Ode.

A Poet's Judgment

Scheffauer, by the way, is also about to publish a volume of poems, entitled "Of Both Worlds," comprising most of the better work that he has done in the past nine or ten years. This gifted young Californian, whose work is now eagerly sought by the editors of all the leading magazines, began writing when he was only seventeen, at which time his acquaintance with Bierce began, oddly enough, through a satire written on him. In response to a letter of inquiry from me regarding his forthcoming volume, Mr. Scheffauer preferred to discuss "Shapes of Clay." He wrote: "Had my own work an equal chance for immortality I were well content. This book, to Those Who Know will be one of the very few that will survive. Every line is cut in granite with a glittering diamond. Above the muddy and wreck-strewn flood of modern English literature, stormed and howled over by the shrill, discordant voices of its multitudinous frauds and clamorous incapables, there arises a rock that oceans of ink cannot submerge, and that rock is the lasting work of Ambrose Bierce."

"I presume that trusts will be the great issue of the next campaign."

"Oh, no; they will be denounced in the platforms of all parties, and consequently they cannot be an issue."

A Dog Story of London

Jack London's new Klondike book is going to enter him in another class. It is to be an animal story, somewhat after the style of the Seton-Thompson animal biographies, but there is no likelihood that the resemblance will extend further than the subject. The theme is a St. Bernard dog, stolen in the early days of the "rush" and carried to the North to work on the trail, and if one may hazard a guess at the animal from what we know of his masters, as seen through the eyes of Jack London, it will show the value of breed and blood. It will not be the first dog story that Jack London has written, for, amongst his fugitive contributions to magazines, which have not yet been gathered into a volume, there is at least one other powerful tale in which a dog is the real hero. "The Call of the Wild" is to be issued early in the summer, by the Macmillans, who promise the "Kempton Wace Letters" immediately. The latter is to be issued anonymously, but as far as California is concerned, it is an open secret that Jack London and Miss Anna Strunsky have collaborated in the production of the documents, and the interest here would be heightened by the avowal, rather than by the suppression of the names of the authors.

"Though I've been abroad for years, as soon as I saw Mrs. Climber I knew that she had broken in."

"How could you tell?"

"By her temperature. It was below zero."

Hail to the Knocker!

No sooner does an artist lift his head a hair's breadth above the average of his fellows, than Envy's ill-begotten brat, the "Knocker," camps upon his trail. If you wish to learn of the successes of your Bohemian friends, hark diligently to the noise of the knocker;—the harder the knock, the greater the success, you may be sure. So long as a man is in the struggling stage, while Fate is finding out if he be of the stuff that artists are made of, the professional knocker patronizes him. The praise of such a one is sufficient evidence of the fact that the praisee has not arrived. Yesterday one of the "profesh," who up to that time had spoken hopelessly well of Smith's work, gave him a knock that you at once recognized as a masterpiece. Forthwith you flew up to a certain attic four steps at a time. "Smith, old fellow," you cried breathlessly, "let me congratulate you. At last you have placed a novel!" (or sold a picture, or what not). Be of good cheer, then, children of the garret, when like Poe's raven the knocker comes rapping, rapping at your chamber door.

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She Has Grit

Miss Clara Alexander, who has made a hit in the homes of the Huntingtons, the De Youngs and others in her clever dialect impersonations, demonstrated in rather a sensational way, Friday of last week, that she is made of the stuff that wins, especially in any branch of the dramatic art. Miss Alexander had been engaged to appear at a reception to be given by the Los Amigos Club of Sausalito. The affair was to begin at three o'clock, and with the exception of a song or two, her recitations were to be the whole show. She was to leave from this side on the two o'clock boat, but great was her dismay upon reaching the ferry to find that she had missed the boat by about forty seconds. She knew that if she waited for the next boat the show would be over before she could reach Sausalito, so she began casting about among the boatmen, peanut venders and orange men on the wharf for somebody who would convey her to the promontory across the bay. At last her search was rewarded by a seafaring man who, for a hire of ten dollars, offered to take her across in his gasoline launch.

Clara On the Spot

The wage was paid, the launch manned and the party started full steam out into the stream, but the boat had scarcely passed Alcatraz before something happened to the engines. The wind was blowing a gale and the craft refused to budge except with the tide. The boatman set about mending the cranky engine and Miss Alexander remained in the stern, quiet and determined. "You've got plenty of nerve, miss," said the sea dog. "Most girls would o' been hollerin' bloody murder by this time." After a delay of several precious minutes the machinery was set to rights and the launch puffed into Sausalito with very little time to spare. Meanwhile the ladies of Los Amigos had gone on with their entertainment and trusted to luck for the impersonator to appear. They used up all their songs and all their stunts, but still no Miss Alexander. Finally the lady president arose and said, "Owing to some unforseen reason, Miss Alexander will be unable to appear." "Oh yes, she will," said the young woman, entering as patly as the heroine in a melodrama. So she took off her coat and hat in the presence of the audience and the show went on as tranquilly as if nothing had happened.

Sport at Del Monte

Golf is not to be cast entirely aside this summer to make way for a great tennis revival, as has been rumored. That golf is still high in favor is proved by the enthusiasm taken in the sport at Del Monte even so early in the season. With the finishing of the additional nine holes on the golf links, another attraction will be added to the beautiful surroundings. The links now stretch far over the hills and valleys, forming natural hazards and bunkers, difficult enough to test the ability of the finest players. Another sport that is pleasing Del Monte visitors is the trout and salmon fishing, now at its best. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore were among those enjoying the sport this week. J. J. Van Alen, the Newport millionaire, is among the many at the hotel; other guests are Miss Liddle, Miss Cayce of Virginia, Mrs. Atherton and Miss Chandos-Pole.

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On With the New Love

Mrs. Jean W. Bowers, of Los Angeles, who enjoys the distinction of being the Pacific Coast golf champion, has found another man she is willing to marry. Mrs. Bowers was unfortunate in her first matrimonial plunge and that is probably why she is so deliberative over the second venture. A few weeks ago her engagement to Lionel Roberts was announced. Mr. Roberts is a wealthy Riverside orange grower, and Mrs. Bowers's friends congratulated her on having made a good match. But the report of the engagement was followed in a few days by the announcement that it was off. About that time rumor had it that Edmund Taylor Perkins, of Washington, D. C., who had been hovering about the golf links ruled over by the pretty Jean, was responsible for the change of heart which she had experienced. Now this rumor is verified by the announcement that they are to wed. And as though to forestall another change of heart on the part of the brassie wielder the wedding has been set for June. Mrs. Bowers is a bonny creature on the links, where she is seemingly invincible, as our own Miss Cheseborough and Mrs. R. Gilman Brown discovered during the recent tournament in Los Angeles.

Its Right Name

Charles D. Willard, one of the best known reformers in Southern California, is now secretary of the Los Angeles Jobbers' Association. The last reform movement that occupied Mr. Willard's attention was the organization of the Los Angeles Civil Service Commission. Last Monday a man in search of the Civil Service Commissioners was instructed to look up Mr. Willard at his office. When the inquiring statesman was handed one of Mr. Willard's cards, which gives his title as "Secretary of the Jobbers' Association," he gave a gasp and ejaculated, "Well, I'll be darned if I thought Willard was nervy enough to call the Civil Service Commission by its right name."

Why Hellman Withdrew

The withdrawal of Herman H. Hellman from the vice-presidency of the Farmers' and Merchants' National Bank of Los Angeles occasioned considerable surprise in banking circles. Mr. Hellman's statement that his resignation was due to a desire for more time to devote to his private interests was not given credence by some, who have suspected that differences existed between the Hellman brothers. Mr. I. W. Hellman is the autocrat of the Hellman institutions, and he insists on running them as he sees fit.

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Eccentric Helen Wilder

The idiosyncrasies of Helen Wilder, who recently obtained a divorce from her husband, Horace Craft, would fill a large book. She has kept Honolulu on a broad grin for years. When she was engaged to the fascinating Frank Unger, some years ago, it was believed in Honolulu that he was actuated by love of money, but no one quite understood what influenced her passion for the clever, polished Frank Unger had nothing in common with the eccentric, short-haired Miss Wilder. However the engagement dragged along and though no one thought Miss Wilder would marry Mr. Unger, every one wondered that she should lack the nerve to break it, as she apparently lacked nerve in no other direction. One day a letter from Unger reached her informing her that he would be down on the next steamer and that he would like a speedy consummation of their matrimonial plans. What did Miss Wilder do but quietly prepare to sail for this city, and when Mr. Unger's ship was making harbor the *Moana* was sighted bound for San Francisco, and the errant lady love was one of the passengers. Mr. Unger waited several months in the islands but his fiancee did not return. As soon as she received the tip that he was to leave she made preparations to pass him en route once more, and pass him she did. Later she broke the engagement by letter.

Scandal Over Bible Smuggling

A correspondent writes me from Manila that quite a fuss has been raised over there by the discovery that the Young Men's Christian Association has been smuggling goods into the Islands. Not long ago a consignment of goods that bore the triangular mark of the Y. M. C. A. was received at the Quartermaster's depot. The goods were consigned to the American Library, which is for the exclusive use of the soldiers, but they were called for by a representative of the Y. M. C. A. The Custom House authorities became suspicious, seized the goods and found that among them were many Bibles which are dutiable. Upon investigation it was learned that the Y. M. C. A. was in the habit of shipping goods in that fashion, the purpose being to evade transportation costs, to fool the customs inspectors and to secure free drayage to points of destination in the city. The revelations have caused quite a scandal.

Lively Church Politics

There was some very fine political wire-pulling in the Presbyterian General Assembly in Los Angeles, to secure the election to the moderatorship of Dr. Robert T. Coyle. The reverend candidate reached Los Angeles, a correspondent informs me, a week before the Assembly opened, and was interviewed by all the papers. That he was not unprepared was evident from the fact that he had several photographs of himself in his suit-case. He rounded up his followers, and with the assistance of a member of his church, and the Rev. Aguilla Webb of the First Presbyterian church of Los Angeles, the campaign was opened and delegates were buttonholed on their arrival. Dr. Coyle's leading opponent was Dr. C. W. Mateer who was thought to be entitled to the highest honor in the church on account of his record of forty years as a missionary in China. Dr. Coyle's friends argued that Dr. Mateer was stale and behind the times. Dr. William H. Roberts was also a candidate, but his friends were alienated by the circulation of the report that he was a member of the Union League Club of Philadelphia. As this is not a prohibition club Roberts was beaten and Coyle was elected. The Assembly was much shocked when it was discovered that the session was being held in a State which manages to prosper without a Sunday law, and wherein the Sabbath is desecrated by theatrical performances and peanut venders.

Nuns Graduated

Four nuns constituted an interesting feature of the recent Commencement exercises at the University of California. They took degrees in pharmacy. They wore their habits, of course, and occupied front seats on the stage, the black and white of their gowns mingling almost unnoticeably with the mortarboards and gowns of the other bachelors. This is said to be the first instance of cloistered women taking degrees in a co-educational institution.

A Woman's Work

It is an interesting fact, not generally known, that a woman had charge of the construction of the great amphitheatre at Berkeley where Roosevelt spoke and which has evoked so much praise. The theatre was included in the original Bernard plans and is lofty in conception, but during its construction Mr. Howard, who is in charge of the Hearst building, was away and the actual superintendence devolved upon Miss Julia Morgan, a University of California girl and a recent graduate of the Beaux Arts in Paris. Miss Morgan has been back only a few months and this is her first important work. She is a sister of the wife of Hart North, Immigration Commissioner.

A Garden Wedding

Los Angeles is to have a unique wedding next month, when Miss Laurine Harding marries William Bayly, Jr. It will be a garden wedding and the ceremony will be performed in the beautiful grounds adjoining the Harding residence in exclusive Chester Place. Miss Harding has little patience with many of the set rules of society and decided that instead of having a hot crush the guests should be comfortable while she was taking the leap from maidenhood to wifehood. John Posey, the son of O. P. Posey, the mining millionaire will be best man and Miss Belle Coulter, a member of another family prominent in the South, will be bridesmaid.

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The Passion Play

Though Clay M. Greene is a successful dramatist, and has written many plays that yielded substantial profits, it was not until he completed the task of dramatizing the grim tragedy that marked the beginning of the Christian era that he achieved a real triumph. "Nazareth," the Passion Play of Santa Clara College, will perpetuate the fame of Clay M. Greene. The dramatist has come into his kingdom, and Santa Clara College has a play that should be the motif of pilgrimages to that institution as long as the Jesuit fathers shall devote themselves there to the education of youth. With all due respect to the craftsmanship of Mr. Greene, I seriously doubt whether he could have written that play, revealing as it does his profound, unerring knowledge of the sacred theme, and palpitant as it is with an atmosphere that inspires with reverential awe, had he not enjoyed while at his task the calm seclusion of the old college walls, the companionship of the venerable priests, in a word an environment peculiarly conducive to the mood and temperament for the building of his masterpiece. In this play Mr. Greene shows a technical mastery, a grasp of realities that invoke the highest enthusiasm. Like much that is great in art, "Nazareth" is a painful play; it presents as painful pictures as are to be found in the small gallery of the world's greatest art, but their effect is to inspire with awe, with reverence and with religious fervor. The faculty and students of Santa Clara College deserve great credit for their masterly production of this masterly play. The stage management is superb and the work of the actors is effective. The Judas of John Ivancovich is an especially fine impersonation.

Boycott Notices with Milk

The drug store war is going merrily on and the patent medicine fiend is the victim reaping the greatest salvage in risking his life in the eminently deadly breach. It has settled down into very much the same peculiar fight as in Los Angeles, where the *Times* newspaper is the only one in the country standing out against unionizing its office; here there is practically one firm, The Owl, defying the entire drug store combine. The drug store combination has succeeded in getting practically all the labor unions to support its side of the fight and all sorts of boycotts have been declared against the outstanding firm till it shall agree to come into the combine and sign a scale of higher rates at which all druggist's wares shall be sold. The milkmen post notices on their bottles asking their customers not to patronize the recalcitrant firm. The hackmen's union won't drive any one up to the boycotted store. Physicians have been warned by certain patients that they must not get their prescriptions filled there on pain of losing custom. All sorts of pulls and devices are being used to bullyrag the independent firm into the fold of the drug combine. If a union man is caught patronizing the place he is fined. Business men who go there are warned that if they continue to deal with the firm they must expect to lose some of their own trade through retaliating boycott. Meanwhile Manager Miller of the Owl is enjoying the fight. He is doing a greater business than ever, for it is generally believed that the boycott was dictated by the drug combine, and that the labor agitators are being used to force submission.

A Tonopah Magnate in Millbrae

Though Charlie Dunphy's polo pony is no longer seen dashing along the Millbrae road, there's no lack of horseflesh in the stables where the famous pony was formerly housed. Dr. Alonzo Lee Hudgens, the purchaser of the Dunphy place, knows a good horse by instinct, and he has some highbred beauties in his stables. Dr. Hudgens recently moved to Millbrae with his family, which consists of his wife and her unmarried sister, both charming brunettes. They have made no attempt to storm society in San Mateo county and indeed have expressed no desire to do so, though they enjoy entertaining congenial friends at small house-parties. The new owner of the Dunphy place is one of the richest of the Tonopah magnates and owns a whole or part interest in several of the mines. He recently, I am told, put thirty thousand dollars into the Millbrae mine.

The Chartreuse Monks

According to the despatches the monks of La Grande Chartreuse were among the last of the religious orders to shake the dust of France off their feet, and there is now much curiosity as to the country in which they will establish their future home. The monks of La Grande Chartreuse are objects of great interest in France because of the liqueur which they manufacture, and which flows in a rich stream throughout the world. As it is made from certain Alpine plants the probability is that they will not wander far from their old home, for of course they will continue to manufacture the delicious cordial. They have held the recipe for the famous liqueur since 1735, when they received it from their brethren, the Chartreuse of Paris, to whom it

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had been confided by Marshal D'Estrees in 1607, and who tardily recognized that it would be easier to obtain the requisite Alpine plants from the Grande Chartreuse than from Paris. During the French Revolution one of the Superiors of the Order fled with the recipe. He was arrested and deported, but carried off the recipe concealed in his sandals. It was subsequently transmitted to the Vicar of the Chartreuse and eventually returned to the small number of monks who found their way to the Grande Chartreuse in 1816. Under the direction of Pere Garnier, whose name still appears on the bottles, the manufacture of the liqueur was actively carried on, but it remained practically unknown except in the locality in which it was produced until 1849, when some French soldiers stumbled on the monastery and tasted the green fluid. They made it widely known and since then it has been a source of great profit to the Order.

The Murderous 'Mobe

The great International Automobile Race has scooted by and left a rich red carpet of French aristocrats strewed all along the course between France and Spain. It is a significant fact that the nation which has maintained the bull fight as a national pastime and the country which holds the Reign of Terror as a dear tradition should set their respective feet down and declare that the International shall be stopped on the grounds of brutality.

The Age of War is past and done;
No more outbooms the fatal gun.
Now rival nations set the pace
In a long-distance auto race.
The French tri-color now is seen
Midst seething clouds of gasolene.
Castile's proud lions ramp and roar
In a red devil built for four,
Columbia's Yankee eagles scream
Above the hissing of the steam.
See in what tame and loving sort
They ply this peaceful modern sport,
How autos scoot across the day
And dying peasants strew the way,
How armored cars by twos and threes
Collide with stumps and stones and trees
While Chauffeurs, flying free and fair,
Up soar like rockets through the air,
How little children flat are smashed
And soldiers into bits are mashed—
Then hail this gentle time of peace
When nations' brutal battles cease!
The Age of War is past and done;
No more outbooms the fatal gun.
Now rival nations set the pace
In a long-distance auto race.

The Genius and His Appendix

After having been wined and tead to the limit in San Francisco the Ernest Peixottos were supposed to have betaken themselves Eastward, for they ceased to be heard of in our midst, but it turns out that the great artist and his talented wife are still in the State and are living quietly in Oakland. It seems that, but a few hours before their departure for the East, Mrs. Peixotto was stricken with appendicitis and was obliged to remain for an operation. Although she has been severely ill she is now recovering rapidly and it is expected that they will be able to resume their journey in a short time. The illness of Mrs. Peixotto brings up the unpleasant fact that appendicitis is becoming a regular thing for California geniuses who return here for a visit after a residence in New York. The lamentable death of Frank Norris is still fresh in our minds, and it is to be remembered that the Norrises had not been long in our State before Mrs. Norris was first taken down in their country home at Gilroy. President Harriman's sickness from the same malady this week, as well as the more remote death of Max O'Rell and the threatened operation upon the King of England, cause us to wonder if the vermiform appendix is not outdistancing the auto race in the work of depopulating the globe.

Those Prize Cups

Denial is made of my story of last week relative to the retention by the authorities of the Hitchcock Military Academy of San Rafael, of cups that had been donated for prizes in athletic events. I am assured that the only basis for the story was that two cups were donated to the school for the purpose of preserving tradition and keeping a record of the best athletes. There were many other cups and they were all distributed to the winners.

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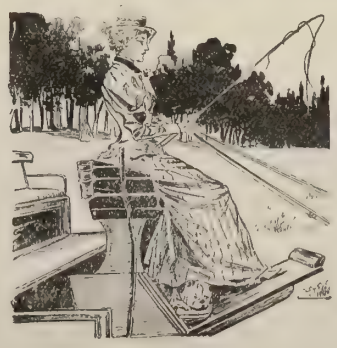

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Some O'Rell Philosophy

If the late Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) had not syndicated his aphorisms, they would likely have been more highly treasured as literature. But by putting himself on the daily platform with Ellawheelerwilcox and Dorothydix, and working his typewriter overtime, he injured his reputation as a man of letters. Nevertheless in that daily stunt he wrote a good many brilliant sentences, from which I cull the following:

Marry a woman who can see a joke, who has a sense of humor and who looks at the bright side of things.

Lunatic asylums are full of men who have tried to argue in matrimonial life.

Many women are stoves with marble tops.

The most charming part of a love affair is the beginning. No wonder that so many people find pleasure in beginning again.

Love is a comedy in seven acts. You see her, you love her, you swear it, you prove it, you quarrel with her, you hate her and you leave her. Sometimes you marry her, and then it is a tragedy.

Flirtation is a promissory bill with a signature that is intended to be dishonored; love is a promissory note which is generally settled before it falls due.

The man who throws himself at the head of a woman soon finds himself under her feet.

There are women, rare but delightful women, who add to all the qualities and refinement of a perfect lady all the instincts of a perfect gentleman.

In his ways, as in his thoughts, O'Rell was a thorough Parisian. As he said himself, "The Parisian world is France and France is Paris," and "the kindhearted Parisians pity from the bottom of their hearts the man who was not born in Paris or who has denied to him the privilege of living in Paris." M. Blouet lectured all over the United States and became familiar with Americans and their life, but he could write about them only from his Parisian standpoint.

The Noted Cissie

The coming of Cissie Loftus appears not to have created even a ripple on the surface of things theatrical. Every day we see pictures of theatrical nobodies staring us in the face from the columns of the dailies, and yet scarcely any notice is taken of the fact that this gifted English woman, the ex-wife of Justin Huntley McCarthy, the distinguished playwright, is about to make her San Francisco debut in a drama written by her former husband. Cissie Loftus is one of the notable women of the stage, though she is far from being one of its greatest artists. It is her personality with its girlish charm that has brought her to the front. She first made her appearance in this country as a mimic in vaudeville, and the newspapers enthusiastically accepted her as a remarkable stage personage. A little later she appeared in drama, and after a brief experience Henry Irving engaged her to fill the vacancy caused by the defection of Ellen Terry. Though the London papers praised her they refused to accept her as the successor of their idol. Her divorce from Justin McCarthy provoked a great deal of newspaper gossip, and now I hear that it has been predicted that they will remarry.

Porteous Club Entertainment

A dramatic and vaudeville entertainment is to be given next Tuesday evening at Native Sons' hall under the auspices of the Porteous Club, an organization of working girls founded by the women of the California Club and fostered by them. The entertainment will include a sketch "The Littlest Girl," a dramatization of one of Richard Harding Davis's Van Bibber stories. Orval Payne, Guy D'Ennery and Walter Kohler will appear in the sketch. Signora Matildita, the Spanish dancer, Else Krebs, a whistler and Beatrice Bell, a young vocalist, will contribute to the success of the entertainment, and a sketch by Maud Marion Taylor will be produced with Beatrice Bromfield, Hortense Steinhart and Wallace Hunt in the leading roles.

Smooth Faces of Yesterday No More

You don't see so many smooth-faced men in society or at the clubs nowadays as you did last year. The fact is that moustaches are in again. They came in slowly, it is true, but they are here. It is the army style of moustache, however, that is the proper thing. It is cut close, and has a scrubbing-brush effect in the way it is chopped off over the lip. But it's the right kind of a moustache to wear. It looks fierce enough to scare a Filipino maiden but it is what they like in the Orient.

Has Czar Ned Abdicated?

That old gag about Ned Greenway's sceptre being about to be wrested from him has been revivified. Lansing Mizner, brother of the ebullient "Addy," is the man mentioned as the new Czar. Mizner of late has gone quite a bit into harrylehring, and the rumor is that he is to be the leader of the *ton* next winter if he does not elect to spend the frozen season in Dawson. Greenway was never much of a Lehr in his social ideas; rather is he of the Ward McAllister type of Czar. Mizner, on the contrary, has a penchant for sensational stunts.

Of Pioneer Stock

Samuel Montford Wilson, whose marriage with Miss Thompson occurred last Wednesday, bears the same name as his distinguished grandfather, one of the leaders of the San Francisco bar in early days. His father was John Scott Wilson who married Mary Hutchinson, daughter of

Jean Loupy
Louis Parisot

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General Hutchinson, who kept the St. George's hotel in Sacramento for many years. In the same church, Grace Episcopal, where his parents were wedded twenty-eight years ago, Samuel Montford Wilson was married this week. Miss Alice Findley, who will be married to Captain Cloke of the Army in Christ church, Sausalito, on the ninth of June, is also of pioneer ancestry. Her mother, Lottie Young, was the daughter of Thomas Young, an early day merchant. She was a belle and a beauty when Thomas Findley, at that time State Treasurer, wooed and won her in 1858.

The Passing of Melone

Drury Melone, who died at his handsome home, Oak Knoll in Napa county, a few days ago, had a life of vicissitudes, before he attained the rank of country magnate. The estate which he so improved and beautified came to him through his lucky marriage with Miss Sarah Woodward, whose fortune was made by the founder of Woodward's Garden. Melone first came into notice when acting as hotel clerk for old General Hutchinson at the St. George in Sacramento in the late fifties. Later he engaged in other occupations, far from lucrative, until he was taken up by the late Lloyd Tevis as a figure-head for many of the transactions that crafty financier did not wish the general public to know he was connected with. Mr. Melone was married twice, his first wife being the daughter of W. S. Mesick of Sacramento. They were divorced in 1872.

Dr. Maurice O'Connell, the organist of St. Ignatius church, has taken a trip to Honolulu where he will enjoy a two months' rest. He will resume his church position on his return.

The Miller Hoax

The news of Joaquin Miller's death, which some unknown person put into circulation last week after the poet had had his protracted say at the Bohemian Club, caused a commotion not only in Eastern newspaper offices but also in the editorial rooms of the local dailies. Biographies of the picturesque poet were rushed into the composing rooms of all the papers, and some of them were in type before it was discovered that the report was a hoax. The next day Miller was made happy by the receipt of congratulations from all parts of the country. I understand that he is very indignant over the story that floated out of the Bohemian Club about his conduct on the occasion of the reception to the Presidential party. He is quite positive that he was in none but exuberant spirits.

The Accommodating Ambassador

I recently had the good fortune to hear the real reason why Ambassador Choate shocked the Democracy by appearing at court in a fancy costume which differs from the plain, long black of his predecessors. It seems that Choate had been present at a grand levee at which he was the only Ambassador ununiformed. When the affair was breaking up a young British officer, taking Choate for a waiter, walked up to him and said, "Call me a cab." "Certainly," said the American, "you're a cab." The officer was horrified at the discourtesy on the part of a servant, so he hastened to his host and said, "Your man over there has insulted me." Then the host, equally horrified, hastened to explain that his "man over there" was none other than the American Ambassador. So the Englishman hastened over and apologized and Choate remarked: "If you had been a little better looking I would have called you a hansom cab."

The Society Sponge

The methods of the society sponge are interesting. Not long ago a prominent man who had frequently furnished luncheons and dinners for an attractive but impecunious youth who hangs around fashionable clubs and grills at meal times, said cold-bloodedly to his whilom guest:

"Well, who are you going to do for your luncheon today?"

"Just watch me," responded the youth, nothing abashed.

He attached himself to a party of girls with but two men just entering the grill, made a joke or two, was promptly invited to luncheon and, in a moment, waved his napkin at his friend from the largest table with the prettiest flowers in the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Xavier Rolker will leave today for Colorado Springs on a two months' vacation trip.

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The Cold Blooded Lumber Barons

Whatever may be said on either side of the labor question there is no doubt that Mr. Hearst is carrying on the work of justice and mercy in turning the vials of wrath on the Union Lumber Company. I had recently a talk with an unprejudiced gentleman, a man in easy circumstances, but leaning in his views toward neither socialism nor monopoly, and who, three or four years ago, spent several months among the lumbermen of the Mendocino county redwoods. "The Union Lumber Company's camps," he said, "were at that time some twelve or fourteen miles inland from Fort Bragg, a distance that had either to be taken a-foot or traversed on the company's log trains. The majority of the men were swampers employed at twenty dollars a month and board, with loggers, lumbermen and engineers receiving as high as forty-five dollars and board. I sailed from San Francisco to Fort Bragg in the little lumber packet *Soquel River*, and with me were thirty or forty laborers who had paid Murray & Ready two dollars apiece for employment with the Union people. They were crowded like merchandise in the hold of the vessel, and from the time they left San Francisco till their arrival at Fort Bragg—some twenty or twenty-four hours—not more than a half dozen of the number had been given food.

"This fortunate few had been able to beg some scattered morsels from the cook and crew. It was winter when we arrived and I found the labor conditions amounting to nothing more or less than slavery. The men who boarded with the company, and had accepted jobs from Murray & Ready with the promise of twenty dollars a month and board, found that from three to five days out of the week they were laid off on account of rain, and that on those days they were given no wages, but on the contrary were charged fifty cents a day for board. I found on every hand men who had been working for the company for months and years, yet had not been able to lay aside a cent, and whose debts were enormous at the company's boarding house and store. The latter was one of the greatest abuses in the Fort Bragg woods. On account of the isolated position of the place, the laborers were obliged to patronize the company's store exclusively, and here bonanza prices prevailed for the bare necessities of life. I knew one college boy who worked there all winter and came away with fifteen dollars in his pocket, but he had accomplished this feat of financiering by absolutely refusing to patronize the company's store."

The Self-Advertising Art

Today, to have ability is nothing. To have the ability to market your ability is everything. To be a master of one of the fine arts is not enough. The modern artist must needs be past master in the foul art of self-advertising. If he have not the ignoble knack, or cannot acquire it, he puts himself into the hands of an imaginative manager and takes his chances along with breakfast foods. As for the public, it will swallow anything that is picturesquely advertised, be it good, bad or indifferent. Few things are more easily befouled by "filthy lucre" than the fine arts. The dollar diminishes the artistic value of everything it touches. The prevalence of paid write-ups causes honest criticism to be discounted. The undiscerning, who are in need of education in matters of art, are fooled to the top of the titillative manager's bent, and finally acquire, instead of taste, "the artistic ethics of the soul," a befogged feeling.

"Jinks says that he has been very successful in love."

"I don't see how he makes that out; he has been married to three women."

"But that isn't the way he puts it. He says he's been divorced from three women."

Why Armes Wouldn't Budge

On the occasion of the recent visit of Edward Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal* and George Doubleday of the New York publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co., some of the literati of the Bohemian Club gave them a progressive dinner. It was intended that each of the Bohemians should change places with every course that all might fondle the manes of the lions. All the members except one carried out the program. The exception was William Dallam Armes of the English department of the State

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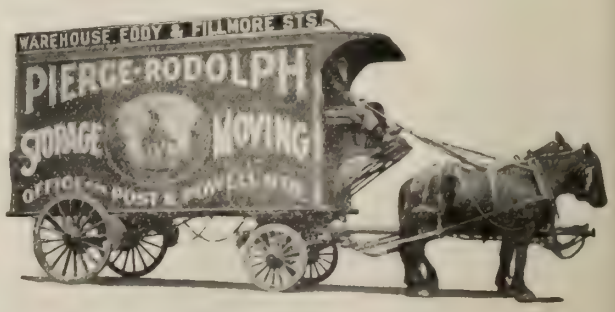

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University. He insisted upon retaining his seat beside Mr. Bok during the entire meal. The other men were disgusted but they are saying that Mr. Armes was trying to persuade Mr. Bok to accept some of his manuscript and that it naturally took some time.

Congratulations from Chicago

Dr. Joe Marshall Flint, professor of bacteriology at the Affiliated Colleges, has been receiving congratulations from Chicago on his coming marriage with Miss Anne Apperson, one of the numerous nieces of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst. Professor Flint's Chicago friends believe that he is going to marry a great heiress, who is destined for a liberal share of the Hearst fortune. Professor Flint was formerly a favorite of the buds of Kenwood, where he lived after winning football laurels at Princeton. His brother, Mott Flint, is professor of English in the University of Chicago.

Latest Aspect of the Servant Question

The latest aspect of the servant question is an exceedingly interesting one. Teas are growing scarce now, but at an informal one the other afternoon the ladies had such a charming time that they stayed late, and as five o'clock was the hour, some of them did not get home until after half-past six, and by the time they were dressed for the ceremonial meal of the day, dinner was a half-hour late. In one household the cook and the maid promptly gave notice, and now there is a scurrying homeward at half-past five, as most of the teas are thinned out at an early hour.

Our Mrs. Malaprop Again

The Mrs. Malaprop of the local smart set was being pressed to partake of a cocktail at a dinner dance the other evening, by a young navy officer who is famous for his skill as a mixologist. After refusing the concoction repeatedly, she said coyly, "Well, you might give me an infantesimal dose of it." "Better make it 'adultesimal,'" responded the officer, "it will do you good."

Ate Eighty Fried Eggs

A bunch of good fellows were gathered in a prominent cafe rolling all kinds of intellectual balls when a side roll carried the conversation to eating, and each gave his likes and dislikes in every-day dishes. One liked oysters, any kind of oysters. "Give me oysters by the dozen and I don't care how many I eat or who pays the bill." Another said fruit was his strong suit—he could live on it. The third claimed that no dish in the world could beat a good fat cut of sirloin topped with mushrooms. He could enlarge on several pounds of such provender and still cry for more. "Give me fried eggs," exclaimed "Teddy" Hartman, smacking his lips. "that's my favorite. Many's the time I've eaten eighty fried eggs and a slice of ham without being egged on."

"That's a cheerful lie," put in Fletcher Barbier of the mail service. "I'm something of a champ. in the egg line myself, so I can expert any such proposition. But eighty fried eggs at one sitting! Great Incubator, man, that story won't go down me any more than the eighty eggs will go down you."

"Oh, I don't know," said Teddy, modestly, "I've tossed off too many to doubt my ability to reach the eighty limit. If a man can once pass the fifty-sixth egg the work somehow seems to come easier. At least, that's always been the experience in my case."

"You're bluffing," declared Barbier, "I'll go you fifty you can't eat eighty fried eggs at one sitting."

Didn't Call for Roc Eggs

"Done," said Teddy, and they all adjourned to a restaurant across the street. While the bunch were seating themselves and Barbier was getting out a pencil and paper to keep tally Hartman whispered something to the waiter. They were still discussing the preliminaries when the waiter came in and set down a plate of fried ham and shad roe before Teddy. Barbier saw the eater slide about four hundred eggs into his mouth on one fork. Then he sat back with a look of consternation on his face. "What kind of a sucker do you think I am? Those aren't hen's eggs."

"No," said Teddy coolly, "and they're not elephant eggs, or roc eggs, or crocodile eggs, but they're plenty big enough for me when I tackle a contract to eat fried eggs by the hundred at one sitting."

"Go to Hades!" shouted Barbier, wrathfully, and he grabbed his hat and rushed from the place.

They were still laughing at the joke on him when the door opened and Barbier sheepily entered. "I'll apologize, boys," he said, "it's one on me. There, waiter, fix up these sandbaggers and I'll see you five extra if you work in a couple of gallons of knock-out-drops on 'em."

Good humor and a smiling face go hand in hand in Jesse Moore "A A" Whiskey.

ALEXANDRA

In making preparations for your summer vacation, have you given a thought to your jewels? Better leave them in the safe deposit vault and get some of the Alexandra diamonds and pearls. Impossible to detect from the genuine and the designs—well, just come and see for yourself. You will be satisfied with the superior and perfect finish of each article. We'll have some new things to show you, too.

732 Market Street — Alexandra JEWELER — 732 Market Street

Heroes to Order

Come, let us make a dozen score of heroes;
Each yearning [illegible] Fame cries out aloud,
Our idolatrous [illegible] are we zeros
To stand behind that European crowd?
We who have gold to buy the beggars wholly,—
Shall we not have our heroes and great men?
We who monopolize all good things solely,
Shall yield the palm to others? Never! Then
Come, let us have our heroes, have them quickly,
Make them of paper, sawdust, tin or rag—
Here! all you slavering journals, paint them thickly
With triple coats of Hail Columbia's brag.
Heroes marine and heroes military
That shall out-tale the Vallambrosan leaves,
Heroes of *sans-culottes* like Tom or Jerry,
Heroes of politicians, chap-men, thieves.
Nor must our haughty-stepping dames be slighted,—
Let us have female heroes so the breed
Of our heroic hearts be expedited,
Bearing a race of Jasons from our seed.
They say we have few great men, scarcely any,
Who are the greatest people and the best!
We have not many great but a great many
Poets and statesmen, soldiers and the rest.
They say we have no heroes;—let us "fake" some!
They say we have no great men;—let us make some!

May, 1903. *Herman Scheffauer.*

Leaves From the Dictionary of an Actress

Audience—A bunch of unfeeling rubbernecks who patronize the box office for the privilege of laughing when they get good and ready.

Actor—A fellow who takes all the credit whenever I get a good hand.

Art—The thing that supports the box office.

Box Office—The thing that supports art.

Bouquets—More or less valuable stage properties presented by the usher who acts as property man by proxy.

Career—A mirage, the desire for which often robs the office of good stenographers and fills the stage with indifferent performers.

Curtain—A strip of painted cloth behind which lambs are sacrificed in the Temple of Thespis.

Chorus Girl—A divinity who comes on singing and goes off kicking.

Critic—An individual who tells you your mistakes after you have made them.

Dinner—A bite or a collation according to who pays for it.

Envy—The vice of understudies.

Frost—A cold wave that often strikes a theatre in the summer.

Frills—A material that covers a multitude of shins.

Gag—A species of joke that has strangled many actors.

Hand—Immediate praise that is often followed by immediate raise.

Immorality—A good motif for plays but a bad motif for private life.

Johnnie—A man or angel who thinks that he's a little devil.

Kick—Something presented by the chorus during the performance and by the manager afterwards.

Kiss—A stage insincerity known to the profession as "business."

Leg—An indispensable detail of modern scenery.

Legitimate—That branch of the profession which adds inches to a girl's skirts and subtracts dollars from her salary.

Manager—A sorcerer whose business it is to make the ghost walk.

Newspaper—One way of getting before the public.

Orchestra—Professional noise-makers hired to drown out your songs.

Press Agent—A literary genius who writes fiction and puts it on the market as news.

Quick Change—A dressing-room abomination made necessary by the exactions of unskillful playwrights.

Roast—A delicacy which is often followed by irregular meals.

Salary—An effulgence which increases with the brilliancy of stars.

Tights—Garments which I have refused to appear in for advertising purposes.

Usher—A youth who acts as Cupid for the Johnnie.

Vaudeville—The only way of taking a vacation on double salary.

Worry—A habit which never got anybody an offer from Frohman.

Xcellence—An uncertain quantity which is easily substituted by a stand-in with the management.

Yahoo—A capitalist from Petaluma who buys an orchestra chair and winks at the chorus girls, imagining that this is high life.

Zeal—That which flags at nagging and nags at flagging.

—The Lexicographer.

Barriers

Shadow thou art; a dream of my heart
Forever beyond me.
I may not press you
Close to my breast; may not love nor caress you.
The passionate glow
Lighting your eyes 'gainst your reason and will
Sent through my being an answering thrill,
Transient and swift
As light through a rift;
Not until then could we measure the cost—
Eden forbidden, elysium lost.

Mabel Porter Pitts.

It is not talk

or boast, or guess, for

Hunter Whiskey

Makes its own success

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.
213-215 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Exchange 313

The Money-Saver

I.

"Miss Marguerite Fashion is visiting the Swells at their country-place, Ashmead in Sonoma county. Next week she will visit the Smarts at their ranch near Bakersfield."—*Society Note in Daily Paper.*

II.

From Miss Fashion to Her Chum.

Ashmead, May tenth.

Dearest Edith,

I am having the most delightful time, and it is so nice to think it is not costing me a cent. The Swells will not permit their servants to receive tips, so I am not in for that form of expense. When I was lunching at the Grill the day I left town I met Tom Climber, and he asked me if I would mind if we took the same train to Strawberryville (the station near Ashmead), as he is also of the party this week. Of course I was delighted. He paid for my lunch, and also my ticket, and as I gave him my trunk check he also paid the transfer man. He said he always liked to save a woman such little annoyances. Didn't say anything about saving her a half-dollar, too, but that was the best part of it. I will be able to save enough this summer for a new evening gown when I get home. Isn't it nice that our people are dropping on to the pleasure to be extracted from house-parties? It's *such* a boon to young women whose fathers are on salary and whose brothers just manage to make a living for themselves. Write me soon, Edith, and tell me all about the Springs. I wish I could afford a trip there, but am afraid I can't this summer.

Your own and only *Marguerite.*

III.

Smarts' Ranch, May thirtieth.

Dearest Edith,

I had the best luck imaginable. Mrs. Climber, Tom's sister-in-law, was coming to Bakersfield the same day I started, and she invited me to share the Railways' private car which Mrs. R. had placed at her disposal for the trip. We had a heavenly trip, and everything was right up to date. Of course I shall have to invite Mrs. Climber to call on me at the Smarts, when I've been here a few days, but I can manage it. I'm solid with the Smarts, for they are only just two-thirds "in" themselves, and are only too delighted to have a representative of the real Southern Aristocracy visiting them. Mrs. Smart gave me a new shirt waist, today, and is sending to the city for a white Indian mull and a pink organdie for me. I did not bring one thin frock with me—just fancy my thoughtlessness. But I thought a short skirt and a few shirt waists, with my lace evening gown, would do for a ranch party. However Mrs. Smart thought otherwise, and I'm not too proud to accept a few little things like that from a woman like her. Are you still at the Springs? Oh, these roasting hot days down here, how I *long* for a mineral bath! But I suppose I must take what I can get.

Your ungrateful,

Marguerite.

IV.

Smart's Ranch, June eleventh.

Dear Edith,

Of *course* I'll come. How utterly sweet of you to ask me. If I didn't know you are the very best friend I have on earth I'd think you invited me because I hinted at it. But you know, darling, that I'm too proud ever to accept anything like a forced favor. How generous of your father to send me my ticket, too. I'll be up as soon as I can pack my trunk. Am delighted to leave here. The Smarts, while decent enough people to know in town, are horribly plebeian and awful bores when seen close to and every day for breakfast, lunch and dinner. By the way, Mrs. Climber has invited me to visit her at Del Monte in August, a *whole month*, fancy. Now with you at the Springs for the rest of June, I have only July to provide for! Until we meet, dear,

Your rapturous

Marguerite.

V.

"At every house-party this summer one finds Miss Marguerite Fashion among the guests. She is so sprightly and charming that no other young woman in society is so much in demand. She is at present visiting Miss Edith Style at the Springs" —*Society Note in Daily Paper.*

VI.

From Miss Fashion to Her Chum.

San Jose, July eighteenth.

Ma chere Edith.

What a lovely time I have had since the summer began—at least I have had *some* lovely times. I enjoyed my visit with you so much, and only regretted the hot weather was too much for me after two weeks of it. Springs are all right if one is in delicate health, but a strong girl like myself must take less sun in hers. How dear of your mother to take me to Lake Tahoe with her. We had the sweetest time—she would not let me pay for anything, and, Edith, I'll tell you, you have the most generous mother alive. She gave me a beautiful linen suit all embroidered in acorn pattern, which is newer than the grape design you have. But you're such a dear, you won't be envious. And I know you're having the darlingest time in town with your husband. Wasn't it nice that he should return from New York just as I left, and you two could enjoy a second—or is it fourth? honeymoon together. We poor single woman have no such consolations as you enjoy, dear Edith. But I see no signs of a hubby in sight for dot-less me. *You* had fifty thou., you know, Edith, not to speak of your bonny face. Well, I am thankful I have some good friends. After we returned to town, your second cousin invited me down here. I met her at Tallac, and she is *so* sweet. Next week I am going on a driving tour with some people I met here. We're going to travel a whole week. Then comes Del Monte with Mrs Climber. And in September I'm invited to go to Yosemite with Jack Millions and a big party. He puts up for everything.

Your sincere friend,

Marguerite.

—*The Twaddler.*

BLITHEDALE

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A Modern Fairy Tale

The Clever Wife.

Once upon a time there lived a young Queen. She was married to a jolly young King but she was not happy. Her mother had brought her up on old-fashioned rules. One of them was that she must be very economical, spend her husband's money carefully, and never give him a chance to dispute her millinery bills.

The young Queen was very pretty and amiable and for a long time her husband was devoted to her. She followed her mother's advice and ran the Palace household on an economical plan. She saved a lot of money, but it did not make her husband's private bank account swell to any extent.

The reason of this was a simple one. What the Queen saved, the King spent.

And, by and by, he began to find his pretty, amiable Queen rather an old story. He visited other Palaces and dallied with Princesses of low and high degree.

The poor little Queen staid at home and wept.

One day there came to visit her her sister from a neighboring Palace.

"Why, what ails you, my child?" she questioned; "here you are married to a nice young King; you are still as pretty as in your bud days, and yet you cry your eyes out. What's the matter?

Between sobs, the Queen explained the unhappy situation.

"Why, you're a little fool," said her sister, at the end of the tale of woe, "but then I did the same when I was first married. Our mother, you see, is a trifle out of date in her ideas. Now, brace up, take my advice, and in a short time your King will be dangling at your apron-strings, and won't want to get away, either."

"But what shall I do?" asked the younger Queen.

"Go to work and spend money, that's all," said her sister.

"But there's none to spend now. My lord and master buys flowers and sweets and jewels for his friends, and it keeps me busy saving—"

"What!" interrupted the elder Queen, "didn't I tell you, you simpleton, to follow my advice? Don't you see that if *you* spend, there'll be nothing left for him?"

The little Queen was not lacking in quickness of wit. After her sister's departure, she consulted her account-books and emptied the toy-bank of its contents.

All happened as the Queen's sister had predicted. Not all at once, of course. The King blustered and whimpered, and tried his coaxing tongue. But the bravest King is no match for a woman—when she is pretty and amiable and has a fine taste in dress.

In a few months there was no milder-mannered King throughout the land than the husband of the young Queen.

And when one day her mother came to visit her, and remonstrated at the extravagance displayed in her daughter's wardrobe and apartments, the young Queen laughed at her parent's horror and said:

"You belong to the old world, dear mamma. I belong to the new. There's only one way to keep one's expenses down and one's husband in subjection. Do all the spending yourself." —*The Romancer.*

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & CO. are most effective.

How It Is Done

The Old Story of the Pump Drama.

Mr. Clydefitch receives a note from Manager Uptodate:

"Dear Fitch,

"My wife has a pet pug of which she is fond and I'm thinking to please her by having a drama written around the beastie. What can you do?

"Yours, *Uptodate.*"

"P. S.—Might work in a bench show. *U*"

Mr. C. (on receiving the same): "By George! The best thing yet. I already see the bench show—howling dogs—heroine with pet pug—rival with French bull—man gives a collie for engagement gift. Plot? Oh, I can get that up on the old lines. The dialogue simply rushes through my head." (Calls his stenographer and dictates):

"Every bark has its own tree.

The Heroine: Of two evils always choose the worse.

The Cynical Hero: Then I will kiss your maiden aunt instead of your pug dog.

A dog in time saves a cruel father's shoe-leather.

The Heroine: Every dog returns to his own bone.

Her Rival: Yes, I see your pug nestles close to your neck."

Mr. C. (to his stenographer): "That's enough for today. Go and bring the dog food man to me, also a dog surgeon and the secretary of the bench show. I must have facts to mingle with my epigrams. (Drinks two gin fizzes.) How fatiguing it is to satisfy the public taste in dramas!"

—*The Typewriter.*

One of the subtlest problems of the day is the question how far a woman wants to look like other women, and where she wants to begin to have something distinctive in her style that shall indicate her temperament and differentiate her from the crowd.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Open all the year. Unexcelled Spring and Summer climate. Luxurious Mineral and Mud Baths, and the most curative water known for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Liver and Kidney and Nervous troubles, also Malaria.

Hotel unique in cuisine, service and appointments. Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations.

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H. R. WARNER, Manager

Byron Hot Springs Post Office, California

STAGE

A Runaway Girl

There is daintiness, there is chic, there is beauty, there is art and there is some catchy music in this week's performance at the California, but it is all subdued, and none of the charms of "A Runaway Girl" incites one to rapturous rhapsody. Though it lacks the sumptuousness that we have always regarded as characteristic of a Daly production it is pleasant to contrast the refinement of it all with the blare and brummagen of the pretentious musical comedy companies that have lately come to town. It is a polite company that resorts not to parade of voluptuous charms, and refrains from attempts at establishing intimate relations with individuals in the audience. All the mummers attend strictly to business and under discipline that makes team work apparent in everything that is done. The ingenue role of Winnifred Grey is played by Marie Doro, a deliciously dainty girl who has a voice so child-like and faint that it reminds you of Fanny Rice in her precocious infant imitations. But when she sings the whole company holds its breath and stills its muscles so that the pianissimo utterances of the small voice may be heard. You feel that if the comedian should bat an eye he would drown a note but he doesn't. Such forbearance on the part of the comedian is phenomenal. It bespeaks commendation for the discipline that is enforced. And notwithstanding the smallness of Miss Doro's voice you applaud her lustily, not so much for her noble effort at being audible as for the grace and charm of her manner. The prima donna of the company is Miss Isobel Hall, who has a very sweet soprano, and to whom you must be grateful for the clearness of her enunciation. Her best number is "Listen to the Band," a song made familiar to us by the Tivoli, for it was interpolated in "Manila Bound." After hearing it at the California and noting the breezy business that accompanies it you at once realize that Impresario Leahy didn't miss a trick when he saw "A Runaway Girl" in New York. One of the most talented of the women in the company is Miss Violet Dale. She plays the maid with great dash and with all the art of the true comedienne. Miss Dale has a wonderful pair of educated legs. The proficiency of their education is apparent when she gives her first kick. There is another comedienne in the company in the person of Sadie Kirby, who plays the part of Carmenita, one of a band of wandering musicians. She is a spirited soubrette, and in one of her songs she is reminiscent of May Irwin though she uses a Cockney accent. The principal comedian is Mr. John Slavin, who has the audience with him from the moment that he makes his appearance. He isn't much more than a yard long, but his humor is all infectious. George Fortescue, the other comedian, has a Broadway reputation which he sustains in a role that doesn't afford him much opportunity. Mr. Alfred Hickman is satisfactory in the juvenile role, but he lacks the voice to win success in musical comedy. However the company is short on voices. Mr. Thomas Gore easily carries off the honors from the male singers, but vocal talent is not the company's strong suit. Nevertheless it is abundantly supplied with other kinds of talent, and it gives a most enjoyable performance. The piece is a spirited farce, and there is more plot and substance to it than can be found in the average musical comedy.

Dan Frohman Was a Newspaper Man

This has been a good year matrimonially for divinities of the footlights. Stage beauties have captured more than one rich, and thought-to-be confirmed bachelor. Daniel Frohman is the latest. The veteran manager is fifty-two years of age, and Miss Illington, his fiancee, is said to have just entered her twenties. She is also said to be a beauty. As she comes here with Sothern next week we shall be able to judge of that for ourselves. Those who know Daniel Frohman by sight know him as a slightly built man, bald-headed and wearing a short-pointed beard. He has a pleasant, gentle way with him, and a very particular manner of transacting his business. It would be natural for him to take time in choosing a life-partner. Dan, in his day, was a hustler in the theatrical business, always hustling however in a well-bred way, but a few years ago he ceased his strenuous labors in behalf of theatricals and let his younger brother Charles take up the work. The story of the rise of the three Frohman brothers, Daniel, Gustavus and Charles, is, by the way, an interesting study of American life. They were born in Sandusky, Ohio, but when Dan was eleven he went up to New York to school. He helped out his expenses by working outside of school hours, and when he was fourteen years old found himself in the *Tribune* office. He continued there for years, becoming finally one of Horace Greeley's secretaries. He was also private secretary to Albert Richardson, the Civil War correspondent of the *Tribune*. When John Russell Young started the New York *Standard* he took Dan Frohman for his cashier. But after Young left with General Grant for his round-the-world trip, Frohman went into the advertising department of the *Daily Graphic*. His health suffered from constant office work, and his doctor ordered him to travel.

That was the road Dan Frohman took to the theatre. To follow his physician's prescription he became traveling manager and director of the J. H. Haverly touring companies. He liked the business, and in time had John McCullough, Fanny Davenport, Mary Anderson and other stars under his management. Charles, who was nine years younger than Dan, also came up to New York and went into the *Tribune* office, following closely upon his elder's heels. When he was seventeen he went West with John Dillon's "Our Boys" and a year later was managing Haverly's Mastodons in Boston. Daniel Frohman's chief success was the Lyceum theatre, with its famous stock. Charles's name has always been associated with the Empire. The home life of the Frohmans has always been remarked upon as being of particular refinement, harmony and charm. No one ever thought Dan would marry because he was so devoted to his maiden sisters.

She Was Not a Divorcee

Fanny Gillette Stevens, who recently obtained a divorce from Landers Stevens, the actor, has written to me from New York to deny that she was a divorcee before her marriage to him. "'During the six years spent in California," she wrote, "I made many friends, and would greatly dislike having them think I had deceived them as to my character or antecedents. Divorce at best is the confession of failure on the part of one or both parties to it, and I am thankful to have but one to acknowledge."

NELSON'S
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Infallible Remedy for Catarrh
Sore Throat and Inflammations of the Skin

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THE OLD HOME
and
SEE THE OLD FRIENDS
The
Southern Pacific
will make
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to
VARIOUS EASTERN POINTS
at
VARIOUS DATES
in June, July and August
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613 MARKET STREET

Rejuvenation at the Tivoli

After enthusing over the vaudeville stunts of Eastern musical comedy successes it is refreshing to drop into the ramshackle opera house on the little side street, and lend the ear to real music as played under the baton of Paul Steindorff. Now that the old Tivoli is drawing to the close of its checkered and at times brilliant career, it is well that it should make a spurt, as it does this week, to maintain the prestige that it has long enjoyed. The production of "El Capitan" is one of the most creditable things that it has done for a long time. Seldom have I witnessed greater enthusiasm in the Tivoli than was evoked by the finale of the second act, Tuesday night, when the audience compelled the repeated raising of the curtain for the repetition of that rollicking chorus with Edwin Stevens striking an attitude and waving Old Glory. It was a scene worth treasuring as a tradition. There is abundant snap and ginger in the performance, and the youth, beauty and grace of the chorus are a revelation. The Tivoli chorus has at last been brought up to date in the matter of physical charms. Its legs are slender and symmetrical, and it looks well in tights. Mr. Stevens is the greater part of the show this week, a circumstance that is undoubtedly pleasing to the comedian, and he sings as he never sang before; that is, he does for an act, but the wear and tear became apparent toward the close, when fortunately for him he is supposed to become intoxicated, a circumstance that he seeks to impress upon the audience by drinking with apparent gusto from a tankard that he had drained. This is a solecism even in an intoxicated comedian. Annie Meyers, too, is in good vocal form this week and contributes much to the success of the performance. By the way, before the old Tivoli is deserted wouldn't it be a good idea to give a farewell memorial performance?

Great Talent at the Grand

The new season at the Grand Opera House will begin tomorrow, Sunday night, with the great Eastern musical sensation, "In Washington." The production will be exactly the same as that used by the Rogers Brothers during their lengthy season at the Knickerbocker theatre. The company is an exceedingly strong one, the close of the Eastern season having enabled the management to select from the most successful musical attractions of the past twelve months. The most distinguished members, Raymond and Caverly, clever German dialect comedians, head the list of artists. The others are Cheridah Simpson, the well known prima donna, and late the bright particular star of the "King Dodo" company, Louise Moore, the Dolores of one of the New York productions of "Florodora," Anna Wilks, a popular singing and dancing soubrette, Olive Ulrich, who as a singing and dancing comedienne, made a hit with the Rogers Brothers at the Knickerbocker theatre, Martha D'Roy, a very handsome girl who has been one of the features of Klaw and Erlanger's musical productions, Monte Blair and Ella Welsh, who were very popular members of the "King Dodo" company, the Esmeralda sisters, graceful dancers, who have just concluded a season with the "Nancy Brown" company, Harold Crane, a sweet baritone, Budd Ross, a clever comedian, Charles W. Allison, a great character actor late of the "Burgomaster" company, Herbert Sears, who starred in "A Texas Steer," Geo. P. Towle, musical director of Daly's, the Casino, the Bijou and other leading New York theatres, and Charles H. Jones, the Amazon March King. There will be a beautiful girl chorus of fifty, an excellent male chorus of twenty and an orchestra of twenty-one musicians.

To Call This His Home

White Whittlesey has decided to make San Francisco his home; or, at least, the place he will in future call home. An actor is doomed to much travel and the varied discomforts of hotel life. On the road all hotels are bad, the only distinction being that some are worse than others, and Whittlesey has determined that he shall have a real home when the exigencies of his profession demand not that he be the patron of the hostelries. Therefore he has sent to Connecticut for his mother and sister and they will soon set up their Lares and Penates in this city.

Florence Roberts is now playing the coast cities, and will not begin her San Francisco season until September. She was in Fresno last week, where the public gave her a rousing welcome, and the critics many pleasant words. Miss Roberts has "The Adventure of the Lady Ursula" and "The Unwelcome Mrs.

★TIVOLI★

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"FIDDLE DEE DEE"

Reserved Seats:
Nights, 25c, 50c and 75c; Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c and 50c.
Children at Matinees, 10c and 25c
Soon we will offer "Twirly Whirly" a tremendous burlesque
Coming Mme. Eugenia Mantelli

Hatch" as her strong cards this season. The latter play will be a novelty to us, but we know the former, which was in the Miller repertory and first brought Margaret Anglin into favor here. In Miss Roberts's company on tour are Lucius Henderson and Bertha Blanchard.

Gods, Dreams, Girls and Snows

In the back part of this week's *Town Talk* appears one of the Villon poems that Sothern recites in "If I Were King." And in the third act he recites this:

I wonder in what Isle of Bliss
Apollo breathes ambrosial air,
In what green valley Artemis
For young Endymion spreads the snare,
Where Venus lingers debonnair,
The wind has blown them all away
And Pan lies piping in his lair—
Where are the gods of yesterday?

Say where the great Semiramis
Sleeps in a rose-red tomb; and where
The precious dust of Cæsar is,
Or Cleopatra's yellow hair;
Where Alexander Do and Dare;
The wind has blown them all away,
And Red-beard of the Iron chain,
Where are the dreams of yesterday?

Where does the Queen of Herod's kin,
Or Phryne in her beauty bare;
With Rhodope and Tomyris,
And Sappho and Campaspe fare,
Where Guenevere, the world's despair,
The wind has blown them all away,
And Helen, fairest of the fair,
Where are the girls of yesterday?

Alas! for lovers! pair by pair,
The wind has blown them all away,
In vain we seek them here and there,
Where are the snows of yesterday?

Belasco to Revive "Macbeth"

Dave Belasco is the latest theatrical manager to decide on a Shakespearean revival next season. He is to star Mrs. Leslie Carter as Lady Macbeth. It is becoming more and more evident every day that the Shakespearean drama is to enjoy a theatrical renaissance next season for the first time since the season of 1888-89, when there occurred revivals of "Macbeth" by Mrs. Langtry in New York and Mr. Irving in London, of "Richard III" by Richard Mansfield. At the same time Booth, Barrett, Frederick Warde, Louis James, Madame Modjeska and Miss Julia Marlowe, who was then a newly discovered star in the theatrical galaxy, were appearing in all the old familiar Shakespearean plays. For many years the popularity of Shakespeare upon the stage was defined by very narrow limits, but what have been regarded as insuperable barriers are breaking down. It is discovered that the majority of Shakespeare's plays present no serious difficulties to the skillful adaptor. Such is the universality of the genius that has left its stamp upon the work of this most practical of all dramatists that, despite the growth of stage tradition and the development of stage methods which intervene between the little Globe theatre of Elizabeth's time and the most modern of San Francisco playhouses, we can still enjoy seeing "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" presented almost scene for scene, with far more relish than some of the up-to-date products of our modern playwrights.

The Malvern trio of acrobats, with the Landmark touring company, made a great hit at the benefit performance at Fischer's. They are nimble athletes and do an exceptionally fine turn.

Proudly she sits upon her post.
A Pfister Bathing Suit upon her.
Quite right. For all along the coast,
The Pfister suit holds post of honor.

The whiskey of the particular — Chapin & Gore.

Mary Hampton plays a triple role in "The Melodrama," the clever sketch in which she makes her debut before an Orpheum audience. Miss Hampton is looking well physically and she acts with her old charm and grace. Her supporting company of two ably second the star. Kartelli, the slack wire star, is another brilliant in this week's bill at the Orpheum.

Among the novelties to be introduced into "Twirly Whirly" at Fischer's is a real airship, an automobile that explodes and a monkey who can act and dance.

N. C. Goodwin follows E. H. Sothern at the Columbia with his latest success, "The Altar of Friendship." Julia Dean has made a name for herself with the Goodwin organization.

Features of Next Week's Bills

If there's any one star who has always done just what he said he'd do, on a road tour, that one is E. H. Sothern. When he takes to the road, he takes his Broadway company with him. "If I Were King," at the Columbia, will be seen with the original scenery, cast and costumes. Cecilia Loftus, who as "Cissy" Loftus made her first essay at fame as a mimic, plays the heroine. George W. Wilson will be King Louis VI, and Margaret Illington, Rowland Buckstone, William Harris and Henry J. Carvill are included in the huge organization of one hundred and twenty people. Owing to the play's length, the curtain will go up at eight sharp. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

One hundred and eleven times when it was originally produced, and thirty-six times more for the revival, is the marvelous record of "Fiddle Dee Dee" at Fischer's. It looks as if it would run for a whole year, but pursuant to the decision of the management not to tire their regular patrons, the burlesque will be taken off the stage in a fortnight. So this is the last chance the people will have to see it.

At the California "A Runaway Girl" will go another week, and on June eighth "The Circus Girl" will be put on, with Slavin in his original role of Biggs, the waiter.

"El Capitan" will run another week at the Tivoli. "The Isle of Champagne" comes next.

In "The Tyranny of Tears" next week at the Alcazar, White Whittlesey will be put to the test of comparison with John Drew, who scored one of his best successes in this delightful comedy. The play is by Haddon Chambers. Whittlesey will personate the husband, Bertha Creighton the weeping bride, Juliet Crosby the typewriter, Albert Morrison the cynical friend and George Osbourne the father-in-law. On June eighth comes another play, "D'Arcy of the Guards."

The Grand will have a brilliant attraction in the Rogers Brothers' show.

Direct from the Folies Bergeres, Paris, to the Orpheum, comes M. and Mlle. Paxton's Living Art Panorama, a distinct novelty here. It includes a large corps of Parisian artists' models, remarkable for their beauty, form and grace. The three marvelous Rixfords, world-famed acrobats from London, will make their first appearance here. The Lutz brothers, styled the "twentieth century marvels," will also be new. One of them is without arms, but is an accomplished musician and expert marksman. Harry LeClair, the celebrated character artist, known as the "Bernhardt of the vaudevilles," will make his reappearance after an absence of six years in his handsomely costumed satirical impersonation of famous actresses. By request the English clowns will retain "The Nightingale's Courtship" in their act.

At the Chutes the Spraguellos will present their unique musical entertainment, "Satan's Pastimes"; Connors and Connors, a singing and dancing duo, will offer a clever specialty and Richard and Maggie Leoni, known as the "silver athletes," on account of their magnificent stage apparatus, will appear for the first time here. Richard Leoni is the only person in the business who hangs by the heel of his bare foot to a flying trapeze. H. B. Burton, a character artist, will contribute a novel turn. A Bohemian glass blowing exhibition is a new feature at the Chutes. —*The Playgoer.*

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LETTERS

Of More Than Ordinary Merit

"Life's Common Way" is a distinctly twentieth century story. It makes no particular difference where the scenes are laid, for the incidents might have taken place in any community of sufficient size, and as to the characters, the women especially, they are so typical that they can be called by name. The story does not concern the smart social set, but the class who take themselves seriously, and imagine that their finger-in-the-pie clubs help to turn the wheels of the universe a little faster and a great deal better. The meeting of the Committee of Ten, with which the book opens, is so well done that one might fancy that the author had transcribed the minutes of an actual meeting. There is Mrs. Ingledew, the perfectly correct and altogether immaculate, but none the less decidedly aggravating matron; Mrs. Blankenship, shallow, insincere, subordinating everything to correct form; Mrs. Roberts, who never "speaks out in meeting," but finds fault and criticises every one and everything, when it is too late; Ursula Keith, clear-sighted, shrewd and sarcastic, but genuine, and with a delicious sense of humor; Teddy (Theodora), the only daughter of Mrs. Blankenship, crude, slangy and unformed, with the makings of good or bad in her, according to her environment, and in contrast Mrs. Somerford, an elder sister of Mrs. Ingledew, belonging to another generation and other traditions. The men occupy about the same positions of relative importance in the book that they do in life. They are absorbed in making money for the women to spend. Hutchins Ingledew is a king of finance, a trust manipulator, whose one rule of morality is, "the law can't touch it." Morcraft is his able lieutenant, and Blankenship a bustling and busy broker whose only excuse for existence is to furnish the money for his wife and daughter. Hayward Engham is as much of a contrast to the other men as his half sister, Mrs. Somerford, is to the women. Incidentally to the wrecking of a tramway company in order that the property may be absorbed into the maw of a trust, there are some graphic pictures of a strike and we are taken behind the scenes, where we see the wires pulled and the puppets juggled. People are married and given in marriage, and there is both tragedy and comedy in about equal proportions. The conversations are bright and witty without being unnaturally brilliant, and the parlor lecture, Nature Study, the Penny Provident Society, the supplying of flower seed to school children, and all the other fads and foibles of the hour are so neatly touched up that even if the book had no other merit, it would be worth reading for them alone. A book of more than ordinary merit. [Published by A. S. Barnes & Co.]

The Reason Why

The author of a somewhat lengthy article on the subject of books for the young, more especially boys' books, remarks that: "Three great favorites of the boy of twenty years ago—Captain Mayne Reid, Oliver Optic and Jules Verne—are now, for whatever reason, no longer writing stories." Two of the trio ceased for the very best of reasons, because they died. Oliver Optic, Captain Mayne Reid, Horatio Alger and George A. Henty, all deservedly prime favorites in their day, have passed out of existence within the last two or three years, and Jules Verne has reached an advanced age which, in connection with failing sight, makes writing more of a task than a pleasure. The surprising thing is that any writer sufficiently interested in boys' books to write about them, should not know it, and that some one officially connected with the *Atlantic Monthly* did not call his attention to the fact before the article appeared in the magazine.

Matthew Arnold had the not uncommon habit of making extracts from the books which pleased him. These are now to be published by his daughter, and the name, Arnold, will probably secure a sale for them, but other people's selections and excerpts are apt to prove as unsatisfactory as other people's children. The only value which detached sentences and paragraphs can have, as a rule, is in recalling the context, and one who has not read and enjoyed the whole is not apt to get the full significance of the part. Matthew Arnold's selections were of use and profit to Matthew Arnold, but John Smith will be wiser to use his own judgment and make a John Smith collection which suits his own requirements than he will be in laying out good money for a Matthew Arnold collection and then trying to fit his brain to the fragments.

—*The Bookworm*

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MUSIC

The Pasmore Concert

Beautiful tone production is the aim of Mr. Pasmore's teaching, and his pupils' recitals show that it is not an unattainable one. Clear, round tone, absence of all roughness and forcing, and good enunciation, were the features of last Wednesday evening's singing, and good qualities were apparent in every voice. The length of the program renders it impossible to do justice to the several numbers. Perhaps the most thoroughly satisfactory one was Miss Beulah George's "Io dice que no" from Carmen. Miss George could give cards and spades to many a Michaela whom I have heard. Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner's flexible soprano had no easy task in the Shadow Song from Dinorah. Grace and lightness were apparent in her rendition. Mrs. J. Bardilini did well with Chaminade's "Summer." It is not often that a soprano of her quality is equal to such delicate elocution. Mr. Frank Tigone gratified the audience with his Verdi romanza, and fully deserved the applause he got. Mr. Nowlin has a mellow and expressive tenor which he made good use of in his two songs. Miss Louise Smith, Miss Anna Obermuller, and Mrs. Arthur Fickenscher and Miss Anna Moore were excellent in their respective numbers. Miss Lida Benedict was a little too timid in her Schumann songs. Illness prevented the appearance of Mrs. Edith Phelps Collins, Mrs. Charles C. Hughes and Mrs. L. A. Larsen. Mrs. Edith Scott Basford appeared in two extra solos, her firm contralto doing full justice to a pretty little Pickanninny Slumber Song. The part songs were well rendered, and the Rheinberger chorus, "Night," with accompaniment of piano, flute, violin, viola and 'cello was an especially gratifying number. It goes without saying that the Pasmore sisters contributed not a little to the success of the recital, Miss Dorothy in particular, with her 'cello obligatos to the songs of Miss Obermuller and Mr. Nowlin. On the whole a most successful and gratifying concert

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The Loring Concert

The presence of Trebelli on the program lent an unwonted interest to the Loring Club concert of last week. The artiste appeared in several solos, and with generous encores gave the large audience its full meed of satisfaction. Mlle Dolores's first number was "La Reine Topaze" (Carnival of Venice with variations), a selection well adapted to display her technique and ease of vocalization. Succeeding numbers were "La Violette" (Scarlatti) and Pergolese's "Tre Givorni," followed by Sterndale Bennett's "Gentle Zephyr" and later in the evening Solveg's song from Grieg's "Peer Gynt." For encores Mlle. Dolores gave "Bon Jour Suzon," "Comin' through the Rye" and the Laughing Song from Auber's "Manon Lescaut." Mlle. Dolores is not an artist who enchains her listeners by the magic of temperament or by dramatic fervor, but one who pleases and satisfies by the cleanness and finish of her vocal art. It was expected that she would take the solo part in the Schubert-Liszt chorus, "The Almighty," but not having practiced in ensemble she very wisely declined, and the solo was executed by Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, who achieved a signal success. Her voice has great carrying power and it soared out in crystal purity over chorus and orchestra. In discussing the soloists I must not forget the club. The opening chorus, "Tally-Ho" from Benedict's opera, the "Lily of Killarney," was given with fine vim. The succeeding number, "Secret Love," a folk-song of the eighteenth century, was one of the best things the club has ever done. The shading was exquisite, and in short the whole rendition without a flaw. The beautiful violin obligato by B. Jaulus was the most notable feature of Paul Schumacher's "Happy to Wander." A chorus from Mendelssohn's "Edipus at Colonna" with double choir, orchestra, organ and piano, inaugurated the second part of the program, dignified and noble music adequately rendered. Doctor Schalkhammer was excellent as usual in the incidental solo of the "Troubadour's Serenade" by Rudolph Wagner. The concert concluded with "Longbeard's Saga" by Charles Harford Lloyd, which was rather draggingly sung by the chorus. The piano obligato was played by Miss Ruth Loring. Miss Loring's neat work at the piano was in striking contrast to the slovenly playing of Mlle. Dolores's accompanist. Mr. Loring directed, and Mr. J. C. Fyfe was organist. The club expects to be able in future to introduce visiting concert vocalists, the engagement of Mlle. Dolores being the first experiment of the kind.

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An Evening With Wagner and Elder

An æsthetic atmosphere pervaded the book shop of Mr. Paul Elder on Saturday evening last, the occasion being An Evening with Wagner. Softly shaded lights, old brasses, Japanese prints, rococco mirrors and other articles of vertu formed the background for an audience evidently lovers of art and music. Miss Annie Wilson was the pianist, and proved herself past mistress of the instrument. What her ten slim fingers can do with the keys is wonderful. Miss Wilson's theme was the Prelude and first scene of "Das Rheingold." Her exposition was terse and lucid, and she dwelt more on the musical structure and less on the esoteric features of the opera than most Wagner expounders. After a short preface she played the prelude and scene, making running verbal comments. Mr. Walter Hastings Olney, a young man with a mellow and sympathetic baritone, rendered the "Evening Star" from "Tannhauser." Miss Wilson's second number was Siegmund's Love Song from "Die Walkure," followed by Mr. Olney in Wotan's "Farewell," to which Miss Wilson played the finale, the well known Fire Scene. The audience was keenly appreciative and listened to both pianiste and vocalist with every mark of pleased attention. At the close of the program Mr. Elder kindly invited his guests into the art rooms to inspect a fine collection of photographs.

Madame Eugenia Mantelli, the famous singer who will give two matinee concerts at Fischer's on June tenth and twelfth, is the artist who was the big sensation with the Mascagni organizzation before it collapsed. Mantilli's first program will include "Una voca poca fa," from "The Barber," "Connais tu le pays" (Mignon), "Saco fa," from "The Barber," "Connais tu le pays" (Mignon), "Sapre per te il mio cor" (Samson et Dalila), the Habanera from "Carmen" and other selections from grand operas, besides classic songs. Mantelli made a great success in South America, duplicating her European successes. Her concerts have the charm of novelty in that she renders the different arias of grand opera, fully portraying each character in superb costume, necessitating several changes. Seats for the Mantelli concerts will be on sale next Thursday morning.

The Laughing Song

There is one song in the Dolores repertoire with which she makes a decided hit, and that is the laughing song. She makes a whole audience laugh with her when she trolls out the "Ah, ah, ah, ah, . . . la, la, la, la" of Auber's music. The arrangement of the "Manon Lescaut" song that Dolores sings is by Anne Seguin, and the words of the first stanza are:

My story, yes c'est amoureuse,
And more, 'tis not quite fabulous,
But of a gallant bold
—Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah—
This gentle commissaire so grand,
Was called severe throughout the land,
Yet truth's not always told
—Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah—
He loved a lady fair, ah, ah,
Yet, oft would he despair, ah, ah,
For she on him looked cold,
—Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah—
Now would you wish that I the name
Of this Leander great in fame,
Should quickly let you know?
Well, as it will amuse you,
I cannot then refuse you,
But speak it low, quite low,
No, no, I dare not tell you,
La, la, la, la, la, la, etc.

Dolores, by the way, has often been asked why she never went on the grand operatic stage. Her answer, to such an inquiry, was that she is too indolent. She cannot bear to think of such hard study, et cetera. But I am of the opinion that Dolores knows her limitations. She has many physical shortcomings, and her art scarcely warrants the enthusiasm that she arouses in San Francisco.

On Wednesday evening of last week, Miss Eula Howard, a young pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt, gave a successful piano recital in Mr. Mansfeldt's studio. She rendered a program including works of Brahms, Grieg, Schumann, Raff, Tschaikowsky and Rubinstein, playing the selections entirely from memory and with admirable expression.

The San Francisco Conservatory of Music, E. S. Bonelli, director, has issued invitations for two concerts. Next Wednesday evening in the Alhambra theatre the older pupils will give a concert and on the following Saturday afternoon, June sixth, in Y. M. C. A. hall, the juvenile pupils will give the program.

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A Genuine Artist

Miss Mary Carrick is not a child phenomenon, but a serious young woman who, under the guidance of Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, has studied her Liszt to some purpose. Her program of last Monday evening was a daring one. Liszt spells first of all technique, and afterwards much more, and let it be said Miss Carrick has not stopped short at the first syllable. Many of her readings displayed an unexpected breadth of interpretation and delicacy of phrasing. The program was by no means a trite one, two of her numbers being heard for the first time in this city. One of these was the Legend of Saint Francis preaching to the birds, one of the two compositions in honor of the Abbe's patron saint. It is in the impromptu style, and two voices may be distinctly heard, the twitter of the birds, and a churchly air representing the preaching of the good saint. It has been pronounced the most poetical piece that Liszt ever wrote for the piano. It offers occasion for some very pretty finger work to which Miss Carrick did ample justice, while she brought out very clearly the poetic beauties of the composition. The Concerto in E flat was also new here. While in one movement it contains a number of themes, some of exceeding beauty, and ends in a strong bravura. The second division of the program contained several characteristic numbers, among them the Tarantella, a Lied transcribed by Hugo Mansfeldt, the arrangement of the Evening Star romanza from Tannhauser, and the eighth Rhapsody, in all of which the young pianist acquitted herself admirably. Her power and speed are surprising, and she succeeded in evoking a soul out of the much banged Rhapsody. Mr. Mansfeldt is to be congratulated on his pupil, and the public of San Francisco on the fact that such results can be arrived at by local tuition and without the necessity of going abroad to study.

Last Friday evening at the Von Meyerinck School of Music the following program, compositions of the Romantic school, was rendered, to the pleasure of a large invited audience: Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-1847)—duet, Oh, Were I in the Cauld Blast, Miss Ward, Miss Heslop; soprano, Auf des Gesanges (On Wings of Song), Miss Herman; soprano, The First Violet, Miss Collins. Franz Schubert (1797-1828)—alto solo, Der Wanderer (The Wanderer), Miss Davidson; soprano, Des Schafers Klagelied (The Shepherd's Lament), Miss O'Brien; alto, Aufenthalt, Mrs. Sterling; quartet, The Night, Arcadian Ladies' Quartet; alto, The Erlking, Miss Feldheim. Robert Schumann (1810-1856)—soprano, Der Nussbaum (The Nut Tree), Miss O'Brien; soprano, An den Sonnenschein, Im Volkston, Miss Schleef; tenor, three songs from the cycle, Poet's Love, Mr. Strauss. Franz Liszt (1811-1886)—soprano, Es Muss Ein Wunderbares Sein, Die Loreley, Miss Heath. Frederic Chopin (1810-1849)—soprano, Maiden's Song, Miss Collins; mezzo soprano, Lithuanian Song, Miss Heslop. Carl Maria von Weber (1786-1826)—soprano, Aria from "Preciosa," Miss Willcox; Prayer from "Der Freischutz," Miss Heath; Romance from "Der Freischutz," Mrs. Denke. Richard Wagner (1812-1883)—alto, Traeume (Dreams), Miss Feldheim; trio of the Rhinedaughters from Goetterdaemmerung, Mrs. Denke, Miss Craig, Mrs. Sterling. At the piano, Mrs. Arthur Lewis.

The confirmation service will be celebrated at Temple Emanu-El next Monday morning at half past nine o'clock. Cantor E. J. Stark has made special preparation for the event, the choir has been augmented to sixteen voices and an orchestra will assist. The musical compositions were partly written by the Cantor for the exercises, others being by Mr. W. A. Sabin, the organist, Scharwenka, Haydn and Auber. The solos in the various numbers will be sustained by Miss Daisy Cohn, soprano, Mrs. Helen Kelly, contralto, Newell Vinson, tenor and Homer Henley, bass; Mr. Sabin will be at the organ.

As is usual at the Philharmonic Society's concerts, a large audience enjoyed the program given at the Alhambra on Monday night. The members of the orchestra did admirable work in their several selections, under G. Minetti's baton. The club was assisted by Miss Foote, an Oakland violinist, and Cantor Solomon, who sang the baritone aria from "Queen of Sheba." In a serenade for flute and strings, the flute part was sustained by E. M. Hecht.

—The Music Critic.

With the Money Makers

A Dull Market

Business in industrial shares has been of small proportions during the week and the fluctuations in prices have been so unimportant that very little attention has been devoted to the market. The situation is due mainly to the apathy of both buyers and sellers. Buyers are backward because they believe that the dullness may be protracted and if that should be the case it is fairly safe to assume that values will seek lower levels. On the contrary the selling element has unbounded confidence in the strength of prices, particularly on the dividend paying securities. The lack of buying orders they regard merely as an incident which may be expected periodically. While sales have been rather moderate and below the average of two or three weeks ago it must be admitted that prices have been remarkably well sustained.

Lighting Securities

Gas stocks have occupied a central position because of the prominence attached to them since various negotiations for acquisition and consolidation have been in progress. San Francisco Gas and Electric shares have been selling quite freely at $55.25 to $56.25, and now that it is practically acknowledged that all negotiations are off as far as that particular corporation is concerned, it is somewhat singular that the price of its shares should remain so steady at current rates. As a matter of fact San Francisco Gas and Electric stock is in exactly the same position now that it was when the shares were dragging along slowly at $42 to $43. The speculative operators on the street have been very successful in working up alternately the bull and bear influences necessary to enable them to profit largely during the last three months, but it is doubtful if the same plan can be manipulated again. The investing public appears to have come to the conclusion that this kind of operations has reached its limit. Pacific Gas Improvement shares have weakened and $39.50 is now about the maximum bid, but sellers are not disposed to accept that figure and are resolutely holding out for $41. A few sales have been made at a lower figure but they are exceptional. It may be safely stated that nearly all the Equitable Gas Company's shares are now in escrow awaiting action by the syndicate which has engaged to purchase all the stock at $5 per share. This syndicate, it will be remembered, put up $75,000 in coin, some sixty days ago, as a guarantee of good faith. During the last few days the same syndicate put up $90,000 more, at the same time asking some additional time. As this money would be forfeited if the buyers failed to carry their project to success it may be safely said the purchase of the Equitable plant is among the certainties of the near future. In the proposed consolidation the syndicate expect to obtain the Independent Light and Power Company's plant for $7,000,000.

Sugar Improving

Sugar stocks have been quite steady, but there has been a paucity of transactions. Hawaiian Commercial is strongly held and brings $47.50 but there are few holders willing to sell at less than $48, and some demand $49. Hutchinson Plantation is steady at $15, with few offers to sell. Recent advices from Honolulu announce that a meeting of the directors of the Onomea Sugar Company has been called for the purpose of declaring a dividend of 20 cents per share payable on June 5th. It is probable that several other sugar corporations will follow suit during the next few weeks, for it is known that the sugar traffic and prices have made important forward strides during the last few months.

The proposed consolidation of the powder companies has not fallen through as some people have imagined. Negotiations have been deferred because of the illness of Mr. Dupont who is in this city for the purpose of bringing about a merger. Mr. Dupont is still confined to his rooms but the negotiations are making satisfactory progress. Giant Powder shares sold up to $75, but by utilizing unfounded rumors certain speculative interests succeeded in breaking the price down to $72.75. Only small lots were secured at this figure, however, and holders are generally loth to sell at less than $74.50 to $75, and it is doubtful if any considerable parcels could be secured at these figures.

—The Financier.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California. Department No. —. No. 85297.

MARGARET SCHIRMER, Plaintiff, vs. PHILIPP SCHIRMER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to PHILIPP SCHIRMER Defendant.

Yon are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's adultery with one Mrs. Frank during and about the month of August A. D. 1902, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and this extreme cruelty towards plaintiff as in plaintiff's complaint alleged, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of April in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk.
By H. H. ST. LEGER, Deputy Clerk
JULIAN PINTO, Plaintiff's Attorney
Room 204, 2nd Floor, Emma Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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Sothern Will Recite This

In the sprightly play Justin Huntley McCarthy wrote for E. H. Sothern, based upon some of the adventures of Francois Villon, the following verses of the vagabond poet are introduced. Mr. McCarthy translated them from the original Villonese, and Mr. Sothern recites them in the first act of "If I Were King," when his boon companions are gathered with him in the Fir Cone Inn. With them, though they do not know it, is the King himself in disguise.

All French folk, wheresoe'er ye be,
  Who love your country, soil and sand,
From Paris to the Breton sea,
  And back again to Norman strand,
Forsooth ye seem a silly band,
  Sheep without shepherd, left to chance.
Far otherwise our Fatherland
  If Villon were the King of France!

The figure on the throne you see
  Is nothing but a puppet planned
To wear the regal bravery
  Of silken coat and gilded wand;
Not so we Frenchmen understand
  The lord of lion's heart and glance—
And such an one would take command
  If Villon were the King of France!

His counsellors are rogues Pardie,
  While men of honest mind are banned,
To creak upon the Gallows Tree,
  Or squeal in prisons over-manned;
We want a chief to bear the brand
  And bid the damned Burgundians dance;
God! where the Oriflamme should stand
  If Villon were the King of France.

Envoi.

Louis, the little, play the grand;
  Buffet the foe with sword and lance;
'Tis what would happen, by this hand,
  If Villon were the King of France!

Culture is not a matter of change of climate. You'll hear more about Browning to the square foot in the Mississippi Valley than you will in England. And there's as much Art talk on the Lake front as in the Latin Quarter. It may be a little different but it's there.

"People who are not true to themselves will betray a trust without compunction, yet if the person to whom they betray it does the same they are always astonished. They never seem able to look far enough ahead to see that their own example is sufficient for the other one."—*Crawford.*

"One suffers most, perhaps, from thinking how other people will think one suffers. If they would only give one credit for a little common sense—not to say pride!"—From "The Harshaw Bride," by Mary Hallock Foote.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, June 6, 1903

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Their Safe Man

No paper in this country more faithfully reflects the interests and views of the plutocrats than *Harper's Weekly*. It is the organ of the little coterie of men that controls the finances of this country, and therefore if we wish to know something of their policy and plans we should read between the lines in *Harper's*. Of course it affects a highly patriotic interest in all matters pertaining to national policy, and professes to be unbiased in all discussions of a political and economic character, but between the lines its motives and purposes are to be discerned. For instance, in a recent issue, Colonel Bryan is taken to task for assuming the right to dictate to the Democratic party. He is denounced as a dog in the manger and a common scold, and Mr. Cleveland is held up as a man deserving of public confidence and high esteem. There is no doubt that many good Democrats are of that same opinion so far as Mr. Bryan is concerned. They have no sympathy with him in his objections to Mr. Cleveland, which are based on purely selfish grounds. They are weary of Bryan's bickering, but they have not the utmost confidence in Mr. Cleveland, and mainly for the reason that he is being forced upon the Democratic party by the Republican plutocrats that seek to manufacture public opinion through the columns of *Harper's Weekly*. If Mr. Cleveland derived his political strength from Democratic sources he would be worth considering as a Presidential candidate, but honest and sincere party leaders are loth to espouse the cause of a man who is more acceptable to the Republican plungers of Wall street than is the representative of the party in the White House. And by the way the opposition to Roosevelt among the so-called Captains of Industry is significant. The President has stuck to party principles throughout his Administration; he has kept his promise to carry out the policy of William McKinley, and so faithful has been the service he has rendered that the politicians who direct affairs and who take their orders from the corporations and trusts have given up all hope of alienating the affections of the rank and file. They know that they must heed the popular demand for his nomination. But what did he do to provoke the distrust of those influential leaders who have bowed to the will of the rank and file? The answer is that he interfered in the anthracite coal strike, and that he attempted in one or two instances to curtail the special privileges of the absurdly rich. In other words he "disturbed business interests." Now the people—Democrats as well as Republicans—have been enthusiastic in their approval of those particular actions that incurred the enmity of the Captains of Industry. They do not regard Roosevelt as a demagogue or as a socialist because he sought to regulate certain enterprises that trespassed upon the rights of the common herd. But Mr. Morgan and a few of his multi-millionaire friends think that they are justified in regarding Mr. Roosevelt as an unsafe man. And as they know that they cannot prevent his nomination they have undertaken the task of manufacturing public sentiment in favor of Grover Cleveland's nomination by the Democracy. Their intense admiration for Cleveland, as reflected by *Harper's Weekly* and other plutocratic organs, is likely to arouse suspicion, for the ex-President is evidently an example of what they consider to be "a safe man." And judging from their objections to Roosevelt "a safe man," according to their ideas, is not the sort of man we should care to have for President at this time.

The Presbyterians vs. The Mormons

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian church went on record after the usual manner of religious convocations, in passing resolutions calling for the "wiping out" of Mormonism. If resolutions, denunciations, and mere noise could accomplish anything, there would not be a vestige of Mormonism left. Considering that the Constitution of the United States guarantees religious liberty to all creeds, one would really like to know why the Presbyterians should have any more right to "wipe out" the Mormons than the Mormons should to turn the tables and make an end of the Presbyterians. It is true that there are doctrines and practices amongst the Mormons which are repugnant to the majority of American citizens, but the same is true of the Presbyterians. If plural marriage offend one portion of the community, infant damnation is no more agreeable to another. However, the Presbyterians have modified their doctrine somewhat so far as the fate of infants is concerned, and in doing so they shaped their religion in deference to popular prejudice. It is pleasant to feel that one's religion may be attuned to one's transgressions. So far as the Mormons are concerned, when they transgress the laws of the land they should be brought to trial under the civil code, but in matters of opinion or belief they are free to do as they please. It would be better for all concerned if the jarring sects refrained from resolutions against one another, for by indulging the practice they merely call attention to the flaws that may be found in the various brands of up-to-date Christianity. And as there is good in all religion it is unwise to point the blowholes to the scoffers. The clergymen of the Catholic church are usually content to refrain from criticising the Protestant sects, except by way of answer to arguments set forth by controversialists learned in theology, but if they were inclined to find fault with the teachings and prac-

tices of others they would condemn the Presbyterians for doing indirectly what the Mormons have been denounced for doing directly. Divorce as recognized by the Presbyterian church is, according to the Catholic notion, the mother of plural marriages. And the Catholic church believes that there is no more authority for a woman to take unto herself two or three husbands than there is for a Mormon to avail himself of the pleasures of polygamy. When it comes to laying out the physical geography and social conditions of the next world, the Mormons know quite as much, and on precisely the same authority, as do the Presbyterians, or any other creed. If it is any pleasure or satisfaction to a Presbyterian to believe himself one of the elect, chosen to enjoy celestial bliss hereafter, where the sweetest music which shall reach his ears will be the groans and cries of those less fortunate beings, doomed, since the dawn of creation, to burn in everlasting torments, for no fault of their own, no one is going to interfere with his premeditated joy. If he believes that the most pleasing incense to the nostrils of the Almighty is the roasting flesh of sinners, and that the greatest mercy to be extended to infants stillborn is to assign them to "the easiest room in hell," all that should be asked is that he refrain from hastening the occasion by practical experiments on earth. If the Mormon believes that he is to possess the land, and to revel in innumerable wives and offspring, and material property, he is just as welcome to his belief. He is just as capable of proving the correctness of his prophecy. All that should be asked in his case is that he defer his pleasures also. People who have lived in Utah, and seen more of Mormons at close quarters than can be learned from a car window, are ready to testify that they are by no means so black as they are painted. At all events, the court calendars of that State have never been clogged by divorce suits, alimony suits, suits for maintenance and other proceedings growing out of the sort of plural marriages acknowledged elsewhere in the United States, nor have we heard much about children tossed from hand to hand like shuttlecocks, sometimes in the care of one parent and sometimes in that of the other, with intervals of Aid Society, Reform School and the street. But religious bodies and reform conventions are apt to waste their strength in words. There is no danger that they will ever take more active measures to accomplish anything. The General Assembly has done its duty and satisfied its conscience, and though they shook the rafters with the thunders of their eloquence, the Mormon church will be still doing business at the old stand, without having experienced the slightest shock.

To Promote Twaddle

The latest culture freak, said to have made considerable headway amongst the socially and financially elect in the East, is "conversation classes." It is the aim of the brilliant mind which conceived the plan, to gather in those "young people who really have no particular idea about anything" and teach them to talk about nothing, in a tone and manner which will give it all the appearance of wisdom and wit, and impart such an air to their utterances that people will long to listen to them. There does not seem to be any warrant for limiting the instructions to young people, unless, as seems to be a fairly well established working-rule, there are none but "young people" in society, no matter how long ago their advent upon the earth took place. Neither has it ever appeared to be a bar to engaging in conversation, that people either had nothing to say, or did not know how to say it. On the contrary, the greater the lack of ideas, the more rapid the flow of words. "Conversation" is a babbling monologue carried on in chorus, without the need for listeners, and indeed, "with no particular ideas about anything" to be communicated, there is no particular reason why any one should listen. If paucity of information is to be the sole qualification for membership in the "conversation classes," there ought to be a perfect stampede of applicants, and the promoters of the scheme should be able to place their terms at rates which would prove practically prohibitive to any but the wealthiest. George Eliot put into the mouth of one of her characters the sentiment that the average young lady of her day "needed lessons not to sing," and a paraphrase of the same remark could be applied to chatterboxes. Instead of trying to perfect them in the art of saying a great deal about nothing, they need to learn to keep silent. Possibly an occasional season of "retreat and meditation" might result in the evolution of an idea. The education of society, the female portion of it, at all events, has always been in the nature of a polish or veneer out of all proportion to what lay underneath the surface, but this latest scheme savors of an effort to make a veneer stand alone, to put a polish on thin air.

Femininity's Love of Style

The eternal question as to the motive underlying woman's love for dress is up for discussion again. Do women dress for each other or for the men? The disputants err in not taking into account the fact that human motives are seldom of an unmixed character. As George Eliot said, our passions do not live apart, in locked chambers, but bring their provisions to a common table and mess together. Love of dress is the resultant of several forces. Sometimes it is mainly a gratification of personal vanity or of the æsthetic sense. Frequently a woman will say, "I like to see *myself* looking nice." She takes the same delight in prinking that a bird does in preening its feathers or a cat in smoothing her fur. Any admixture of coquetry, or desire to please the other sex, is unconscious or perhaps subconscious. Any woman who has ever deliberately striven to please her husband, brother or male relative in the matter of dress will admit that men are, to say the least of it, difficult. They do not know what they want. Artists aside, men are as a class out and out Philistines. They want to see their women folks looking well but they invariably hate new fashions. Their real likes are confined to what they are accustomed to. At the same time they

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quickly perceive when a woman looks dowdy or out of style. The artist may prefer long lines, loose draperies, big sleeves and picture hats, but the average man does not unless fashion has accustomed his eye to them. As a rule a man prefers light colors and closely fitting garments. No matter how much a man may rail against corsets, the uncorseted figure is an abomination to him. When the comfortable and hygienic Mother Hubbard was fashionable a few years ago it was the detestation and ridicule of the men which drove it out of existence. Any woman who would dress according to the expressed notions of men would make a guy of herself and would bring down upon her head the ridicule of those she sought to please. Men are impressionists. They take in effect but not detail. A woman's eye, on the contrary, in glancing over a costume will sum up cost, quality, and conformity to the mode in every detail. It is here that women dress for other women. It takes the strongest mind, and one which has overcome every suspicion of vanity, to bear up under the keen glance of an expert who sees at once that her skirt is last year's, or her sleeve last month's, and her collar yesterday's, and to be wearing them argues something lacking in her purse, her taste or her savoir faire. So, while it may be admitted that the fair sex likes to impress the stronger one by dress and appearances taken as a whole, it is the other woman who is most affected by those changes in detail which constitute fashion.

The Pension Grabbers

The greediness of the Civil War veterans is in a fair way to be eclipsed by those of what Mr. Bierce was pleased to designate as the Yanko-Spanko affair. The pension habit is strong in the blood of American patriots. The rush to the firing line when war is declared is equaled only by the stampede toward the Pension Office when Johnny has ceased to come marching home. When men volunteer for war duty we are pleased to regard them as patriots, and on their return to acclaim them heroes, but if their sole aim be to attach themselves to the Government pay roll for life, and to perpetuate themselves as a war burden to taxpayers even to the second generation, it were absurb to credit them with noble impulses and lofty spirits. How are we to differentiate the patriotic hero from the premeditated pensioner? It should be worth almost any ordinary man's while to volunteer for military service in time of war if he were guaranteed, in addition to the glory of having fought for his country, the privilege of drawing a fat pension in idleness during the remainder of his days. In May last the pension payment growing out of the conflict with Spain amounted to three and a quarter millions, and the indications are that more than half the men who enlisted in 1898 will soon be on the pension list. This pension snap is assuming preposterous proportions. It is leading to unlimited paternalism. Even the letter-carriers expect to be pensioned after they have grown tired earning a salary. Why not establish a pension list for every man who is lucky enough to become a public servant?

A Bribe Solicited

Ominous clouds are beginning to gather over the head of M. Combes, the Premier of France, who has been so active in expelling the religious orders from that country. Some Paris papers have made sensational disclosures in connection with the recent expulsion of the Carthusian monks from la Grande Chartreuse. It appears that certain Radical members of the Chamber of Deputies offered the monks exemption from the clauses of the association law in consideration of a large sum of money, and it has been insinuated that the son of M. Combes is on very intimate terms with the faction that solicited the bribe. The monks refused to consider the proposition, and the papers hostile to the Combes have since been conducting an investigation into the matter. Disclosures of a much more scandalous nature are promised, and all Paris is taking a deep interest in the affair. The people of France are so accustomed to revelations of crookedness on the part of their highest statesmen that no matter how scandalous the disclosures may be they will not challenge the credulity of the Parisians. However, familiar as the French have been with evidence of official corruption, since the big Panama scandal, they are far from complaisant, and should proofs be offered of rottenness in the Chamber of Deputies, disaster would surely overwhelm the Loubet administration. It does not take much to sway the French people, and they are quick to reduce parliamentary majorities.

We Set the Pace

A recent sojourner in England comes back to us with outspoken comments on the freedom with which the British aristocracy discuss their anatomies and their diets on all occasions, but indeed there is nothing new in the situation. An English author, in one of his late books, tells of being regaled at a garden fete by the speculations of a lady of title as to how many of those present could still boast of an appendix, and the latest commentator did not find his appetite improved by having his dinner partner discuss the same topic, and advise him to be insured against appendicitis. As far back as 1880 W. D. Howells drew attention to the peculiarity of our cousins across the water in regard to this matter, when he commented on Mrs. Macalister, in "A Modern Instance," as one "who had the freedom of alluding to her anatomy which marks the superior civilization of Great Britain and its colonial dependencies." But after that appendicitis dinner, San Francisco can proudly boast that "We lead, others follow."

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A Mild Protest

BY HARRY COWELL

Today the air is thick with thought, is tremulous with theory; but life, which should tend toward perfection, is still turned to petty ends. The gods are dead. Delight is sick. The world has ceased to wonder, and all things have become cheap and commonplace—matters of fact, divested of all divinity. Yet ever are being presented to us the marvels of birth and of death; and between these, the long marvel of life itself, with its supreme marvel, Love. A man is a miracle of miracles, and one that is being wrought every moment. "What a piece of work is man!"—dust indeed, but divine. In a golden age man is the measure of all things; in a leaden age, money.

Call me over-nice, or what you will, but I confess, or rather avow, that the perpetual pig-philosophy that permeates modern reform movements, is an offense in my nostrils. The protruding belly obtrudes itself everywhere. I wish with all my heart that the bread and butter question were well settled; so that the sensitive ear might hear no more the noise thereof; so that the artistic eye be no longer hurt by the sight of men with heads below their shoulders, like those monsters one reads of.

Let every man work, or acknowledge himself pauper or parasite. Rather, let every life be a nice balance between labor and leisure; for this is the first condition of physical, mental, and moral health. Where one class suffers from under-work and over-wage, and another from over-work and under-wage, both might be much benefited by a a more equal division of work and wages. Leisure for the laborer, labor for the loafer; this is admirable; but the end of reform is not replete stomachs, but complete lives; not French cooks for all, but character for all. The right end of reform is the making of men. It is the presence of character which should dwarf every other circumstance, and make pelf and power appear petty and their pretensions ridiculous. The capital circumstance of the cosmos is character. It is, to speak figuratively, the end of natural endeavor, or evolution; and ought to be the end of human endeavor, of the "ethical process." It is the end in reference to which all other ends are means. Where the cosmos has left character man must take it up. Artificial or human selection must supersede natural selection. The merely biologically fit must give way to the socially fit. Man is a modifier of nature, and directs the most powerful of her forces to such ends as seem to him desirable; and character is the end of ends. Character is the mark of a man. Knowledge and love are the essential elements of character. Knowledge without love is selfish and destructive; and love without knowledge is foolish and inefficient. Knowledge and love; duly developed and properly proportioned, these go far to make up a man.

But it is eminently desirable that the man so constituted be self-supporting; that is, society-helping. Hence, despite its dismalness, the importance of political economy. Man does not live by bread alone; but then he does live by bread. My quarrel with the dismal science is because it takes hold of man by the wrong handle. "Let us see," say the political economists, "what would happen were man a mere money-making animal." I, a simple countryman, should like to answer them according to my simplicity, thus: "Man would go directly to the devil." Let no one think that I do not recognize the theoretical value, the scientific good, of so regarding man; but I recognize also, and perhaps more fully, the practical, the social, evil of forgetting afterwards to make the necessary qualifications. If man worthy the name be mainly a spiritual being, characterized by mental and moral and æsthetic qualities, would it not be better, instead of regarding him from the biological point of view, as a mere animal; or from the economic point of view, as a mere money-making animal; to regard him from the ethical point of view, as "infinite in faculty," and then make the qualifications required by the circumstance that man is also an animal?

The desire to develop the mental and moral faculties, to experience the delights of knowledge, of art, and of love, in short, the desire to be a man, is already beginning to play havoc with the older political economy; and the end is even now indicated: namely, that ethics in the future shall be qualified by political economy, and not political economy by ethics.

Every scientist knows that we live in a world of appearances, of shows, of shadows; that the soul of man is the only reality: our world being merely certain states of consciousness, caused, we infer, by things external to us. What these things are in themselves, we know not; what some of their effects upon us are, we know. Even the known soul, or self, of which we are so sure, is an elusive reality, and cannot catch itself. But, save in our severely scientific moments, these appearances are very real to us; and the character of a man is only an inference from some of them, principally these that we call acts, and words, and expressions.

There is thus a genuine difficulty in considering men as characters; but the evil of not so considering them is incalculably great. The common conception of a human being seems to be, such clothes, such color, such sex, such age, such features, such bank account, such position, such title—seldom such character. From fine clothes, fine features, fine manners, fine surroundings, to fine character, the inference is easy and natural; but often false. On the contrary, if we accustom ourselves to consider chiefly character, we soon learn to recognize its presence under no matter what disguise, and cannot be cheated by cheap substitutes.

Look out for man, and money will look out for itself.

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The Saunterer

Ruef's Princely Income

George Hatton, than whom there is no better-posted man on political affairs in California, stated in a recent article, in the Oakland *Tribune,* on the subject of the income of prominent attorneys, that Abe Ruef is credited with cleaning up sixty thousand dollars a year. That is far above the estimate which I made shortly after Mayor Schmitz seized the reins of government in his lily-white hands, but since then Mr. Drinkhouse has become a police commissioner, the Schmitz brothers have become more firmly and numerously rooted in the municipal government, and other propitious circumstances have combined to swell the revenue of the Mayor's fidus Achates. Mr. Hatton gives no inkling as to how this young Captain of Industry cleans up sixty thousand a year, but surely he does not believe that it is done by strict attention to legitimate law practice. The only other attorney whose income, according to Hatton, approximates that of Abe Ruef is the eminently respectable E. S. Pillsbury, who draws annual retainers ranging from twelve hundred to six thousand a year from half a dozen quasi-public corporations. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Ruef is on the pay roll of some of the big corporations, and if so to what end, for he does not represent them in court.

The Loyalty of Schmitz

If Mr. Ruef's income amounts to sixty thousand a year, and I have no reason to doubt the accuracy of Mr. Hatton's estimate, then it is more profitable to be legal adviser to San Francisco's Mayor than to be President of the United States. It has been said of Mayor Schmitz that his one redeeming quality is his fealty to his friend Ruef. Through thick and through thin, despite the odium that has been brought on his administration by his intimate association with a political boss whose practices have frequently been viewed with suspicion, Mayor Schmitz has been steadfast in his loyalty to the man who contributed more than all others to his political success. It has been said that if he could break away from Ruef he would win public confidence and insure his re-election, but he prefers to be as faithful to his friend as Damon was to Pythias. Such friendship is not to be disparaged, but I do not know whether to commend the loyalty of Schmitz more than his wisdom. Perhaps he feels that a man who is smart enough to make sixty thousand dollars a year in his capacity of friend to the Mayor is worth keeping on his staff. And, again, perhaps, Ruef is as grateful as Schmitz. So why should this political partnership be disturbed?

Ruef Exonerated by Chretien

Mayor Schmitz, by the way, recently paid a visit to San Quentin, where he had an interview with "Happy Jack" Chretien, the lawyer who is serving time for attempting to defraud an estate by means of a bogus heir. The interview was solicited by Chretien, who took occasion to make a confession in the presence of several witnesses, one of whom was a newspaper man. The convict has a high regard for dramatic effects, and in a most impressive fashion he solemnly averred that Abe Ruef was in no way implicated with him in the attempt to loot the Sullivan estate. He explained that he made this statement for the purpose of doing justice to a man he had wronged. I have no recollection of Chretien's having implicated Ruef at any time. Indeed I had always believed that he tried to shield him, but that there were certain suspicious circumstances that tended to involve Ruef, who was at that time acting as the attorney for Public Administrator Drinkhouse, since appointed a police commissioner. Chretien almost succeeded in looting the estate, and if he had, Drinkhouse would never have been held responsible, for the decree of distribution drawn by Ruef was so cautiously worded as almost to suggest anticipation of fraud. However, it is not unreasonable to regard that as a mere coincidence due to the extra cautiousness of a man familiar with the ways of the artful practitioner. It was also somewhat of a coincidence that just about that time Ruef allied himself with the Primary League, at the head of which were the people who exposed the Chretien conspiracy. And now Mr. Ruef has the satisfaction of knowing that he has been exonerated by Convict Chretien.

The Cemetery Calm of Burlingame

So many of the gay residents of Burlingame are wandering afar these days that a Sabbath stillness has come over the place, investing it with the peace and quiet of a rural cemetery. The Charles Clarks are among the few people who show signs of animation in the once-bustling home of the smart set. They have been improving the old Hobart residence and enhancing the beauty of its environment, and they have become very popular in the village, for they are spending lots of money. Last week Senator Clark visited his son, and a dinner was given in his honor. There were fourteen people at the table. The Senator has never spent much time in this part of the country, but he has taken a fancy to Burlingame, and he may decide to rear a country home down there.

Conspicuous By Their Absence

There was another function at Burlingame last week—a luncheon given by Mrs. Frank, who, by the way, has not been active in social life of late. She gave the luncheon in honor of four young people who are soon to wed—Genevieve Carolan and Harry Poett, Frances Hopkins and Eugene Murphy. There were sixty people at the luncheon, and there was some comment among them over the failure

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of the hostess to include that other betrothed couple, Miss Taylor and Mr. Newhall, among the honored guests. It will be remembered that before Miss Pope became Mrs. Frank she appeared to be the object of George Newhall's intense admiration. Indeed, speculation was rife as to whether they were to marry, for Dan Cupid appeared to be busily engaged in trying to arrange the match. However, Miss Pope became Mrs. Frank, and now she is a widow, and Mr. Newhall is about to marry Miss Taylor.

The Reclamation of Newhall

The engagement of Miss Carrie Taylor and Mr. George Newhall is drawing to a close. They are to be married on the seventeenth. The engagement period has been greatly enjoyed by Mr. Newhall, who has proved himself a most devoted lover. For many years he was regarded as a confirmed bachelor, but when his engagement was announced his friends remarked that it was characteristic of him to reach results after the most mature deliberation. This deliberative habit was no doubt responsible for the protracted engagement. Mr. Newhall's years being fully as mature as the deliberation which precedes most of his acts, it might be supposed that he would not have preferred a long engagement, entailing, as it does, frivolities in the way of conventional functions, but he took to it like a two-year-old. The gay convert from bachelordom was even going in for one of those show weddings, with all the trappings and paraphernalia that impart a circus aspect to the solemn ceremonial, but a death in the family made the impending spectacle impossible. The postal authorities were spared the trouble of distributing two thousand invitations, and now they will have a nice, quiet and polite wedding at the Taylor home in California street. The elaborate gowns, et cetera, will be worn by the bride and her attendants, but not for vulgar display.

Wiltsee Says "Nothing Doing"

If more attention were devoted in the offices of the dailies to these columns, they would get some of their news more promptly and with less expense. For instance, it was rank extravagance to pay telegraph tolls for a despatch from Denver about the rumored engagement of Cornelia Baxter Tevis and Mr. Ernest Wiltsee. I published the news of the rumor two weeks ago, and when *Town Talk* reached Denver, the former home of the young woman who jilted Gerald Hughes, it attracted considerable attention. Thereupon it was wired to the San Francisco dailies, but it was stale news when they published it. Perhaps it will now interest them to know that Mr. Wiltsee, who was in town during the last few days, denies the soft impeachment. He admits that he has entertained the attractive and rich widow, but he declares that no matrimonial plans have been entertained. Mr. Wiltsee is an intimate friend of Mrs. Tevis's father, and he knew her before her marriage with Tevis.

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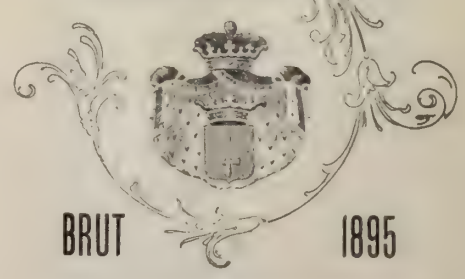
When the Thirteen Patronized Bolinas

This is the time of year when San Rafael's "Upper Thirteen" begins preparations for its annual hegira. It has long been the custom of this exclusive set to disport itself economically at a dusty little place up the coast called Bolinas. The opening of each summer found the elect of Marin's aristocracy filling the stage for Bolinas, a place whose attractions consisted chiefly of a bit of beach about a block long and an air of exclusiveness induced by the forbidding fogs, which appear to be congenial only to San Rafael society people. In the boom days of Bolinas cottages were erected by the George M. Dodges, the Winteringhams, the Vincent Neales, the Harry Francis's and Mrs. Parks, and the hotel was reconstructed and dubbed the "Flag Pole Inn." Its popularity was insured by the fact that its proprietor was a brother of Mrs. Vincent Neale. During the height of the season, when the suburban aristocracy togged out in white duck and real gingham, the isolated resort presented a gala appearance. But the villagers have become tired of the hilarious dissipation of listening to one another and the gleeful waves, so now Bolinas is deserted.

The Glassy Eye

Though San Rafael is itself a summer resort, the elect of the village flee from it at this season of the year. Perhaps it is because they fear contamination from the city folks, or perhaps it is because they object to being forced into the background. The urban aristocrats, whose provincialism is somewhat less marked than that of the commuters, have been known to congeal the atmosphere of San Rafael in summer time, and hence the annual exodus. In this connection I recall the experience of an Upper Thirteenite whose home had been rented by one of our fashionable matrons for the summer season. She met her tenant at the depot one day and gave her a nod of recognition. The city matron raised her lorgnette languidly. The village lady nodded again, but there was no response. "I guess you don't remember me," said the San Rafael woman, "you're living in my house, you know." The San Francisco matron backed away. "If you want to raise the rent, you'll have to see my husband," she said.

DUC DE MONTEBELLO CHAMPAGNE



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The Press Barred

Press censorship has become very popular among Uncle Sam's functionaries since the Spanish War. Federal officers all along the line think that they have the right to bar press representatives or blue-pencil the news whenever they are engaged in any enterprise that might give rise to just but unpleasant criticism. An instance of this autocratic assumption of a dangerous prerogative was given the other day by the men and women detailed to lead the Indians from Warner's ranch at Agua Caliente to a new reservation. A correspondent writes me that the officials headed by an inspector named Jenkins attempted to bar all newspaper men from the Indian village. Their arguments had no effect on the Indians, who would still be wallowing in the hot springs in which their forbears wallowed had not some people in whom they had confidence volunteered friendly advice, but the officials sought to conceal the fact of the unwillingness of the Indians from the public. Inspector Jenkins said he would admit no newspaper man who would not agree to write at his dictation, and to enforce the rule he surrounded the village with a cowboy guard. However the correspondents managed to get the news.

Table Manners From Germany

Those German agriculturists, university professors and students who have been touring the State in quest of knowledge are no doubt representative of Teutonic culture and refinement, and therefore it is, in all likelihood, fair to gauge the table manners of the Fatherland from those of her educated sons. Last week I happened to be in the dining-room of the Vendome hotel in San Jose when those German tourists were enjoying their lunch, and I noticed that nearly all of them used the napkin for a bib. Apropos of German table manners, a San Francisco woman just returned from abroad says that she went into a fashionable shop in Berlin to purchase some beautiful drawn-work table napkins which she had seen in the window. On looking over the various styles, the clerk earnestly warned her against taking a certain set in which there was a great deal of drawn work, with the words: "These, madam, do not give general satisfaction, as they are so porous. You see that when they are tucked into the collar they allow the smaller and softer portions of the food to go through on to the shirt or dress."

Why the Minister Resigned

The Rev. B. W. R. Taylor, who has long been one of the most popular preachers in Southern California, recently resigned the rectorship of St. John's Church, Los Angeles, and thereby hangs a tale the dailies have not cared to discuss. The Rev. Mr. Taylor held the rectorship of St. John's for nearly twelve years, and built up one of the strongest parishes in the State. Two years ago came the trouble that culminated in his resignation. Two prominent women undertook to dominate the affairs of the church and the rector gave them a heart-to-heart talk which aroused their ire. Then he went into the pulpit and preached a sermon on "The Golden Fetters of the Church," which was in the nature of a jeremiad against wealthy people who imagine that Christianity cannot succeed without their co-operation. He caused zig-zag furrows to run down the back of one of his wealthiest parishioners, and then the feminine knockers proceeded to whisper him into disrepute.

Gossip Still Rife

Phillips Brooks once said that when two women in a parish start out systematically to down their minister he might as well pack his duds and quit. The Rev. Mr. Taylor is probably of the same opinion. Persistent slander and gossip got a fair start, and he decided to resign. His vestry protested, but he would not stay, and then they empowered him to name his successor, which he did, much to the displeasure of Bishop Johnson. But harmony has not been restored in St. John's. On the contrary, gossip is still rife, and the women who were responsible for the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Taylor are the sufferers. The current gossip involves the minister of another church, who happens to be the pet of the women by whom the Rev. Taylor was assailed. Altogether it is an unsavory mess.

A Divine's Unholy Smoke

Through an interview published in one of the Los Angeles papers, Dr. Henry S. Van Dyke, last year's moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, provoked a deal of unpleasant criticism. The reporter related that during the interview the great divine and Princeton professor lighted a cigar. Many of the ministers, the missionaries and the members of church sewing societies do not approve of cigars even when they are between the lips of such a fascinating man as Dr. Van Dyke, and they expressed their disapproval of his conduct in unequivocal language. Dr. Van Dyke is not the type of man who abandons a practice simply because some one else disapproves of it, and he has quietly gone on smoking though the tempest rages. The Assembly the next day passed a resolution deprecating the use of tobacco.

The cotillion at El Salero's last meeting of the present season was led by Miss Mae Peters and Rudolph Gingg, Miss Mary France McDermott and Caspar Bovey. One of the figures was especially pretty. It was an original idea, and danced by members only, each carrying a silk flag.

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Jordan's Recalcitrant Collar

At the commencement exercises at Stanford Dr. Jordan was himself again in spite of the rude shock he had given his confreres by appearing at the baccalaureate in a doctor's robe. His commencement speech was probably one of the best of its kind ever delivered in an American college, covering, as it did, all the unsolved branches of science and pointing out, in no uncertain way, the work to be accomplished by the young scientist and thinker of the twentieth century. The effect of this gem of oratory was heightened by the fact that the celebrated speaker, when he arose, wore his old, shabby frock coat with a wrinkle at the back and a pair of trousers that bagged at the knees. More than this, the good doctor's coat collar was turned up at the right side and turned down at the left, giving an uncertain effect which was somewhat of a strain to the nerves of the audience. Among those whose censorium was jarred by the Doctor's eccentric toilet was Dr. Elliott, the Registrar of the university, who kept looking at the doctor's coat collar and fidgeting in his chair. At last, during one of the speaker's most telling sentences, Dr. Elliott arose ostentatiously and turned down the offending collar.

The Soporific Flugel

Another humor of the ceremony, although somewhat grim in its nature, was the speech of Dr. Flugel, professor of philology, who was supposed to be the speaker of the day. Like many another educator of undoubted ability, Dr. Flugel is a bore when he talks, and considering the fact that his address lasted somewhat over an hour, you can imagine what a young man has to go through in order to become a full-fledged bachelor of arts. The speaker droned on and on and the audience slept, and when at last Flugel took his seat Dr. Jordan arose to his feet with something that sounded like a sigh and said, "The next will be music." Owing to the unfortunate typhoid epidemic the assembly hall was little more than half full and many sheepskins were taken to the sick rooms of the graduates.

Kept Important Secret a Year

It is over a year since Miss Mattie Folger of Stockton returned from a trip to the Orient, where she had made quite a lengthy visit, and settled down again to what her friends regarded as the humdrum of a staid bachelor maid's life. Great was their surprise when the announcement was made last week of her engagement to Mr. Ernest Barnby of Yokohama. The announcement was made at a luncheon given by her sister, Mrs. C. Bee Hart. Then for the first time did Miss Folger's friends learn that there was a romance connected with her trip to the Orient. The announcement was followed by a display of emotion. Some of Miss Folger's friends burst into tears, but whether the moisture was evoked by joyful emotion or by the indignation incident to the discovery that Miss Folger had kept such an important secret a whole year my correspondent saveth not. The bride-elect sailed alone on the *Siberia*, and the marriage will take place as soon as she reaches Japan.

Signal Magnanimity

English justices must have some peculiar ideas of judicial impartiality. Justice Grantham, in rendering a decision in a case where one of the parties in the litigation was a Catholic, prefaced his remarks by saying that he "disliked the Catholic faith as much as any one," but intimated that he did not intend to let his private prejudice interfere with strict justice. This is but little better han a proclamation that in his opinion those who differed from him in religious belief were dependent upon his magnanimity for the equal treatment before the law which it is commonly believed is the prerogative of the people. When a man of such narrow views and small prejudices can be elevated to the bench in civilized England, it is no matter for great wonder that the ignorant Russian peasantry fall upon the defenceless Jews. It is precisely the same spirit of intolerance, and would manifest itself in the same form of physical outrage if the occasion were ripe.

"I used to think that a fashionable summer resort was the best place to go for a flirtation with a young married woman."

"Have you changed your mind?"

"Yes; I've come to the conclusion that the average man who has a wife worth flirting with prefers to do the flirting himself. It's usually the fellow that has a freak for a wife who sends her away for a vacation and establishes a reputation for unselfishness."

A Patron of Felines and the Arts

The new hospital which by the terms of Mrs. Kate Johnson's will is to be added to our city's charities recalls memories of that peculiar woman. Most people associate Mrs. Johnson's name with a wonderful collection of cats. She had a tremendous craze for cats, and had their portraits painted in various attitudes. One of these cat paintings covers the whole side of a room, the felines being life-size. Mrs. Johnson was a liberal art patron. It was she who owned Toby Rosenthal's "Elaine" which was once cut from its frame and carried away when on exhibition at a local art gallery. It was later recovered. The old Johnson house at the corner of O'Farrell and Leavenworth streets has been a boarding-house for many years.

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

A Victim of Melancholia

The melancholy news comes from Berkeley that Louis DuPont Syle, for many years connected with the English Department of that institution, is becoming slowly insane. He is reported to be the victim of melancholia. Indigestion is the primary cause of his mental trouble. When a student at Cambridge, England, he worked so hard that he impaired his health, and gastric derangement followed. While in the State University Syle proved himself to be a man of great breadth of mind. He edited textbooks, wrote for the public press, and proved himself to be a practical and successful playwright, as well as a professor of things that are dead and gone. His activity aroused the spirit of jealousy in the breasts of his associates, who immediately began to knock, and when Benjamin Ide Wheeler came from the East he absorbed the prejudices that Syle had provoked. The disliked professor was given a year's absence in Europe, and while he was gone he was quietly dropped from the faculty list.

Verse That Stung

Syle anticipated the action that was taken, and before his departure he wrote some verse that was secretly distributed over the town and about the campus. Pope at his best wrote nothing that stung his contemporaries more than Syle did his by this effusion. The poem was entitled "Ben, Jim, and Ide." It was a scorching satire on the new President. Wheeler sent the janitors over the campus and had the drastic criticism of his methods consigned to the furnaces in the different buildings. Syle, who was taken into the university upon the recommendation of Professor Charles Mills Gayley, had a falling out with his old friend and college chum several years before the end came. Syle entered the university as an instructor in Freshman English. In a few years he was made an assistant professor with an increase in salary. Not satisfied with his promotion he exercised a pull in the Board of Regents, and without asking for Gayley's recommendation, was made an associate professor. This so angered the head of the department that an estrangement followed. Syle was never forgiven.

The Jilting of Perkins

Southern California society is agog with the romance which is behind Mrs. Jean W. Bowers's broken engagement with Lionel Roberts, the Riverside orange millionaire, and her subsequent betrothal to Edmund Taylor Perkins of Washington, D. C. "Polly" Perkins, as he is affectionately referred to by his friends, is a young civil engineer with no large personal fortune but with the knack of making himself immensely liked in the smart set of the South. It seems that Perkins had been in the train of the attractive golfwoman for several months, had wooed unceasingly, but with what success was merely a matter of conjecture. They were separated, however, long enough for her to meet Mr. Roberts and consent to marry him, and as soon as the decision was reached she telegraphed to "Polly" Perkins that the worst was over. He was at Redlands at the time, so, with the apparent intention of congratulating the fair young widow, he packed his grip and took the next train to Los Angeles. It is not definitely known what transpired there, but Mrs. Bowers's sudden and unexpected change of heart proves that Perkins was a far more eloquent and practical pleader than his wealthy rival. Before her marriage, which proved unfortunate, Mrs. Bowers was Miss Jennie Waters, adopted daughter of Miss Snell, the founder of Snell's Seminary. Miss Snell sent her beautiful charge to Vassar as soon as her preparatory education was completed and Jennie Waters made her record there as the most popular girl that ever came from California.

"My husband is hopelessly out of date."

"Why do you think so?"

"He is always making some public demonstration that is bound to lead people to the conviction that we are in love with each other."

Sharon's Grandson a British Officer

It may interest San Franciscans to know that among the officers of the Royal Horse Guards, one of the Household Cavalry regiments of Edward, King of England, is a son of Sir Thomas Hesketh, and grandson of William Sharon, the millionaire Senator of California a score or more years ago. Another young British officer, whose father was an early day Californian, is Lieutenant William Sillem of the Royal Navy, who received a medal for his distinguished services during the recent troubles in China.

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Resurrection of Wilkes Booth

Probably it will never be known whether the Oklahoma man who was buried the other day was really John Wilkes Booth. Junius Brutus Booth, a nephew of the actor, asserted that it was his uncle's body that was buried under the name of George, but he may have been mistaken. The story is vague and improbable, especially as to the identification by people who had not seen the actor for near forty years. There has always been doubt concerning the fate of Booth and for years, every now and then, men have bobbed up in various parts of the country who claimed to have talked with the assassin within a recent period. Edwin Booth, however, was always certain that his brother was dead. His body has always been supposed to lie in the private burying ground of the Booths in Maryland, Edwin Booth having received permission from the United States government to remove it there from its first resting-place. The temporary grave of the assassin of Lincoln was beneath the pavement of a government building in Washington, where it was secretly conveyed in April, 1865.

Bits of History Not in the Histories

Only one man could have told the real reason that prompted Wilkes Booth to assassinate Lincoln. That was John Matthews, an old actor who never gave the world his knowledge. Booth, on the night of the tragedy of April 15, 1865, handed Matthews a sealed document bidding him to read it in a few hours and then give it to the newspapers. But the fellow actor destroyed the document after reading it, and would never reveal its contents. William T. Kent of the Inspector General's office at Washington, D. C., a few years ago told his story of Lincoln's death, of which he was an eye-witness. Laura Keene was playing in "An American Cousin" and a single actor held the boards. Mr. Kent was in the dress circle opposite the presidential box. A pistol shot sounded, but it was thought to be a part of the play. Then a man clambered over the railing of the President's box, lowering himself with the aid of the American flags and draperies to the stage. He faced the audience, lifted his right hand which held a dagger, and shouted, "Sic semper tyrannis!" Mr. Kent, Major Rathbone and others ran to the President's box, lifted Mr. Lincoln from his chair and placed him on the floor, Mrs. Lincoln meanwhile crying, "My God! he is dead" over and over. A surgeon was in the audience and came quickly to the box. It was Mr. Kent who found the revolver that had fired the fatal bullet. He testified at the trial and was one of those who exonerated the stage carpenter, Spangler, from being an accessory to the murder.

Mr. Phelan's Hopes

"Out of the visit may come a Cabinet Minister from California to speak for the Pacific coast." The suggestion comes from Mr. James D. Phelan, formerly Mayor of San Francisco. He addressed himself the other day to the readers of the *Bulletin* on the subject of the President's visit, and the blessings that may accrue therefrom. He regards a Cabinet job as a blessing, especially if the lightning strikes in the right place, but modesty enjoined silence on the subject of his own peculiar fitness. Grover Cleveland selected a Republican for his Cabinet, and why shouldn't Roosevelt display the same non-partisan spirit by appointing a Democrat? Mr. Phelan is on friendly terms with the President, and he took occasion to impress the latter during his visit by making a thirty-minute speech to him. And by the way it was with rare craft, or rather that species of cunning for which he is noted, that he secured the thirty minutes for himself. Prior to the occasion of the spellbinding he conferred with the orators that preceded him, one of whom was Grand President Noble of the Native Sons, and he declared that as the President's time was limited and as he was consequently impatient the speakers should not consume more than two minutes each. The other orators acquiesced in the suggestion and they kept their agreement. Mr. Phelan took advantage of the time thus saved and rounded period after period, closing with a labored peroration, unconsciously no doubt consuming thirty minutes with a speech that he had been expected to finish in two.

Why Bishop Moreland Escaped

Bishop Moreland has been exonerated. Almost everybody familiar with the affairs of the Episcopal church believed that the Board of Inquiry would decide that there was no occasion for laying clerical linen. However if the charges had been fathered by a man less aggressive than the Vallejo rector and of a more amiable disposition, they might have received closer attention. The disgruntled rector is in his normal condition when dissatisfied. He has served under five different bishops and none of them ever gave him full satisfaction. He sought to have all of them weighed in the balance and found wanting, but he was never successful. Some people thought that the charge of non-residence against Bishop Moreland would be seriously considered. Undoubtedly Sacramento should be the See city of the Bishop of Sacramento, and undoubtedly Bishop Moreland has found the climate of San Francisco more congenial than that of the capital. During his rectorship at St. Luke's both the Bishop and Mrs. Moreland formed many delightful social connections which made life in town a paradise compared with existence in Sacramento. Any one who has dipped into the Sacramento social whirl will sympathize with Bishop Moreland. However it was not sympathy that restrained the Board of Inquiry so much as a desire to rebuke the man from Vallejo.

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A Scandal Impending in Labor Circles

Organized labor is rapidly becoming disorganized in this city through the machinations of the leading agitators who have found municipal politics much more lucrative and exciting than the politics of the labor unions. Each agitator who has a following is ambitious of political leadership, and so bitter is the feeling engendered by the manoeuvering for supremacy that has been in progress for months, that the probability is that a split will occur in the Labor Party upon which Mayor Schmitz has relied for his backing. The indications now are that there will be two labor candidates for Mayor in the field at the next municipal election. Meanwhile the leading agitators are devoting more attention to their political interests than to those of the unions they represent, and incidentally a few of them are growing suspiciously rich. A big scandal is brewing and some sensational revelations may be made before long.

Mrs. Antique—I think it an outrage that men should be permitted to be as old as they feel while women are required to be as old as they look.

Mr. Antique—Well, my dear, it appears to me that woman enjoys an advantage by that arrangement. Despite the claim of patent medicine manufacturers nobody has yet invented anything that will disguise a man's feelings sufficiently to belie his age.

Fleishmann Wants to Return

So Marco Fleishmann has turned embezzler and gone to join his brother, the defaulting cashier of Los Angeles and protege of I. W. Hellman! Perhaps if Hellman had caused the apprehension of the first Fleishmann there would not have been a second embezzler in the family. I have been informed that Mr. Hellman received a letter from the defaulting cashier, the other day, which affords an example of rare nerve. The writer stated that he had grown weary of his foreign residence, and that as he wished to return to California he would be very grateful if the banker would make up the deficit. When Mr. Hellman read the letter he was almost overcome by heart failure.

One of Sothern's Stories

E. H. Sothern possesses all the earmarks of the successful actor, even to the knack of telling a good story so that it will pass as such. One of these which he told at the club the other day concerns Sir Henry Irving's illustration of the "American game of brag." The American was in London, according to Sir Henry's account of it, and had been teaching his British cousins the art of taking Manhattan cocktails. At the proper stage of the game the American began to show his national traits and to open the ball with several large, Yankee boasts. "But my dear fellow," said one of the Englishmen, "you Americans certainly have no fog to match the London fog." "Oh, we haven't, haven't we?" said the American, "why, in New York when a fog comes up it's so thick they have to send gangs of workmen up and down the street with shovels to scoop it up into wagons and dump it into the bay, and the bay gets so full of it that the boats have to tie snow plows on in front of 'em in order to get from place to place. And this London fog you're bragging so much about—do you know where it comes from? It's caught in New Jersey, canned by the Fog Trust and shipped to England as the real British article."

Summer Boarder—I thought your advertisement said something about fruits of the season.

Farmer—It does.

Summer Boarder—But your wife says she has nothing but canned fruits.

Farmer—Well, the advertisement doesn't specify any particular season.

When Dreams Come True

My Los Angeles correspondent writes me that Mrs. J. A. Osgood of that city, one of the best known club women of the west, no longer sneers at people who have faith in dreams. She has been telling her friends this story: Recently she dreamed for three consecutive nights that a hearse drove up before her and that the driver said to her, "Get in, I am waiting." In spite of resolutions not to think about it, the matter bothered her and she could not forget her dreams. A few days afterwards she was waiting for an elevator and lost in thought did not notice that it was waiting. The man in charge said, rather impatiently, "Get in, I am waiting." It flashed across her mind that those were the identical words of her three dreams and she drew back, refusing to enter. The cage dropped while ascending and one man was killed and two other people seriously injured. That is why Mrs. Osgood no longer ridicules those who believe that dreams have some significance.

Miss Maren Froelich, the artist whose ballet girl paintings have made her famous, is visiting Mrs. L. R. Mead at Byron Springs. At the Springs hotel this week

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An Admiral's Ephemeral Greatness

An admiral is never without honor except in his own country, as was shown by the attitude of a naval officer in one of the visiting ships who was complimented on the personnel of the Pacific Squadron. "It must be a fine thing to be as great a man as Admiral Glass," remarked a society matron to this heroic son of Neptune. "Oh, I don't know," replied the officer, "it's all right as long as you're admiral, but a retired admiral is no greater than other men. Did you ever hear how Admiral Beardsley, probably the most genial and popular man who ever commanded our squadron, summed up the greatness of admiralty? He had been mixed up in some South American unpleasantness and had acquitted himself so well as to have received complimentary mention from the government. As a result of his temporary fame he was wined and dined all up and down the coast, was the hero of many a ball and water carnival and was the recipient of imperial honors, in a small way, wherever he went. A short time afterward he was retired on half pay, and one good woman, who had seen and admired the admiral's recent honors remarked in his hearing that it must be a grand thing to be an admiral. 'Not so grand as you think, madam,' said the jolly old tar. 'One day you will go aboard and the flags are raised, the sailors stand salute and the guns boom out your greatness, but the day after you are retired you might mount the quarter deck and a little yellow dog wouldn't bark at you.'"

Mrs. "Commander" Kautz

Admiral Beardsley's successor, Admiral Kautz, pretty well kept up the illusion of military meekness, for it was current gossip that Mrs. Kautz, a woman of force and character, was the real power that controlled the destinies of the Pacific squadron. She was a golf enthusiast of the deepest dye but the Admiral hated golf. The old gentleman's preferences, however, did not seem to cut much if any figure, for whenever he touched port he was inexorably dragged to the links and forced to go around the course with his strenuous consort. The naval officers were quick to see the domestic situation in the household of the Admiral and "The Commander" was the nickname under which Mrs. Kautz traveled. On one occasion, while the fleet was lying off Coronado, Mrs. Kautz discovered that the golf course was in need of repair, so she issued her ultimatum to the management of the hotel to the effect that if the course was not straightened up within forty-eight hours she would have her ships removed from Coronado. As the hotel could not afford any such calamity the manager took the lady at her word and put a gang of shovelmen to work.

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Her Pull in Washington

On another occasion Mrs. Kautz received a real or fancied social slight from a young officer and succeeded in pulling wires until the young fellow was removed from the Pacific Squadron which he preferred to the Atlantic Squadron, which he detested. Admiral Glass, now in command, seems to be made of less brittle material than his name would imply, but it would be well, in his day of glory, to remember the word of Beardsley and think with humility on the day "when a yellow dog wouldn't bark at you."

Mrs. Willis G. Dodd, who has spent some weeks in New York, has gone to Minneapolis to visit relatives. Her Eastern trip has been a most enjoyable one for she has many friends on the Atlantic coast, and they have done considerable entertaining in her honor. She will return home in about a month.

Those Unconventional Women

Palace hotel habitues have been very enthusiastic over the unconventional conduct of those two distinguished English women, Mrs. Atherton, wife of Colonel Atherton, and Miss Chandos-Pole. It will be remembered that they created a sensation in the grill one evening, shortly after their arrival from the Orient, by smoking cigarettes. Both women are prominent in London's smart set, and therefore it is their privilege to do startling things. I believe that before the marriage of the Duke of Westminster, the richest peer in England, he was very much enamored of Mrs. Atherton. As she had a husband and as he was engaged to a very charming young woman, complications arose, and Albert Edward had to take a hand to straighten them out. Shortly after the arrival of Mrs. Atherton and Miss Chandos-Pole of London, there came to the Palace Mr. and Mrs. Baring of London with a retinue of servants. Mr. Baring is a member of the firm of Baring Brothers, the bankers, whose failure some years ago caused a panic in this country. Mrs. Baring is an American woman but she is more British in manner and speech than any ordinary daughter of John Bull. She has the haughty air of a Queen, and though she does not stand as well with the nobility as either Mrs. Atherton or Mrs. Chandos-Pole, she has a far more important air. I hear that when the Barings were coming over from China they were greatly shocked by the presence of two Chicago drummers at their table. The drummers were barred after the first meal.

The Wife of an Army Officer

There slipped quietly into the Occidental hotel the other day a lady who was formerly rather well known in this city. Under her name of Mrs. Day, however, not everyone recognized the Helen Gardener who was so prominent in the Woman's Congress held here some years ago. She was a great friend of Charlotte Perkins Stetson and after the congress had adjourned Mrs. Stetson and Mrs. Gardener established a little paper, which sad to say died after a few issues. It was at that woman's congress that Helen Gardener had her famous tilt with the handsome Hindoo who was the idol of the clubwomen. As I recollect the affair, Mrs. Gardener gave a lecture on her favorite topic, heredity and prenatal influence. There was a Swami, the highest kind of a high caste, present. The Swami belief does not admit of heredity at all. Each succeeding reincarnation, according to the Swami, is determined by the life of the last, a sort of promotion or retrogression according to desert.

The Hindoo Was Defiled, He Said

When the high-caste Hindoo in his flowing white robes rose and flatly contradicted the lecturer there was consternation. Some of the ladies attempted to persuade him to sit down, but his Swami ire was aroused and would not be quieted. He called Mrs. Gardener's heredity notions blasphemy. Some of the ladies laid hold upon his garment, and then there was blood on the moon, for he was of course defiled and pariahed by their touch. Helen Gardener's husband was there in the audience, if memory serves me aright, and he took a hand in the controversy. The Hindoo declared he had been insulted and the lady lecturer's husband argued that it was the other way around. The affair caused talk but ended without bloodshed.

Sex Problems Her Fad

In the early eighties Mrs. Gardener—or perhaps I should say Mrs. Day, now that she has changed her ideas on the subject of woman's independence of her husband's name—was conspicuous in the world of letters. She was a vigorous writer and for awhile was one of the *Arena's* editors. The chief topic of discussion in that magazine during her management was the sex relation. She was one of the expounders of the theory that there should be no age of consent. One of her novels is entitled "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" It was the sort of book that a young girl would hesitate to read to her grandmother. It was more in the nature of a medical treatise than a novel, and it discussed the sex relation so far as boys and girls are concerned.

Dunn's Fall From Grace

Francis Dunn, the real estate dealer whose escapade with a young woman at Delmonico's was filled with dramatic interest, is said to be a very intelligent young man. He is a graduate of Berkeley where he was afterwards a professor of pedagogy. He was also superintendent of schools in San Rafael, where he enjoyed the reputation of being a highly moral young man, a pillar of the church and a model husband. Now it appears that he was willing to sacrifice his reputation and bring disgrace upon his family for a mere bauble. Horse-sense is a mental asset that a university degree does not guarantee. A man who doesn't value his reputation above a diamond is a fool. No man likes to be fleeced by a woman, but there are times when discretion is more iridescent than a kohinoor.

William Greer Harrison expects to go abroad soon with his wife, to visit their daughter, who married an Irishman.

English Business Methods

An excellent exemplification of the business methods of the English swell was lately given in this city. A younger son of a noble family, temporarily embarrassed, struck a club acquaintance for fifty dollars—and got it. The next moment he turned around and invited the lender to luncheon. The best the town afforded was consumed in the luncheon and the bill took half the loan, leaving the Englishman almost strapped again and ready to borrow of the next good fellow who happened along.

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The Heavyweight Prima Donna

It sounds like a joke, but it has come out in plain, unadorned, managerial print that Schumann-Heink is going to appear in a comic opera that has been specially written for her. Once while starring here the broad lady became entangled with the scenery on a quick exit and she called excitedly, "Ach Gott! for the sake of my eight children somebody save me!" For the sake of her eight children somebody ought to rescue the lady from the multiplied horrors of a "light opera" created to fit her proportions.

O Schumann-Heink, what seads of woe,
What terrors will confound you
When you produce the opera
That has been writ around you!

And will they make you dance and skip
With gay soubrette contortion,
And will the humor be as broad
As you, in just proportion?

Do if you will these funny things
To add to our delights,
But as you love us, Schumann-Heink,
Please don't appear in tights!

The Last Chapter to Date

When Adelaide Murphy made her debut with Julia Crocker and the other buds of her set, who could have predicted such a stormy life for the gay little butterfly? No young girl in society here had more hopes of a steadily serene life than Addie Murphy. A rich father, a doting mother, a luxurious home, plenty of money to spend and a host of friends to entertain her—no other girl could have boasted more privileges. Besides this, little Addie had a European tour and a presentation at the English court. She had admirers, and was even engaged once or twice. On her first trip to Europe she met Mr. Riley, by whom it was said she was jilted. At any rate he married Genevieve Goad Martin. It was shortly after her return that she eloped with young Jack Breckenridge, much to the amazement of her friends, for it was generally believed that the germ of insanity was in the Breckenridge blood. Lloyd Breckenridge, the youngest son, killed himself in a fit of melancholia superinduced by an unrequited passion for a married woman. Florence Breckenridge, the beautiful and only daughter, is in a sanitarium abroad, also suffering it is said from acute melancholia.

Young Jack Breckenridge was such an eccentric chap that it was believed he would, in the course of time, develop symptoms of the hereditary malady. And that was why Addie's father cast her off when she married the flighty youth. No surprise was expressed among those familiar with young Breckenridge's antecedents when, a few months ago, I published an exclusive story about his illness in Paris. At that time I related the story of the unfortunate bride's tragic plight. It was shortly after that the dailies published the news of young Breckenridge's fall from the third story of a Parisian hotel, and later came the report that he had attempted suicide in a fit of melancholia. The saddest circumstance connected with the whole affair is that young Mrs. Breckenridge expects to become a mother.

A Visiting Philanthropist

A distinguished Eastern philanthropist, in the person of James Stokes, is among the prominent New Yorkers who have come hither to escape the heat of the Atlantic coast. He is a brother of Anson Phelps Stokes, who belongs to the fashionable summer colony of Lenox. The Stokes's belong to one of the oldest New York families. They have been prominent in the social history of that State since the Knickerbocker days. James Stokes has done a great deal of philanthropic work in connection with the Y. M. C. A.

A Contagious Name

According to a recent newspaper despatch John T. McCutcheon, "George Ade's friend," has been given a position at twenty thousand dollars a year to supply the new Chicago *Tribune* with one of his inimitable cartoons daily. Ade and McCutcheon, who belong to the "money-come-easy" coterie that frequents the Chicago Athletic Club and makes the windy city a mad, merry place, have been inseparable companions for years, and this is the more remarkable since two men of spectacular talent seldom get along together. Ade has cultivated the much-abused auto of late and his "Little Whooping Cough" is a familiar sight in the streets of Chicago with McCutcheon acting as assistant chauffeur. The characteristically Adesque name which the machine bears was only decided upon after a long and fierce debate, and the decision was reached by one of the mistakes of genius. The commonplace suggestion that it be called the "Sultan of Sulu" was rejected with scorn, as was McCutcheon's idea that it ought to be christened "The Orator" on account of its large exhaust of hot air. One day when "Cutch" and Ade were bowling along the boulevard outside Chicago their way was blocked by a wide-gear machine which was plainly labeled "L. W. C." "What does L. W. C. stand for?" asked the artist. "Little Whooping Cough, I suppose," said the humorist. A few days later Ade was addressing his own machine fondly as "Little Whooping Cough." "I thought that name belonged to the other machine," said McCutcheon. "It did," said Ade, "but the name was catching."

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She Walked in Her Sleep

So poor Sybil Sanderson committed suicide! According to the latest story of her passing it was accelerated by a dose of cologne swallowed with suicidal intent. Those familiar with the reverses, professional and financial, that followed in rapid succession in recent years, and that plunged the once gay singer into despondency, were not surprised to learn that she had made several attempts at suicide and that she had finally succeeded in ending her mental anguish. Since the passing of the unfortunate woman many of the old stories of her girlish escapades have been told, not unkindly, for Sibyl Sanderson was a woman with the courage of her desires and honesty always wins and keeps friends. One of the stories most frequently told is about an incident at a house party in San Mateo many years ago. The host had been very attentive to the fair Sibyl. After the guests retired he remained below to smoke in the library. His wife becoming impatient, after waiting for him a long while, went below and at the library door she met Sibyl in a filmy *robe de nuit* and with a candle in her hand. Her eyes were wide-open but fixed and apparently unseeing. The hostess addressed her sharply and the young woman blinked her eyes and gave vent to the familiar "Where am I?" Covered with confusion and white lace she explained between blushes that she was a somnambulist and frequently walked in her sleep.

Her Lost Prestige

One of the most absurd stories published in connection with Sybil Sanderson's death is that she brooded over the coldness of the reception she received in this city, and that she never recovered from the bitterness of her disappointment. Sybil Sanderson was piqued over our failure to start the echoes with mad applause, but she did not worry over our apathy. The fact is that the beautiful prima donna always regarded this as a jay town so far as its musical culture was concerned. When she first left San Francisco for the Parisian atmosphere so well suited to her ebullient temperament she was inspired with the hope of great achievements, and with the thought that she would find the appreciation abroad that she had failed to realize at home. She had great confidence in her talent and in her power for conquest. She was at one time the pupil in this city of Alfred Kelleher, the vocal teacher, and one day when she told him that it was her ambition to become a grand opera star he told her that her voice would never be strong enough for grand opera roles. She laughed at him. She felt that she was destined to rank with the greatest of grand opera singers and she struggled vainly to that end until she found that her voice was unreliable and could not stand even the strain of the light operas that had been written for her. Long before her last visit to this city she received rebuffs from continental audiences that sickened her. It was her loss of prestige abroad that prompted her to join the Grau forces for an American tour on which, by reason of her failing power, she proved a sad disappointment.

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The Finger Bowl Tabu

The finger bowl is to pass into history. A correspondent writes me from Paris that it is no longer polite to use a finger bowl after dinner, and that the bowl has disappeared from all smart tables. It has even been caricatured in the salon by Jean Veber whose picture, "Julie's Bath," has excited much merriment. It shows a big fat woman washing her hands in a large finger bowl after dinner. The banishment of the finger bowl has long been devoutly wished, for the laving of fingers at table has become a very much abused practice. Some people are not content to dip the ends of their fingers in the bowl, but go to it as though it were a bath, and actually wash their faces and use the napkin for a towel.

Prima Facie Evidence

The fellow who spread the rumor that Joaquin Miller, or "Jokin'" Miller as an Easterner once patly called him, was dead, probably never had an opportunity to talk with the great grey "world poet" who is very much alive from a standpoint of wit. The old man may not be a grand success at Bohemian Club speeches, but at delivering a bit of ready-to-use repartee the poet is just as good as he ever was. Some time ago Wallace Irwin was introduced to Mr. Miller by a mutual friend. "Mr. Miller, this is Wallace Irwin, who is also a poet," said the middle man. The bearded patriarch scanned the chubby young rhymester for a moment, then turned to the other and asked, "Irwin—poet, did you say?" "Yes," replied the friend, "Wallace Irwin, the poet." Miller shook his head. "Oh, no, no!—no poet—too fat, too fat!"

At the first banquet, given by the citizens of the City of Chicago to

President Roosevelt

on his Western trip, at the Auditorium Hotel, April 2nd, the only wine used was

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The President's Wine

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An Official Wedding Photographer

That was a smart wedding of Miss Olive Holbrook and Mr. Silas Palmer in the little chapel at Menlo Park last Wednesday. It was as spectacular an affair as the most enthusiastic lover of the picturesque could desire. Yet it was not suggestive of ostentatious display. Only two hundred and fifty people were invited, which is a comparatively small number these days, and everybody knew everybody and all were sincere in their felicitations. The ceremony and the aftermath were in strict accordance with conventions. The bride looked the part in her graceful train, tulle veil, and a dainty creation of white satin, silk mull and lace that served for a bodice. The groom beamed with delight when the ordeal was over but was palpably impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. The dailies were eager to have photographers on the scene but the privilege was denied them. However, among the functionaries present was an official photographer hired for the occasion to take pictures for the family. After it was all over he sold the papers all the prints they wanted. Hence they had the satisfaction of knowing that the pictures were strictly official.

Miss Blakeman Photographed

As a consequence of the presence of the official photographer the *Call* secured the picture of a society belle whose fair features never before appeared in a newspaper. I refer to Miss Leontine Blakeman. She vowed a solemn vow, when she made her debut in society a few years ago, that she would never let her portrait appear in any paper. Sunday supp. writers and society reporters importuned her in vain. Even when the bridesmaids at one wedding where she was of the select six sat at a gallery after the wedding in their costumes, Miss Blakeman pleaded illness and the photograph was taken minus one bridesmaid. But the official photographer of the Holbrook-Palmer wedding secured a picture of the bridal party and it was published by the *Call*.

Hark to Madame Oracle

The pretty wedding gave my dear old lachrymose, gushing friend, Madame La Bavarde, the pretext to spring another one of her justly famous Cæsarian sentences with a puzzle attachment. Speaking of the reception at the Holbrook home after the ceremony, Madame Bavarde says in her usual fervid and hysterical style, "Here the bride and groom received the warmest congratulations—just how warm the flattering voice and moistened eye alone could testify to, for they were friends of an entire lifetime who offered them, friends of her mother without whose enveloping tenderness the bride had made ready for this crowning event of her fine, strong, young life." At first blush that is a bit recondite. The flattering voice and the moistened eye might give the impression that the emotional Madame thought she was writing about a funeral instead of a wedding. And though she seems to say that the eye and the voice were the friends of a life time, if you analyze the sentence you will discover that that is not what she wrote. In the same paragraph she wrote, "The bridal robe really was a creation and should be so dignified." Perhaps she feared that people would think that the robe was the First Cause. She also informed the waiting world that "The bridal bouquet was of orchids, a favorite flower of Miss Holbrook and one which she has identified herself with through the years of girlhood." And yet I never heard of her as the orchid girl. She wasn't even denominated an orchid bride.

She Was Not Superstitious

Olive Holbrook is not troubled with superstitious notions. A few days before her wedding she tried on her bridal gown and veil—"just," she said, "to see how they would look." And they looked very well, both then and on the momentous occasion later on. Mr. Holbrook wept during the entire ceremony at the church, and this seemed unusual for the tears are usually only shed by the gentle sex at weddings. No matter how sad the fathers may feel they usually conceal their feelings.

Bernie Got the Thimble

Miss Hibernia Drown's friends are chaffing her because the thimble in the wedding cake fell to her. They can't realize that the magnetic Bernie is cut out by fate for eternal maidenhood. The ring fell to Susie Blanding and Leontine Blakeman caught the bride's bouquet.

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The Hysterical Marie

It is a matter of course that Marie Corelli should raise her voice over the proposed Carnegie library in Shakespeare's birthplace, and it is equally a matter of course that the shrieks and howls which the hysterical female has emitted should be out of all proportion to the cause. According to the Corelli diatribe, historical cottages contemporaneous with that of the great dramatist are to be pulled down in order to make room for a modern dwelling, and the name Shakespeare is to be overshadowed by that of the Scotch steel magnate. There is a widely spread theory that Stratford is today in much the same condition as it was in Shakespeare's lifetime, and it is one of the pet hallucinations of Shakespeare clubs and cults that Henley street, with slight restorations, could be moved back three centuries. This is the basis of the Corelli hysteria, and those who have read only her diatribe are led to believe that rank vandalism is contemplated. Instead of being ancient landmarks with historical associations, the condemned buildings are simply old houses. There is only one genuine Elizabethan cottage in the street, and even that has a modern front. The rest are recent jerry-built imitations, and deserve no more nor greater consideration or reverence than our own so-called "Queen Anne" structures. In plain point of fact, there was, and is as much reason to protest against Marie Corelli's having taken up her residence in Stratford and arrogated to herself the office of Shakespeare's guardian as there is for her to shriek over the library which the mayor of the town begged from Andrew Carnegie.

Philip Verrill Mighels is going East shortly to see about the sale of some of his inventions. He has not been able to do much literary work of late on account of his eyes, but he had a story in the May *Harper's* that has been much praised. Mrs. Mighels has just finished a society novelette which will probably be out in a few months.

Service Weddings

June promises to be the banner month for button weddings. It began with the marriage on Monday in Trinity of Miss Augusta Goodhue of Beaumont, Texas, and Lieutenant Greer of the Fourth Infantry, the bride and bridegroom sailing for the Philippines on the *Logan* the same day. On Wednesday in Santa Barbara Miss Burris and Lieutenant Reed of the Fourteenth Infantry were wedded. On Thursday Miss Nellie Jackson and Lieutenant Greenough of the Artillery Corps were married at the bride's home in Van Ness avenue. Next Tuesday in Sausalito will be pulled off the Findley-Cloke marriage, the bridegroom being an Artillery captain. The day following at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, Miss Nickerson will be united to Captain Carson. On the transport, by the way, which carried the Greers Philippinewards, there was another newly-wedded Army pair—Lieutenant and Mrs. Hardenburg, whose marriage occurred in Chicago last week.

Mrs. Bent's Sunday Teas

It has been quite the thing lately for a delegation of Presidio officers to cross the bay to Fruitvale on Sunday afternoons, the magnet being Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent's informal afternoon teas. The Cohen place, "Fernside," is a charming spot to while away a Sunday afternoon and Mrs. Bent, who is spending the summer at the family home, always has a bevy of pretty girls to assist her in entertaining the officers. Miss Russell and Miss Johnson are, I hear, two particular favorites with the Army.

Either Would Be Welcome

Whether Lieutenant George E. Pond or Lieutenant-Colonel John McE. Hyde is chosen as the new chief quartermaster of the Department of California, either would be a popular choice. Both officers are well known here, Colonel Pond being a brother of Commander Pond of the Navy, at present stationed at Yerba Buena. If Colonel Hyde is the government's choice, then society will be glad to welcome back his wife who as Kate Hubbard was a great favorite here. Her father, Samuel Hubbard, was one of the early day society eligibles and her mother was a daughter of Jonathan Hunt, one of San Francisco's first tax collectors.

Mrs. Charles Coolidge, wife of Colonel Coolidge of the Seventh Infantry, gave a luncheon for twelve at the Presidio last week, Mrs. McArthur being the guest of honor.

Mrs. John F. Darling and Mrs. Louise Catherwood La Montagne are spending a few days at the Occidental. Mrs. La Montagne will then go to Del Monte; after a short stay at Edgewood, her ranch near Rutherford, Mrs. Darling will join her daughter.

The G. F. Grays are in San Rafael for the summer. Robert Capelle and family are also located in San Rafael for the season.

The Joe Tobins are at their ranch, "Arcadia," near Calistoga.

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The Estate of Divorce

A Story of Human Motives and Social Statutes

Matrimony is the first estate

I. THE PROBLEM.

The Episcopal Archbishop of New York pondered in his palace study. A young man had come and asked him to perform the marriage ceremony. He said that the woman he wished to marry was divorced. He liked the young man's appearance. But the Archbishop had been in his See just three months,—the See was three months old; what liberties could he take with the law? The young man went even further and confessed that the woman was only on the point of being divorced; he seemed to suggest that there were circumstances in which rested the real strength of his own case. Naturally the curiosity of His Grace was awakened. Had the mysterious young man not been so utterly frank over what had happened, the Archbishop might have thought of breaking the law and marrying them. Time and circumstance in view, it was politically inauspicious.

Now on this spring morning His Grace of New York was not meditating on the sin of the world, but thinking thoughts of love and pity—for a woman whom reason told him must be bad. By the Canons guilty—he administered the Canons. He stared hard at his image in the mirror, a souvenir of Venice. He liked that mirror, but it did not teach him a lesson in duplicity. He sighed: the best friend of a diplomatist is an easy conscience and a supply of sophistry. The Archbishop had no best friends. Was he becoming a convert at last to divorce? Momentarily the prelate was ruled by a great and lawless power which corrects the frequent injustice of the law—intuition.

The morning of the Archbishop's dilemma the fast steamer *Edward VII* had brought to New York a beautiful woman of twenty-nine and her child. Her arrival was especially commented upon in the papers. She was conspicuous. In England, which we will show to be a just country, she was notorious. And yet she was refined, beautiful, charmingly-mannered, very much in love with—her child. But on the other side they regretted the opportunity had escaped them of treating her like a dog. They said she had violated the Seventh Law; she had. But if such an incident is to put the ban on everything, what is to become of society, literature, and the drama? If all the sinners preach, who shall be assigned to preach to the sinners? Since man knows nothing outside of his experience, of what sort is a sinless society, free from lepers in pulpits? When the fact of an indiscretion is discovered, it is always a cynical joke to an impeccable public—which it grins and chews upon—like a bone. It has caught one of its kind; its smile becomes a torch touched to a vicarious sacrifice. The crime, however, is theirs and everyone's; every secret sin is a public sorrow. And the carped-at woman should be canonized for willingness to exist among a treacherous herd. Nevertheless, society exiled Cecilia.

Not long before her travels she had stood in an English court room. In that white man's country they make their righteousness as hard as their law. Aloft before her was a cloaked tribunal. Around, were the pleaders of the law, the officials, witnesses, the crowd. Tall, exquisite, Cecilia in her person was a thrilling tragedy as she clasped a tender child of five against her form and looked at the Justice with awful eyes. He was reading the judgment. He said: "The defendant has committed many unlawful acts, not alone mere statute violations, but a scandal before God and man. (The Divine has precedence of society.) The testimony proves her guilt. One who has so existed must be marked in the community as a moral leper—"

The Judge was preparing his vicarious sacrifice.

"So I decree—"

The Justice raised his eyes. The audience was not looking at him but at the woman. Cecilia was sweeping out of the room with her child. It was the eagle's flight. Law and man were influenced to inaction. Republican humanity obeyed her imperial course. The Justice was about to take away her child; her motherhood drove the sentence back. And she turned the whole land of vigilance into night, escaping unstayed to a country which had not yet condemned her. Fate protected Cecilia, silenced the Justice, stilled the public, and on this spring morning inspired the Archbishop. The prelate began to see the flaw in the law of books, the victory in nature.

II. YOUNG AND INNOCENT

The young man whom Cecilia had first loved was the son of a lord. He was also a poet. Had he not been poetic they might not afterwards have suffered; but poets must buy their brides and their happiness with pain. They are seldom understood except by the woman who loves them. That association, however, is so perfect it recompenses for all other companionship.

Grenlin Montaigne and Cecilia, unmarried, were lovers pure, and engaged. Now Fate separated them in this fashion. One day Grenlin went to visit a spot he loved, Arles, in Frances. A cathedral is there. And poetically he began to dream among the arches of his sweet love, which in this ideal sanctuary he enthroned. He forgot earth. He thought that he was in love with a saint. In fact, he was offering Cecilia as a tribute to his Muse. But he wrote to her every day, and the dreams spun under the arches were in his beautiful letters. Perhaps her intuition began to discern who in reality was the lady love who inspired them.

For one day he received a letter which said: "*I do not love you.*" This was naturally staggering to the unrealism of a poet, at home with the Muse.

She had grown tired of loving only ideally; loving a Man at Arles; an author of dream-letters. Love must be near in flesh and blood; moist lips must touch; the strong arm be felt, the breath of a lover known. So they were separated—his foolishness and her quick whim.

Grenlin materially repacked a Gladstone bag.

Before leaving, he reflected, and wrote: "For your treachery I most certainly had the intent not to write at all, but I wish to see on paper these words: The black seem to turn to blood before my hate and scorn for you, and the bound be placed between us for all time. I am careless whether or not you see this letter. —*You*, henceforth a pronoun of falsehood."

He then went traveling.

In England woe resulted from his strong letter—the most violent phase of feminine remorse. An egg-shell whim had been

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crushed. A virile suggestion, acting on Grenlin's usual mystic disposition, had given the girl the ideal man she desired, but alas, the letter with which she won him was the one with which she had driven him away! The bond was welded between them, but he who sealed it was like the dead. She had dismissed the master of her love.

She wrote, seeking for him; it was all without avail. Grenlin was beyond power to heed. He was severally located in Athens, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, and when the thought she was about to overtake him, news came that he had departed for the Far East. Grenlin was in Teheret.

III. BREAKING THE LAW OF ENGLAND.

In the course of time Cecilia married. Fate was again at the bottom of the incident; the only reason was—women marry. It was formula, and Cecilia knew that she was following the formula; she was not in love. A child was born of the marriage.

These are, of course, ordinary events, heightening, however, the complications of existence.

After awhile a man arrived in England, a Man from Teheret, not the man of Arles—Grenlin.

He met Cecilia because they went in the same society, another act of Fate, which delights in bestowing responsibility on people. Many interesting circumstances were now attendant. After they had created intervening incidents which convinced them of their feeling, Grenlin and Cecilia admitted that they loved each other. Her wedding was the only false episode that had taken place; their love the only true. It had the historic advantage.

Grenlin claimed his true love. The husband, Blendennis, brought suit for divorce. Law and Righteousness, it was arranged, should be on his side. He got the divorce. Cecilia, through her own enterprise, kept her child.

These were the facts recited to the Archbishop by Grenlin on that spring morning to gratify the curiosity he had awakened. His Grace decided to render a judgment that would have to do with people's personalities rather than with the law, so he consented to marry them. *Paul G. Clark.*

A Modern Fairy Tale

His Handicap.

Once upon a time there lived a young King. He was very handsome and clever, wore elegant garments, was tactful and magnetic and had the way with him that all women love.

The King went a deal into the world, of whose pleasures he was inordinately fond. Princesses adored him and one in particular longed to become his Queen. She was young and beautiful and the King was greatly attracted toward her.

But alas! he could not marry her, and for a very good reason: there was a Queen consort. The Queen, said the court gossips, was a dreadful handicap to the King's social progress. She was not young, was rather homely, and her health was not good. It was said that the King would have been only too glad if she would give him a pretext to divorce her.

"She is *so* impossible," said one of the court ladies to the young Princess who longed to be Queen, "such a pity the King married so young."

"Yes, any man who marries before his taste in women is fully formed handicaps himself in life's race," added a second court lady who had been three times divorced and was on the lookout for another husband.

"Who is handicapped?" interjected a stern voice, as the Queen's confidential maid-of-honor entered the tea-room. "From the look on your faces, I am sure you have been talking of my honored mistress whose feet you are not worthy to wipe."

The court ladies hastily turned their eyes upon their teacups, but the young Princess who longed to be Queen, secure in her beauty and with the audacity of youth, replied:

"Yes, we were. For my part I think she acts just like a dog in the manger. Her husband hates her and yet she won't give him his freedom. She might know he only married her for her money. Now he has plenty of his own, she might give him a chance to form an alliance with somebody who would make a more suitable Queen."

"Perhaps he did marry her for her money," returned the maid-of-honor, "but let me tell you a story."

The court ladies sat at attention, for they knew the maid-of-honor's tales were always worth listening to.

"Years ago," she began, "there lived a Princess. She was not beautiful but she was sweet and wholesome and everybody loved her. She had many fine and noble suitors but she turned from them all because she had lost her heart to a poor Prince who lived a pensioner in her father's palace. He had no kingdom of his own because his wicked cousin had usurped it. Everything in the world he owed to the Princess's father. The King would not listen to his daughter's plea that she might wed the poor Prince, who loved her, he said, with his whole heart and soul. Finally, however, the Princess gained her father's consent to the marriage. More than that, she fixed it so that her husband should have her *dot* settled upon him, so that he would not feel mean in her presence. She also stirred up the nobles and generals at her father's court to do battle against the usurping cousin, and after some years the poor Prince was given back his kingdom. He was now a rich and powerful King, all because of his wife's love for him."

"That's a silly story," yawned the young Princess, "where's the climax? Any woman would do all that out of ambition."

"Ah, but wait," went on the maid-of-honor, "there's more to it. During the years that the nobles and generals were battling for the poor Prince's restoration, the kingdom of his wife's father was left a prey to marauders. Varied misfortunes overtook the old King who finally died in grief and poverty. His daughter fell ill and for a long time her life was despaired of. When she recovered, she was no longer the same woman. Her sole physical asset was her health, and that was departed. But she never repined, for had she not given wealth and a throne to her beloved?

"Alas! kings, as you know, are proverbially ungrateful. This

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one, instead of lavishing a wealth of love upon her who had given everything for him, turned from her when he found himself an independent King. His head was turned by prosperity. He made love to other women before the eyes of his noble wife. He enjoyed himself in society when she was suffering on a sick bed. With it all, however, she has been cheerful and lovely, never in any way showing jealousy or resentment. My God, women, yet you speak of my honored Queen as the King's handicap! I wish more men had such handicaps."

The maid-of-honor, in tears, left the room. The court ladies were also weeping.

"Fools!" cried the Princess, "let her crown her unselfishness by giving him his freedom."

And, in the course of time, this is what the Queen did. She went into a convent. The King, however, did not marry the young and beautiful Princess, but another younger and more beautiful. He lived happily to a good old age and never cast a regret behind him. Which is the way of kings and men the world over.

—*The Storm-Teller.*

Leaves from the Dictionary of a Woman Hater

Artlessness—The art of concealing art, principally employed by those women who have no art to conceal.

Beauty—That which makes some women ugly and others merely interesting.

Beast—The logical mate of Beauty who is usually a Beast herself.

Betrothal—A poetic name for a money transaction.

Complexion—A beauty which is seldom skin deep.

Candor—A manner which is oftenest assumed to make a lie sound like the truth.

Danger—A sign which a woman hangs out when all others fail to attract.

Decency—Followed by a few women as a matter of principle, by more as a matter of expediency and by the majority as a matter of temperament.

Ecstacy—A form of feminine hysteria superinduced by bon bons, novels, lecturers, matinee idols, dances and lack of proper exercise.

Eden—A legendary garden where a man fell, an apple was picked up and a woman was carried away.

Fancy—That which a youth often mistakes for love and wakes up too late to correct his blunder.

Fashion—A changeable quantity which keeps wives vain, husbands poor and shopkeepers wealthy.

Gossip—Talk which is inspired by the foolishness of the few and perpetuated by the foolishness of the many.

Hauteur—A superficial armor behind which a woman hides her vulnerable points.

Honesty—The vice of bar maids.

Jewelry—That which the grand dame prizes, the courtesan seizes and the actress loses.

Joke—A form of brutality which is wasted alike on women, children and Englishmen.

Kittenish—An adjective applied to women who can play and scratch.

Love—The altar on which heifers are sacrificed to Mammon.

Mammon—The altar on which heifers are sacrificed to Love.

Nature—An un-feminine attribute, one touch of which sets the whole world a-grin.

Ostracism—A feminine process by which a woman, cut out of a different pattern, is "cut out" for a different set.

Paris—A foreign city inhabited by dressmakers, milliners and other desperate criminals.

Rashness—To talk common sense to a woman who has been accustomed to conversation.

Silliness—A failing which, in women, often passes for vivacity.

Tea—A stimulant taken by women to inspire them to immoderate and unnecessary talking.

Unattractiveness—The only thing that can take the poison out of a woman's glance.

Vestal—An elderly virgin who can feed an altar fire without the least fear of being burnt.

Woman—An eternal riddle because she delights in asking difficult questions. —*The Lexicographer.*

John Bradford's Prayer

John Bradford stood at the entrance gate of a jail in Ludlow Square:
He saw a man go forth to die, and he offered up a prayer.
He offered up, for himself, a prayer, as but pious people can
Who follow rules of the cloth and creed, did this conscientious man.
He offered up for himself a prayer 'neath the archway drear and dim,
And thanked the Lord that another man was to die instead of him.
He used the harassing circumstance of the checkered life near run
To call to notice his godliness, and to draw comparison.
He laid the list of the Christian deeds in the Master-Hand on high,
But not a word was there said for him who was going forth to die.
He prayed so much of his own affairs, and they took so long to tell,
The hangman's key to the great unknown set ajar the gates of hell.
The convict's soul sped its way unchecked by an interceding prayer.
While Bradford muttered his mummery, to his God, in Ludlow Square.

Mabel Porter Pitts.

The Poet

He walked amid the multitude
In garb a beggar'd scorn;
His coat had darns and patches large,
His hat the wind had torn.

Past silken gown and feathers fine,
With springing step and free;
The light of heaven was in his eye
The Poet's soul had he!

—*Bessie L. Russell.*

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The sun climbs up and paints the Eastern skies,
Then night's dark pall on all the wide world lies;
So swing the days and, though I breathe no name,
I dream of life, and joy and burning fame
—And You.

Upon the street or in my quiet room,
Or walking in the wild wood's fragrant gloom
My thoughts rush on in many a daring flight,
But chastened is my walk by duty's light
—And You.

Temptation meets me with seductive face,
I look unmoved nor give her sweet embrace;
No more in paths of sin my footsteps roam,
But turn to toil; I dream of love and home
—And You.

There is no secret place in all my heart
Where you have not always the greater part;
And when I seek to voice my soul in prayer
I think of Heaven in the silence there
—And You.

For you, I write fool verses such as these;
Perhaps, who knows, my editor they'll please,
He'll pay me something when the week rolls by,
The check will help my soul to satisfy
—And You.

Confound you!
Standing there
With a bill
That is due—
Always You,
Always due.

—*The Impecune.*

The Liar's Corner

"Some years ago," said the floor-walker, "a woman came into the store and asked to look at 'them fools.' I knew instantly that she referred to foule, a fashionable brand of dress goods that we were then advertising, and without hesitation I directed her to the proper counter."

"A woman came into our shop," said the sewing machine agent, "and complained that we had deceived her. 'Your advertisement reads "Stands at the head,"' she insisted, 'and mine hasn't any stand at the head.' We immediately changed the wording of our ad."

"Talking of machines," said the lady operator, "I once had to give instructions to a German woman who had just bought a new sewing machine. In showing her how to take the work out I said repeatedly, 'Lift the foot,' referring to a certain part of the mechanism. At last I lost patience and cried out, 'Why don't you lift the foot?' 'I am lifting my foot,' replied the good Frau, 'and I can't get it no higher.' It was her own foot she had been lifting all the time."

"Funny things happen, even in our business," said the undertaker. "An Irishwoman came in to select a coffin for her departed husband. I asked her if she would have trimmings. 'No, no trimmin's,' she replied with decision, 'we had trimmin's enough, sure wasn't it tremens he died of?'"

"We had a funny order from a milliner in the Western Addition once," said the wholesale clerk. "It was in the rush season, and getting short of stock she telephoned down to our place for 'twelve dudes and six black sailors.' It was hats she wanted, of course."

"One of our clerks made a funny mistake once," said the commission man. "A consignment of coffee failed to arrive, and the clerk had to write a letter in Spanish about it. In his letter he inquired after coffee 'con frijoles negros,' which was his literal translation of coffee with black beans, as we put it in English. A reply was soon forthcoming to the effect that they had sent us the coffee but they did not know anything about the black beans, as we had ordered none. The clerk should have expressed himself, 'con granos negros.'"

—*The Prevaricator.*

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STAGE

"In Washington" Makes Good

The press agent of the Grand worked up popular interest in the show that opened this week, to a very high pitch. That his industry in promoting popular interest was not in vain was evident Sunday night when, despite the counter-attractions in town, the Grand Opera House overflowed, and hundreds of people eager for a view of the dazzling beauties, the gorgeous costumes and the other sumptuous accessories of an "elaborate production" that they had been reading about morning and evening for a week, turned away filled with poignant sorrow over their grievous disappointment. A press agent who so fulsomely lauds the coming mummer and the impending show takes desperate chances. Some balmy, fog-free night when people are in a mood to be entertained, and in no temper to be bored, a show heralded with screeching headlines, ardent adjectives and ample half-tones will fail to make good, and then instead of calls for the author or the stage manager raucous demands for the green-goods' press agent will rend the atmosphere of the auditorium. Thereafter, perhaps, press agents will sin no more. Fearful as I was that the fateful hour had come, it was pleasing to have misgivings allayed by manifestations of enthusiasm. "In Washington" made good; that is, there were no calls for the press agent. Intelligent people are always willing to make allowance for a man who tries to do his duty well. From the spectacular standpoint "In Washington" is a success. There was no exaggeration in the advance notices as to the quality of the stage pictures. To use a homely expression the management has done itself proud. The performance is wholesome and entertaining from beginning to end, but its brilliancy is in its ensembles. Its music is catchy and the singing of Cheridah Simpson is refreshing despite the disagreeable tendency to tremolo. But the company has no other voices worth speaking about. The German comedians are funny in a way but they incite one to comparison much to their disadvantage. The Esmeralda sisters are lively dancers of the Flossie Hope and Gertie Emerson type, but neither of them alienates my affections from Flossie. Budd Ross and Anna Wilks constitute the cleverest team in the company, and they do a stunt that catches the popular fancy. The company is overflowing with talent of the vaudeville variety, and the numerous principals make the fun fast and furious enough for the most blase theatre-goer. When they are catching their breath the chorus is at work, and the stage manager has made good use of the expansive territory upon which he operates his shapely divinities.

Radiant Cecilia Loftus

Miss Cecilia Loftus is fully as entrancing as her ex-husband's play, and "If I Were King" is the most delicious dramatic dish that has been served to local theatregoers for many a day. However Miss Loftus charmed me first and the play afterwards. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's apotheosis of Francois Villon in the person of that fascinating actor, E. H. Sothern, invoked my admiration and enthusiasm, but Cecilia Loftus thrilled me and filled me with delight. Miss Loftus is a dear, sweet, girlish woman and I believe I could watch her forever moving through a garden in a white gown. I should never tire of listening to her melodious and haunting voice and her pretty English speech with its soft and shy intonations. There is in her every movement, in the light of her eyes and in the mellow notes of her voice, the suggestion of gentleness, of simplicity and of the guilelessness of unpretentious youth. Miss Loftus possesses unuual wealth of charm, phyical and spiritual. To see and hear her is to commiserate the author of "If I Were King" on having lost such a wife. Mr. Sothern is of course the star. He is ever in the limelight, and he plays the swashbuckling hero, in whom there is a pretty mingling of pathos and drollery, with exquisite art. However you feel that there are other actors capable of doing the role justice but women endowed with the pleasing personality of Cecilia Loftus are extremely rare. The part she plays is not one to compel admiration for the woman. Katherine De Vancelles is a cold, imperious woman, and too proud to enthuse. Miss Loftus makes no effort to extenuate the woman's shortcomings. Her art is unerring, and yet you cannot fail to note the charm of the actress. But there is another woman in the cast who does some splendid work. I refer to Margaret Illington, the betrothed of Daniel Frohman. Even though she had never won the love of the distinguished manager she would not fail to come to the front. She has the temperament and the art that are bound to win recognition, and the part of the Abbess is so much more favorable to the exploitation of talent than that of Katherine that she easily divides the honors with Miss Loftus. The cast is well balanced and Mr. Sothern receives excellent support. The drama is a masterpiece of romantic play-writing. It is a tale of love and sorrow, of anguish and terror, and your interest never flags. You feel throughout that you behold the catastrophe afar off; that Vilon must die; that his destiny is fulfilled, and as the end approaches the suspense is overwhelming, and suddenly the happy denouement thrills the audience with joy. "If I Were King" is a bright and graceful sword and cloak comedy, the rapidity of events effectively harmonizing with the local color, the violent love, the intense hate and the despicable intrigue. How intense is the life of Villon and Katherine. Hark to the gay and warlike hubbub around them, the sport and the merriment, the high words and the ring of steel in the cavern, the clash of armor in the streets. Hark to the strident laughter of the vagabonds, the squeaking voice of the malevolent King. Feel the magic of the whole atmosphere in which all are plunged, note the frank simplicity of the author's methods, the frequency of rhymes, the comic opera conceits, the word-play, the lyrical character of the whole, the courage with which he points a moral while adorning an elemental theatrical tale, and realize that Justin Huntly McCarthy has achieved a masterpiece.

Frohman Completes His Work

Maude Site is the real name of the young actress who is betrothed to Daniel Frohman, the eminent theatrical manager of New York. Pleasing as seems the name of Maude, and traditionally well-associated with the drama though it be, it did not please the fastidious Frohman. The manager told Miss Site she should have a new name, and set about himself to compose a stage appellation. The young lady happened to be a native of Bloomington, Illinois. Joining the two together, Frohman composed the name of Illington, and selected Margaret to go before it. Satisfied as Frohman may be with his titular handiwork, he evidently is bent

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on changing Miss Site's name altogether, even in real life. Margaret Illington has one of the most pleasing presences on the boards today. She has not been in the business very long, but has made rapid advance, and her appearance in stellar part at the successful presentation of "Notre Dame" at Daly's resulted in the gratification as much as the surprise of those who were interested in her career.

Tears and Smiles and Kisses

Juliet Crosby in a choker collar with a business-like air gives some fine comedy touches to the part of Hyacinth Woodward, the practically minded secretary in "The Tyranny of Tears" at the Alcazar. She makes her most direct impression, perhaps, in the last act where she is leaving her position, and celebrating the event with a hasty luncheon of a hunk of sandwich, a glass of beer and a piece of cake. White Whittlesey outdrews John Drew in the charm of his love-making. As Parbury, the husband of a weeping wife, he does fully as good work as in "Heartsease." Miss Creighton acts up to him with as much spirit as the doldrums of her role permit. They have one long drawn out kiss that I doubt could be duplicated by that famous osculatist, Olga Nethersole. The Alcazar company is supporting Whittlesey in such an enthusiastic manner that their work cannot fail to be good. Arthur Morrison, Osbourne, Bacon and Miss Gordon all fit into their parts as if they had been built for them.

His Heavy Load

Wilton Lackaye, who is to be here shortly with Amelia Bingham in "The Climbers," told this story the other day to Ferdinant Gottschalk, as a man with a particularly lurid jag hove in sight. "Talking of funny jags," said Lackaye, "early in my career I was associated with an actor who was a fine artist and a good fellow, but over fond of liquid rye. On one occasion he remained dead to the world for two days. The third night he showed up much the worse for wear, with a portion of two days' accumulation. Every one gave him the cold shoulder, and finally he retired to his dressing-room. In the company was an ingenue who was the real article, yellow hair, blue eyes and baby ways. This night in question she had received a birthday book and was busily intent on securing the autographs of the company. I advised her to keep shy of Mr. H—— until the next day. She paid no heed to me, however, for I heard her tap at his door and proffer her request. The next thing I heard was a loud yell and a hurried tattoo on my door. I opened it ,and Miss Ingenue was all of a tremble, as she lisped out, 'Oh, Mr. Lackaye, I think Mr. H—— has hysterics.' Thinking that the d. t.'s had caught him I hurried to his room. He was doubled up, shrieking. When he saw me he roared again and pointed to the book. I looked over his shoulder and followed the direction of his trembling finger. It halted at the date of his birth, opposite which was written a short biblical quotation, 'God Help Me Bear My Load.' "

The story of "The Climbers" which Amelia Bingham will shortly present at the Columbia, tells of a vulgar, but prodigiously wealthy youth, who is said to employ a shop window dresser to set the table for him when he gives a dinner; an unmarried woman with a spectacular vocabulary, a slangy, frivolous girl and a half dozen social chatterers.

A New Weberfield at Fischer's

"Fiddle Dee Dee" will be taken from the boards after Monday night's performance, and "Twirly Whirly" will have its premier on Tuesday night. "Twirly Whirly" ran all this season at Weber & Field's in New York, and we get it almost brand new. It is a modern take-off on the fads and follies of the New York smart set, and among the matters burlesqued are the dog dinner that Harry Lehr sponsored, the game of ping-pong, Mary McLean the unconventional authoress from Butte, the automobile craze, the bull-fight of Spain and the society fad for vaudeville and coon stunts. Spanish students will warble and play the mandolin, and the German comedians will show what they can do with an airship. Maude Amber will be the widow and Barney Bernard will be the Montana authoress. Olive Vail, Flossy Hope and Gertie Emerson will be of the cast and the part of Hanki Panki Poo, the monkey who is the guest of honor at the monkey dinner, will be taken by Harry Hermsen's bright young son. The music of "Twirly Whirly" includes the best composition of John Stramburg, the late leader of Weber & Fields, who died last August.

Nance O'Neil at the Republic

The Republic is now under the management of L. R. Stockwell, who is one of the best known managers in the United States and has long been identified with San Francisco theatricals. The opening attraction under Stockwell's management will be Nance O'Neil, who begins a limited engagement tonight, in "The Jewess." Other plays included in Miss O'Neil's extensive repertory will be the two Sardou plays, "La Tosca" and "Fedora," and it is highly probable that the gifted actress will also be seen in "The Scarlet Letter." In spite of the production of new plays, attended by new scenery and wardrobe, and the large augmented company brought direct from Minneapolis, the prices will remain at a reasonable standard. It was *Town Talk*, by the way, that first suggested that Nance O'Neil ought to be the owner of the Sardou plays. She had been seen in "La Tosca" in Australia but never here. Shortly after my item appeared, Miss O'Neil received a wire from Melbourne MacDowell to the effect that she might have the Sardou plays. But there was a proviso—MacDowell wanted to go with his plays and be a twin-star. The offer was not considered.

The Stork In Theatrical Circles

E. D. Price, who relentlessly tore himself from the glare and glitter of Broadway to settle here as general manager of the Alcazar and other Belasco and Mayer enterprises, finds himself bound to San Francisco by a new and tender tie. A little native daughter, wafted on the wings of a favorable trade wind, came to his home in Sutter street early Tuesday morning and will be christened Marjorie Belasco Price. The small stranger is as fair as the June roses, and the image of her mother who, as Sallie Walker, youngest child of the late Jonas M. Walker and niece of Gilbert Walker, Governor of Virginia after the Civil War, spent her childhood in the famous old Walker mansion in Oakland.

Pupils of the Jeune Morrow Long College of Voice and Action gave an enjoyable recital last Friday evening, among the numbers being the Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice" and the Curse Scene from "The Jewess." Rather out of the common were the imitations by R. C. Madison of Mrs. Pat Campbell in "The Joy of Living," and of Viola Allen in "The Christian." Mr. Madison reproduced the voice and gestures of the actresses imitated very cleverly, and shows decided talent in that line.

At Eugenia Mantelli's two operatic concerts given in Fischer's next Wednesday and Friday afternoons selections will be sung from "Carmen," "The Barber of Seville," "Samson and Dalila," "The Huguenots," "Faust" and "Mignon." The concerts will be given at half past two o'clock and the prices will be only fifty cents, seventy-five cents and one dollar. The sale of seats opens at the box office of the theatre on Thursday morning at nine o'clock.

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"Cape Cod Folks," by Sally Pratt McLean, is to be dramatized. This is the book which brought out a series of lawsuits against the author when it was first published many years ago. She had used real names in the story, and the Cape Cod people didn't like it. The only dramatic incident in the book, by the way, is the one where the hero saves another man from drowning and is himself drowned. As this is but the Steerforth incident in "David Copperfield" with a different environment it is hard to see why "Cape Cod Folks" instead of the Dickens novel should be staged at this late day.

Features of Next Week's Bills

There is an enormous demand for the second and last week of E. H. Sothern's engagement at the Columbia. N. C. Goodwin in "The Altar of Friendship" comes next. Julia Dean is in his company.

On Monday night "The Circus Girl" will go on at the California. It had a big vogue in New York and London. John Slavin, the diminutive comedian of the Daly forces who has made such a pronounced hit here, will be seen in the role that made his reputation.

"In Washington" at the Grand has been so warmly received that the management has been compelled to put the seats on sale two weeks in advance. A big run seems assured for the piece.

The romantic hero of "D'Arcy of the Guards" should be a role well suited to White Whittlesey. The Revolutionary war drama will be produced at the Alcazar in fine style.

"Twirly Whirly" will be given its premier at Fischer's on Tuesday night.

"El Capitan" has drawn fine houses at the Tivoli and will continue next week. "The Isle of Champagne" comes next and then "Madelaine or the Magic Kiss."

The Republic opens tonight with Nance O'Neil in "The Jewess," McKee Rankin's version of Mosenthal's "Leah the Forsaken," in which Miss O'Neil has met with such success.

Frank Keenan, the comedian, with Georgia Welles and Kate Long, will present at the Orpheum an original comedy sketch by Edward Elsner. Mr. Keenan made the original New York production of "The Christian" and "The Musketeers," and the same attention to detail which made these efforts attractive is illustrated in "The Actor and the Count." Hanlon's pantomime company, composed of George Hanlon of "Superba" fame and his four sons, will present the latest European and Eastern success, "Phunny Phrolicks," pronounced the best of the kind ever staged. Hale and Frances, novelty hoop rollers and jugglers, will offer the turn that has made them famous all over the vaudeville world. Russell and Locke, singing and dancing comedians, will make their first appearance in this city.

At the Chutes McIntyre and Primrose will make their first appearance. Mr. McIntyre is a son of James McIntyre of the famous team of McIntyre and Heath and is said to inherit much of his father's cleverness. The great Kraton, a marvelous hoop roller, will also be new and the Spraguellos, novelty musicians, will play new selections in their act, "Satan's Pastimes."

—*The Playgoer.*

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"D'Arcy of the Guards"
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Children at Matinees, 10c and 25c
Remember it begins on Tuesday, June 9th.

MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

A Temple Musical Program

The program arranged by Cantor E. J. Stark for the confirmation service at Temple Emanu-El on Monday morning contained many noteworthy musical features. The Cantor, besides conducting the ritual, participated in the musical exercises where his powerful baritone was of very material aid. The regular soloists of the choir—Miss Cohn, Mrs. Kelley, Mr. Vinson and Mr. Henley—were assisted by twelve additional voices, and in the ensemble work by an orchestra; W. A. Sabin was at the organ. The composers represented were Sabin, Stark, Scharwenka, Haydn, Auber, Reinecke and Cowen, the arrangements being made by the Cantor. For instance the festival service, "Toras Adonai," was sung to the music of a Haydn mass. A very beautiful number was "The Song of Miriam," originally written by Reinecke for a baritone voice but arranged by Mr. Stark as a soprano solo with chorus. This was sung by Miss Daisy Cohn in a most effective manner, the chorus forming a strong background for her clear, pure soprano tones. In the confirmation service Cantor Stark's little son, Josef, took part, reading from the sacred Thora.

Honors for Mantelli

Madame Eugenia Mantelli, the Italian contralto who is to appear at Fischer's next Wednesday and Friday afternoons in grand operatic recitals, has just been made the recipient of a great honor from the King of Portugal. She is now in possession of a diploma of honor from the Royal Academy of Music in Lisbon of which the King is President, conferred upon her through the monarch himself, as a mark of his appreciation of her Carmen and Mignon and in "Cavalleria Rusticana" when recently she was the head of the grand opera company in Lisbon. Mantelli has the King's personal friendship, and the wrapper enclosing the scroll was directed by his own hand. Translated, the document reads:

"Royal Academy of Music; President, His Excellency, the King. Diploma of Honor. In appreciation of the Artistic Merit of the Honorable Eugenia Mantelli we confer and present this diploma entitling her to privileges as corresponding member of this Academy, Lisbon, May 9th, 1903."

The signatures are those of the chairman and secretary of the Board of Directors. Madame Mantelli has sung before every potentate in Europe, and was an especial favorite of the late King Humbert of Italy. Her operatic selections will be given in the magnificent costumes used by her when with Maurice Grau's Metropolitan opera company, and her concert numbers in ordinary full dress attire.

California Conservatory Recital

Students of the California Conservatory of Music of which Otto Bendix is director, gave a recital on Monday evening which was very largely attended. The program was a choice one, among those taking part being Mrs. Elizabeth Hall Sears and Miss Edna Drynan, graduates in the piano department, Miss Lillian Remillard, Mrs. Josephine W. Clark, Mrs. Arristeene Schultz, Fred C. Hotaling and a string orchestra under Mr. Bendix's direction. Mrs. Sears played the Liszt transcription of Bach's G minor prelude and fugue in a masterly manner and Miss Drynan gave a scholarly interpretation of a Saint-Saens concerto and a Chopin number. Mr. Hotaling, whose tenor solo was a feature of the program, was formerly a pupil of Edward Xavier Rolker, with whom he studied for two years.

The Precocious Miss Fleming

If Gertrude Fleming, the ten year old pianist, had played her little piece at a pupils' recital I should say she was deserving of her round of applause and her bouquet, but two hours of Gertrude Fleming proved rather cloying. While giving the child all due credit for what she has achieved, namely, some digital facility and fluency in note reading, it must be confessed that her playing is mechanical, as much so as the little marionette's courtesy which attended each one of her several exits and entrances. Some of her numbers had been memorized, some were played from notes; several, including the Traumerei, were marred by blunders. I do not wish to criticise harshly, for Miss Fleming is undoubtedly a diligent and docile pupil with an uncommon share of native talent, but her friends are unwise to force upon her a too early publicity. What she needs is serious and secluded study that her gift may mature. Forced talents are apt to meet the fate of certain fruits; they fall before they ripen. Miss Fleming also sang Gounod's "Ave Maria." I was surprised to find that she has a voice, a real voice, full, round and unchildish in its upper register. Her singing was vigorously applauded, and the

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child responded by returning to the stage with a single rose in her hand while her accompanist played the opening bars of the "Last Rose of Summer." It was grievous. The song was pitched too low for her voice, and the little mite, in her eagerness to get to the place where it was proper to pull her rose to pieces, became wofully tangled up in her verses. However, she pulled through after a fashion, but the glamour of her previous success was quite obscured. Miss Fleming was assisted by Mrs. Prentis Peters, Miss Jeannette Finnie, Mr. L. C. Badorun and C. Vandal. The ladies are pupils of Rudolph Foster and acquitted themselves well. Mrs. Peters has a flexible voice and an attractive stage presence. Miss Finnie is new to the concert stage but her fine soprano, with its range and capacity for expression, will certainly insure her success. Her song from "Mignon" and one of her encores, "The Kerry Dance," were most favorably received.

The Stabat Mater of Pergolesi

To present an old classic in such a manner as to interest musicians is not always difficult. But to present an old classic in such a manner that philistines as well as esthetes find enjoyment and profit from it is more rare. Yet that is what Mrs. Marriner Campbell accomplished last week when her pupils presented the "Stabat Mater" of Pergolesi, a work that has not been given in this city since about six years ago. It was an undertaking presenting many obstacles. In the first place the original music was not readily obtainable, the edition in general use omitting three or four of the many trills. As presented on Friday night the Pergolesi work in its entirety was given, with all the little embellishments and trills that marked the music of that period (1710-1736). The singers were Marguerite Slocumbe, Mary Carpeneto Mead, Blanche Young, Ruth Estelle Weston, Ethelwyn Marrack, Marian E. B. Robinson, Virginia Pierce, Grace Marshall and Rebecca Del Valle. One of the most beautiful bits was the duet "Quis est homo" by Mrs. Mead and Miss Marrack. The duet "Quando Corpus" was also very finely sung by Miss Del Valle and Miss Marrack. The "Stabat Mater" came as an end to a program of classic selections and was a fitting climax to the other works rendered. The first part of the program was: Piano solo, Liebes Traume, No. 3, A flat major, Liszt. Etude, Op. 10, No. 12 (Revolutionary), Chopin, Julia Rapier Tharp; Orpheus with His Lute, H. J. Parker, Julia's Garden, James H. Rogers, Helen Crane; Chant de la Sultane, Bemberg, Chanson de Florian, Godard, Marie Partridge Price; Voi che Sapete, Mozart, Virginia Pierce, La Zingara, Donizetti, Grace Marshall; Spring, Henschel, When Mabel Sings, Oley Speaks, Louise McClure; Love Laid His Sleepless Head, Gerard Barton, Ruth Estelle Weston; Give My Love Good Morrow, Macfarren (flute obligato, Mr. A. B. Swain), Mary Carpeneto Mead; O Let the Solid Ground, Birds in the High Hall Garden, Go Not, Happy Day, from song cycle, Tennyson's "Maud," music by Arthur Somerville, Marian E. B. Robinson; Madrigal, Harris, Serenata Espagnol, Bergmuller, Obstination, de Fontanailles, Stella R. Schwabacher; My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair, Haydn, Nina, Pergolesi, Rebecca Del Valle. These songs very cleverly prepared for and led up to the elaborate Pergolesi number, Miss Pierce's "Voi che Sapete," the "Give my Love Good Morrow" and the Haydn and Pergolesi number of Miss Del Valle with Miss Robinson's song cycle being especially appropriate. The piano accompanists were Mrs. Batchelder, Mrs. Barton, Miss Tharp and Miss Marrack, with Miss Orrie Young at the organ.

Impresario Will Greenbaum says that Patti will really come to San Francisco next January, and will probably sing in "The Barber of Seville" at the new Tivoli. Patti is a wonderful little woman. Mrs. de Young, who met her in Europe last year and renewed old acquaintance, says the diva's voice is as clear and wonderful as ever. And, by the way, it may not be generally known that Patti has sold her voice; that is, after death the larynx that sends out those golden notes is to become the property of some voice specialists to whom the prima donna sold the privilege of examining her magical voice-box.

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PHONE BUSH 532 **San Francisco**

Bonelli Conservatory Recital

A varied and well selected program was carried out by the advanced pupils of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music on Wednesday evening, Professor Bonelli directing. The honors of the evening fell to Miss Maybelle Kelly for her piano solo, the Liszt arrangement of Wagner's "Tannhauser" march. I have had frequent occasion to commend Miss Kelly's excellent technique and mastery of the difficulties of the instrument. Her work of Wednesday night showed diligent study and improvement on her former efforts. The appreciation of the audience was shown by a storm of long continued applause. Miss Lulu Lichtenstein was excellent in two poetical numbers, a "Shepherd Dance" (Gregh) and Seeling's "Lorelei" with its beautiful singing theme for the right hand. To Miss Gertrude Hodges fell Chopin's difficult "Revolutionary" etude. Her rendition while intelligent lacked somewhat in strength. Miss Fannie Zwerin played a bizarre Russian dance with freedom and boldness, and Miss Edna Montagne displayed a neat touch in Littolf's "Spinning Song." Mr. Julius Goldsmith divided the honors with Miss Kelly in his beautifully rendered violin solo, Bohm's "Legende." His bowing is free and graceful and his tone full, round and satisfying. Little Miss Estelle Grey, a pupil of Signor Laraja, displayed a surprising mastery of her instrument and put a remarkable amount of individuality into her playing for one so young. The little girl certainly has a future before her. She played some airs from "Il Trovatore; Miss Kelly accompanied. The two formed what would be termed on the vaudeville stage a strong team. Miss Gladys Couth, another young violinist, played a "Gavotte Fantastique" by Braun. While her bowing is facile her tone is as yet a little too dry, and the same may be said of Miss Harriet Patterson. Mrs. J. J. Hayden, a pupil of Madame Amata, was quite at home in her aria, and displayed the effect of good training. Miss Ruby Likens showed some faults of breathing in her solo, "Hearest Thou" (Mattei), but was much better in the "Spring Song" with which she responded to an encore. The San Francisco Conservatory orchestra did some fine ensemble work in the selection for the opening number, "A Petits Pas" and "Paroles d'Amour," while the Mandolin Club deserves special commendation for the "Faust" number which closed the first part of the program. Among the pianists Miss Bessie Beatty gave a very pretty rendition of Mendelssohn's Rondo, op. 14. Professor Bonelli was suffering from hoarseness, and the program announcements were made by Miss Blanche Baldwin. This afternoon the juvenile pupils will hold their exercises.

Under the direction of the Misses Ruby and Edith Moore the operetta "Florinda or The Rose and the Pearl" was very successfully presented at Union Square hall on Thursday evening of last week. Thirty children took part in the production.

Helen Hagar, who married Arthur Wilder Moore on Monday in Oakland, is one of the finest amateur pianists on the coast. She was a member of the Ensemble Club, that brilliant organization of musical women that disbanded some time ago.

Last Thursday evening a musicale was given in Steinway hall by the Treble Clef Club. It was an invitational affair.

—*The Music Critic.*

"Is Miss Smartem disengaged?" questioned Mrs. Pacific Avenue, an intending caller, over the 'phone.

Miss Smartem's maid was at the other end.

"I guess so," she answered, "for Mr. Loveyoung just left with that big solitaire Miss Mamie's been wearing the last month or so."

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HOTEL PLEASANTON.

Ever since the Hotel Pleasanton was opened for the reception of guests it has easily occupied the foremost position among the family hotels of San Francisco, which are justly celebrated the world over for an excellence peculiarly their own. The hotel was built some years ago by the late Abijah Baker of Pleasanton, California (after which town it was named), on one of the most desirable and accessible sites in the city. The corner location of the hotel and the court garden in front of the west wing give to nearly all the two hundred and fifty rooms an outside and sunny exposure which is so much sought after by both permanent and transient guests. The halls are wide and spacious and are connected with the entrance floor by a fast running elevator. The furniture, carpets, draperies, etc., are of the most modern make—in fact, from the marble steps leading to the office, to the topmost apartments, there is an indescribable air of refinement and homelikeness. The late and for many years proprietor of the hotel, Mr. O. M. Brennan, has been succeeded in the proprietorship by Mr. E. S. de Wolfe, one of the best hotel men in the country and manager of the Hotel Pleasanton for the past five years. It will be the aim of Mr. de Wolfe to constantly add any new and odd pieces of furniture or any late effects in interior decoration that will enhance the general appearance and add to the comfort of the guests. He has already completed improvements in the reading and billiard rooms and cafe on the ground floor, giving to these apartments the appearance and privacy of an up-to-date club. The old furniture of the reading room has been replaced by new and late designs in weathered oak, the walls being tinted in dark green in keeping with the velvety carpet, while the stained glass windows have been replaced by French plate glass, giving a fine outlook on the surrounding streets. The billiard-room also has been provided in a similar manner, with the addition of weathered oak screens with the upper portion of each in illuminated leaded glass, which gives a striking effect to the room. The cafe has been carpeted with rich Wilton velvet, a new departure and the only one of the kind in the city. It has also been furnished elaborately with circular and straight wall, leather-cushioned settees and polished mahogany sideboard. The harmony and general effect of the whole afford a pleasant and ideal lounging place for its guests, among whom are counted some of the most prominent Californians, while it is constantly entertaining distinguished tourists from all parts of the world. Under the able management of Mr. de Wolfe its fame bids fair to increase.

"Why don't you discharge Mary if she is so impudent to you?" asked young Mrs. Swell's mother.

"Well, I will, but I must write her a good reference first."

"A reference?"

"Why, yes. You don't suppose I want Mary telling everybody how Tom drank too much champagne the other night, do you, and how many times Jack Rich has been to lunch when Tom was away? I'll give her a splendid reference, mamma."

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LETTERS

New Author in the Field

"The Legatee" is the first novel of a local writer, Alice Prescott Smith, and though she has not leaped at a single bound into the first rank of story tellers, she has done a creditable piece of work, which gives promise for her future. The scene of the story is laid in the lumber region of Wisconsin, a locality which the writer knows, having herself passed a number of years in that section. The legatee, Robert Proctor, has inherited a business from his uncle, and along with it, the prejudices and dislike of his employes. Proctor is a Southerner, a former slave owner, and a man of the world, and his men, representing ten foreign nations, have a Northern bias. They are poor, ignorant and hard-working, while he is educated, comparatively wealthy, and according to their way of looking at it, idle. He would not have found his life a "flowery bed of ease" at best, at least until some basis of mutual understanding had been reached. Livingston, the village schoolmaster, half-mystic, half-fanatic, foments the discord by his preaching, a jumble of socialism, temperance, religion and fatalism. A demagogue quack doctor, brought into the community by Livingston to supplant the good physician, Dr. Edmister, and commend violence to the mill hands, soon has the village of Wilsonport in a condition little short of anarchy. A hard winter followed by a long drouth is the precursor of a forest conflagration, and the fanatic Livingston has so dominated the minds of the simple people that they accept his declaration that it heralds the end of the world, so that it would be useless on their part to fight the fire or take precautions to preserve life or property. Out of this lurid background there stand forth some well depicted characters. Louis Detiere, the Belgian superintendent of the shingle mill, a giant in strength, fearless, proud of his influence, and spectacular, yet a man when a man was most needed; George Cole, manager at Wilsonport, silent, deeply religious, and above all things, reliable; Heinrich, keeper of the lighthouse, and the two boys, Yngve Torstensen, a mirror reflecting whatever was placed before him, dangerous in dangerous hands, but swinging in the wind like a weathercock, first to one extreme and then to the other, and Adrien Lauzeone, ambitious but soured and disappointed by discovering that education alone is not culture, and that mere schooling does not open all doors. To these add Dr. Edmister and his daughter Katherine, refined and educated, as far above the humble villagers in other respects as their dwelling built on an eminence above the settlement. There is, of course, more than one love story with the inevitable tangled threads, but the knots are satisfactorily disentangled in the end. Though the labor troubles are tragic enough, and the forest conflagration with its accompanying destruction of life and property is appalling, there are bits of real comedy here and there in the narrative. Jessie, the housekeeper, whom Mr. Proctor found as part of his legacy, is as good as any of the women who have been made famous by the kailyard school of writers, and Green, the doctor's man, who worries his mind because the chickens and other fowl will not grow all of a size, so as to look neater in their coops and on their perches, is worthy of a passing word. Much as it shocked the good people of Wilsonport to detect a smile on the countenance of the new mill owner on his first appearance amongst them, at the wedding of his manager, Cole, it will be a serious minded reader who will not commit the same breach of etiquette. The greatest fault to be found with this novel as a whole is that it might have had more force put into the telling. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

When the *Book-Lovers' Magazine* was established, at the beginning of the year, in spite of the fact that there was already a most excellent literary publication, *The Book-Lover*, in existence, there was a grand flourish of trumpets and beating of drums and an intimation that now, at last, something had really happened. With the fifth number, it might reasonably be expected that the magazine was established and had settled down to its gait. There would seem to be quite a sufficient number of advertising mediums masquerading as magazines, as well as of magazines of general literature, and the name *Book-Lover*, or anything embodying it, ought to indicate some near connection with books, their writers and readers. The May number, however, devotes a large portion of its space to department stores, their managers and management, with portraits in tint of the owners or managers of the big Eastern concerns. An attempt at a literary flavor is imparted by a dissertation by the ubiquitous Cyrus Townsend Brady, relating his experiences in trying to buy hairpins and domestic muslin. Then come some half-dozen articles of the guide book variety, telling how to spend six weeks in Europe. True, they are signed by well-known names, and also true, they are well written, but they do not appeal especially to book-lovers, nor are the sections recommended entirely unknown. To those who take their travels in an armchair by the fireside they have no particular excuse for appearing in a literary publication, that is, in one presupposed to deal with literature primarily. Following this come a series of articles, also signed by literary lights, and dealing with "Immortal Women Novelists," George Eliot, Emily Bronte, Jane Austen and George Sand, char-

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acters which are exploited daily, weekly, monthly and yearly, year in and year out, in every possible species of printed publication. And the rest is commonplace of the commonplace, in spite of the names of the authors. The pictures are all good. There are some fifteen in color, besides the half-tones, but the *Book-Lovers' Magazine* is no more a distinctively literary publication than *Sunset* or the *Four Track News* is.

Everybody's Magazine is making a good start under the new management. It is perceptibly enlarged, and appears in new type. It is intended that as soon as new machinery can be installed the pages will be cut, thus obviating the necessity for using a paper knife, and the consequent aggravation and annoyance of busy readers. The grewsome and morbid is to be excluded from its pages, and though the new proprietors had not been in possession long enough when the June number was issued to make it a fair test of their success in carrying out their intentions, it puts the magazine well up in the ranks of periodical literature. Especially to be noted among its contents are "Then Ireland Will be Free," an explanation of the new land laws and the means by which their adoption was accomplished; "Twice Born," which tells of the ceremonial life of the Hindu boy, and incidentally refutes many of the popular beliefs current in the rest of the world, concerning the customs of the Hindu race; and the final paper of Lillian Pettingill's series on "Toilers of the Home." Miss Pettingill is a college graduate who undertook to get information at first hand on the much discussed servant question, and her observations and conclusions are in every respect as interesting as those of Mrs. and Miss Van Vorst, whose "Women Who Toil" is one of the books of the hour. Perhaps one may credit Miss Pettingill with even greater enterprise and originality, since the factory has been exploited in all its phases, time and again, while this is the first time that the servant girl has been seen from the servant's standpoint.

Besides his share of the "Kempton-Wace Letters," which are to be published anonymously, Jack London has in press with the Macmillans another volume of short stories of the Klondike region. As Mr. London brought out three books late in the autumn of last year, "Children of the Frost," a collection of short stories, "A Daughter of the Snows," his first novel, and a first-rate boys' story, "The Cruise of the Dazzler," reprinted from *St. Nicholas*, and giving a graphic account of the operations of the bay pirates, it cannot be said that he is letting grass grow under his feet. But so far from showing any indications of "grinding it out," working the mill for all it is worth, thus far all of Mr. London's work maintains its original freshness, and appreciative readers are always ready for more. — *The Bookworm*

JOY

In the pursuit of enjoyment there is a great deal in knowing what to do, when to do it and how. Few people nowadays are possessed of these happy faculties, as the expressions "If I only knew," "If some one would only show me," and a thousand others which are heard daily, go to prove. With Edwin W. Joy it is different and a visit to his drug store at 467-469 Kearny street, which has just been thoroughly remodeled, will convince you. The store front, with its large show windows and handsome entrance, is inviting. The interior arrangement is perfect, the fittings elegant and the several separate departments which are necessary to an up-to-date drug store meet with approval. On the cover of *Town Talk* are shown some of the specialties carried by Mr. Joy in connection with the regular drug and prescription business. Another feature is that of lady attendants for the fitting of surgical appliances in the ladies' private apartment. A full line of toilet articles, perfumes, etc., is also to be found at this establishment. Mr. Joy has had over twenty-six years' experience in the drug business in this city and enjoys the esteem and confidence of the public.

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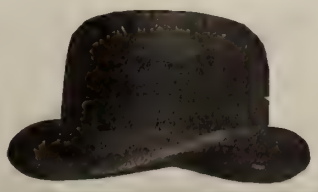
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With the Money Makers

Dullness Sets In

A period of dullness appears to have developed in the local market for investment securities. During the early part of the week there was some little show of activity, with prices inclined towards a stronger basis but buying orders became both few and small and the expectations for business were not fulfilled. The market has been almost completely devoid of interest with scarcely any changes in conditions worthy of special notice. The buying element has kept its purchases down to the lowest limit as though looking for lower prices, but indications in this direction have been almost all the other way. Why such a feeling of apathy should spread itself on the situation at this juncture seems wholly inexplicable. At the same time however holders have not lost confidence in the value of their holdings and there has been no manifestation of a willingness to make any concessions in the hope of doing business. The interest in lighting stocks which was so active and at the same time so sensitive a few weeks ago appears to have subsided and for some days past the transactions have been confined to very small proportions. Even the usual street rumors promulgated by interested speculative operators failed to attract the attention of buyers and it is now reasonably safe to say that after the several successful attempts to lead buyers into buying San Francisco Gas & Electric shares the investing public has become weary of its repeated losses and refuses to nibble again.

A Visionary Scheme

The price of these shares, however, is remarkably well sustained, but this fact is doubtless due to the hope that the board of directors of the corporation may before the end of next February succeed in finding new capital, either local or Eastern, to take up the great bulk of shares now held by the Mercantile Trust Company at the fancy figure of $90 per share. It is known that all negotiations along this line have thus far failed but it is hinted that other negotiations are in progress. Summarizing the gaslight proposition in this city it may be briefly stated thus: An Eastern syndicate could purchase the Independent Light and Power Company's plant and do a profitable business wholly independent of the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company, but no syndicate could secure the last named concern and its plant and do a successful business without securing or dealing with the Independent Light & Power Company. This is the whole subject in a nutshell and under the circumstances the prospect of the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company getting $90 per share for any or all the stock the directors have under their control in escrow is decidedly visionary. The other gas stocks are comparatively unimportant factors in municipal affairs and they would be of secondary interest whichever way negotiations for the acquirement of the two big plants may turn.

It seems there is now a hitch of some sort with reference to the new bond issue of the California Electric corporation. This company is a new concern composed of the Bay Counties and a number of smaller concerns. The new corporation issued bonds and made application to the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange to have them listed. In accordance with usual custom, the application was referred to a committee to report. Rumor has it that there are some vital irregularities of a legal nature relative to the issue but whether this is so or not cannot be definitely stated yet. At any rate, there has been some hesitancy in placing some of the bonds and it is possible that some of the consolidation proceedings will have to be done over again before a bond issue will be acceptable to purchasers.

Water stocks show very little change from week to week. Prices generally have been very steady and transactions of small proportions. Spring Valley shares are wanted in small parcels at about $83.37 1-2 and buyers are bidding $64 for Port Costa stock although there are few sellers willing to dispose of their holdings at these figures. Marin County and Contra Costa water shares remain steady. Bank stocks are among the strongest on the list. Bank of California shares readily bring $625 and some sales have been effected at still higher figures. San Francisco Savings Union shares have also made a notable advance and holders are now demanding $750 per share and refuse to sell for less. Union Trust shares remain very firm at $2,150 with no offers to sell. Giant Powder stock is showing a good strong tone because of the prospective consolidation of the several large powder plants in this State. As yet this merger has not been completed but negotiations have reached a stage where completion is almost a certainty in the near future.

Sugar stocks have been quiet but very steady. Advices from the islands show crops and business prospects to be unusually propitious. Onomea will pay a dividend this month and it is probable two other companies will commence paying dividends within another sixty days. —*The Financier.*

Mr. Harry Darlington of the Three Day Liquor Cure Institute left on the third instant for Kansas City, for the purpose of opening a branch Institute in that city. He will return by way of Chicago, Denver, Seattle and Portland, establishing a branch of the Institute in each of those cities.

THE DANGER OF INJURIOUS SUBSTITUTION.

As the advent on this market of an imitation cigar, at somewhat lower prices than the famous Clear Havanas of Sanchez & Haya, may induce some unreflective dealers to substitute when the latter are asked for or intended, we take the opportunity to caution our readers against committing this error, and generally against a practice that is sure to bring them into discredit. Retailers would be running a great risk of losing trade and of damaging their reputation to assume that when "Sanchez" is asked for some imitation or inferior substitute will answer. No reputable dealer can afford to trespass upon established rights, and it is every dealer's duty to do justice to goods of established reputation. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and it is probably in consequence that on the whole the imitators will rather add than otherwise to the business and reputation of the genuine Sanchez & Haya cigars. At all events, they afford the latter an opportunity and an excuse for advertising their older standing and the superior merits of their goods that might otherwise be thought beneath their dignity.

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A Story About De Chaillu

When the late Paul de Chaillu arrived in London after his first exploration of the Dark Continent, he found himself, and his collection of curiosities, which he had placed in the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society, the objects of flattering attention, invitations to breakfasts, dinners, and receptions from notabilities in society, literature, science and politics. Among others, Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, and the late Bishop of Oxford wrote to him on the same day. Gladstone worded his letter in the usual way, inviting M. de Chaillu to breakfast. The Duke wrote: "The Duke of Argyll presents his compliments to M. de Chaillu, and begs to inform him that he will visit his collection at 3:30 on Thursday next." The bishop wrote: "Dear sir:—Will you do me the favor of lunching with me at 55 J—— street, on the —th (a day previous to that mentioned in Mr. Gladstone's note.)—Yours truly, Oxon." M. de Chaillu answered Gladstone's invitation, accepting it. But, not being familiar with ducal and episcopal ways, he did not understand the second and third notes. The former, indeed, he seems to have rather resented, for he replied as follows: "M. de Chaillu presents his compliments to the Duke of Argyll, and begs to inform him that his collection at the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society is open to the public at large. Should his Grace present himself he will, doubtless, be courteously received by the officials in attendance." The bishop's note was, however, a hopeless poser; M. de Chaillu had never heard of any public man by the name of "Oxon." So a happy thought struck him. Before answering the note, he would reconnoitre the house that the writer dated from. So he proceeded to 55 J—— street, and, perceiving in the dingy windows of the first floor evidences that a tailor practiced his art there, made no further inquiry. It never occurred to him as possible that a public personage might have rooms above a tailor's shop in a good locality. He did not even pause to compare the tailor's name with the signature at the bottom of the note. The whole thing was clear. "Oxon" was a "vulgar tradesman," who, presuming on his wealth, had written him. Such a fellow deserved no answer. M. de Chaillu appeared at Gladstone's house on the morning mentioned in the note of invitation, and there met a distinguished company. He mentioned to his host that he had received a note from the Duke of Argyll, and described its tenor. Gladstone, then in the same political boat with Argyll, begged M. de Chaillu to excuse any ap-

"Before you do another thing James, bring me a CLUB COCKTAIL I'm so tired shopping make it a MARTINI." I need a little Tonic and it's so much better than a drug of any kind"

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California. Department No. —. No. 85297.

MARGARET SCHIRMER, Plaintiff, vs. PHILIPP SCHIRMER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to PHILIPP SCHIRMER Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's adultery with one Mrs. Frank during and about the month of August A. D. 1902, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and this extreme cruelty towards plaintiff as in plaintiff's complaint alleged, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of April in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk.
By H. H. ST. LEGER, Deputy Clerk

JULIAN PINTO, Plaintiff's Attorney
Room 204, 2nd Floor, Emma Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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parent "superiority" in his Grace's epistolary style, on the ground that he "had not received a public-school education!" Among the company whom De Chaillu met at Mr. Gladstone's was the Bishop of Oxford, and he found him the most urbane of gentlemen and most delightful of companions. As they were leaving together the bishop said, "My dear sir, why did you not come to lunch with me the other day? Lord Elgin was there, and some other men I think you would have liked to met. From your not answering my note, I made sure you were coming."

"But I received no note from your lordship."

"That's very odd. I posted the note myself on Monday night. You ought to have had it on Tuesday morning."

"I received no note from your lordship, but I did get an invitation to lunch from an impertinent tailor called Oxon, whom I never saw in my life, and was never introduced to."

"Oxon, my dear sir, why, c'est moi."

"But your lordship's name is not Oxon, but Wilberforce."

"But my See, my See!"

After some explanation M. de Chaillu saw.

Some Emersonian Philosophy

Practice is nine-tenths. Discontent is infirmity of the will. Insist on yourself; never imitate. Stick to one business, young man. Life only avails, not the having lived. Concentration is the secret of strength. Always scorn appearances and you always may. Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to the iron string. Your goodness must have some edge to it—else it is none. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Let a man know his worth and keep things under his feet. A true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong as it is for the weak to be weak.

From "The Pitfall":

Our touching faithfulness to an early love is often only owing to the fact that we never had adequate temptation to be unfaithful.

"The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds."—*Proverbs.*

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TOWN TALK

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Our Easy Banks

The failure of Eppinger & Co. discloses the fact that our San Francisco bankers are not the most cautious of men. It appears that the coin stacked up in some of the local banks is "easy money" to those who are inclined to engage in the conventional pastimes of the bunko artist. At the time of the collapse of the Pacific Bank some years ago the business community was startled to learn that it was as easy to obtain money from the vaults of that institution as to dispossess a baby of its bottle. But it was denied that the criminally loose methods of that bank were characteristic of all local finance institutions. Now it appears, however, that our banks may be victimized by practices against which they might be safeguarded by the exercise of ordinary caution. At this writing it is not certain whether any banks were defrauded by Eppinger & Co., but it appears at any rate that the firm could have obtained large sums by false pretences that might have been easily exploded. It appears that there are banks in San Francisco willing to lend money on unverified securities. Eppinger & Co.'s methods by which, at this time, they are believed to have practiced fraud, were very simple. They organized a warehouse corporation, and gave themselves receipts purporting to show that they had a certain quantity of grain on hand. These receipts were accepted as *prima facie* evidence of the existence of the alleged security. Under the circumstances it is astonishing that they did not prefer to fail for ten million instead of one. However the probability is that they had no expectation of failing; that they were merely using other people's money with which to speculate. If their judgment had not proved erroneous they would have reimbursed the banks and their achievements would have won for them the reputation of being very shrewd financiers.

The Shocking of "Colonel" Hecht

When "Colonel" Mike Hecht threw up his job of Fire Commissioner the other day, it was inferred that he did so in a fit of virtuous indignation. His confrere, Commissioner Parry, who had been charged with stealing a municipal pony, or some kindred offense, had shortly before been whitewashed by His Honor, the Mayor, and the supposition was that the "Colonel" wished to publicly express his disapproval. There was really no occasion for the "Colonel's" hasty action. If he believed that Commissioner Parry stole the colt or embezzled public funds, it was his duty as a good citizen to continue in his job, and by the exercise of due diligence seek to discourage his confrere from indulging petty larceny proclivities. To the casual observer "Colonel" Hecht's precipitous action was in the nature of a grand-stand play, and it may give rise to the suspicion that a little taste of political high life has whetted his appetite for more. Perhaps it has occurred to him that as the Republican leaders are trying to scare up a candidate for Mayor he might attract the lightning by getting into the open field and striking an attitude. This appears to be the most plausible hypothesis upon which to base an explanation of that sudden and unexpected resignation. It is known that up to that time Commissioner Mike Hecht was a most enthusiastic official. His intense interest in fires threatened to become a mania. He responded to all second alarms as though he believed that no big blaze could be extinguished unless he were on the spot. His zeal was such that he had almost become a nuisance, and on several occasions the firemen were tempted to play the hose on him. So his voluntary retirement occasioned great surprise. And it is to be deplored, for if the disclosures in the Parry case were such as to shock the sensibilities of a veteran Sansome street merchant, affairs at the City Hall are in a bad way.

Why Hanna Yielded

The itch for social prestige impels the most independent of men to recant and side-step. A few short weeks ago the Hon. Marcus Alonzo Hanna was solemnly asserting that President Roosevelt should not be indorsed by the Ohio State Convention. He contended that it would be unwise and inexpedient for a convention elected to nominate a state ticket to attempt to dictate to a body that had not yet been called into existence, and whose duty it would be to select and perhaps pledge delegates to a National Convention. While the objections of Senator Hanna were not unreasonable, still a perfunctory endorsement by a State Convention could do no harm. It would be merely an expression of sentiment, and nobody would seriously protest against it except to invoke the personal solicitation of the President and thereby obtain recognition of his political prestige. That was evidently what the Hon. Marcus Alonzo Hanna was after. In other words, he desired to be considered and importuned, and acknowledged as a powerful factor in Ohio politics. So when the President announced that he expected the endorsement of the Ohio convention Senator Hanna agreed that he should have it. Senator Hanna has reached that stage in his career at which he can afford to be respectable, and having acquired unlimited wealth by questionable means he purposes now achieving as much social glory as possible. He recently invited President Roosevelt to the wedding of his daughter which is soon to be pulled off, and the President kindly

consented to attend the function. Even an Ohio Senator appreciates the distinction of capturing such a big social lion as the President of the United States. Senators are frequently entertained at the White House but Presidents seldom become the guests of Senators at their homes. It is not surprising then that Senator Hanna coveted the opportunity to yield, promptly and gracefully, a point of political etiquette to the man who is to be his most conspicuous guest on the occasion of the spreading of the wedding feast.

Frauds Promoted by Congressmen

The investigation into the affairs of the Post Office Department at Washington has revealed a shocking state of official corruption. When it was first started Postmaster Payne affected great indignation that suspicion should be cast upon his department. He was quite sure that certain irresponsible newspapers were trying to manufacture a scandal without suitable material. He has since discovered that the newspapers knew more about his department than he did. It appears that the department has been conducted in the interest of politicians who have created new offices for favorites, increased salaries, and bought material for the Government at the highest possible prices. In view of the disclosures that have been made it is not surprising that the Congress has been called upon every year to provide for the covering of a substantial deficit. And it appears that the department was the favorite hunting-ground of the corruptionists of Congress. They procured places in the department for their partisan workers and also for their "ladifriends." Some of the best paying places in the department were held by the "female" friends of gay Congressmen. Before the investigation is ended it will probably be shown that many Congressmen were implicated in the frauds.

The Reading Habit

Agnes Repplier has lifted up her voice in protest against the vice of reading. To be sure Miss Repplier is not the first, nor the only one, but she speaks with authority and is therefore likely to be heard. She sees nothing commendable in the act of reading, without reference to what is read or how much is assimilated, and very sensibly declaims against the abridgement of masterpieces and the effort to read "everything." At the rate that books are produced in these days, those who try to read only those worth the effort are in the same predicament as the conscientious tourist who makes a thirty days' trip to Europe and attempts to take in all the sights catalogued in his Baedecker. He comes away tired to death, and with only a confused jumble of impressions. Reading is only a temporary fad of the masses. To many it is a complete novelty, and as likely to be abused as any other game or occupation. It could have been no more a part of the Divine intention that all should be readers than that all should be painters, sculptors or ship builders. "Reading maketh a full man," but the value of the "full man" depends upon what the filling is. To pore over books will not make a scholar of one who is not endowed with the brain material. The child who must be driven to his books, the youth forced through high school or college, and the people who take books from the circulating libraries because it is the thing to do, would be as well employed in playing tiddlywinks. Abridged masterpieces are about on the level with that functionary said to be employed by fashionable women, to come in during the hair-dressing and manicuri hour and give a resume of the principal news in the mo ing papers and outline the plots of the latest novels, order that miladi may appear to know what she does n No people of sense or intelligence attempt to read eve thing, or even a good percentage of everything that appea There is not much use in railing at the preponderance fiction that is read. It is undeniably true, and perhaps c may admit that it is as deplorable as it is undeniable, b back of that lies the fact that poor as the average novel the books in other lines are worse. Not every one is int ested in biography, and moreover, most of the biograph which make their appearance are those of literary m artists, or specialists in science, and do not interest the m in the street. At the present moment travels are mai the "car window" variety, personal impressions, anecdo and observations, which would be of no practical use to t one who followed the same route—amusing, but of no oth value. Criticism and belles-lettres are mainly of the t book variety, and matured minds do not care to feel li school pupils undergoing a course of lectures, when they down to read. And then, in spite of all that is said abo the devouring of fiction, it is well to bear in mind that the present time there is scarcely a home into which one more magazines do not find their way. When the *Centu* began the serial publication of its "Battles and Lead of the Civil War," the circulation of the magazine reach a quarter of a million, though there has been no reco made of any increase on account of serial fiction. *Eve body's* had no complaints to enter when the articles sin incorporated into "The Woman Who Toils" were a part its contents, and the interest in Ida Tarbell's "History the Standard Oil Company" and Lincoln Steffens's ar cles dealing with the corrupt government of municipalit are not driving subscribers away from *McClure's* month nor have Ray Stannard Baker's descriptive articles prov "a dead, cold frost" for the *Century*. Jacob I. Riis c count on every book he writes to be a "best-seller," thou he deals in the plainest and homeliest facts. In gener when writers can treat their subjects as if they understo them, put force into what they write, and not fire over t heads of those whom they imagine they are aiming their books have just as much of a chance to become pop lar as have novels.

Our Futile School System

At the close of the school term we hear reiterated, usual, complaints of the failure of the educational cour The colleges and universities lament that the pupils se to them from the high schools and preparatory institutio are not fitted to undertake the freshman course. The hi schools complain of the grammar schools; they in turn l all the shortcomings on the imperfect preparation of t

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mary department, which finds a lower depth in the dergartens, and the latter shrug shoulders and ask at they can be expected to accomplish with children ose home training has been so imperfectly looked after the parents. There is some ground of truth in each p of the series, but the fault lies in no one department. is a divided responsibility. Jacob I. Riis says that the dern educational idea seems to be that nature made a stake in allotting so many years of growth from boyhood manhood, and we can improve the process and shorten time by putting forcing methods into practice. It s seem as though the State had let contracts with time it for the education of the citizens in embryo. The rk is mapped out on the principle of feeding corn into mill hopper. If the machinery is in good working order will grind all that is supplied to a uniform fineness, and hing is necessary but to remove the meal at one end and ply the grain at the other. In spite of the beautiful ories of the educator, there is considerably more of a ference between the quality and quantity of brain mat- of any sixty or six thousand children of approximately same age than there is between the size and shape of all kernels of corn in the crop of any given year. The l may be run at a uniform speed day and night, week and week out, without affecting the quality of its pro- t, but with the educational mill it is not quite such a ple process. Moreover, the miller expects nothing but nmeal when he feeds corn into his hoppers, and he is isfied when he gets nothing but cornmeal as the result his labors. With the educational mill it is different. No. 1 eat, white or yellow corn, oats, barley, sticks, stones ps of clay are thrown together in one indiscriminate ss, and then the cry goes up because the result is not erfine flour. The schools undertake too much, and do allow sufficient time to accomplish anything. There is reason why the whole sum of human wisdom and folly uld be compressed into the class work of a few years. accomplish everything without conscious effort is the e of the day. Pupils are not kept at any one subject, or branch of a subject, long enough to understand what it ans, much less to master it. They are lifted over obsta- s, carried past dead points, and hustled ahead. They get ough their schooling on the same system that they travel a railroad train. The object is to "get there," and at end of the journey there is a confused jumble of this l that, with an occasional fact half-fixed, like the hazy pression of some house, tree or vineyard passed at full ed. Our educational system is put together with the e attention to stability and care as to detail as that ich characterizes the work of the jerry builder, and a rybuilt education is no more useful or substantial than erybuilt sky-scraper. The only way to do anything h it is to tear it down to the foundations and begin in. It will be found that a comparatively small pro- tion of the materials can be utilized a second time. en parents look forward to the third-birthday of their ldren, as a day of emancipation for themselves ,and im- sonment of the infants in the kindergarten, small won- that they pay little heed to the sayings or doings of the le ones. The kindergartner has her schedule of work l out for her, and in just so many weeks or months she must reach a certain point. The primary school is ready to receive her little charges there and she must not keep the machine waiting. Then there is another breakneck race to reach the point where the grammar school yawns. No matter whether the pupils are ready or not, the school is. Classes must be filled and the average in quantity must be kept up, whether the quality is or not. A few years further on there is the high school, and then the college. It would be an unspeakable state of affairs if the number of high school juniors or college freshmen were to drop below those of the previous year. The procession must be kept on the move at all hazards and costs. Possibly some day a prophet will arise and declare that sending pupils through institutions for education is not educating them; that a large percentage of our youth is over-schooled; that about nine-tenths of those who attend the high school should have stopped short in the grammar schools, and that the idea of making the whole educational system a pipe line for the university is wrong. Each stage of the journey should be made complete in itself. Less should be undertaken, and more accomplished. Instead of rushing pupils through the primary schools in order to fill grammar classes, half-teaching them, and trusting to luck that they will manage, somehow or other, to pick up the dropped stitches, the primary course should be as complete in itself and as thorough as though no child who passed through it would ever have another day's schooling. The grammar course should be conducted on similar lines. A large percentage of the grammar pupils will never enter the high school, and it is defrauding them of their rights that the grammar school should be made a mere contributory to the next step. The high school should not be a step to the university but an independent institution, and should be no more a mere preliminary to a college course than a college course is a necessary forerunner of business life. When the greater part of the work foisted upon the course of study by cranks and faddists is forgotten in less time than is spent in attempting to learn it, common sense would dictate that it be omitted entirely and the time frittered away be applied to the necessary branches without which no amount of nature study, clay modeling or other foolishness will avail.

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A Yoshiwara Function

Editor Town Talk: I have arrived at the conclusion, thus far on my travels, that the modesty of the feminine globe trotter is only skin deep. As we have learned to say in Japan, the morals of the seiyo-fu are a lacquer that may be laid, overlaid or removed at the will of the artist. Perhaps I should explain that the term "seiyo-fu" conveys to the Japanese understanding the idea of what he is pleased to call "European style." It is evident that the Japanese are not highly impressed with the "European style" of morality as it has been offered for their observation since Commodore Perry's sailors came ashore to teach the unmoral natives of Hondo how to behave in the manner of seiyo-fu. My own unlimited observation of the globe trotter as he trots through Japan confirms the Japanese opinion of the breed, although I disagree with the Japanese corollary that "if this is a specimen of the seiyo-fu, what must the society of those foreign lands be?"

I have just returned from a rare social function in the Yoshiwara of Kyoto. It is because of what I saw there that I have written the preface to this description, therein inferring that the modesty of the feminine globe trotter is an adjustable commodity to be assumed at home where modesty is at a premium and to be cast aside as a false pretense in Japan where we are expected to do as the Japanese do—a very convenient way of excusing the morbid and insatiable curiosity of woman, who in her globe trotting capacity would not hesitate to compromise herself in the effort to "see all that is to be seen." It had been publicly announced in the foreign hotels of Kyoto that on a certain day, "at the hour of the monkey" (three to five o'clock "seiyo-fu"), the ceremony of "Dochu no koto oyobi tsukidashi no koto" would take place in the Shimabara. In other words, it was made known to the guests of these hotels by the clerks that the demi-monde of Kyoto would parade through the Naka-no-cho or principal street of the Yoshiwara quarter. Not a woman of the globe trotting contingent missed the opportunity thus offered. I heard that one woman arose from a sick bed to be present at the unholy spectacle. I saw one young girl, not more than fifteen years old, in the crowd of foreign spectators—chaperoned by her globe trotting mamma, of course, but rapidly acquiring the wisdom that will soon enable her to chaperon mamma to places even more indecent than the Yoshiwara of Japan.

Sixteen women marched in the procession—that is to say, sixteen "oirans" or "queens" of the Yoshiwara were prominent in the parade. Preceding each oiran were four "shinzos." A "shinzo" is a child who has been educated for the loathsome trade of a "yujo" or courtesan of the higher class. At the side of each oiran walked a "kamura" or female page whose duty it was to adjust the queen's robe when it became disarranged. On the other side marched a man bearing an umbrella, which he held over the oiran to shade her bedaubed countenance from the too ardent heat of the afternoon sun. This procession required three hours to pass the enclosure where the foreign spectators sat. In that time the sixteen queens were supposed to place one foot before the other three hundred and sixty times—the pace, if the peculiar movement can be called a pace, being regulated to consume an interval of exactly half a minute for each step. To walk in the fashion of an oiran out on parade is an accomplishment to be acquired only by long practice. The oiran, it must be understood, is mounted on a lacquered "geta" or clog nine inches high. The feet of the woman are bare and she lifts the clog as she walks, by gripping a cord in the upper surface, with her big toe. As she lifts the geta she pushes it forward and sets it down with the toe pointing directly forward; then she pushes the other foot forward, but lays it at right angles with the foot already planted. The second foot is then turned out and the foot first put forward moves to the front in the same manner. This movement is repeated constantly and without the slightest variation throughout the procession. It is called in the vernacular of the Yoshiwara "hachimonji ni aruka," or "walking in the figure eight."

The dress of these women was gorgeous beyond the limits of my feeble descriptive powers. As I gazed upon that slowly moving pageant of Japanese vice I almost forgave the feminine globe trotters for their presence. Heavy silks massively embroidered in gold and silver depicted peacocks strutting in all the pride of outspreading tails, dragons coiled and twisted with golden scales glittering in the sunlight, tigers silver-striped prowling through bamboo forests, birds of every hue and species, and some that never flew on land or sea, animals possible and impossible, flowers to symbolize every phase of Japanese fancy, faith, and superstition—these were the moving pictures in that passing show of Oriental magnificence. The brocades over which these embroidered kimonos were worn were scarcely less gorgeous, and the obis or sashes were like a dream of Madame Solomon's trousseau in all its glory, for color and pile and cloth of price. It was noticed by the women of that foreign congregation that these obis were knotted in front, forming a great expanse of embroidered designs in arabesque, relief work and arbitrary floral arrangement. The obtrusive prominence of the obi in this position reminded me of an incident in an Oakland society woman's "Japanese evening," once upon a time not so very long ago.

It is related in the salons of the Oakland woman's dearest friends that the guests on the occasion of the Japanese function were instructed to wear Japanese costumes and each of these guests appeared at the house of the hostess proudly displaying the knot of her obi in front. Even the lady of the house did not know better until she was informed by her Japanese boy of all work, who on this occasion was "attending the door" and who went nigh into a fit every time one of his mistress's invited guests came through the portal.

"Why all lady wear obi this way?" the Jap asked, indicating the upper story of his stomach.

"Because it is the proper way to wear an obi," the lady rejoined, forgetting for the instant to whom she was talking.

"No proper way," the boy insisted. "Japanese lady no wear—Yoshiwara girl wear obi that way."

A great light dawned upon that Oakland society woman and it revealed a horrible dilemma. If she advised her guests to shift their obis they would want to know why the fashion had changed so suddenly; and if she permitted the guests to stay it out wearing their obis Yoshiwara fashion the scandal might be printed in the newspapers with the pictures of her respectable guests improperly attired and advertising themselves in a very improper manner from the Japanese point of view. It doesn't matter how

the Oakland society woman escaped, but it is certain that this is the first time the story of her misplaced obi knots has been printed.

The women of the Shimabara parade, thus glittering and bedizened, were truly hideous to contemplate. They were plastered an inch deep with white, pasty cosmetic; their eyes were blackened; their lips were stained with vermilion, a daub of vermilion extending from the lower lip almost to the chin; their hair was coiffured in the style called "Shimada"—a pyramidal coil flanked by two wings, the whole surrounded by a dozen or more tortoise-shell hair pins. I would warn the society ladies of San Francisco and Oakland who may think of masquerading in Japanese style on any fancy dress occasion, said women of course, being utterly ignorant of things Japanese or the reasons for such things, that it is not proper for a respectable married woman to wear more than one hairpin in her coiffure, unless she has been married more than once. Only the disrespectable women of the Yoshiwara are permitted to wear as many pins as their coiffure will hold. In Japan an unmarried woman of good character and reputation does not wear ornamental hairpins. The teeth of these frail beauties were blackened as was once the universal custom of Japanese married women. It is impossible to convey the impression that the display of these blackened teeth makes upon the observer who has just been dazzled by the truly Oriental magnificence of the kimonos of these women. Thoughts of the whited sepulchres, graves, worms and epitaphs and all the gruesome details of the death that is said to be the wages of sin obtrude upon the imagination of the man or woman who has shuddered at sight of the smiling oiran and the grinning "yujo" of a Japanese Yoshiwara. When this unclean and unsavory exhibition was ended the foreign visitors mingled with the thousands of Japanese who had crowded the quarter to see the show and went their way to their several jinrikishas declaring that "it was a disgrace to Japan!" What a smug, hypocritical, Pharisaical lot of Pecksniffian Tartuffians we foreigners are when we are abroad in foreign lands! I didn't see a blush on any of the cheeks of that foreign delegation in the Yoshiwara quarter. Even the cheeks of the unmarried women and that fifteen-year-old innocent were callous to the hue that flaunts the shame of a virtuous woman. In their own countries—anywhere in the Western nations—excepting the shameless city of Paris always—these women would not dare to visit a place like the Yoshiwara; and they will talk of this visit to the Yoshiwara of Kyoto only in the privacy of their homes to their most intimate and confidential female friends.

Notwithstanding my contempt for this sort of make-believe virtue, I must echo the universal sentiment of these globe trotting feminine censors of Japanese morals.

It was indeed "a disgrace to Japan!"

Kyoto, May, 1903. *The Wanderer.*

The Saunterer

A Chance for An Heiress

Here is an opportunity for a Californian heiress who would like to become the wife of an Italian nobleman and who would appreciate the honor of becoming the mother of a long line of scions of an ancient house. The Count Louis Primoli of the Palais Primoli, Rome, Italy, came to town the other day, and I believe that it would do him no injustice to state in his behalf that he is open to a matrimonial proposition. From what I have heard at the Bohemian Club, where the Count has been the subject of considerable comment, and of which institution he has been an honored guest, I believe that the Count is in this country on a fortune-hunting expedition. Though he is an ardent sportsman and a lover of big game he is intent on a diversion no more exhilarating than the conquest of a Californian girl with a handsome dot, for which he would be willing to exchange a title almost as old as the Vatican.

His Significant Inquiry

In justice to the Count Louis Bonaparte Primoli it should be stated that he has not consulted any matrimonial agency, and that the inference as to the object of his mission is due to an indiscretion in the Bohemian Club. He was introduced in the club by no less a personage than Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the State University at Berkeley, and therefore it must be assumed that he has come hither duly accredited. Scarcely had he found himself within the historic walls of that club than he summoned one of the servants and inquired whether there was within easy reach a printed list of the unmarried women of San Francisco which showed their financial rating. Now it is possible that the distinguished Italian nobleman merely wished to regale himself with some very light literature. Or perhaps, having heard that wealth regulated social status in America, he was anxious to familiarize himself with the personnel of our aristocracy. However the story of his inquiry leaked out, and he was duly credited with an inclination to capitalize his title for matrimonial purposes.

Why His Chances Are Slim

The Italian Count is very likely to find this a very dull market. Though the average Californian heiress loves a title as dearly as does the average American girl, the commercial instincts that she has inherited deter her from exchanging wealth for a bauble. The Californian heiress is not yet far enough removed from the workshop, the store or the soil. She is almost as much of a fortune-hunter as the average degenerate scion of a bankrupt nobility. She is not content with being the heir to a few millions, for in this age of great combinations of capital a fortune measured by seven figures is comparatively small. Hence the intermarriage of the children of our plutocrats who deem

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it expedient to multiply their inherited wealth. The Count Primoli will find that it is much easier to trap an heiress in the East than on this coast. Times have changed since the days when an Italian Prince captured the daughter of Mrs. John W. Mackay.

Braunhart's Excoriation of Gray

That paragon of civic virtue, little Sammy Pestiferous Braunhart, sometimes known as "Buggyrobe" Braunhart, took a jolt of nervine the other day and became courageous. He picked out a man his size, physically and intellectually, in the person of one Harry Gray, a troublesome street contractor who has made himself obnoxious to a large element of this community by ways that are dark, and upon him he heaped abuse of the most stinging kind. The exhibition of temper occurred at a meeting of a committee of the Board of Supervisors of which Braunhart is a member, and in the presence of several citizens and representatives of the press. Then and there Contractor Gray was denounced as an unprincipled rogue engaged in the practice of debauching public officials. He was told that he had thrived in business by corrupting Supervisors, and that he even then contemplated bribing members of the city's legislature. No man with any self-respect would submit to the vituperation hurled at the head of Harry Gray by S. Pestiferous Braunhart, but the contractor stood for the excoriation, and then quietly withdrew without seeking to exculpate himself or branding the charges as false.

No Inquisition Demanded

It was a pitiful exhibition of humility on the part of a man who is somewhat pretentious in a social way, and who belongs to one or two of our clubs, the privileges of which are popularly supposed to be reserved for gentlemen. Fortunately it is a flexible standard by which gentlemen and blackguards are differentiated in local club circles, and therefore that line is not strictly drawn against men who permit themselves to be put on record as cads, suborners of perjury, corrupters of public officials, and bounders. It was moreover an astonishing episode, and the light manner in which it was passed over by the dailies bespeaks the decadence of civic virtue as well as the blunting of the community's sense of morality, for despite the rottenness of municipal politics, and the frailty of our public servants, indictments of that sort are not presented every day. Here was a public official boldly proclaiming a man to be guilty of a crime punishable by a term of years in the penitentiary, and yet not one paper demanded that the Grand Jury institute an investigation into the charges thus publicly made.

Gray's Significant Silence

Though Sammy P. Braunhart is a somewhat irresponsible individual, afflicted with the holier-than-thou mania, it is incredible that he is so utterly devoid of a sense of responsibility as to publicly charge a man with felonious practices were he not prepared to produce the proofs if called upon. He is a Supervisor, and he has been a member of the State Legislature, and therefore he is a man of some standing in the community. It is not likely that he would deliberately slander a man, since he could be prosecuted both by criminal and civil action. Gray's conduct on the occasion when the charges were made was almost tantamount to acquiescence, and unless he seeks vindication in court the inference will be that he does not dare to do so. It is bad enough to be charged with being a crook, but ignominious indeed is the plight of the man against whom a Braunhart utters the accusation, and upon whom discretion enjoins silence.

Why Schmitz Is Objectionable

When the carmen had their strike in this city some months ago Mayor Schmitz was regarded as the friend of the union, and unquestionably his attitude at that time was largely responsible for the speedy settlement of the differences between the strikers and the United Railroads. He hasn't done anything since to arouse the distrust of the Carmen's Union, and yet the representatives of that organization would not be satisfied to have him as the umpire in the event of an agreement to submit the differences that are now the subject of controversy, to formal arbitration. The matter was under discussion some days ago, and the union's representatives said they would be satisfied with Circuit Judge Ross, Chief Justice Beatty, ex-Governor Gage or Garret W. McEnerney. It was intimated to the labor leaders that Mayor Schmitz would like to be put forward as their choice. They sneered at the suggestion, and one of them said by way of explanation, "We have no desire to put Abe Ruef in the way of making a one hundred thousand dollar fee." The fact is that the labor leaders representing the Carmen's Union object to augmenting the political prestige of Mayor Schmitz. They are identified with the Michael Casey faction of the Labor Party.

He Rebuked Roosevelt

General Charles F. Humphrey, who was recently promoted to be Quartermaster-General of the United States Army, and who passed through this city the other day,

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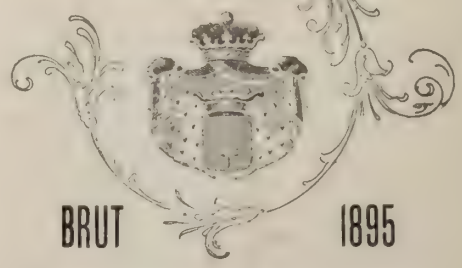

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has the distinction of being one of the few men who ever publicly rebuked Theodore Roosevelt. One evening during his short stay in this city he was twitted about the incident while supping with some friends after the theatre, and he said that the President was always amused when reminded of it. It occurred at Santiago when the United States forces were being disembarked from the transports. Roosevelt was lieutenant-colonel of the First Volunteer Cavalry, known as the Rough Riders, and he was one of the first officers to disembark. In his zeal to move towards the front, he became very officious and annoyed General Humphrey, who was in charge of the Quartermaster's Department. When he could stand it no longer General Humphrey turned upon Roosevelt in an angry manner, saying, "Look here, you tin soldier, everybody knows you have a fine regiment. If there was any doubt about it the illustrated newspapers would speedily dissolve it. But I don't care a blank, blank about all the bad men and great fighters in your regiment. I don't intend to help them to get a smash at the Spaniards a moment before the rest of the army is turned loose. So chase yourself and let me run my end of this business in my own way." That Roosevelt bears no resentment is evident from the fact that he appointed Humphrey to the position of Quartermaster General. It is said that when he sent in the appointment he remarked, "I guess I've got the old man now where he won't talk back."

"She is a symphony in curves from head to foot."

"How do you know? You speak as though you've seen all of them."

"Well, I think I have. I've seen her revealed above the diaphragm in a ball-room costume, and I've also seen her in a bathing suit at Monterey."

A McNab-Phelan Split

While the work of harmonizing the Republican party goes smoothly on, factional strife continues to rage in the Democracy. Internal Revenue Collector Lynch, who has undertaken the task of mending the Republican machine, promises to make a very good job of it, but chaos still reigns in Democratic circles, with the prospect however of satisfactory reorganization being achieved by James H. O'Brien and his associates. The disintegration of the Phelan-McNab element is rapidly approaching the end. McNab has not been able to hold even his own faction together. A split has occurred in the forty-second district, and the other night there was a fight for supremacy. One faction, controlled by the Mahoney brothers, who hope to elect ex-Police Commissioner Mahone to the Mayoralty, made a bitter fight against the henchmen of McNab led by Jasper McDonald. The O'Brien reorganizers took no hand in the scrap, having decided to let the McNab-Phelan minions fight it out among themselves and extend the breach. The Mahoney faction won the battle. The Mahoneys have always been identified with the Phelan wing of the Democracy, and their present attitude toward McNab is significant. It is said to be due to the fact that McNab has objected to D. I. Mahoney becoming a candidate for Mayor.

Melone's Other Son

In the death notices of Drury Melone it was stated that he had but one son, the other having died some months ago. The fact of the matter is that Melone had another son, now nearing forty years of age—the offspring of his first marriage. Howard Drury Melone is his name. He entered the University of California with the class of 1891, but failed to graduate. He dropped back from class to class and finally dropped out without a degree. His father contributed nothing to his support and he was estranged from his mother and seemed a most friendless youth. He was a tremendously big fellow, being six feet four when he stood up straight. When last heard from he was living somewhere in Humboldt county, where he had been the hero of a romantic love affair.

Dr. Hemphill's Courtship

Apropos of the Melones I am reminded of the courtship of the Rev. Dr. John Hemphill of Calvary church shortly after he came to this city and prior to his marriage with Mrs. Coghill. The rumor had spread among his parishioners that their young and handsome pastor was paying court to the daughter of a godless man who conducted a public resort which, horrible to relate, was kept open on the Sabbath. They referred to Miss Woodward, daughter of the proprietor of Woodward's Gardens. When Papa Woodward heard what the church people were saying he became very indignant, and decided that the clergyman should no longer visit his house. Meanwhile, however, Miss Woodward had fallen in love with Drury Melone and she married him.

Mrs. Nuttall to Entertain

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall and her mother, Mrs. Rosenstock, have just returned from an extended tour through the East. I hear that Mrs. Nuttall intends to entertain quite extensively the coming season, and with the large fortune she inherited from her father she should cut a wide swath. Mrs. Nuttall is one of the most cultured women in society. She is a brilliant conversationalist and can talk on any subject from Sandow to Sanscrit. Notwithstanding her preference for Christian society she is still loyal to the religion of her race and has done a great deal for it in a philanthropic way.

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Sample Smart Set Wit

Ethyl Hager and Addison Mizner enjoy the reputation of being the two wittiest people in the smart set. Therefore their conversation is always listened to with a great deal of attention, and no doubt they find it very hard to live up to their reputation though the things that pass for smart in the smart set are not always samples of genuine wit. A little characteristic conversation was heard on an Oakland boat last Monday when Miss Hager and Mr. Mizner were returning from a house party at the Rudolph Spreckels's. Miss Hager was garbed in a long, tan-colored ulster with a huge white tulle bow at the back of her neck and an immense red hat that looked like an awning. Mr. Mizner wore a tan ulster too, and a cowboy hat. They were the most conspicuous couple on the boat, and their comments on their fellow passengers were not carried on in subdued tones. A woman in a thin white shirtwaist minus a jacket was the first to engage Miss Hager's attention, and she remarked the inappropriateness of such garb for traveling, apparently oblivious to the fact that large tulle bows and red hats were equally a solecism on such an occasion. A woman in mourning prompted Mr. Mizner to suggest that they would probably be treated to a dissertation on death. Then he complained about the pie that he had eaten. He said that it was kicking up a rumpus in his little insides and that he would expire if he didn't have some whisky. Thereupon Miss Hager reached into her grip and produced a silver flask with the remark that the bottle was all right but she feared the whisky was bad. However Mr. Mizner helped himself quite generously. Later on Miss Hager said something so funny that Mr. Mizner almost exploded with laughter and he said that if she didn't stop he would burst. "And if I did," he said, "think of what a mess I would make."

Prognostications Social

Conflicting despatches have reached San Francisco from London and New York about the future movements of Mrs. "Tessie" Oelrichs. One gives the news that Mrs. Oelrichs will spend a long season in London with her friend Mrs. Stuve Fish, and will give some functions there that will make the Londoners sit up and take notice. The other tells us that Mrs. Oelrichs is coming to San Francisco to stay awhile. Nothing in the latter despatch is said as to whether Mrs. Oelrichs is to startle us with some original functions. Presumably she is willing to leave the field of sensational social functions in San Francisco to Miss Ethyl Hager and Lansing Mizner. Miss Hager, by the way, is expected to wake up Del Monte this summer. It is considered a great card for Monterey that San Francisco's most original bachelor maid decided to spend her summer there this year. It used to depend on Hermann Oelrichs to keep matters moving lively at Del Monte. His absence left the field open to any comer. He has been taking the waters in Europe but will return in a few weeks.

The handsome building being erected by Kelly & Liebes at the juncture of Post and Kearny streets has advanced to a point at which it shows the extent to which this firm has gone to surpass all others. The interior decorations and facilities for display of goods will be uniquely beautiful, and one of the most interesting events of the fall will be the formal opening of this magnificent structure on September first. Mr. Philip Liebes and Mme. Lucile, who will manage the millinery department, are traveling in Europe to prepare for the event.

President Theodore Roosevelt's wine is Ruinart.

Salmon Fishing at Del Monte

William Black's novels, in which salmon fishing is described, are the popular reading matter at Del Monte just now, and Professor David Starr Jordan's fish lore is also freely drawn upon for information. No one would ever have fancied that salmon fishing would drive other sports into temporary background at Del Monte, but such is the case. Large catches are daily reported. E. Avery McCarthy and Jimmie Archibald made the prize catch of salmon on Monday. During the morning hours before half past ten they landed ten fish, the smallest being about fifteen pounds and the largest about thirty pounds. They were all taken with a fifteen ounce rod and a linen line, requiring from fifteen to twenty minutes to land each one. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Horace Platt, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Wise and E. J. Tobin are among those now at the hotel.

"That must have been a horse on somebody in the lower regions."

The speaker was Old Soak. The time was 5:20 Thursday morning, just as the latest temblor was disturbing the beauty sleep of San Francisco.

"I wonder who was stuck," said the bartender who was mixing a cocktail for Old Soak.

"Judging from the shock it must have been on the house. Satan always was a hard loser." And Old Soak gulped it down.

A Killing Threatened

These are troublous times in the *Examiner* office. A slender little man with a significant nose, a hypnotic eye and an important air pointed a finger at a fellow journalist in the seclusion of the editorial sanctum the other day, and in sepulchral tones announced in a most solemn manner that he believed certain things had been said about him, that if he found they had been said he would kill the man that said them. Incidentally he expressed the suspi-

cion that the short, stout man he was addressing was the guilty party. Now the sanctum of the short, stout man has the appearance of an arsenal, and whenever the occupant hears the familiar tread of footsteps that sound as though the stepper were practicing a gait suitable for halls of legislation he reaches for a gun and becomes alert. There is likely to be something doing in the *Examiner* office at any minute. The staff is in a state of feverish expectancy with Mr. Carvalho, the harmonizer, some thousands of miles away.

Congressman-elect Livernash returned to town unexpectedly some days ago. He had started out to gather statistics on labor topics, intending to go all over the country. But he changed his mind before reaching Ogden.

One Engaged, Another Married

The announcement of Edith Findley's engagement to George Gardener occasioned a deal of surprise because it was believed that their romance ended some years ago. The probability is that Mr. Gardener followed the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed," etc. The wedding of Miss Alice Findley and Captain Cloke in Sausalito was a very pretty affair, and was attended by a large number of friends of the young couple. The bride wore a beautiful wedding gown, the gift of her sister, Mrs. Frank Lusk. The Findleys were at one time very rich, and though they suffered reverses of fortune their popularity was never impaired.

The Chivalrous Lynch

Some of the Bohemian Club men are talking of giving a dinner to Jere Lynch, the Egyptologist, to testify their admiration for the chivalrous manner in which he thrashed an offensive fellow who indulged in insulting language in the presence of a woman. The impulsive Jere has been hailed a hero in Bohemia since the news got out that he is a man of muscle as well as of brains. The bath-house incident showed that he is as aggressive as ever, and ready at all times to prove his chivalrous devotion to the fair sex. I hear that he almost drowned the man that he thrashed.

One of the gushing society writers for the daily press, in dishing up a wedding last week, remarked that the bride was married "in the same room where her mother became a bride twenty-five years ago." The bride, by the way, having already passed the thirty-milestone, I wonder how her parents took that pleasantry?

Philip Liebes sailed on the Deutschland, June fourth, for Europe.

The Eppinger Family

"Jake" Eppinger, whose failure of last week has been the talk of California from San Diego to Siskiyou, is an example of a man who has made his way in the world by simple horse sense. Many years ago he opened a little general merchandise store in Dixon, where he sold everything from collar buttons to steam threshers. Those were the times in California when wheat was as good as gold, and among other things Eppinger began buying wheat. At this time he soon showed himself to be exceptionally shrewd and it was not many years before the little town by the railroad track was too small for the rising grain merchant, and he transferred the scene of his activities to this city, with even more wonderful results. It was not long before he was recognized as one of the leading buyers of the coast. Up to the time of the failure his notes were as good as bank paper in Dixon. There is little love lost between several wings of the Eppinger family; several of the members do not speak to each other. Two of the daughters of Herman Eppinger are married to the two Stone brothers, the big dairyman. A third, "Dick," married Dr. Sharp. Mamma Sharp has loads of money, more than the Eppingers were supposed to have in their heyday. She fitted up the young couple with a handsome dove cote and with enviable nuptial gifts. Dr. Sharp embraced the faith of his wife after his usual ardent fashion and now he is the marvel of her relatives for he is the only member who is a constant attendant at the Saturday services at the Temple. The other daughter, Julia, is unmarried. All of these enjoy prominent places in society. It is to another branch of the diversified family that the Maud Eppinger belongs who married Ferguson, the race horse man; likewise the genial Peck, who splurged so heavily as a bookmaker shortly after his marriage with the widow of a theatrical manager.

Mme. Lucille, the well known milliner, sailed for Europe June ninth on the Kronprinz Wilhelm.

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Webster a Benedict

As soon as the news of Fred Webster's marriage was disseminated, Society exclaimed, "What will Jennie Blair have to say about it?" For the general impression has prevailed for some years that when a certain obstruction was removed, the Titian-haired heiress would wed the Country Club's ex-president. Fred Webster was known to be a devout admirer of Miss Blair, and the latter was believed to be in Barkis's state of mind. But—the but in this instance, as the tale went the rounds, was that Mr. Webster was deterred from marriage by certain bachelor complications that might lead to a sensational denouement. But as he was married last Tuesday, Mrs. Grundy should retract some of the spicy yarns which she put into circulation. But Mrs. Grundy never retracts. She prefers to guess again and formulate new theories.

Of the Artist Fraternity

Mrs. Fred Goodwin, who is visiting in California with her husband, formerly lived here. The Goodwins have a beautiful home in New York opposite Central Park, where they entertain in ultra-bohemian style. They know all the actors, singers and artists who are worth knowing and the stars delight in the informal receptions where Mrs. Goodwin is the hostess. She has given some very original functions. One, I remember, was an American Indian dinner, where the guests appeared in costume, and at which all the appointments were of Indian manufacture.

Mrs. Jackson has gone abroad, taking her youngest son, Raymond, with her. They expect to be on the continent about eight months. Raymond is, I believe, the only unmarried son of Colonel J. P. Jackson. He is a nice boy and very devoted to his mother, who has been ill a great deal lately.

Not Robert, But John

The June *Sunset* makes Geraldine Bonner the daughter of the late Robert Bonner of New York, owner of blooded horses and the *Ledger*. Miss Bonner's father, in truth, was not the Gotham millionaire but plain John Bonner, journalist, without the frills. It was her constant companionship with her father and the aid she rendered him in his writing, that inoculated Geraldine Bonner with the literary virus. She had the talent, inborn, but it is not likely that she would have chosen a writer's career had it not been for her environment. Related to the rich and exclusive New York Bonners and eligible to the best society of San Francisco, the natural career of Geraldine Bonner would seem to be that of a society butterfly. But she chose differently, and well for herself and California, for she ranks among our three best women authors. She is a fine scholar, having had the benefit of French study with her father, who lived some years in Paris and spoke, read and wrote French with Parisian fluency. Mr. Bonner was an editorial writer on the *Call*, and also did other special writing during his residence in San Francisco. When in New York he occupied an editorial position on *Harper's Weekly*. It may have been her father's influence with Eastern publications that first, as I have heard it hinted, secured his daughter an opening in the New York magazine world. But Miss Bonner's work would have won recognition without any "pull" of that kind. Her "Boulevardier" tales that appeared some years ago in *Vogue* were charming, and her novel, "Hard Pan," is a simple but wholly truthful picture of San Francisco life.

Going to Her Venetian Home

Grace Llewelyn Jones is contemplating another visit to Venice this winter, where she purposes to remain indefinitely. The Jones's Venetian home is the old Sebastian Cabot casa and is one of the quaintest and most picturesque buildings on the Grand Canal. Miss Jones lived for years in the old Italian city, where she mingled a great deal with the people, adapted herself to their customs and manners and gained valuable material for her book, "An Historical Fantasy of Venice." Her feeling for Venice and Venetian customs amounts almost to adoration, and it is said that when the news came of the destruction of the Campanile she was completely prostrated. When a fund was started for its restoration she was the first to respond, and worked unceasingly until she had collected a handsome sum for the purpose.

Distinguished Britishers Coming

The Right Honorable Viscount Dupplies, only son and heir of the Earl of Kinnoul, is among the many distinguished globe trotters headed this way. I have received the news from Dr. Charles T. Abbott, lately of this city and now of Reno, Nev. He is a cousin of Lady Dupplies who is accompanying her husband on the trip. They are now in Australia.

When Bohemia Yawns

In spite of the fact that hundreds of men have looked at Aitken's beautiful and amorous statue "Art Lured by Bohemia" in the Jinks Room of the Bohemian Club, it took Nicholas Murray Butler, the clever President of Columbia, to put a new interpretation on the exquisitely languorous figure. He interpreted it as showing that Bohemia was yawning at the length of his remarks, and so laughingly cut short what is considered one of the cleverest speeches ever made within those famous walls. By the way, President Roosevelt wrote a letter to Mr. Phelan expressing

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his regret that he was unable to be at the club the night of the informal jinks. He said that he had been told what a fine time the others had and he really regretted having missed it. The letter will be framed and made a part of the heirlooms of the club.

Questioning the College Czar

There is a nice, dignified little contest, the outcome of which is fraught with the greatest importance in the management of the University of California, now going on in the ranks of the faculty of that institution. Aligned on one side are President Wheeler and his staunch supporters, on the other side are Garret McEnerney, Father Yorke, and a number of regents who want "to see a change in the way certain things are being conducted." This interesting difference started several months ago in the dismissal of students "Doc" Woods and Rob Ross from the college. They were caught "rushing" rival classmen. Under the astute system of "passing the buck" adopted by Prex Wheeler their cases were taken up by a standing committee of his appointment. If a report of this committee proves unpopular he can stand from under the avalanche of odium and let the members take the consequences; should it prove popular he can blushingly step into the limelight and claim the honors.

Modified the Unpopular Report

In the present case the report of the committee in favor of the dishonorable dismissal of the culprits proved unpopular. Not only was the punishment deemed too drastic but both lads happened to have influence above the ordinary. Garret McEnerney championed young Wood's case and made such a strong showing that Prex Wheeler thought it prudent to come out of the timber and explain publicly that final action had not been taken on the case as he had not passed on the report. Taking the tip that the committee had worked on the unpopular line and that he had a chance to display the "magnanimous," he modified the report so that the "dishonorable" part of "Doc" Woods's dismissal—the part which barred him from the universities of the land—was withdrawn and his name was simply dropped from the college register. This change allows Woods to return to a university and he is now preparing to enter Columbia. The case against Rob Ross was not so strong and he is now back at college.

Lined Up for Another Contest

However, as I stated above, this round between the head of the institution and several of the regents was simply the skirmish of what is destined to prove a contest of some consequence in the management of the university. The second line-up in the matter occurred the other day. A decade ago there was a man who occupied quite an important position, outside the faculty, among the officers of the institution. He passed away several years since, leaving two daughters. His friends thought it would be a good thing to give one of these daughters a place on the pay-roll of the college so she was provided with a position in the library. The other day, without any explanation, President Wheeler dismissed her from the place. And now Garret McEnerney and Father Yorke have taken up the matter and demand the why and the wherefore. They claim that President Wheeler has no right to summarily dismiss an employe in that fashion without preferring proper charges, and that those same charges must be regularly passed upon by the Board of Regents before action is taken.

In Awe of the Ax

Wheeler, on his side, claims that when he accepted the office of President of the university it was stipulated between him and the regents that he should reserve the power to summarily dismiss any one from the university without question. Certainly he has been dismissing instructors and professors right and left without a by-your-leave, as if he were the Czar and never doubted his power. Garret McEnerney, Father Yorke and a number of other regents were appointed after this alleged power was granted Prex Wheeler. They never subscribed to it; they don't believe in it when a competent Board of Regents is at hand to deal with just such questions. Hence the nice, dignified little contest that is going on. Of course if the opposition wins and Prex Wheeler loses, a vital blow will be dealt to his system of managing the big institution. Many a professor and instructor living in hapless terror of the decapitating ax in his hands will steal through the Berkeley oaks with some show of tranquillity, knowing that the Board of Regents will at least give him a chance of a run for his learning.

A Talented Beauty

An interesting figure in artistic circles is Mrs. Mary Mott-Smith Bird. Besides being a beautiful and well-gowned woman, Mrs. Bird is more than ordinarily endowed with talents. She plays exceedingly well on the piano, sings French and German songs with remarkable sympathy and expression, paints miniatures and models in clay. Late-

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ly she has taken up jewelry designing and has already turned out some exquisite ornaments in jade. Being possessed of quite a fortune she is not dependent upon her work for a living. She is a member of the wealthy Mott-Smith family of Honolulu. With her possession of wealth naturally goes an independent disposition. Mrs. Bird's spirit was shown in the manner she treated the directors of the Hopkins Institute at the late exhibition. They refused several of her miniatures which were sent in, and Mrs. Bird resented the criticism on her work in an unusual manner. She went to the gallery where the accepted few of her miniatures were on the wall, and took them away with her. Her independence was loudly applauded by other artists who would have liked to do the same, but didn't dare.

She Jilted a German

It is gratifying to our patriotism to know that Miss Lida O'Brien, whose marriage with Lieutenant Rittler of the Fifteenth Infantry is to take place here on June twenty-fourth, has preferred the United States army to that of Germany. Miss O'Brien, who is a beautiful and vivacious brunette from Southern California, has already been the heroine of an incipient romance with a young German officer. Two or three years ago she went abroad to study music, and while at Berlin met a young German who wore the brass buttons of the Kaiser. The courtship which followed was flowery and Teutonic and the German's ardent wooing resulted in an engagement. Shortly after she returned to this country, and to San Francisco, where she lived at the Bella Vista. In about a year the German officer got leave of absence of sufficient length to give him a flying visit to this country. His Mecca of course was San Francisco and the object of his visit was the charming young Californienne. The man, however, who had seemed a fascinating war-lord in Berlin, against an American background, and in comparison with American men, appeared to be a plain and rather unattractive foreigner. The American girl's coldness became apparent. She had changed her mind. After some weeks of futile pleadings on his part he found that his case was hopeless and returned home. This summer at Monterey Miss O'Brien became engaged to the officer of the United States army. She belonged to a set of girls in San Diego of whom a number are to be army wives. Miss Mabel Gassen was recently wedded to Captain Adrian Fleming, and the engagement of Miss Gerichten has just been announced, to Captain Scott, of the Artillery.

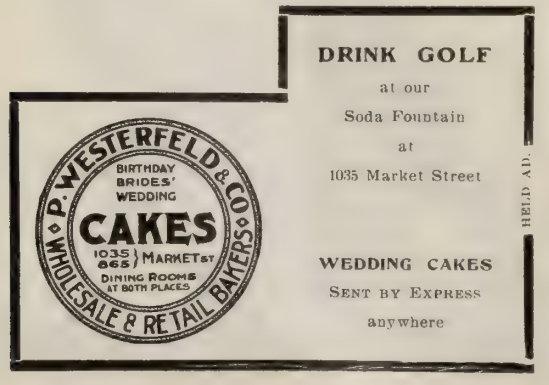
How His Insomnia Was Cured

The election of Dr. Coyle to the moderatorship of the General Assembly has jogged the memory of members of the First church of Los Angeles as to how Dr. Coyle threw them down a couple of years ago when they were looking for a pastor. Dr. Coyle wrote to the church that he was suffering from insomnia and simply could not stay in Denver, and asked what inducements they could offer him to come to First church. The members wanted Dr. Coyle and wired their terms, to which he replied by wire that he would leave for Los Angeles the next week. At the prayer-meeting that week the reverend gentleman told the members of his church that he was going to leave and they forthwith raised his salary. Needless to say he did not go to Los Angeles, and he has not been troubled with insomnia since.

The announcement in Los Angeles last week of the engagement of Miss Belle Coulter and John Posey, while it was not unexpected by a few intimate friends, was a surprise to the social set generally. Miss Coulter is the daughter of a well-known merchant, and the granddaughter of one of the Los Angeles pioneer preachers, the Rev. B. F. Coulter. Miss Coulter has been reared more strictly than most girls. She was not allowed to visit the theatre and when at school was not permitted to dance. John Posey is the son of O. P. Posey the millionaire mine owner, and is interested with his father in valuable mining properties. Mrs. Posey is one of the most prominent women in Los Angeles society.

Thought Gaffey a Brewery Man

Santa Monica has voted for a liquor license and killed off Prohibition for all time. Last Monday the question was decided and it was the day of days at the seaside pleasure ground. For the first time in the history of elections



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in the town the sisters, mothers and aunts turned out as a white ribbon brigade and worked all day at the polls in the interest of Puritas and other table waters. When John T. Gaffey, decked out in an ice cream suit and a fifty dollar Panama hat, passed into the election booth, the leader of the white ribboners asked John C. Wray, a well known politician and newspaper man, "Who is that flashy looking man?" When the information was vouchsafed that the man in the loud rags was Mr. Zobelein of the Maier and Zobelein brewery an impromptu prayer-meeting was called with its chief object John T., who has not yet discovered why he was the object of so much interest or why the ancient and honorable members of the white ribbon brigade scowled so fiercely.

President Pierce of the Los Angeles Normal School has issued an appeal for young men to enter the pedagogical profession. He says that there is a growing demand for men as school principals, also a steady increase in salaries. I am told that there are four hundred girls in the Los Angeles Normal School and only twenty-five young men. President Pierce consequently fears that the gentle sex is destined to monopolize the teacher's profession.

The Eccentric Burgess

Gelett Burgess is keeping up his reputation for inane eccentricities, according to latest accounts from the East. A few days ago he was invited to a country house on Long Island for dinner. When the lettuce was served Burgess surprised every one by gravely placing the leaves on his head. The hostess, who had never heard of the vagaries of the author of the "Purple Cow," was more astonished than any one at this extraordinary performance. "Will you tell me why you put the lettuce on your head, Mr. Burgess?" she queried. "The lettuce, did you say?" answered Burgess, "Oh, I beg your pardon, but I thought it was spinach." Burgess leaves next month for a short tour through Italy.

Captivated by Mary McLean

Burgess is to be accompanied on his trip by his sister and Miss Anna Strunsky, joint author with Jack London of the "Kempton-Wace Letters" which the Macmillans expect to be one of the sensations of the silly summer season. One of the daintiest bits of verse ever done by Burgess was inspired by the divine Anna. Just now, according to a private letter from the East, he is receiving most of his inspiration from Josephine Dodge Daskam in New York and Mary McLean of Butte, whom he has met in Boston. The irrepressible Mary has been writing essays in which Burgess has, so he asserts, discerned the spark of genius. Those that know the passionate, panting ways of the purple cowboy suspect that it is another kind of spark that interests him.

From Campus to Editorial Sanctum

Several months have passed since the day when James Nourse was appointed to the city editor's desk of the *Examiner*—"temporarily" as the wise ones said when they considered Nourse's extreme youth. The new editor, however, is still at his post and the possibilities are strengthened daily that he will hold his place permanently—if anything is permanent in the newspaper business. Nourse is among the youngest chiefs in the business, being in his early twenties, and it has been less than five years since he graduated from college. He is red-headed, ambitious and energetic and it is said that when he was out on the street he picked up more news, great and small, than any other man on the staff. His youth, however, was generally believed to be against him till he proved himself to be perfectly cool and adroit in emergency and to have his fingers constantly on the buttons which connect with public affairs. The fact that Nourse is a college graduate and acquired the rudiments of his newspaper education on a university paper overthrows the theories of the old-time journalists who still believe that a practical man cannot come off a college campus. About '97 Nourse was editor of the *Palo Alto*, the Stanford University daily, and associated with him were Will Irwin and Joe Timmons, both of whom have been editors of the same paper. It is interesting to know that these three men now occupy leading positions on the three San Francisco dailies, Nourse being city editor of the *Examiner*, Irwin Sunday editor of the *Chronicle* and *Timmons* assistant night editor of the Call.

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No Divorce Suit for Him

The sequel to that Delmonico lunch at which Francis Dunn, the erstwhile pedagogue from Berkeley, permitted himself to be separated from a precious diamond, is not to be as the tabbies predicted. Mr. Dunn is to be given a chance to mend his ways. His wife believes, I am told, that his boarding house experience is responsible for his wandering from the narrow path. I have frequently heard it asserted that boarding houses are filled with snares for the unwary female, but never before did I know that young husbands, too, are subject to the temptations that abound in those establishments where families mingle and gossips revel. Some people will be inclined to attribute Francis Dunn's fall from grace and the mess that he made of his adventure, to the manner in which he was reared. His father was a deacon of Calvary Presbyterian church and one of the old school of Calvinists who believe that children should be safeguarded from the evils that lurk in the theatre and that encompass the devotees of Terpsichore. Young Dunn's early life was shielded from all temptations, for his was a most puritanical environment. Probably his case presents a moral.

His Pyrotechnic Career

The escapade in which Dunn sacrificed a valuable diamond is simply one of a string of gem incidents in the life of that erratic chap. He was cut out for better things. With talents in his profession above the ordinary, he was at one time regarded as having an unusually bright future. He was one of the brilliant graduates of the U. C. and came out in the class of '85. He was given a fellowship. Pedagogy was his profession and the faculty of the U. C. was glad to employ him in that field. But Frank Dunn was never the sort of man to be contented in a subordinate position on the staff of a big university. Like Cæsar he would rather be first in a village than second in Rome. After a couple of years of instructing undergraduates he saw his chance. It was Peralta hall, that big caravansary that actor M. B. Curtis constructed between North Berkeley and the bay at the time he fathered the scheme to boom that section and clean up a hundred thousand on a land deal. The building had stood deserted for years, almost as Curtis had left it, so when Frank Dunn came along and made a proposition to lease the big structure with an option of ultimately buying it the dazed owners clung to his vestments till they had unloaded everything in sight on him. He had only a few hundred dollars of capital at the time and with that small sum he tied the big property to himself and started a preparatory school for the university. With his prestige in college circles and the influence he was able to command at that time the venture was a big success from the start and money began to roll his way. But with it there gradually developed a feverish tendency to keep the good round money rolling on its course in other directions. As head of one of the most successful preparatory schools in the State Dunn felt it incumbent on himself to support the dignity of his position with the adornments of good living. In course of time this included specialties in the line of hot birds and cold bottles and soon the corkage bills began to attract attention.

Married a McAllister

Soon after he graduated from the university Dunn married a McAllister. She is considered a beauty. Her mother and sister live part of the time at the country home in Marin county. When her husband started his preparatory school at Peralta hall Mrs. Dunn determined to help him all she could so she laid aside her finery, went into the school-room and took charge of a class of small pupils. Her action had a vivifying effect on the business of the school. The smart Southern set at once resolved to make it "the school" of their set. The new rich at once began a struggle to enter such exclusiveness and they sent their children to Peralta hall to be educated in its aristocratic atmosphere and acquire whatever social light might emanate from the presence of a McAllister. When the tide of rich Filipino youngsters began to set in this way looking for an education, they, too, hied straight to Peralta hall. This invasion, however, though it brought in a load of money, was one of the causes that injured the high exclusive standing of the school, for the smart set, though it may tolerate for the time the blonde colors in the nouveau riche, cannot abide anything with a dark skin be it from the Philippines or from Africa, so the Southern children by degrees were withdrawn from the place. Trailing after them of course went the scions of the nouveau riche. But Dunn balanced this loss by charging the Filipino parents fancy prices for tuition at his exclusive place. They stood for it like wards of the Republic, determined to buy at any price all the mother country offered in education. But when the war boom died away their fees began to fall off and Dunn was obliged to sell his school. It is said that in doing so he made a very fine deal.

Hamilton's Pen Picture

Edward Hamilton did a good piece of work when he wrote the plain, unvarnished truth about "the beautiful bandit queen," Docia Nolan, for the *Examiner*, and if that exceedingly moral journal will take the cue, and let is news columns conform to its editorial preachments a little oftener its inconsistency would not be so painful. It is this practice of glorifying the drabs, publishing their portraits idealized until they rival those of professional beauties, and expatiating on their grace, accomplishments and style, that

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does the mischief, not the reading of dime novels. There never was a dime novel written with the intention of glorifying crime, nor one that offered an inducement to any lad to follow the career of a highwayman, but there is scarcely a day that dawns that some creature of the half-world is not held up to the adulation and emulation of vain and ill-regulated girls, who imagine that the brothel and the tenderloin are literally palaces, once their doors are passed, and that their denizens revel in splendor and delight. The poor fools find out their mistakes by experience, and for the prodigal daughter there is no fatted calf or holiday garment. It is the women of newspaperdom, with their false sympathy and crocodile tears, who have been to blame for the exaltation of crime and criminals, and now that their hysterics and humbuggery are out of date, it is to be hoped that the men whose duty it becomes to report criminal proceedings will not be actuated by any silly and maudlin sentimentalism, but confine themselves to the same matter-of-fact descriptions which have been reserved for male criminals. Let the weak-minded girls learn to associate dirt, untidiness, foul speech and coarse, common features with the bedraggled plumage of these birds of the night. Let the pictures published be those from the rogues' gallery, where there is no pretty posing and retouching permitted, and while there is no need to lug in the spade when it is not needed, let us get into the habit of calling it by its proper name, instead of delicately hinting at "an agricultural implement." Precious few girls who read Mr Hamilton's description of Docia Nolan will have any desire to follow in her footsteps.

Parvenus in the Orient

My Far Eastern correspondent sends word that China, Japan and the islands of the South Sea are full of wandering Americans. Some of these are merely tramping millionaires adrift from their society moorings, striving in the distractions of travel to escape the ennui of unlimited wealth. Others are adventurers with a definite purpose. The millionaires are not very interesting except in the sense that they might serve to point a sarcastic moral for the sermon of a satirist; they are parvenus for the greater part, out of their province for the first time in their lives, and enjoying their outing as parvenus are in the habit of enjoying themselves—understanding nothing of the real purpose of travel, and paying exorbitant prices for everything their uninformed taste may crave. One of them—an eminent soap manufacturer of Chicago—tried to buy the furnishings of a Buddhist temple at Nikko, in Japan, the other day, and was not only surprised but somewhat indignant when informed that as the carvings and lacquers were ordered three hundred years ago by Ieyasu, founder of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shoguns, there was scarcely money enough in all the banks of Chicago to buy one splinter of the carved facade. The soap boiler might multiply this quotation by the number of similar fragments in the temple and base an offer for the purchase on the resultant sum.

Not Looking for Tigers

Charles Deering, a Chicago young man abroad in the Orient for the sole purpose of spending as much of his father's money as opportunity will permit, has "done" Japan and is now somewhere in the wilds of Korea. When he sailed on the *Siberia* from San Francisco last March, the *Chronicle* with its usual accuracy announced that the Deering outfit consisted of nineteen large trunks, and further that it was the intention of the ostentatious young millionaire to shoot some of the tigers of India. This is all wrong. The Deering luggage consisted of only nine large trunks and it is his intention to shoot at the leopards of Korea. If the Russians invade Korea during Mr. Deering's stay in that country he will move on to Shanghai where life is gay and dangers nominal.

She's Studying Japanese Art

Miss Katharine Ball of San Francisco has just finished "doing" Japan and will shortly perform a similar service for China. Miss Ball is the drawing teacher of the San Francisco school department, and an artist of more than ordinary ability. She has devoted her leisure apart from inspection of the "sights" recommended by the guide book, to a study of Japanese prints reproducing the best work of Kano Masanobu (fifteenth century), Iwasa Mathei (born 1578), Hana-busa Itcho, a great colorist of the seventeenth century, and the famous artist Okio who founded what is known as the Shijo or Naturalistic school, about the middle of the eighteenth century. Miss Ball is an enthusiastic admirer of Japanese pictorial and graphic art, but she is somewhat disappointed to find that the Japanese artist,

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owing to a lack of knowledge of anatomy, is unable to produce anything like an accurate drawing of the human figure. She also regrets that the modern artist of Japan is beginning to insist upon perspective. She fears that if Western ideas of art continue to invade the Japanese ateliers we shall be compelled to rely, eventually, on the tea-box artist for a correct delineation of Japanese scenery and Japanese genre.

Her Genius Unappreciated

Miss Ball's companion in her whirlwind tour of the Near East is Miss Bertha Runkle, the famous author of "The Helmet of Navarre." I asked Miss Runkle if it was her intention to write a book on Japan and China, and she answered that she didn't know—she had not yet decided. Genius is proverbially modest. Miss Runkle was probably surprised to learn that her masterpiece had not yet been translated into Japanese. I will say that the charming young author was annoyed at this dilatory appreciation of a work that *The Bookman* has lifted into an edition of "two hundred thousand copies," but I am sure that the literary discrimination of the Japanese went below par in the estimation of the woman who wrote "The Helmet of Navarre," when she was informed that the first novel translated from English into Japanese was that stupid romance, "Ernest Maltravers," and that the second work of this character to be reproduced in Kana was that silly biography of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I am informed by an eminent Japanese critic that one reason why Miss Runkle's novel has not yet been translated into Japanese is because the people of the country are still reading, with childish delight, the adventures of Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan, in Dumas' "Three Musketeers," which some of Miss Runkle's admirers say would have been a rank plagiarism of "The Helmet of Navarre" if Miss Runkle could have written it first. The same eminent critic says that Miss Runkle's book will probably be translated some day if it can be adapted to the requirements of Japanese literary taste and made to fit some historical incident. The circumstance that Miss Runkle has visited Japan and spent some of the money she has made out of the sale of her great novel will unquestionably operate to hasten this Japanese appreciation of her genius. It is doubtful, however, if the Chinese will be moved to the same purpose by the same grateful consideration.

The Reis's Are Bored

J. O. Reis and Mrs. Reis, of San Francisco, are "somewhere East of Suez"; probably studying the races at Shanghai. They undoubtedly prefer the Shanghai races to those they saw in Japan and Manila. If their expressions of disapproval concerning the Japanese are a criterion they will make but a short stay at Yokohama on their return to San Francisco. They are "temple tired" and the shops no longer amuse them. They are longing for the gauds of civilization, having surfeited of the gods of semi-barbarism in the Orient. Harry Gibbs, of Oakland, who is accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Reis on their semi-oriental tour, is completely ennuied with the effort that he has made to "see everything worth seeing." Gibbs has long since "cut out" the temple fad that seizes the tourist as soon as he has thoroughly mastered his guide book. He says that "when you have seen one temple, you have seen them all." He says that his observation of the Japanese confirms a preconceived notion that they are a nation of Gullivers striving to be a nation of Brobdingnaggians. Mr. Gibbs devoted at least three weeks to a close study of the Japanese. It is the opinion of Mr. Gibbs that the Chinese tailors are the cheapest in the world. As Mr. Gibbs expects to return to Manila in Government employ he is slow to wrath concerning the Filipinos.

Californians in Paris

"The Gus Spreckels's are very much in evidence in Parisian society this spring," writes a correspondent. "Mrs. Gus is by no means a leader in the American colony, but she is well liked and has been entertained more this season than ever before. Lily Lawlor is invited everywhere with them and keeps quite a salon at her elegant apartments on Avenue Victor Hugo. A tallyho party consisting of the Spreckels's, Miss Lawlor, Santos Dumont and two Russian princes was seen at Versailles recently, and was much admired. Lurline was dressed entirely in white with one of the chic new poke bonnets trimmed with white fuchsias. Mrs. Gus was a picture in blue mousselaine de soie, and looked young and girlish enough to be her daughter's sister."

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The Tobins may struggle their best to hide their talents under the toga of the law, the mantle of society or the blazer of the polo field, but those same diffident talents will insist on budding and blooming in other fields. For seasons past the gilded youths of the bay, Hobart, Baldwin, Carolan, Dunphy, the Blingum Band, have all visited Yosemite and each in his turn has essayed to tempt trout from the various streams dividing or emptying into the valley. Last year Hobart and three cronies tried it, but, like the others, all in vain. This year Joe Tobin and a troop of other good fellows went up into the valley to see what kind of a time President Roosevelt was going to have there. For several days he camped up in Little Yosemite during the snow storm then passing over the Sierras. He had heard the stories about the difficulty of catching trout but time, opportunity and desire were all in conjunction and he thought he'd try his luck. Whether it was the storm, or the Tobin mascot, or Joe's method of spitting on his bait, or whether the fish thought it was Roosevelt's hook and were determined to contribute to the valley's glad hand to the President, nobody knows, but the surprised Joe caught eighteen trout. *Voila tout,* Fortune showered. Coming down the trail whom should he pass but the President's party. As Tobin proudly tramped by, holding his handsome string of fish, Roosevelt exclaimed: "Halloa, trout! those are the first I've seen caught since I've been in the Sierras." "Well, Injuns are the only ones that mostly catch 'em hereabouts," ventured the guide. And Tobin, glorified, marched proudly down the trail conscious that the envious eyes of the head of the Republic were upon him—and his fish.

In San Jose

One of Washington, D. C.'s popular Episcopal clergymen is summering in California at the Vendome in San Jose. He has his family with him. Any number of well-known people are at the hotel this summer. Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton have arrived for the summer. Among the Oaklanders are Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mrs. David H. Jackson and Miss Katherine Jackson, who are visiting Mrs. Robert Colton, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Barker. Among the San Franciscans are Isaac Upham, the W. H. Demings, Mrs. E. M. Heller and family, P. Urmy, William Wehner and family, Miss Edna Brown, Mrs. Alex. Forbes, the C. C. Moores, George and E. W. Newhall. Charles A. Belden of New York, now at the Vendome, is a former Californian. The family of Beldens is well remembered here where Judge Belden was interested in San Jose and San Francisco realty. Alfred Holman and family have apartments for the season. Mr. Holman is the recent purchaser of the Sacramento *Record Union* and was formerly of Portland, Oregon and San Jose. He was at one time owner of the San Jose *Mercury.* When E. R. Folger came down with his wife and children he also brought his handsome span of bays. Miss A. G. Faries of Minneapolis is spending a season in San Jose while waiting for her brother, Captain Faries, now on his way home from the Orient on sick leave with his two children.

A number of distinguished people are at present in the Yosemite Valley, among them being Governor Pardee and Mrs. Pardee, all the Commissioners, who are holding their annual meeting, and the M. H. de Youngs. The fireworks bought for the President's delectation are to be used on these prominent Californians, since the prominent Easterners had such benighted tastes. The Roosevelt affair, however, will probably put an end to any such injudicious scheme as lighting the falls. I fancy that we shall hear of that no more.

The stork visited the Charles H. Farrells last week and left a little son. This is the first gift of the long-legged bird in this direction and the little heir naturally received a hearty welcome. Mrs. Farrell was Florence Julia Doane and she is very prominent in musical circles. Since her marriage she has not appeared very often at public concerts, but often sings at private affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Edwards of Victoria, B. C., are at Byron Springs. Other late arrivals there are Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Pike, Mrs. W. S. Gage, Madame Sorbier and Miss Cecile Sorbier, Mrs. John Cashin and Miss Cashin, Miss Voorman, J. A. Fairchild of Los Angeles, Dr. A. K. Crawford and Miss Trewgore of Oakland.

Mrs. Florence A. Moore and her son Jefferson Moore, of the Hotel Vendome at San Jose, have gone to the Lakes for a few weeks.

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MacArthur's Gay Staff

These are strenuous days at the Presidio. The coming of General MacArthur has changed things from what they were in the days of the rotund Shafter. Shafter, who was always attached to posts in the South and West, was not a man given to fuss and feathers. He was at heart very democratic, and looked upon the red tape of military life as simply a means towards an end. Not so with MacArthur. He considers gilt braid and shoulder straps essential features of militarism. He will have no man on his staff who is not possessed of independent means, and who has not the same open sesame to society. Consequently there is a deal of social gayety at the Presidio these days. The high-flyers that surround General MacArthur are the gayest of gay butterflys. Moreover the blood that courses in their veins is a very hot fluid, and life at this far Western post is today one long series of jinks—high and low. The officers comport themselves after the manner of real bloods intent upon painting things a deep vermilion hue. Some interesting stories have come my way about the informal functions that have taken place at the Presidio lately and that are not of the stag variety. Some of them border on what are commonly called orgies, and they have given rise to considerable scandalous gossip.

Back From the Orient

Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt, wife of Lieut. H. L. Roosevelt, U. S. M. C., was a passenger on the *Korea*, arriving Monday afternoon. Mrs. Roosevelt will be remembered as Miss Eleanor Morrow, daughter of Judge W. W. Morrow, who left here some eighteen months ago with her husband for the Philippine Islands. During her absence she has journeyed among all the Philippine Islands and visited the prominent cities of China and Japan. She will remain on a visit to her parents and friends for a few months.

Villon the Vagabond

From the feet of Master Francois Villon, "Prince of all ballad-makers," "Father of French poetry," Death has long since "washed the mire." No gray saint of his times has had such honor at the hands of immortal mortals and others of less fireful clay as has this golden sinner, this virtuoso without virtue; peccable as a man, impeccable as a poet. For instance: Swinburne, most musical of wordmen, greatest of living lyrists, made a ballad of him beautiful as one of his own. He is the subject of a fine sonnet by the Greek-loving Andrew Lang. Stevenson, the much loved joy-maker, wrote around him "A Lodging for the Night," and made a "familiar study of him under the caption, "Villon, Poet, Student and House-breaker." Master Francis is one of the most engaging of Gautier's "Grotesques." He is, as all the theatre-going world of San Francisco knows, the hero of "If I Were King," written by Justin Huntly McCarthy for E. H. Sothern now starring in this city. John Payne has done his poetry into English; a few of the ballads have been exquisitely translated by Swinburne, and for many tomorrow years will live Rossetti's matchless rendering of the "Ballad of Bygone Beauties," ladies of old time, not, after all, now with the snows of yester-year, but basking, beautiful as ever, in the eternal summer of song that does not fade.

The Patronage of the Gigged

I have often wondered why the world of Respectability, beauty-blind, riding rough-shod in its thousand gigs over the royal hearts of poets, should love so well these vagabonds of song, these ne'er-do-weel sons of Art,—your Villons, Verlaines and Baudelaires. I can readily understand Swinburne's being inspired to write the incomparable "Ave at que Vale" when songless sleep fell upon the dust-defying Baudelaire, whose poesie, a "consummate flower," was "fostered out of dung." But the tender attitude of the gigged is not quite so comprehensible. The explanation is, perhaps, this: Genius makes mediocrity mad with jealousy. When it stands upright, it towers out of reach of envious hands. But they who sit bolt upright in gigs flatter themselves that they can look down on those who sing in the gutter and get mud-splashed by passing wheels. In such case love for the poet is not incompatible with self-complacency. A few years back, in France, the refuge of artists, Death washed the mire from the feet of one whom smug Britain had bound and beaten with many stripes, and then sent out into the wilderness, a scapegoat for the sins of high society. Who among men has the art and the courage to sing the sad, bad, glad, mad name of Oscar Wilde?

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson and Maurice Dore returned early in the week from New York. They are at their San Rafael home for the summer.

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A Quiet Place

Scene, the hotel porch.

Mrs. Glib: "It's awfully slow here, don't you think?"

Mrs. Flirty: "Well, I should say so. Thank Heaven, tomorrow will be Saturday and the men will be with us. And then there's that dance in the evening."

Mrs. Glib: "Doctor Pill insisted on my coming to a quiet place to rest my nerves, but really I am quite frantic for a little excitement. I couldn't stand another week of this dullness."

Mrs. Trotter: "When we were in London—"

Mrs. Glib (watching Mrs. Grim who is working a sofa cushion): "That's a new pattern, isn't it? How do you do it? Is it hard?"

Mrs. Grim (folding up her work and putting it into a bag): "Awfully complicated. It's enough to put your eyes out." (Mentally): "She's not going to copy this design if *I* can help it."

Mrs. Glib (mentally): "Cat!"

Miss Fox: "Here comes that Denton woman. Looking for her husband as usual."

Mrs. Denton goes to edge of porch and calls, "E-li! E-li!"

Miss Fox: "I was just talking to Mr. Denton a few moments ago. He went down the bank when he saw you coming. Said he was going fishing."

Mrs. Denton (mentally): "I hate that old maid."

Mrs. Parvenu: "These must be dreadfully old buildings. So inconvenient. I am just *lost* without electric lights. At home, you know—"

Mrs. Trotter: "When we were on the Riviera—"

Mrs. Grim: "There's that awful Kidd child squalling again."

Mrs. Glib: "I don't see why people come to a hotel with a tribe of children. Home is the best place for them."

Mrs. Denton (calling her son): "Fred-die! Fred-die!"

Freddie (below): "Yes, ma."

Mrs. Denton: "Is your pa there?"

Freddie: "Yes, ma."

Mrs. Denton: "What is he doing?"

Freddie: "Nuthin'."

Mrs. Denton: "I'll go down and see. I am always so frightened when anybody is near the water." (Waddles off porch and down bank.)

Mrs. Sharp: "There goes that Mrs. Dash from the cottage. She has on her short skirt again."

Mrs. Prim: "What a scandalous rig! If I were to put on such a skirt as that Mr. Prim would—"

Mrs. Trotter: "When we were in Switzerland—"

Mrs. Flirty (yawning): "It must be near lunch time. I'm awfully tired of the cooking. I wonder what they will give us for lunch today."

Miss Fox: "Codfish. They always do on Friday."

Mrs. Glib: "Those people that came up from Fashion Springs yesterday said the board is better than they are getting down there. And there was a strike in the kitchen one day and the boarders had to cook their own meals. Here comes Mrs. Denton with Eli in tow."

Mrs. Smart: "She never lets him out of her sight if she can help it."

Mrs. Glib: "No wonder! The only man on the place except young Mr. Freshleigh, and the Fisher girl has landed *him*."

Mrs. Flirty: "I saw Mr. Freshleigh and Miss Fisher going for a walk this morning. They invited me to go along but I declined."

Miss Fox (mentally): "*That's* a whopper!"

Mrs. Trotter: "When we were in India—"

Chorus: "Oh, here comes the stage!"

Mrs. Flirty (mentally): "Two officers among the arrivals, and I just dote on shoulder straps! How lucky that I took the trouble to gown myself becomingly this morning! One never knows when one is going to have a chance of making an impression." (*Exeunt omnes.*)

—*The Impressionist.*

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Sore Throat and Inflammations of the Skin

The Etiquette of Train Wrecks

Train wrecks are becoming such commonplace occurrences to the California folk who travel that conventional people are asking one another what is proper to be done in the case of this or that emergency which is apt to arise in even the most trivial and harmless train wreck. Custom has given us a code of etiquette for the ballroom, the golf course, the horse show, but, unfortunately, until recently there has been no call for rules to govern gentlemanly behavior in train wrecks. Nevertheless, *Town Talk* has supplied this deficiency and prepared a book of rules which will enable the reader to slide down an embankment at Santa Barbara or to mingle with a head-on collision at San Mateo and yet comport himself with all the grace and dignity which would be his at a fashionable fete champetre, a reception or a cotillion. Following are a few sample extracts which will plainly show how valuable *Town Talk's* Book of Train Etiquette will be to the polite traveler of the future:

If, in the general debris, you should be thrown in the company of a lady passenger and should pick up her limb thinking it is your own, it is the conventional and delicate thing to exchange the member without comment, or if you deem a remark necessary, say something like, "Pardon me, madam, you have dropped something." If you wish to retain her friendship you might send a bunch of violets to her hospital on the following day.

Should the train hesitate suddenly and throw you into the lap of a debutante three seats ahead you should not take advantage of the situation and remain there. It would be best to unwind yourself and go in search of a mutual friend who would doubtless be delighted to introduce you.

Outing suits are proper for excursion collisions, toboggan coats for embankment slides and mourning for bridge accidents.

If, after the wreck, you should be encountered by a mere acquaintance, do not feel embarrassed because you are at the time standing on your head and gesticulating with your limbs. This attitude is quite proper under the circumstances, and, should you show self-consciousness, you would be but betraying your ignorance of the correct usuages. As your hands are otherwise engaged it is au tait to offer him your foot to shake. Should a lady acquaintance pass you would best not attempt to raise your hat.

In a head-on collision do not attempt to exchange cards with everybody you meet.

Never call on the conductor to stop the train. It is im-

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proper for one to call on one's inferiors.

A number of congenial people who are held down by the wreckage may, provided they are in the same set, while away the time pleasantly at bridge, dominoes or spin-the-plate. Pretty favors, consisting of court-plaster, bandages, ointment and arnica have been given at these little impromptu affairs which are often enjoyable.

Crutches are being affected much of late by the smart set in traveling. *—The Chesterfieldian*

The Seducers of Yosemite

By Elwyn Hoffman.

Much has been said in the public press regarding the turning down of the Yosemite Valley program by the President; but nowhere have I seen even one line commending him for his action, or criticising the Commissioners for their exhibition of vulgarity. The President's behavior was admirable; no other one thing done by him on his Western trip so marked him as a Man. Caricatured and lampooned as a ruffian delighting in brutal sports; attributed with almost an utter lack of all the finer feelings and sentiments, and supposedly a glutton for the "shouting and the tumult,"—the President, forbidding the insane illumination program and avoiding the conventionalized banquet, entered the Great Valley a giant among dwarfs. It is a sad commentary on Californians that a "rough rider" and a "slayer of innocent wild beasts" should come from New York to teach them how to respect and admire their greatest natural glory; to show them in what spirit men should enter the wonder-place of God and worship at the shrine of Nature. It was a noble exhibition of staunch simplicity, and however a man may disagree with Theodore Roosevelt's politics, for this he must admire him, and admire him sincerely, even though he must acknowledge, in the act of admiration, that he has been worthily rebuked.

And what shall we say of the men who made it necessary for the President to rebuke us? What shall we say of those into whose hands we consigned the Great Valley, believing them appreciative enough of its simple grandeur to keep it as Nature made it, and who have shown that they were so devoid of fine feeling that they thought bon-fires, and sky-rockets, and garish search-lights would add immensely to the beauty of God's handiwork? Indeed, from the strenuous efforts these gentlemen made to carry out their program, one cannot but feel convinced that they have about as much appreciation of Yosemite Valley as a cannibal chief has of the sacredness of a missionary's life.

In a recent newspaper interview Commissioner J. C. Wilson was quoted as saying: "If he (the President) had telegraphed me to push over El Capitan, I would have tried to do so." There is a fine spirit for you! What a nice regard for the glory of the Great Valley is evidenced by that remark! What a truly worthy guardian of our Yosemite is Commissioner J. C. Wilson. No doubt he would really have tried to "push over" grand old El Capitan; indeed, it is not too much to suppose that he would have chopped down the largest trees if the President had evinced a desire to see them fall, and would have esteemed it a great pleasure to put a charge of dynamite under the cliff from which descends the Bridal Veil Falls, to the glorious end that the Falls should be wiped out.

Every Westerner having a streak of manhood in him as thick, if no thicker, than the blade of a case-knife (and a large love of Nature is a part of manhood), ought to be sincerely ashamed and regretful that there are in the West such a flock of crows as the present Yosemite Park Commission. There may be one or two of the Commissioners who have some conception of the nature of the work which they were appointed to perform; but the majority seem sadly incompetent. If the recent exhibition is to be taken as a fair sample of how the Commission look upon Yosemite, it would be well for all true lovers of Nature, and all honest Westerners, to keep their eyes on the Commission and their hands on their guns. It will not do to trust too far gentlemen who believe that God has ordained them

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet."

Mrs. C. A. Gage has taken passage on the French liner *La Savoie* for Paris, where she will remain until late in September.

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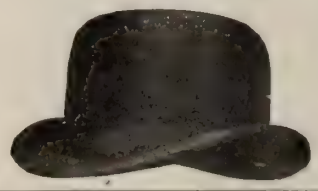

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Automobile Topics

That the automobile is rapidly growing in popular favor on this coast is evidenced by the enormous business that is being done by the chauffeurs whose machines are supplanting the back-number hacks and coupes. The people who have automobiles to rent by the hour are doing a thriving trade, so great is the demand by people who prefer the new style of vehicle. Many people have their first auto experience in a hired rig, and they usually like it so well that they proceed to make inquiries as to the cost of a machine and the expense of maintaining one. The town is full of prospective purchasers, and one day last week a single firm in this city—the National Automobile Company—sold five of their vehicles. And as popular as the automobile is in this city, greater is the demand for the motor vehicle in the interior. In San Jose there are fifty automobiles in use, and last week Mr. Snell of the Vendome decided to keep one on hand for the accommodation of his guests.

New Home of the National Automobile Co., 134-148 Golden Gate Ave. The Finest and Largest Garage in the West

As soon as people in general realize that the automobile has not only come to stay, but that it is to be universally used for commercial purposes as well as for pleasure, the autophobiacs all over the country will cease their pestiferous efforts to harass the people who are devoted to the promotion of the industry. Rampant legislation against automobiles is being and has been enacted in various states, and there has been considerable agitation to that end in California. It is wise to discourage reckless and irresponsible speeding, but an argument may also be made against unsafe animals and inexperienced drivers. A high-spirited horse that takes fright at the slightest unusual thing should be kept from the highways. That the auto car is destined to become the commercial vehicle of the future is evident from the commercial vehicle contest held last month. The fact was brought out conclusively that makers of pleasure vehicles are as capable of producing successful delivery vehicles, while the concerns which are giving their attention especially to delivery vehicles (outside of the heavy trucks) are still somewhat in the experimental stage.

Last week Mr. Edwin W. Stoddard of the Dunham Carrigan Company, and Phil Bekeart, the gun wizard, accompanied by their wives, took a pleasure trip to San Jose in the surrey which testifies to the Stoddard handicraft. The machine was built as an experiment by Mr. Stoddard who is a thorough machinist, and that it is a success there is no doubt in view of the run to San Jose and back without a hitch.

The motor car in military service has hitherto been used chiefly for transporting men and commissariat supplies and munitions of war, but there is now a movement on foot in France to utilize it for offensive operations. An armored car has been built in Paris.

The whiskey of the particular — Chapin & Gore.

Many society people have been making the run to San Jose and Del Monte. Among the local enthusiasts is Bertha Dolbeer, who was accompanied in her handsome auto last week by Miss Warren and Miss Wagner. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee have a beautifully tinted car in which they have made the run. H. B. Larzelere, F. A. Greenwood and C. W. Earle are enthusiasts who have made frequent trips to the Vendome.

The manufacturers of the steam vehicle have adopted a condenser and a kerosene burner, which obviate the necessity of stopping for water and overcome the disadvantage of the large fuel consumption.

Homer Davenport who is passionately fond of horses has become a convert to automobilism.

Honeymoon trips by automobile are becoming popular.

When Alice Roosevelt goes automobiling she wears a white duck tailor-made suit, a white hat, heavy gloves and white canvas shoes with large colonial buckles. —*The Automobilist.*

Miss Eleanor Haber, the clever niece of George Davis, manager of the Central theatre, is spending her vacation with her relatives in San Francisco. Miss Haber went to New York about a year ago to complete her dramatic studies. Though she intended to stay at her studies for awhile, David Belasco heard her read and approved her talent to the extent of putting her in "The Garden of the Gods" as understudy to Blanche Bates. But as Miss Bates was never ill, her understudy never got the chance to show what she could do. Miss Haber will return to New York in August.

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GIVE US A CALL BEFORE PURCHASING

TO THE LOT OWNERS OF CYPRESS LAWN CEMETERY.

San Francisco, June 6, 1903.

To the Lot-Owners of Cypress Lawn Cemetery:

In view of the so-called labor trouble at Cypress Lawn Cemetery, or rather of the boycott which certain labor unions have declared against the cemetery, I deem it but just to you all, as well as to the association, to state a few facts which bear upon the subject.

At the time of the demand for higher wages we were paying $2.25 per day, while other cemeteries were paying from $1.75 to $2 per day for the same work. The demand was that after April 1, 1903, we should pay $2.50 per day for nine hours' work, and a full day's pay for part of a Sunday or holiday, and that we employ none but members of the Cemetery Employes' Union.

On March 29th we had the following notice posted at the cemetery.

"To the employes of Cypress Lawn Cemetery: On and after April 1, 1903, the wages of men employed by the day will be $2.50 per day.

"Nine (9) hours will constitute a day's work. Men working any part of Sunday will be allowed a full day's pay.

"Our pay day will be on the 10th, as usual.

"E. B. M'PHERSON,
"Superintendent Cemetery."

This was entirely satisfactory to our employes.

On April 9th our superintendent discharged a man for using vulgar language. Soon after the association received a threatening letter from the Labor Council, and later a committee called on me and demanded that we take this man back to work, and that we compel three non-union men who were working at the cemetery to join the union. Two of these men have been in our employ for over ten years, and the other one for about two years, which fact alone should indicate to men of intelligence that they were faithful workers.

The committee was told that the men were at liberty to join the Union if they desired, but that I would not compel them to join if they decided against so doing. I certainly would not discharge them, as being an American myself, I believed they had a right to earn a living and support their families, whether they belonged to a union or not.

I fully believe that organized labor has done a great deal for the workingman and will at all times give it every assistance in my power, but I am unalterably opposed to organized despotism, and I will never consent that the President of the Hackmen's Union shall ever manage Cypress Lawn Cemetery.

To my mind I have conceded everything except the management of the cemetery itself. I claim and am certain that we know our own business best, and, therefore, propose to take no dictation from any outsider. I also claim and propose to exercise the right to employ such men as I deem will render us the best service, as Cypress Lawn Cemetery has only attained its present beauty and perfection by the employment of competent workmen selected by our management.

The burial of the dead is a sacred duty that comes to every one, in time, and it seems to me a sacrilege for labor to unite in unnecessarily disturbing these duties. It is, indeed, going a a step too far, and is an interference that must surely meet with your unqualified condemnation. Very truly yours,

H. H. NOBLE,
Mgr. Cypress Lawn Cemetery Assn.

Those hot days last week would have been unbearable to business men had it not been that a cool, refreshing drink was near at hand. Rainier beer was consumed by bottles and bottles, and proved a splendid antidote to the heat. Rainier is the most popular brand of beer on the market.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Jens Peter Mortensen, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Jens Peter Mortensen deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at Room 79 Chronicle Building, junction of Kearny, Geary and Market streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM, Administrator of the Estate of Jens Peter Mortensen, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 13, 1903.

CARLTON W. GREENE, Attorney for Administrator
Rooms 73, 76 and 79 Chronicle Building

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The famous Mark Twain play,

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Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

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Tonight, Last of the Splendid Sousa Opera, "EL CAPITAN"
Sunday Night, June 14th, and Every Evening Next Week, Matinee Saturday, the Fantastic Comic Opera,

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The Galley Slave

To work; to weep; to struggle; to endure;
To look through tears upon a life's mistake;
To feel forbidden pleasures tempt and lure;
To loathe the ties 'twere indiscreet to break;
To gaze upon the coffined corpse of love
With dry, hard eyes; to drain the cup of gall;
No help below, no hope from heaven above,
Just vacancy and numbness over all;
To have, to hold, to tire, and then, to hate;
To burn the heart out longing to be free;
This makes up life for that sad child of Fate
Who mourns beside a cold, dead ecstasy.

Mabel Porter Pitts.

MUSIC

'he Mantelli Concert

At Fischer's on Wednesday afternoon, Madame Eugenia Man-lli, late of the Grau Grand Opera Company, sang a very popu r program, in very popular style, rising at times into the realms f pure art. From Donizetti's "Favorita" to Wright's "Violets," ie audience was hers: she was literally pelted with applause, nd recalled with flattering frequency. However, more than once after her "Carmen" numbers, for instance) the hands of discrim-nating musicians were significantly mute. There was about the inger just a faint suspicion of the air (detested of artists) of one nder the necessity of making concessions to the prevalent taste r rather, lack of taste. In the "Du bist wie eine Blume" of Ru-instein, where there was perhaps least concession, there was a omething lacking in artistry. Mr. Walter Pyck accompanied ith much sympathy, and his rendering of Beethoven's Sonata athetique Adagio showed a fine appreciation of the great master.

The performance of Pietro Mascagni's "Zanetto" at Fisch-r's by Madame Eugenia Mantelli, Miss Julie Cotte and others ext Thursday afternoon will be an event of much interest to overs of music. The operetta will be put on in fine style. Popu-ar prices will prevail. There will also be several special num-ers by Madame Mantelli and scenes from grand opera in cos-ume.

'uvenile Pupils' Recital

In Grace Litzius, one of the little piano pupils of the San 'rancisco Conservatory of Music, E. S. Bonelli has a pupil of hom great things may be expected. Miss Litzius rendered the aderewski Minuet and a Bolero by Ravina with a knowledge and ntelligence far beyond her years. She has the musical tempera-ent developed to a high degree. This was also noticeable in her ccompaniment to the violin solo of Maude Lange. Another little irl who played at the Saturday matinee recital and whose tem-erament is distinctly that of the musician was Segred Olsson, hose number was Mendelssohn's "Consolation." The other little ianists did excellent work, their tempo being especially com-endable—Sonatine, Kuhlau, by Rose Eichen and Irene Miller; Iungarian Rondo, Haydn, Mazurka, Bohm, Rita Lubelski; Con mour, Beermont, Hazel Chase. But in the little Litzius girl Ir. Bonelli has a pupil who promises to reflect as much credit pon his institution as has Charlotte Voorsanger who, after re-eiving her foundation here, went abroad to complete her stud-s. The recital was not all of piano numbers. Atillo Laraja endered a violin solo, his tone being tiny like himself. His num-er would have been more successful had the accompaniment not een so loud as almost to drown the violin's tones. The little ad seems to have considerable aptitude for his instrument. A Iokatine by Albin was his selection and for an encore he played pretty thing by Monti. Cecilia Eichen, one of Prof. Herzog's upils, rendered a violin solo, a Romance and Tyrolienne by Danbe, very spiritedly, with her sister Rose at the piano. Maude Lange's rendition of a Harris Fantasie was noticeable for its ood tempo. One of the most interesting numbers of the after-oon was the cornet solo, "Young Werner's Parting Song" (Ness-er), by Master R. Crosby, a pupil of Prof. C. Von der Mehden, vith Miss Rita Lawrence at the piano. Young Crosby draws a ine, big tone from his instrument and plays with decided ex-ression. His weakness is his finals, his breath not being equal

Dr. H. J. STEWART

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to long sustained effort. But strength will come with practice. Another enjoyable number was the Laendler by Koenig, for zither and bow zither, by pupils of Prof. Bachman, three little girls and a lad, with Mr. Bachman assisting. They played with spirit and intelligence. A large audience was present and the children taking part received flowers in profusion.

Beringer Conservatory Recital

The pupils at the Beringer Conservatory recital last week were mostly of an advanced grade and the program was artistic and well arranged. Miss Gladys Beringer and Prof. Joseph Beringer opened the program with a number for two pianos, the composition of the latter. It was a "Valse Entrainante" and was very pleasing. Later on the same performers rendered Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" with fine expression and delicate shading. Alice Maxwell, a gifted pupil, played the Chopin Fantaisie Impromptu op. 66 in admirable style and with precision. Hilda Gutfield showed taste and temperament in her rendition of Raff's Maerchon op. 162. Intelligence and fervor were noticeable qualities in Alta Yocom's rendering of Schumann's Romance in F sharp and a Valse Brilliante by Professor Beringer—"Des Gouttes de Rosee." May Heintz rendered Liszt's "Hark, Hark the Lark" with considerable *clan* and Eurydice Athanasiadon gave a refined and intelligent interpretation of Beethoven's Pastorale sonate. Other participants were Henry Roberts, Maude Sharp Queenie Tilton, Ellen Gedge, Mrs. H. Fromau and Clara Dillon, who gave a brilliant interpretation of Liszt's twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody. One of Madame Beringer's vocal pupils, a lyric soprano, Miss Louise Amiot, sang some operatic music with true dramatic fervor—the aria from "Robert the Devil" and a Recitative and Aria from "Ernani." As encores she sang the dainty coon-song, by Nevin, "Mighty lak' a Rose" and the old favorite, "The Last Rose of Summer."

The Bells of Corneville

The pretty Planquette opera, "The Bells of Corneville," was repeated from its former successful productions last week for the benefit of the Presentation Convent, and was a most enjoyable entertainment. It was given with the following cast: Serpolette, Miss K. Barry; Germaine, Mrs. Lenore Greven; Gertrude, Miss N. Hayes; Suzanne, Miss A. Logan; Manette, Miss E. Gunzel; Jeanne, Miss N. Peters; Henri, H. Wood Brown; Jean Grenicheux, J. Beatty; Gaspard, F. W. Huber; The Bailli, R. Behan; Registrar, T. J. O'Brien; Assessor, C. Bulotti; Notary, A. F. Schleicher; Sailor Boy, L. Galli. There was a large chorus of peasant girls, villagers and servants and an orchestra composed of J. E. Hax, flute, A. Bardet, viola, F. Ghishla, clarinet, H. Bruenn, cello, E. Jordan, cornet, R. Ruff, violin, Mrs. H. Seekamp, pianist, H. Seekamp, musical director. Mrs. Greven as Germaine repeated her hit of the former productions, as did Miss Barry as Serpolette. Harry Wood Brown as Henri had an excellent chance to display the quality of his fine baritone. Mr. Beatty, who is a pupil of Prof. Greven, made a pronounced success as Jean. Mr. Huber, the clever Gaspard of the cast, and a former pupil of Mr. Greven, also received great praise for his impersonation.

The Beethoven Club, composed of fifteen young amateurs, gave its annual recital last Thursday at the residence of Mrs. Brady in Twenty-fourth street. This club meets once a month at the members' homes and they are all very enthusiastic musicians. The program at the recital included works by Ketterer, Leybach, Holst, Gottscalk, Wieniawski, Mendelssohn, Von Wilm, Herbert, Rubinstein, Goltermann and Mozart, and the pianists were Florence Moran, Frances Fitchen, Jennie Thomas, Harriet Game, Nellie Sullivan, Carrie Maxwell Bight, Hazel Colnon, Rose Hizar, Gertrude Albrecht, Florence Nachtrieb, Ada Conlin and Mary France McDermott. —*The Music Critic.*

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STAGE

A Notable Performance

To prefer some of the shows in town to "The Circus Girl" bespeaks a perverted taste. It argues that one is incapable of differentiating a salon prize-winner from a pot-boiler, or of discriminating between caviare and cabbage, brummagem and the genuine article. There is nothing garish or raucous about the performance at the California. It does not run to tinsel or tomfoolery and it does not depend on stock jokes, coarse horse-play or curbstone slang. It is a musical comedy in subdued colors, and the performance is notable for its daintiness and refinement, it is so different from the bizarre and boisterous, strident and slap-dash agglomerations of legs and lingerie, ragtime and rot that have been coming this way for the past two seasons. "The Circus Girl" is the only musical comedy that we have seen in years that is sufficiently well nourished to survive its musical hodgepodge accompaniment. It has sufficient plot to afford entertainment even though the chorus and the songs were eliminated. As a farce it is far superior to "Are You a Mason?" for it has some real flesh-and-blood characters and some genuine atmosphere. There is only one voice in the company at the California and that is possessed by Miss Isobel Hall, who though she has come hither without a Broadway reputation, sings better than ninety-nine per cent of the female vocalists on that thoroughfare. She can take a high note without howling, which is more than can be said of some women who are rending the atmosphere of local playhouses these days. Moreover she has an air of refinement that is refreshing after observing the coarse work of some of our burlesque queens. In Miss Hall, Miss Doro and Miss Dale the company at the California has three young women who in their individual capacity could give prestige to any show. Miss Doro is the most graceful and dainty little woman that ever bewitched a local audience and Miss Dale is a wonderfully charming dancer, and though she has a very small part she shows that she is a woman of temperament and that she can act as well as dance. And then there is Sadie Kirby the character woman, who plays the part of the circus manager's wife in a way that always keeps her in the picture. The central figure in "The Circus Girl" is John R. Slavin, the midget comedian, who is never to be caught in the act of struggling for a laugh, but who is attending strictly to business all the time. As Biggs, the man whose financial distress prompts him to accept a challenge from the terrible Turk, he arouses deep sympathy, and his meeting with the fierce wrestler is excruciatingly funny. The only unsatisfactory feature of the performance is the chorus, and it could be sidetracked without being missed. Its presence accentuates the incompleteness of the production.

White In Brogue

The most exacting taste of lovers should be pleased with White Whittlesey's way of helping Cupid. Whittlesey never makes love in just the same way, but he is always virile and compelling. Except Faversham and Worthing, I can recall no other stage lover with quite such a magnetic way of wooing. In "D'Arcy of the Guards" he is the impetuous young Irishman to the manner born. The Revolutionary drama is excellently presented by the Alcazar company. One could not expect a weekly-change stock organization to give the play with the fine attention to detail that marked the Miller production, but it is a fine presentation nevertheless and worth more than the price of admission. Miss Creighton and Mr. Osbourne are particularly well cast, and Walter Belasco in the role of Sambo is one of the hits of the play.

A New Pudd'nhead

The stage is encumbered with many weeds of hasty growth, that speedily wither or are cut down by the sickle of public disapproval. But when a play sinks its roots deep into the soil of success it thrives and prospers regardless of the individual. James A. Herne is food for worms, but "Shore Acres" prospers year after year. Rotund Odell Williams has gone the way of all flesh and been translated into a fragile and impalpable spirit, but "Way Down East" draws just the same. The Mayos, father and son, have strutted their brief hour and been united in the world beyond, yet "Pudd'nhead Wilson,'" which yielded each fame and fortune, proves equally generous to their successors. Those impetuous young things who make matinee idols of actors, and deny that there is romance in gray hairs, have yet to see White Whittlesey as "Pudd'nhead." It is something that the belles and beauties of the national capital are said to rave over to this day. There were enough perfumed notes of admiration, when he played the part in Washington, to fill the new Congressional library building.

'Tis a great pity that what promised to be a remunerative season for Nance O'Neil was ended so disastrously by the burning of the Republic theatre last Sunday morning. However, we are to have the opportunity of seeing Miss O'Neil as Floria in "La Tosca" for two nights, Monday and Tuesday, next week at the Alhambra. The performances will both be benefit affairs, the first night for L. R. Stockwell and the second night for Miss O'Neil.

It has lately been rumored that Henry Miller's wife, Bijou Heron, would be his leading woman next season. The rumor has been denied by Mr. Miller who will soon open in this city with Margaret Anglin playing the lead. During their last visit to this city it was understood that they were to be married in the near future, but evidently Bijou Heron is an insurmountable obstacle to such a match.

It is said Margaret Anglin will star next season in the dramatization of "Lady Rose's Daughter," and that Ethel Barrymore will have the part of Julie.

Cissy Wont Marry Him

Some time ago it was reported that Cecilia Loftus was to marry Robert Lorraine, but now I hear that the engagement has been broken off. Mr. Lorraine is the ex-husband of Julie Opp who broke off her engagement with Cecilia Loftus's first husband, Justin Huntley McCarthy, to become the second wife of William Faversham.

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"Twirly Whirly"

Though there is a sameness about all Weberfieldian burlesques that makes it difficult to differentiate one from the other, there are distinct features in each that are so timely, grotesque and ludicrous that they invest the whole with the charm of apt satire. "Twirly Whirly" purports to be a satire on the foibles of the smart set but it deals with them in a vague way. It more nearly approaches a dramatization of Mary McLean, the eccentric young woman of Butte, who is impersonated by Barney Bernard with a yiddish dialect. In this role the little comedian shows that he is possessed of true burlesque talent. His admirers would prefer to see him in the familiar role of the Ghetto Jew, but as Mary McLean he affords considerable amusement, especially in the olive-eating scene. A clever bit of satire is the automobile incident in which Kolb and Dill figure. They ride on the stage in their little "Sassy Devil," and they find that it is in need of repair. Thereupon they take out a kit of tools and leather aprons and proceed to tinker. The machine explodes. Such are some of the features that distinguish "Twirly Whirly" from burlesques that have gone before. The dialogue is in the characteristic crisp style of Edgar Smith interspersed with gags invented by the clever principals in the original Broadway production. Winfield Blake and Maud Amber do their usual stunts and Olive Vail exercises her sweet voice in a song with chorus accompaniment that gets several recalls. The chorus indulges in some very pretty manoeuvres that cause you to marvel at the talent of George Lask for achieving picturesque effects on a miniature stage. Flossie Hope and Gertie Emerson are not enough in evidence to satisfy those that admire those graceful dancers, but on the whole "Twirly Whirly" is a characteristic production with all the snap and ginger of the past triumphs of the popular O'Farrell street playhouse.

Her Boisterous Ha Ha

A woman who sat in the audience four rows from the front and shrieked with merriment at everything on the stage was one of the features of the Orpheum not on the program Tuesday night. Russel and Locke, singing and dancing comedians, started her off, and for awhile interest was divided between them and the hysterical woman. Her bashful escort was very uncomfortable because of the attention she aroused, and tried his best to quiet her, but to no avail, until Harry Le Clair appeared with his song, "These Amateurs Make Me Sick," when both appeared to decide that they would not rival the hard-working actors longer, and made a quick exit, much to the relief of every one. A pleasing innovation was the placing of the biograph in the middle of the program instead of at the end, when the people who rush for the ferries and restaurants disturb those who wish to see the moving pictures. The scenes from the Durbar pageant at Delhi are very clear and give one a very good idea of that wonderful spectacle. Frank Keenan and Georgia Welles present a farce by Edward Ellsner, entitled "The Actor and the Count." Although it is written in the usual Orpheum vein, describing the complications arising from matrimonial misunderstandings, it allows the clever actor and actress to display their versatility and keeps the crowd in an uproar all the time. Georgia Welles is a blonde of the Grace George type, and acts with more vim and dash than would be expected from such a frail woman. Keenan is very clever in an eccentric fashion, and does some good character work as the count. Other good turns are Hale and Francis, whose hoops in their dexterous hands seem endowed with life. The three Rixfords, Hanlon brothers, Lutz brothers and the Paxton living pictures are good.

Mayall's New Engagement

San Francisco audiences evidently have the same objections to married couples on the stage that are entertained by Easterners. Since Landers Stevens's hasty marriage with Georgie Cooper neither has been so popular as before that event. Matinee girls who flocked to the Central before the leading man married the soubrette lost interest. But the management has just signed Herschel Mayall to play leads with the Central stock, and that will bring the matinee girls back. Mayall will open in "Faust." Next week comes M. B. Curtis in the play that made him a fortune—"Sam'l of Posen." After a fortnight of farce comedy, Mayall will have his chance. I hear that Georgie Cooper and Landers Stevens are going East. They should have no difficulty in getting a good engagement.

No one who sees Edwin Stevens as El Capitan and then as himself would fancy the men are one and the same person. El Capitan's legs in red tights are thin and muscleless; Edwin Stevens's legs, in baggy English trousers, appear to be stout and muscular. Only the Stevens nose cannot be disguised.

Features of Next Week's Bills

Nat Goodwin is always a welcome arrival here. His new play, "The Altar of Friendship," is by Madeleine Lucette Ryley and is said to be as good as anything Goodwin has ever appeared in. He will have a large house to greet him at the Columbia Monday night. Julia Dean will also have a batch of friends on hand to bid her welcome home.

"The Circus Girl" will continue at the California, and will be followed by "A Gaiety Girl," which was seen here some years ago at the Baldwin.

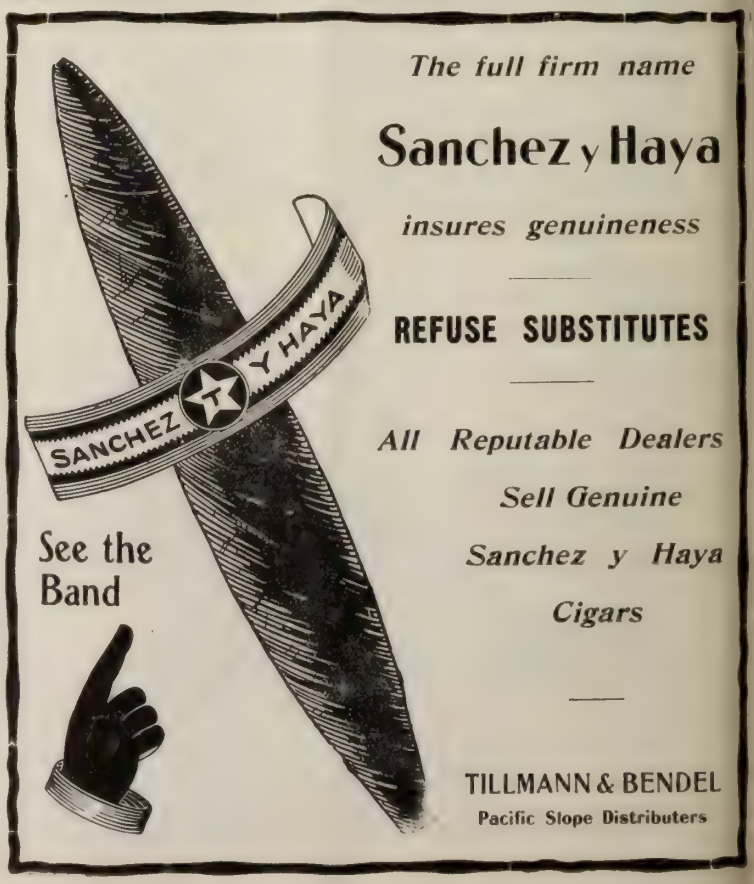
Tomorrow night the Tivoli will produce "The Isle of Champagne," the opera in which Seabrooke starred for some seasons. Stevens should repeat his former success as Mumm. Arthur Cunningham will be Frappe, Roma will be Abigail Peck and Annie Meyers Diana. The piece will be beautifully mounted and costumed and should be good for a run.

"Twirly-Whirly" promises to be another record-breaker at Fischer's.

"La Tosca," with Nance O'Neil in the title part, will be given on Monday and Tuesday nights at the Alhambra.

We had "Pudd'nhead Wilson" here before but the Whittlesey version at the Alcazar will have the virtue of novelty. It is a wonderful play and its heart interest is particularly strong. Howard Scott is to have the role of the mulatto, and Norval McGregor, late leading man for Janet Waldorf, will be the half-brother. Robert Mantell's "The Face in the Moonlight" comes next, and then "The Three Guardsmen."

In the second edition of "In Washington" at the Grand Raymond Caverly will introduce a diverting parody on the popular song, "The Volunteer"; also a medley of parodies and a number of new witticisms. Cheridah Simpson will sing the "Congo Love



Song" and Louise Moore "The Maiden With the Dreamy Eyes." Harold Crane will be heard in a spirited patriotic song entitled "My Own United States." By special request, "The Wedding of the Reuben and the Maid," "Marriage is Sublime" and "I Left Ma' Heart in Dixie" will be retained.

The "Four Emperors of Music," Ed. Howard, Frank Russell, Al. Edwards and Harry Whiting, will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum, offering an act of novelty, melody and fun. The Schenk brothers, Willie and Charlie, the world's greatest head and hand balancers, will reappear after a tour of Australia, South Africa and the Orient. Saona, world-renowned for his impersonations of men, past and present, will begin his initial engagement in San Francisco. There is not a noted character in history of the present time that this wonderful mimic does not faithfully reproduce in the flesh. Anna Wilson, the operatic mezzo-soprano, will make her vaudeville debut, singing the Page's song from "The Huguenots" and some popular numbers. Frank Keenan, George Hanlon, Hale and Frances, and Paxton's Living Art Panorama will remain.

At the Chutes will be Russell and Locke, black face song and dance team, Adeline Bichler, the contralto, in popular ballads, Mons. Camillo and Mme. Fona, gymnasts from Orrin Brothers' Circus, Mexico, and Delphina and Denora, novelty musicians, in the act that has won them European fame. Marsh Craig, the sensational novelty acrobat, will be new. McIntyre and Primrose will appear in white face and Kraton will be again on the bill.

—*The Playgoer.*

LETTERS

Accumulating a Library

"Whoso owneth a book, let him straightway put this book by the side of it," is the manner in which the *Booklovers' Magazine* begins its review of "The Lost Art of Reading," by Gerald Stanley Lee. One might go further and say, Whoso contemplateth owning a book, let it be this book. Richard Le Gallienne contributed to the April *Success* an interesting article on the subject of "How to Form a Library," and his first piece of advice is, "Before buying a book, be certain that you will want to keep it." It does not often happen in these days of free circulating libraries, that the desire to own a library is the outgrowth of determination. The best advice one can offer to him who would own a library is to beware of the lists of "hundred best," or "fifty best," or any one's perfunctory "best," and steer clear of uniform sets. Buy single volumes that you will want to read more than once. It is not good policy to put money into sets of reference books, ponderous, many-volumed encyclopedias. Some books of reference one must have, and the symmetrical row of volumes is a temptation to the beginner, more especially as it is a schoolmaster's trick to descant on their values, but unless there is need for daily reference, in these days of free libraries and branches, it is wiser to content one's self with some compact, handy reference volume. The world moves so quickly in these times that a large part of the scientific and geographical information is supplanted by newer discoveries, almost before the books are in print. Selected "libraries" sold in sets are sure to contain much that any individual buyer has no use for and there are few, if any authors who have not put the best of themselves in a few of their books. The individual taste differs at different periods, and what one may not care to purchase today may be the book of books in five years. Still, it is better to enjoy books while they are fresh. A volume which has lain under the eye for a long time without exciting a desire to read it is like a piece of bread which has become stale and dry from exposure to the air. A library should be as individual as a wardrobe, and to stock one's shelves with books that do not appeal to the owner's taste, but are purchased with an eye to pleasing casual visitors or making an impression is as senseless as to lay in a stock of court costumes because they are highly recommended in some book of fashion. A messenger boy's collection of detective yarns is of more use to him, and therefore, in a better sense a library, than half the expensive accumulations of people of fashion and pretended culture. A library of well-thumbed novels is better than a case full of Greek and Latin classics viewed through glazed doors.

"Emmy Lou" In England

That dear, delightful little girl, "Emmy Lou," is about to make her appearance in England, a special edition of Mrs. Martin's book having been prepared by McClure, Phillips & Co., for their English patrons. How it will be received is a different matter, however. Little girls of Emmy Lou's walk in life are not sent to "board schools" in Great Britain, nor do they go about unaccompanied by a maid or governess. Very much of Emmy's "dearness" is manifested in her artless remarks at the family dinner table, but an English Emmy-Lou of the same age would have her meals in the nursery or the school-room presided over by some domestic, and it will not be at all surprising if our little favorite fails to gain the appreciation she deserves because of the lack of a common point from which to look upon her. On the other hand, it has happened often enough that our American authors have received quicker and wider appreciation in London than at home. Emmy Lou won her way into the hearts of readers so that she was more like a living child than a creation of fiction, and her success will bring more pleasure to literary people than the triumphs of the latest American countess ever causes amongst the 400..

Gwendolen Overton's novel has at last been named. It is to be called "Anne Carmel," and the scene is laid far from that of "A Heritage of Unrest," which dealt with Arizona, while the new book is a story of Canadian life. It is to be brought out by the Macmillans, who are also the publishers of a number of other books by Californian authors, notable amongst which are the two new books by Jack London and "Outlines of Psychology," by Professor Josiah Royce.

— *The Bookworm*

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California. Department No. —. No. 85297.

MARGARET SCHIRMER, Plaintiff, vs. PHILIPP SCHIRMER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to PHILIPP SCHIRMER Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's adultery with one Mrs. Frank during and about the month of August A. D. 1902, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and this extreme cruelty towards plaintiff as in plaintiff's complaint alleged, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of April in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk.
By H. H. ST. LEGER, Deputy Clerk

JULIAN PINTO, Plaintiff's Attorney
Room 204, 2nd Floor, Emma Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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Frank Norris's Wit

(These were in Norris's "Salt and Sincerity" department in *Critic* for April, 1902, a long time before "The Cynic's Calendar" was published; for that matter Carolyn Wells had "misplaced proverbs" out before it, too.)

Nothing succeeds like distress.

What is sauce for the gander may be saucy for the goose.

You must catch your hare before you can cook for him.

Birds of a feather occasionally prefer to flock apart.

The man who has a large heart cannot have a light one.

If you have a wife and love her, tell her so—tell her half a dozen times a day. This was said by a bachelor.

If you mind your own business you won't work more than eight hours a day.

The bigger a little man is, the less he amounts to.

A disciple is a man who does not understand. He thinks that he is on, but he isn't.

"My son," said the philosopher on his death-bed, "my son, two things you should never do. First, do not endeavor to pry into the future, for if you will only wait you shall know all. And second, do not chase after women, for if you do not they will chase after you. Farewell."

One who knows does not talk; one who talks does not know.

People who take pains never to do any more than they get paid for, never get paid for any more than they do.

It may be that there is a bigger bit of political clap-trap than the statement that all men are created free and equal, but I cannot just recall it at the moment.

"They belong to the landed aristocracy." "Indeed! When did they land?"

Some writers are famous for the books they have written; others for the books they ought not to have written.

There is a subtle sympathy produced by marked passages. Put faint pencil marks, then lend a volume, and you will know your fate.

A woman may be a mystery to a man and to herself, but never to another woman.

The average woman wishes to be idealized and strongly objects to being understood.

Relieved of the presence of that social pace-maker, the chaperone, the disciples of Plato are wont to take long walks, and further on, they spend whole days in the country. —*The Gleaner.*

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TOWN TALK

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The Waste of Public Funds

Mayor Schmitz has discovered that the public funds are wasted in the fattening of tax-eaters, and that as a consequence there is not sufficient money reserved out of the revenues for much-needed improvments. Considering that the Mayor has been in office nearly two years the discovery is somewhat tardy. The Mayor's wail over the wasting of public funds is suggestive of the cuttlefish trick. He is darkening the waters of the political pool in which he has been floundering, to facilitate his evasion of the blame with which he should be charged for many of the shortcomings of this Administration. It is undoubtedly true that public funds are being wasted in salaries but a complaint on that score comes with bad grace from a Mayor whose family draws about sixteen thousand a year out of the public treasury, and who raised the salary of the Secretary of the Park Commission after securing the appointment of one of the several Schmitz brothers to the job. At no time within twenty years did the tax-payers of this city receive so little benefit for the money contributed to the support of the government as they are vouchsafed now. The streets are in a disgraceful condition, the sewers are crumbling and the school buildings are falling into decay, and yet that much execrated instrument, the Consolidated Act, which was believed to be responsible for all our woes until Jimmy Phelan enlightened us and gave us the New Charter, is no longer operative. We are now experiencing the glorious disadvantages of that pharisaical reform of which Mr. Phelan was the prophet, and Mr. Schmitz is a typical exponent. To escape the odium of his misfeasance the Mayor blames his colleagues and tells the people that his hands have been tied by the courts. His hands would not have been tied if he had not started out to subserve his private interests instead of the people's; if he had won public confidence by undertaking to lop off the heads of incompetents; if he had devoted his contingent fund to the procuring of evidence against lazy and extravagant officials; if he had not appointed crooks to office and made it apparent that he had established a partnership with Abe Ruef for the creation of a political machine; in brief, if Mr. Schmitz had gone about his duties in the proper way, public sentiment would have been so strong in his favor that no court would have dared to tie his hands. And even now, if instead of generalizing about waste of public funds he would point out specifically the leaks in the various offices and demand the proper exercise of economy, he might accomplish something for the city.

The Servian Tragedy

There is no chapter in modern history more shocking or appalling than that written in the little kingdom of Servia last week with the blood of a royal couple and of several Ministers, servants and guards. It was a hideous tragedy that shocked the civilized world, so merciless and cold-blooded was the manner in which the savage conspirators dealt with their victims, but the wholesale assassination was not more revolting than the rejoicing of the populace over the bloody deed, and the callous indifference of the people to the terrible fate of those whose blood had been so ruthlessly shed. If the slaughter of the King and Queen and their attendants had been the result of a popular uprising, provoked by acts of injustice and while the populace was inflamed with indignation and resentment, the circumstances would have seemed to justify the act. The popular verdict is not always just but it is sometimes a plausible pretext for the penalty imposed. The Servian tragedy appears to have been vindicated by the popular verdict, but it is a case of the mob glorifying the army. Once more has the autocratic and brutal man on horseback supplied the people with a pretext for a holiday. There is a lesson in the Servian tragedy which all the world may read. The little kingdom of Servia has a standing army of over two hundred thousand men, a number vastly out of proportion to the population of the country. The men of the army are imbued with a lively sense of their importance, and they are ever ready to engage in intrigue when affairs of state are not conducted to their entire satisfaction. The murderous plot was hatched in the army and executed by its officers. And though the people were not in love with their King it was probably because they were inspired with great respect for their military masters that they so readily proceeded to celebrate the revolting crime. The Slavs of Servia are not an ignorant people. Schools are numerous in that country and education is compulsory. Moreover they have a fine university, and there is abundance of culture in the capital. Yet they acted like barbarians when they heard the news of the appalling tragedy. They were eager to testify their allegiance to the army. And such is the effect of the ascendancy of a corrupt military despotism. Perhaps Karageorgevitch will profit by the lesson suggested by the assassination of Alexander, and strive to maintain cordial relations with the army. Being a soldier his sympathies will naturally be with the army, and undoubtedly the murderous conspirators were actuated principally by a desire to put him upon the throne. The people had reason to be disgusted with Alexander but their grievances were not such as to provoke a revolution. The little State has attracted much attention from the world of late. The quarrels of Milan and his Queen, the marriage of Alexander with a waiting lady old enough to be his mother,

her effort to palm off a spurious heir on the country—all these things have made up a romance of considerable interest. It was probably this last exploit that nerved the friends of Karageorgevitch to strike. It will now be interesting to watch developments, for the other monarchs of Europe have intimated that the murderers must be punished. The new King will have to make a bluff of some kind to signify that he was not behind the conspiracy.

The Tip From Wall Street

The long looked-for reaction appears to be setting in. The contraction of loans is significant. It means that Wall street is becoming a bit cautious and that the financial magnates are anticipating the long expected era of business depression. However business is still prosperous all over the country and it is possible that Wall street has been drawing its deductions from unimportant factors, but that there have been symptoms of impending depression there is not the slightest doubt. Perhaps they are due to the fact that we are on the heels of another Presidential year, and again they may be the result of the long-continued industrial warfare. Some of the Captains of Industry say there is no cause for apprehension. Yet Wall street is unloading stocks with remarkable persistency, and the prices have been falling rapidly; all of which is suspicious, for if Wall street were sanguine of a continuance of good times it would snap up standard stocks at current rates. The brokers of Wall street are experts in judging economic conditions, and they are not easily disturbed or frightened. The weakness in the iron market is in itself significant. It presages an approaching surplus of material. The inability of the underwriting syndicates to dispose of their holdings of watered issues of stocks and bonds is not to be attributed to a mere flurry. The fall in security prices is very bad for it hits the small investor who invariably rushes in when the booming is approaching collapse.

The Uncertainty of Science

The scientific gents are bewildering us by the way they are smashing our oldest convictions and becoming skeptical of their own postulates. It is becoming more apparent every day that they are only guessing. What they assert today they deny tomorrow. A few months ago Mr. Russell Wallace, the great British scientist and collaborator with Charles Darwin in the establishment of the theories of evolution and natural selection, asserted that he had reached the conclusion that the earth is the actual centre of the universe, and that the supreme end and purpose of this vast universe was the production and development of the living soul in the perishable body of man. The other day Lord Kelvin threw cold water on the theory that the universe just happened, and affirmed that science proves the existence of God. Yet Haeckel says that science proves the non-existence of God, and now comes the renowned Professor Crookes who declares that matter itself may be wearing away. Heretofore we have been taught that matter was indestructible. It is evident that the phenomena of life require something more than scientific explanations. However it is pleasing to those of us who have faith, and that are familiar with the twaddle of the scoffers who repudiate God, to know that science is gradually abandoning its position of utter atheism. And yet science is no nearer the key to the world-riddle than it was a thousand years ago. Ultimate questions are never to receive a positive answer from her. More and more is it becoming apparent that the dogmas of science like those of religion are built upon faith. In the last century scientists were developing theories that threatened to annihilate all of religion's most cherished dogmas, but the reaction has set in. The deduction from evolution was that if man be brother to the worm, he is practically but a worm, and now comes Dr. Wallace asserting the conviction that man is only a little lower than the angels.

Indolence to be Discouraged

It is evident that Mr. Root, the Secretary of War, is intent on improving the personnel of the army. It was at his instigation that recent legislation was enacted providing for a radical change in the scholastic training of officers, and the other day he decided that promotion shall depend on a greater amount of scholastic acquirements than have heretofore been insisted upon. It is the sentiment of the War Department that army officers should not rely for advancement solely upon the resignation, removal or death of superiors. The notion prevails in Washington that many of our army officers have ceased to take their duties seriously; that they are devoting too much time to social affairs, and neglecting to perfect themselves in the military science. As in England petticoat influence is beginning to be felt throughout army circles, and there is urgent necessity for reform. The organization of a general staff which is now occupying the attention of the authorities at Washington is a step in the right direction. It was provided for by legislation which imperatively calls for a higher standard of scholastic training, and which is calculated to discourage indolence and incompetency.

The Wail of the Scorcher

"When rogues fall out, honest men get their dues." The comment of an Eastern paper on the disappearance of the bicycle from the public roads has elicited a lamentation from the erstwhile merry scorcher, who complains that since the advent of the automobile the wheelman can no longer enjoy his outing. How, he plaintively queries, can the bicyclist enjoy a trip on roads which are monopolized by the horseless vehicle speeding along at a rate of forty-five miles an hour, regardless of all but the pleasure of its occupants? How can he "look before and after," trying to keep one eye on what is trying to run him down from behind, while the other is busily scanning the road ahead for the cheerful chauffeur who knows not the rule of the

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road, and trusts to the speed of his vehicle to carry him beyond the scene of an accident, should one happen to occur? and much more in the same strain. No doubt it is all very true, and equally very melancholy, but the woful wheelman has had his day, and there are other things besides curses that come home to roost. There was a time when he thought that he, too, owned the earth, and that horses were created to be scared and pedestrians run down. The roadway was never wide enough for him if there was a sidewalk and those who were not nimble-footed enough to escape with lives and limbs could pay the penalty of their trespass on his domain. And now the automobile is doing for the wheelman what the wheelman did for the pedestrian. The big fish swallows the little fish and the big fish is swallowed by the whale, so "he knows how it is himself." It's a long lane that has no turning. The sorrowful scorcher who cannot afford an automobile for himself will be obliged to hold indignation meetings with his kind and pass resolutions which may afford him some degree of consolation, for he will get none elsewhere.

The Deaf and the Blind

One of the last contributions of the late Max O'Rell was elicited by a discussion in one of the French papers on the relative trials of the deaf and the blind, and O'Rell, like the majority of those who are not called upon to endure either misfortune, unhesitatingly declares himself in favor of deafness, which, according to his wisdom, is "only an inconvenience," while "to be blind is to be half dead." There was once a learned professor expatiating on the subject of drowning, which, he took occasion to remark, was a most easy death. Amongst his listeners was an ancient mariner, who probably knew more by experience of the effects of immersion than a whole collegeful of theorists. Rising to his feet the old salt excitedly called out, "Don't you believe him! Don't you believe him! Them that tells you that never tried it!" And so it is with those who have had no experience with the trials of the afflicted, be they deaf or blind. It is commonly asserted that the blind are cheerful, while the deaf are morose, but this is a hasty generalization from insufficient premises. Neither blindness nor deafness, unaccompanied by other conditions, will completely change a natural disposition, and even admitting the fact for the sake of argument, it goes as far to prove that blindness is a lesser misfortune than deafness as it does to show that deafness is "only an inconvenience," and that God has endowed the blind with cheerful dispositions as a compensation for their dire misfortune. "When you are deaf," says this philosopher, "you can write, and read what is written to you; there are even signs which can convey to you the thoughts of your friends." And so can the blind read and write, and carry on almost any occupation, since their other senses are quickened, but the deaf neither see better nor acquire delicacy of touch as a compensation for their dulled hearing, and as to sign language, having acquired it, it is as useful as a means of communication, under ordinary circumstances, as classical Greek would be to a castaway amongst the Solomon Islanders. "You are independent," goes on the brilliant reasoner, "you can walk alone; if you cannot hear music you can look at nature's enchanting beauties and admire pictures, etc." But again we are reminded of the old sailor's exhortation. As a matter of demonstration, it is easier for one with defective sight to move abroad than it is for one with impaired hearing, and as a choice between the totally blind and the totally deaf, the blind man has by far the better chance. If it were only in the matter of ordinary politeness and consideration, people who cheerfully make way for the blind or the cripple will consider themselves imposed upon if the deaf cross their paths, and in case of accident, while every sympathy is extended to the blind, the deaf are more apt to be blamed for being in the way. In fact, as O'Rell himself so kindly and considerately states it, deafness is "only an inconvenience" which is resented by every one, and the apparent moroseness of those so afflicted is in reality a measure of self-defence. It is better to assume indifference and lack of interest than to have one's misfortune advertised to every one within sight and hearing. It is just as brutally unkind to prod the deaf and shout at them as it would be to dangle gay colors and pictures before the blind and demand that they see, whether they can or not. The Max O'Rells and others of his stamp exaggerate the helplessness of the blind, who are, unless paralyzed, as capable of dressing themselves without assistance, dining at the family table, or in public, and going about in familiar places as those who have their sight. One of the quicksilver mines in northern Napa county had a blind postmaster who not only handled all the mail for ten miles in every direction, but kept a store and attended to all the business without assistance. These theoretical philosophers have a cheerful way of forgetting the interdependence of the senses. They do not realize how much that they think they hear is first presented to them through sight, nor how much that they imagine they see is first heard. They ignore the effect of smell on taste, or taste on smell, and their time would be much more profitably spent in thanking Providence that they are not called upon to endure afflictions than in making choice of which others should prefer. There is one point upon which the deaf and the blind will agree, whatever else they may differ about, and that is that either misfortune is easier to bear than the comments which people feel called upon to make about it.

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BY HARRY COWELL

Holding, as I do, that serenity (high and habitual happiness) is the *summum bonum;* that character conditions serenity; that the love of man, the love of truth, and the love of beauty, are the chief components of happiness-bearing character: I think it well to examine critically some of the "cheap substitutes" wherewith the characterless attempt to buy "golden opinions of all men."

And first, of wealth. Are men of wealth necessarily men of worth? Are great fortunes more often produced than appropriated and inherited? Does the guileless, supersensitive soul, guided by the golden rule, reporting the quality of his goods with scientific exactitude, careful not to overreach his neighbor, tend to amass much money? Was not Jesus filled with a divine disgust for gold? Money is a good means, but a bad end. Gold is good when applied to the cultivation of character. Is it usually so applied? How much of all the wealth is spent for the soul; how much for the body? Cannot a person be considered apart from his possessions, as a rich *man* or a poor *man?*

Next, of "fine feathers." Clothes are being continually offered as a substitute for character. The best clothes are such as are at once most useful and most beautiful; but to superior souls the beauty of clothing is trivial, never sublime. "Consider the lilies of the field." Can any one imagine Jesus in a swallow-tailed coat, over-careful of the cut, and taking thought for the morrow wherewithal he should be clothed? But worth in a worn coat the world will as yet have none of.

Let us now go on to consider beauty of face and form. From a beautiful face to a beautiful character the inference is so natural that most men make it more than once in their lives where it is by no means justified by subsequent experience. Many fine featured persons consider the contemplation of their countenances such complete entertainment both for themselves and their fellows that the cultivation of the character seems to them a work of supererrogation—unnecessary for social salvation. The general form of a man's features lies beyond his control; not so with his character; and a certain modification of his features is effected by his character, which modification is called expression. This is the soul's work, and undoubtedly made the homely faces of Socrates and Lincoln seem divinely beautiful to their character-loving companions.

Can we speak of age in the same strain without offending? Let us hope so; but if not, we are more concerned with the telling of the truth than with its reception. The instinct of self-preservation we share with all life. Often the selfish live longer than the self-sacrificing. We may grow old without much worthy effort. If reverence be due to old age, then may the parrot take precedence of the patriarch, and many trees, of both. It is such quality of life, not such length, that is honorable. "A wise man's day is worth a fool's life." Here the inference is from opportunity to attainment, from age to wisdom; in short, to character. Not to age then, but to character, is our reverence due.

With some trepidation I proceed to speak of sex. I have not been taught that men should be revered because they are fathers, and belong to the male sex; but I have been taught to revere women because they are mothers and belong to the female sex. Should I then regard with reverence the lady pig because of her sex, which is female; and because of her numerous progeny, which prove her very much a mother? May not bad women also be mothers? Was not one "Margaret" the mother of a countyful of criminals? My reverence is held at a higher price, and cannot be so cheaply bought as by sex and motherhood. The noble woman do I revere, not for her sex, which she has in common with the beasts that perish, and by no effort on her part; but for her distinctly human qualities—not because of her motherhood, which also is common, but because she is a certain kind of mother.

He who declines to be obsequious to princes and potentates is ever deemed impudent. Yet should a man be loyal to character if a traitor to crowns. It takes a nice courtier to discover the worth of princes when they are pleased to travel incognito. May not a title descend to a scamp? Must a man be moral before he can possess a coat of arms? Seldom is a prince or peer responsible for his position; each should have honor in proportion to his character, if he have character in proportion to his opportunity. Are the holders of certain political positions correctly styled honorable? Are judges the embodiment of justice?

Do manners make the man? A lord bows in a certain stately fashion over a kid-covered hand; therefore he should possess without producing, and others should produce without possessing? This is not a fanciful, but an actual, argument. Courtesy which does not correspond to the feelings is a gilded lie. Let men deserve love, or else expect disapproval. Compare the frankness of Christ with the falseness of your fine gentleman.

Patriotism, which is often but enlarged egotism, perverts our appreciation of character. Being British, what need to bother about being a man! Many a patriot have I known who would lord it over archangels on the ground that they were aliens. Love worth; and if the spot of earth where you chanced to be born have more of worth than all other spots, let it have most of your love. Nobility is of no nationality. Are you not a citizen of this whole world and also of the world to come? Wherever your thought is, there is your country; and the nature of your thought determines whether that country be a dry and barren desert, or a bleak and bare mountain, or a rank malarial marsh, or a fair and fertile valley, full of flowers and delights.

The Saunterer

Because Hearst Is a Candidate

The influence of political alliances is far-reaching. It is but a short time now since a reconciliation between Mr. Hearst and Mr. Phelan took place, yet it has become noticeable that the *Examiner* has already altered its attitude toward the Bohemian Club. It will be interesting to note the various outcomes of this Hearst-Phelan alliance, for it is to be remembered that Mr. Phelan is president of the club against which the *Examiner,* with considerable right on its side, declared a deadly feud. The circumstances of the quarrel between the *Examiner* and the Bohemian Club are still fresh in our minds. At the time of the assassination of Mr. McKinley several clubs of the city declined to longer have the *Examiner* on the tables of their reading rooms, and the Bohemian Club was among the number. At that time all the *Examiner* men in the club resigned, and shortly after "The Family" club was organized with a view of alienating members of the Bohemian Club. Even though politics have made it expedient for Hearst to become friendly to President Phelan of the Bohemian Club, it is yet not likely that that friendliness, in any positive degree, will be extended to the organization of which Phelan is now the head. The outcome of the alliance, however, will be worth watching.

Phelan Again to the Front

Some time ago I predicted that notwithstanding the shortcomings of Jimmy Phelan's political past, before many years had elapsed he would be remembered only for the good that he had done. That my augury was not as chimerical as it seemed is evident from the fact that at this early date he is being seriously discussed as an available candidate for Mayor, and by people who are not unfamiliar with the public temperament. The local dailies have eschewed reference to the matter for the young multimillionaire has not been pardoned by all the publishers in the high towers, but San Francisco correspondents of interior papers have told of the impending renascence of the recently repudiated ex-Mayor. Of course Mr. Phelan has too much sense to test the fickleness of the public at this early date, and he would not be considered as an available man were it not for the fact that it is feared in Republican circles that Abe Ruef will control the next Republican convention and secure the nomination for Schmitz. It is believed that with Schmitz as the Republican candidate Phelan could divide the Republican vote, and stand a pretty good chance of dividing the labor vote, too. In other words it is believed by sane and sagacious political leaders that if Schmitz were the Republican nominee, James D. Phelan would be the most available man for the Democracy.

The Assurance of His Sponsors

Moreover those same political leaders are prepared to make a very strong argument in his favor. They say that he spends a small fortune when he makes a campaign, and that he is one of the best campaigners in town; Mammon is the most effective of all campaigners, and from experience Mr. Phelan has learned where the long green does the most good. They admit that his action in putting the police on the trucks during the teamsters' strike would be urged against him, but they say that with his glib tongue he would vindicate his conduct in a measure, south-of-the-slot, and that he wouldn't have to on the other side. They also admit, for the sake of argument, that he was the shiftiest man that ever occupied the Mayor's chair, that he was always playing both ends against the middle, that he made civil service a pretext for building up a political machine, that his conduct in the race-track matter was such as to justify Prince Poniatowski in saying that he was no gentleman, that he permitted the editor of the *Examiner* to name the Police Commission for the purpose of securing the Chief of Police, and then stole the Commissioners away from him, and that he proved himself, if you will, an arch schemer false to principle, untrue to the people, and ever ready to resort to tricks that even peanut politicians despise; yet they can come pretty near convincing you that Artful Jimmy would send Eugene back to the fiddle, if given the chance to exhibit his mettle.

Why He Is Strong

Their confidence is significant not alone of the disfavor in which the Schmitz-Ruef alliance is held, but also of the faith which people have in the power of wealth. They will confess any old indictment that Mr. Phelan's enemies may bring against him, and yet they will argue that he is not impossible as a candidate for Mayor. They point to the fact that notwithstanding the condemnation of his conduct in club circles at the time that he went back on his promise to Prince Poniatowski, and when he vetoed a measure that he had induced his friends in the Board of Supervisors to vote for, he has been honored by election to the Presidency of the Bohemian Club. If men who are presumed to have a high sense of honor regard the pungent political past of Mr. Phelan so lightly, why, it is asked, should the mob be expected to express its disapproval? Incidentally attention is called to the fact that Mr. Hearst has forgiven Mr. Phelan, and that the *Examiner* would not oppose him, and it is said that he has made social connections of late that insure him immunity from the abuse that might have been expected from the other tall towers.

He Was an Honest Mayor

And above all, it is argued, by his sponsors, that public memory is not retentive, and that the present Administration has been so bad that Phelan's friends have been busy contrasting it with his. They declare that if the newspapers

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had been as unfriendly to Schmitz as they were to Phelan they would have stirred up such resentment against the fiddler that he would long since have been run out of town on a rail. Whatever else Phelan did, he kept his appointees in such restraint that they never threatened to despoil the City Hall dome of its copper lining. Moreover he didn't put money into the pockets of the Spring Valley company, nor did he assist the lighting companies in their fight to maintain a monopoly at the expense of the public. The best thing that can be said of him is that he has enough money to be above temptation, yet I haven't heard anybody suggest his availability as an umpire to determine the rights of the employes of the street railroads. Yet he would undoubtedly be glad to accept the position. Meanwhile, though he is pleased with the confidence of his friends he has not the slightest inclination to shoo Schmitz back to the catgut. However he is as fond of the political pastime as ever, and a few weeks ago he sent word to his old-time followers to get together and fight for control of the machine. He assured them that the sinews of war would be forthcoming.

When Cissy Was Younger

In an interview with Ashton Stevens, the divinely fair Cecilia Loftus gave her age as twenty-six. No gentleman would dispute a woman's age, and what does it matter anyway, how many delightful summers have passed over the glorious head of the radiant Cissy? However, some time in the distant future, when the generation that first saw the versatile actress giving her imitations on the vaudeville stage shall have reached the sere and yellow leaf period, some contemporary stage-door Johnnie captivated by the perennial freshness of the English woman's charms may wonder whether she is really as young as she looks, and then, perchance, somebody might recall that in the year 1903 she had attained her twenty-sixth year. So, while she was about it Cissy might just as well have lopped off two or three more years, for no actress cares to be any older than she looks—on the remote side of the footlights. I have no desire to challenge the candor of Cecilia Loftus. For all I know she may have started out as an infant prodigy. My first recollection of her was as a mimic on a London stage many years ago, when Lily Langtry worked off a *bon mot* at her expense. She was then the wife of Justin McCarthy. One night when Mrs. Langtry was in the audience Cissy Loftus gave an imitation of her, and it was apparent domestic affairs would soon necessitate the temporary retirement of the clever mimic. Just as she finished her imitation of Mrs. Langtry the latter remarked, "I do hope that Cissy will give a good imitation of Justin McCarthy."

Nat Playing Solitaire

Ambition and cupidity play sad havoc with matrimonial relations in the histrionic profession. Here is Nat Goodwin, husband of one of the most beautiful women that ever trod the boards, touring the country unaccompanied by his statuesque spouse. The ravishing Maxime is off in other parts earning money and fame on her own hook. Mummers are beginning to emulate the decadents of society; they regard the marital relation as a pretext for getting far apart. I know that Daniel Frohman objects to wives having their husbands in the same company, and that he has separated many a loving couple, in the interest of the box office, but I do not think that he could force autocratic stars to bow to his stern decree should they prefer to remain together. Nat Goodwin, for instance, need not have separated from his beautiful wife, if both preferred to live as married people should. However, in stageland there is no more significance to a separation of husband and wife than there is in the effete society of Newport. When Nat and Maxine announced that they intended to star in separate orbits, somebody started the rumor that it was the beginning of the end; that a multi-millionaire was going to wed the luscious Maxine, but I have been assured that the story is without foundation.

Why They Parted

The separation of the comedian and the statuesque beauty is, I have been told, partly in the interest of the family exchequer, and mainly for the benefit of Mrs. Goodwin, who desires to be a star, and who knows that she could not achieve her ambition in the company of her husband. So the separation is a matter of expediency. Two stars in one family are better than one from a financial standpoint, and yet the Goodwins made a great deal of money together and are today quite wealthy. They could have remained together without fear of bankruptcy. They have a luxurious home in the East, and up to recently they maintained one in England, too. It was remarked one day not long ago that Maxine Elliott had everything that her heart desired whereupon a friend observed, "Yes, Nat has always been very good to his wives."

Apropos of the separation of married mummers I am reminded that Mr. Sothern and Virginia Harned were inseparable until after they established the relationship of husband and wife. It was marriage that opened their eyes

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to the advantages of starring alone. The same thing happened when Hackett wedded Mary Mannering, and when Robert Tabor became the husband of Julia Marlowe, and the separation of the latter resulted in a divorce. And such is the sequel, by the way, of nearly all the expedient separations in the theatrical profession.

Lines to Maxine

Before Maxine Elliott was married to Goodwin she was admired from a distance by all the Johnnies. They scarcely dared to approach the Juno-like and sarcastic beauty, however, though she received many "mash" notes which she pasted in a scrap-book and retailed for the edification of her friends. One of the cleverest of the sets of verses was written in San Francisco. It follows:

They say you have a scrap-book, fair Maxine,
More divine than any chap-book, dear Maxine,
Full of songs and roundelays,
That were written in your praise,
For in truth you're quite the craze,
Sweet Maxine.

You have set my heart on fire, tall Maxine,
But there are others who are prior, my Maxine,
Else 'till now I'd not have tarried,
Ere to you my love I carried,
But the fact is, I am married,
Loved Maxine.

That Divorce Story

The general talk of the impending divorce of Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott seems to have been founded on the general dramatic belief that a man must be divorced until he can prove himself married.

"You are divorced," the public said.
The actor smiled and shook his head.
"I still maintain a wife today,
To love, to honor and obey."

"You're separated, then," they said.
The actor frowned and shook his head.
"I am a true, domestic man;
I travel with her when I can,

'Tis simply Frohman, not the heart
That keeps my wife and me apart."
"You've surely quarreled," the public said.
The actor blushed and shook his head.

"I must confess our sole emotion
Is self-effacement and devotion."
The public said, with gestures frantic,
"God save your souls, how unromantic!"

The Aztec Jinks

The Bohemian Club is making great preparations for its Aztec jinks and expects to eclipse the notable achievement of last year. The managers of the affair expect to surpass in spectacular effects anything hitherto attempted by the club, and those who have read Louis Robertson's libretto in blank verse pronounce it a lyric masterpiece. The lake bed is to be the scene of the teocalli which was the truncated pyramid on which the Aztecs offered their living sacrifices. An elaborate drop curtain will fall behind it. The hillside where so many jinks have been held is to be abandoned for the nonce and the electric light effects will be something to be remembered. There was some talk of retrenchment this year, for the last jinks though beautiful were costly, and Jimmy Phelan is reported to have said that expenses must be reduced. But Dr. Jack Shiels, who is to be the sire of the occasion stoutly objects to the practice of economy and he says he is going to surpass all previous efforts if he has to mortgage the club pictures in the attempt.

Stewart and Joullin Disagree

There are to be some changes in the cast of last year, I hear. Jack Wilson, who forgot his lines on that memorable occasion, is to be Montezuma, and promises to be letter perfect. Dick Hotaling is to be the seer as he was last year and Bob Aitken, the sculptor, will again bare his many inches in delectable nakedness in the role of a young lover who is to be sacrificed on the top of the teocalli. The lover has a solo to sing, but as Aitken is not a vocalist the song will be sung behind the scenes by Donald Graham. And concerning this feature of the performance, by the way, there has been much good-natured discussion. Dr. Stewart, who is writing the music, and Donald Graham have always been warm friends, and one refuses to play in any one's back yard without the other. Dr. Stewart wrote the tenor solo of the lover especially for Graham's delightful voice which has often awakened the echoes of the grove with "Noel," but Amadee Joullin, who was to produce the scenic effects, objected to Graham in the part of the lover on account of his adipose. Dr. Stewart insisted however that Graham should sing the part, and as it was easier to supply a scenic artist than a composer Joullin the painter was obliged to withdraw, and Robert Aitken the sculptor was substituted. Aitken will be sure to design some novel effects though he has not had the experience of Joullin in such things.

Miss Dore and Miss Charlotte Dore will spend the summer in Santa Barbara.

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A Social Strategist

Mrs. Eleanor Martin may not be the real, imported article according to the stringent standards of the Newport smart set, but she has certainly learned to keep tight rein on the snobs and toadies of our little society by much the same means employed by the elect of the Eastern oligarchy. She has sufficient Irish keenness to know the social weaknesses of human, and especially feminine, nature, and she has been a queen among toadies long enough to understand the manners and customs of the little animals. I am told that her reception or days at home are a revelation in her methods. She has mastered the first principle of social government, which is to keep people waiting, and this she employs variously, both in her own home and the homes of others. It is a proverb in society that to have Mrs. Martin on time one must bid her a half-hour earlier than the others, and even this does not always bring her in touch with the clock. It is also smilingly hinted over the teacups that her drawing-room on her days at home reminds one of the waiting room of a fashionable physician where well-dressed people whisper and yawn, and wait, and wait, and wait. Finally the good-natured regent wearing her hat sweeps into the room and holds a brief—very brief court. I am told that she fosters this pose to an almost reckless extent, and will remain upstairs on the most trivial business, apparently forgetting all about the anxious idolators waiting below; then, as the afternoon shadows lengthen she will remember her social obligations and descend. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is not the only one who has learned the gentle art of making people anxious.

A Superb Diplomatist

The fact is that Mrs. Martin is a great social strategist. She is easily the queen bee of the local smart set hive. She leads and others follow. It is interesting to study her methods. She has great faith in the potency of publicity, and though most society leaders affect an aversion for newspaper notoriety though they secretly court it, Mrs. Martin, who abhors dissembling, makes no effort to deceive people as to her aims. For instance, Mrs. Shorb White is a frequent guest at her functions, and that lady is the social gush writer of the evening *Post*. When she attends a Martin function she does so in her capacity as official reporter of the affair, though of course she has the entree to society. For a long time she was Mrs. Martin's chief boomer. But Mrs. Martin is sometimes anxious for a wider publicity than can be obtained through the services of one gush writer, as for instance the other day when she invited both Mrs. Shorb White and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury to the same function.

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Two Gushers at One Feast

Now Mrs. Salisbury is a social leader herself. But she is something more; she writes the social gush for the *Bulletin*. For a long time the identity of Madame La Bavarde, the author of those Caesarian sentences in the *Bulletin*, was a dark secret, but now it is generally known not only in newspaperdom but throughout society. Why Mrs. Salisbury should desire to conceal the fact that she is of the *literati* I do not know unless it is because she is ashamed of her English. Writing for the press is as honorable an occupation as running a boarding house, or directing the social enterprises of the ambitious climber. Moreover it is a snap for a social leader to be the editor of a society gush column in a great daily; she can subserve her own interests while attending strictly to those of the newspaper that enjoys the inside information which she possesses. As Madame La Bavarde, Mrs. Salisbury has exceptional facilities for rose-strewing her own social path while attending to the work of booming her friends. Some of the smart set pretend to be much amused by the gush work of Madame La Bavarde, and they say that at times it is awful; but Mrs. Salisbury knows the weakness of the 400, and she appeals to it. And our good old friend Mrs. Martin, who as I said before abhors dissembling, boldly shows her appreciation of publicity by inviting the two gush writers to the same luncheon. That only other gush writer, the Chaperon of the *Examiner*, was not invited, but she isn't a press agent for the 400. She belongs to the Mission set and the lesser elite. Her columns are read only by the social pretenders of the common people, and she writes as though she is one of them.

Though Mrs. McLean Martin has often expressed her distaste for San Francisco as a place of residence she does not let her dislike extend to Santa Cruz. She arrived in town this week with her daughter, Katherine Martin, and

met Theodosia, Mrs. Frank Grace, who with her husband came up from the South a few days ago. They will all go to Santa Cruz for the summer.

An Erratic Court

Though the wheels of justice that revolve on the top floor of the Parrott building are not well oiled the learned jurists manage pretty well to suppress evidence of friction. Last Wednesday those gentlemen gave an exhibition of ill temper that was most unusual, and it naturally surprised several members of the bar who had business before the court. But our Supreme Court is decidedly erratic. It does some astonishing things, as for instance the reinstatement of Horace W. Philbrook, the recalcitrant attorney, who was disbarred some years ago for grossly insulting a member of that august tribunal. Instead of showing signs of repentance after his disbarment Philbrook proceeded to revenge himself on the justices. He published pamphlets assailing them, he brought suits for damages against them, he dogged their footsteps, and he resorted to all sorts of schemes to harass and torment them. After annoying them for years he petitioned for reinstatement, and instead of expressing regret for his conduct and retracting the damaging statements he had made, he asked them to "right the wrong" that had been done him by the court. Much to the surprise of many people Mr. Philbrook was restored to favor.

Pursuit of Helen De Young

Some of the shrewd observers of the smart set whose favorite diversion is that of shadowing Dan Cupid believe that he has designs on Helen de Young, and that the consummation of his plans so far as she is concerned is soon to give society folks a more than ordinarily palatable morsel to roll on their tongues. Several of society's beaux have been very attentive to Miss De Young, and the keen observers have noted significant manoeuvres on the part of a millionaire bachelor who has been kept busy evading the nets of match-making mammas for years. But the fair Helen has kept the gossips guessing. However it is apparent that she has stimulated rivalry among the young men of the elite.

An Unconventional Heiress

Word having been passed that Miss Beryl Whitney is to spend a part of the summer in California, the few eligible youths left in society are brushing up their wits with view to making a conquest of young Parker Whitney's sister. It was about the time of Parker's unconventional marriage with Daisy Parrott that his sister was having her own little unconventional experience, of a different nature, at a smart Eastern boarding school, a rollicking escapade during vacation in which figured several other schoolgirls of equal social prominence and wealth. Miss Whitney's reputation for wit and daring having preceded her to the wild West, she is sure to be a belle at Del Monte, where her mother is at present staying. She will be an heiress, for her father's wealth is estimated at about five million dollars. The Whitney estate includes the twenty-two thousand acre ranch at Rocklin in Placer county, mines in Pueblo, and real estate in various parts of the United States.

The Busy Stork Again

Word comes to me from the East that the stork will shortly visit the home of Dr. and Mrs. Brownell, who are at present in Baltimore. Mrs. Ira Pierce has been with her daughter for some weeks, and Mrs. Cyrus Walker has gone East to be present when the expected event happens.

Wedded a Nome Lawyer

Word comes to me from the Frozen North that the statuesque beauty, Laura Meigs, who queened it at Belvedere for a season, married some time since one of Nome's most prominent lawyers. Her beautiful mother, who is if anything more attractive than her daughter, is however still a free widow. The younger girl, Lucile, has taken a position in one of the business houses of Nome. The Meigs's went to Nome among the first of the Cape pilgrims, but they returned after one season there. After a short residence here when Laura, who has literary ability, held a position on the *Call*, they again traveled Northward. They are Southerners and a most kindly, hospitable family. Hobson the hero is one of their cousins, and Mrs. Dorsey, the artist, whose recent divorce case is still remembered, is another cousin.

Lieutenant H. L. Roosevelt, stationed at Alongapo, Philippine Islands, a son-in-law of Judge Morrow of this city, has been promoted by the President to the position of Assistant Quartermaster on the staff of the Marine Corps, with the rank of Captain. In the list of promotions, Captain Roosevelt is at the head, in the rank of captains.

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Pardee's Procrastination

Governor George C. Pardee is keeping a lot of Republican job-chasers on the anxious seat, and incidentally he is fomenting trouble for himself. Nearly every man that ever filled the gubernatorial office admitted at the close of his term that his greatest regret was that he procrastinated in the distribution of patronage. The reason is plain; the longer a vacancy exists the greater becomes the number of applicants for the job, and when the appointment is made every man that failed to get it feels that he has a grievance. By making appointments promptly the executive prevents soreheads from accumulating. Governor Pardee has deliberated over the Bank Commission for months, and the consequence has been that people that never thought of seeking one of the commissionerships have been bringing influence to bear on the Governor within the last few weeks in the hope of landing the job. The only explanation of Pardee's procrastination is that he did not wish to appoint certain men to whom he was under binding obligations, and that he kept the matter open to give their enemies ample time to assail them with a view of rendering them politically impossible. That trick is as old as the hills, and it is played quite often. No man is invulnerable against the attacks of enemies when he is after a political job. If he be kept in the limelight long enough somebody will produce evidence of his unfitness.

Views of Nathan Strauss

Mr. Nathan Strauss, the man chosen to settle the differences between the United Railroads company and its employes, is comparatively a stranger to people on this edge of the continent, but in the East he has long been known as one of the most distinguished of public-spirited citizens. His views on public questions are always eagerly sought for he always has something practical to suggest. In an interview in the New York *Herald* recently he pointed out to Democrats their duty under the existing conditions of the party and the Government. He said that a tariff for revenue with incidental protection is the true traditional Democratic policy, and that it should be made the distinctive issue of the next campaign. On the subject of a candidate he said, "Let the gentlemen with personal grievances keep them to themselves. The country is not interested as to who was right or who was wrong in the past. The people have no sympathy with factionists. They care nothing for past controversies that have long been closed and cannot be reopened."

The Last of the Quartet

When Frances Hopkins changes her name today to Mrs. Eugene Murphy, the last of the quartet of handsome Hopkins girls becomes a matron. Though Frances was only a cousin, she always seemed more like a sister to Helen, Edna and Georgie, with whom she was invited everywhere. She is a much more radiant beauty than the fair, pale Helen, who ranked as the queen-beauty of the quartet. She is a brunette with a plump figure and a beautiful neck and shoulders. Frances Hopkins is the daughter of Will Hopkins and a grandniece of the founders of the family fortune, Mark and Moses. Her father was not mentioned in Uncle Moses's will, chiefly, I have heard, because he never joined in with the family adoration of the millionaire. However, Mark was more kind to his independent nephew and left him a fat chunk of his fortune. The Will Hopkins's home is in Michigan, and Frances is said to have left several adorers lamenting when she made up her mind to marry Eugene Murphy. The latter is a grandson of "Marquis" Murphy, one of the founders of the firm of Murphy, Grant & Co. He is very young and not much taller than his fiancee, and though he hasn't much wealth he is ambitious. He studied law with Lent & Humphrey and was recently admitted to practice.

She Is Very Feminine

Dr. Anna G. Lyle is again at home from Europe and is at the Occidental. She bears her honors so lightly that one would scarcely fancy that this tall, charming blonde young woman was recently appointed to a professorship in the Vienna University. Miss Lyle is one of the most stunning looking Californian girls that ever went abroad, and she is quite as feminine a type of beauty as her sister Martha, Mrs. Pierre Humbert. She has the well-groomed look of the New York woman, and a marked British accent that does not go well with her avowed American heart. Though she has passed so much time abroad, Dr. Lyle is extremely patriotic and says she considers an American the superior of any other man.

Willis Polk to Return

It is reported that Willis Polk is about to return to San Francisco. He does not care for Chicago and wishes to remain here permanently. So there will be another era of artistic house building for San Francisco, but also—more's the pity—there will be chimneys that won't draw, as witness the Press Club jinks room. Polk never produces anything that is not artistic but he has a way of forgetting important things, such as the stairways to upper stories and little things like bathrooms and closets.

Damaged While He Slept

Because a Pullman car porter failed to perform the functions of an alarm clock for him Mr. Harrison Dibblee of San Rafael has brought suit for damages. As Mr. Dibblee is a representative of the elite of Ross Valley it may be set up by way of defence that he could not be awakened by the ordinary means employed to arouse a man from slumber. It might also be urged that nobody hailing from the drowsy village is ever thoroughly awake, and that when

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Mr. Dibblee was snoring the porter believed him to be in his normal condition, and that it would be useless to disturb him. If the rule is to be established by which the Pullman company is to be held responsible for such laches on the part of its porters, then Colonel Henry I. Kowalsky need not bother himself any more about spurious heirs. It would pay him to spend all his time crossing the continent for the porter doesn't live that could keep the Colonel awake. But it isn't likely that the court will establish any such rule for it is a maxim of the law that it does not exact impossibilities, and how could Pullman porters be expected to wake passengers when they themselves spend all their time in slumber?

Dibblee's Missing Van Dyke

Mr. Harrison Dibblee, by the way, occasioned considerable gossip in Marin when he shaved off his stunning Van Dyke, which had invested him with a *distingue* air. When he first appeared in his undress-face his masculine friends were astonished and the feminine ones were shocked. The explanation of the facial metamorphosis was that the beard had aroused too much admiration, and that it was offered as a sacrifice on the altar of peace and harmony. It is incredible however, that a man would deliberately shed his beard to render himself less attractive. I am inclined to regard the explanation as a joke. Yet Mr. Dibblee's sister-in-law has been quoted as saying that while the danger was not entirely averted by the removal of of the wind-breaks it was at least minimized.

In Fair Helen's Train

If Paymaster Skipwith of the *Marblehead* does not capture one of our belles before long his failure will not be due to his being a laggard in love. Some months ago when the *Marblehead* was in port the young paymaster was most assiduous in his attentions to Lurline Spreckels, and the gossips of the smart set thought that the dashing young heiress showeed a marked preference for his society. At any rate it was believed that civilian beaux were *de trop* when the snug uniform of the navy was in sight. But Lurline went off to Paris, and the *Marblehead* steamed down to Central America to protect the interests of Uncle Sam. Once more the *Marblehead* is in port, and Paymaster Skipwith is capering nimbly as of yore and as though his heart were as light as ever. Miss Helen Dean is now the object of his attentions, and as a consequence the paymaster is such a frequent visitor to San Rafael that he has begun to assume the air of a commuter.

Egry's Clever Brother

Few except musicians know that one of the most brilliant performers in San Francisco, as well as one of the most exemplary of citizens, is the brother of the late Hungarian genius and Bohemian violinist, Paul Egry, who recently ended his reckless life with a bullet in his brain. The brother I refer to is Arthur Weiss, who is now cellist at Fischer's. It is characteristic that the living brother should have preferred the homely name of Weiss to the spectacular one of Egry. Weiss, however, is the surname he was born with, while that of Egry was taken by the roving brother for professional purposes. Both sons inherited their talent from their father who is a violinist. There is nothing of the Egry grand-stand in Weiss's playing, but he has both the technique and the temperament, and his more studious and temperate habits will probably take him farther than Egry ever could have gone with his fiery methods.

"I cannot understand why Slam should be regarded as a genius. I know him to be an ingrate, a cad and a bounder."

"Oh, you've merely observed some of his eccentricities."

Teddy's Impartial Boosting

Now that the university authorities are beginning to compare notes on the Presidential visit there seems to be a pretty general impression that Teddy can dispense pneumatic oratory with the best of them. It seems that upon his visit to Stanford University he made a speech there and referred to Dr. Jordan as a man whom he admired, not only personally, but whose philosophy of life and of action made him the beau ideal of American manhood, or words to that effect. This made the Santa Clara pedagogue swell with pride. Then Teddy went across to Berkeley, and pictured Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler as another hero of American manhood and the possessor of just about the admirable qualities which he had attributed to the Santa Clara valley pedagogue. Now it happens that there are not, from pole to pole, two more mathematically opposite men, in looks, dress and character than Jordan and Wheeler, and it is surely not soothing to their jealousy that they should have been swathed in hot air from the same mill. And the cynics in educational circles are still wondering if the President ran out of adjectives when he got through at Berkeley and whether he eulogizes all college presidents according to a set formula.

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Jordan Disliked

The President's skill as a hot air artist was under discussion at Berkeley the other day, and a friend tried to console President Wheeler by remarking, "Well, you know that the President is your friend anyway." The speaker didn't add that it was known that Roosevelt was not Jordan's friend, but it is the knowledge of that fact which imparted the hot-air flavor to the President's remarks at Berkeley. Nothing that Roosevelt did on his whole trip occasioned half the surprise that his eulogy of Dr. Jordan provoked, for all the members of his party knew that he cordially disliked the President of Stanford. He believes that Jordan abused his confidence ever since the publication of an interview with the Palo Alto pedagogue in which the latter quoted the President as saying that his predecessor was a jelly-fish President. Jordan repudiated the interview but Roosevelt always believed him guilty.

"Do you think you'll accept him if he proposes?"

"Well, it all depends on whether he will give me time to get used to his face."

Contributing to Her Father's Relief

Professor Syle, late of the University of California, clings to the belief in the country sanatorium where he is suffering that he is pursued by a nemesis. Whether he is right in that surmise and whether that nemesis is directed by one of the most influential members of the faculty at Berkeley, as several of his friends believe, is a question over which there is much wrangling across the bay. Certainly the misfortunes that followed Professor Syle immediately after those satirical lines appeared, have continued till at last they are striking at the members of his family through him. His daughter is now working in a bakery in Oakland and is contributing all she can to maintain the family home in Berkeley and help defray her father's expenses at the sanatorium. Her mother taught her housekeeping and she has turned the teachings to account by furnishing a specialty in fine cakes to the place where she is employed. She is considered a very pretty girl and far above the average in intelligence. Of late she has been turning her attention to magazine work and within the last few months she has had articles in *Munsey's* and the *Cosmopolitan*. Her friends expected great things of her had she been permitted to follow up this talent under more favorable circumstances, but now under the stress of her father's troubles and lack of time owing to other employments she is obliged to turn out rush work at the expense of her literary judgment.

Wrangling Over the Question

The question of who wrote those satirical lines for which Professor Syle is suffering banishment from scholastic positions, according to his friends, is still a matter of warm debate in the university town. Professor Syle was given a year's vacation soon after they were found posted on the college campus; this leave was virtually his dismissal for very soon afterwards he was dropped from the faculty. Professor Ardley, who was suspected of having a hand in the clever screed, found it best to retire about the same time. Professor Syle thought he would have no difficulty in getting a position in the East. Indeed when he first went East he was warmly welcomed at a number of big institutions and several of them extended him invitations to give a series of special lectures. Everything looked exceedingly bright for a good position on the faculty of one of the leading universities when suddenly its attitude towards him changed, as did that of the others who had publicly invited him to deliver the lectures. His friends claimed that word had been sent on from the west to "blacklist Syle" and that the man who sent it had influence enough to make the request effective. Not long ago there was a chance to test this claim of his friends that he is being systematically hounded out of positions; he was offered a good place in a prominent high school in this State. It is said he would have declined it. At any rate he was taken to the hospital under nervous collapse while his friends were discussing the matter.

A Shocking Invasion

The aristocrats of Ross Valley are greatly perturbed over the influx of the polloi who are threatening to impart to the exclusive village a plebeian atmosphere akin to that of Mill Valley. They have swarmed over the green slopes of Ross in droves, and they have polluted the air with the pungent odors of their camping outfits. The sacred landscape has been desecrated, and the aristocrats are horrified. Moreover it is painful to them to be compelled to ride in the narrow gauge cars with the trades people from town, and I hear that they have asked the management of the North Shore road to provide a special car for the exclusive use of the permanent residents of Ross, and it is said that if the request be denied they will withdraw their patronage and drive over to Greenbrae where they can connect with the blue-blooded seven-fifty from San Rafael on the California and Northwestern road.

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The death of Mrs. J. W. Havens was particularly sad. She had everything to live for, and her life was at its brightest point. Gertrude Goewey was a very clever girl, highly cultured and she had traveled a good deal. When she married, about a year ago, it was a surprise to her friends, for she had always said she enjoyed her free bachelor-maid existence too much to change. Her husband is heartbroken at her loss.

Too Much Christian Science Alleged

The friends of Mrs. Havens, across the bay, were shocked over her sad death, and many of them are of the opinion that if she had received proper treatment her life would have been saved. But it is not unusual for people to rush to that conclusion when loved ones have passed away. Frequently when an illness has a fatal ending there are friends or relatives of the deceased who believe that if some treatment had been resorted to quite different from the one that failed, the life of the unfortunate would have been saved. Consequently the gossip anent the death of Mrs. Havens is not surprising, though it is exceptionally spirited and at times rather severe. Some of the friends of Mrs. Havens say that too much reliance was had upon Christian Science in her case, and that the representatives of the medical fraternity were summoned when it was too late. Gertrude Goewey inherited considerable property from her father before her marriage to John Havens, who is the nephew of the rich Mrs. Shattuck of Berkeley. Some two months ago she gave birth to a son, and her illness dated from that event, which was a great shock to her constitution. Her condition went from bad to worse, and the young wife and mother faded away in an astonishing manner. Mrs. Shattuck, I believe, has great faith in the efficacy of Christian Science, and it is probably due to that circumstance that there is so much gossip over the case.

Some of the Week's Weddings

Society had many weddings to attend this week, but none could complain of lack of patronage. Grace church was crowded on Wednesday night when Miss Ermine Louise Thompson was united to Samuel Mountford Wilson. The bride looked lovely, as did her sister, the matron-of-honor, Mrs. Elmore Leffingwell, and the bridesmaids. Miss Ethel Boechtel, one of the bridesmaids, is a strikingly handsome girl and looks very much as her mother did at her age. Miss Ruth Clarke is also a very attractive young girl. She is a daughter of the Alfred Clarkes.

Also a Wednesday wedding, but quietly celebrated on account of the bride's family being in mourning, was that of Miss Kate Clement and Dixwell Hewitt. The bride was in the regulation costume, and looked stately and charming. The Hewitts will live in San Francisco.

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A Slanderer's Apology

It appears that I was mistaken in assuming that Supervisor S. Pestiferous Braunhart believed what he said when he publicly charged contractor Harry Gray with having debauched public officials. It was a grave charge to make, and uttered by a member of the Board of Supervisors it seemed to bear the seal of authority. No decent or responsible citizen would make such an accusation unless he were prepared to offer evidence in corroboration of his statement. However, familiar as I am with the record of the slanderous Braunhart, I should never have credited him with the least of the finer qualities that distinguish gentlemen from cads. Two weeks after uttering the accusation Braunhart addressed a letter to the board afflicted with his membership, in which he stated that he had no knowledge of the Gray brothers ever having acted in an illegitimate manner in their dealings with "this Board"; also that his attack was provoked by "an unwarrantable reflection" on his "veracity and good faith." What a shameful confession to make! And incidentally how ridiculous! Here we find Sammy confessing that he is a malicious liar and at the same time pleading in extenuation of his wanton slander that it was provoked by an "unwarrantable" attack on his veracity. A somewhat paradoxical plea, to say the least. Incidentally I should suggest to Mr. Harry Gray that while he is about it he should procure a more comprehensive apology. Braunhart originally charged that Gray had been debauching Supervisors for years, and that he was ready and willing to corrupt the incumbents. In his letter he merely states that he knows nothing about any illegitimate dealings with "this Board."

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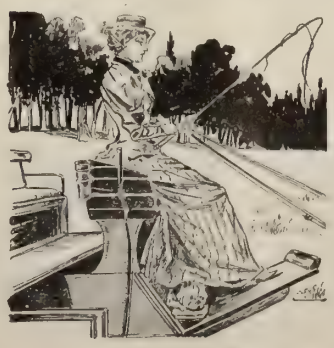

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The Countess Called a Halt

When the Count de Castelmenardo favored an American heiress with his title, he was probably laboring under the delusion that he could spend as much of her money as he pleased, but the Countess has a tight hold on the purse-strings. She has the title, and now she regulates the family finances as she deems proper. The other day it was stated in the despatches that she had published a notice in a New Jersey paper that she would be responsible for no bills that she had not authorized. And then she sailed away with her title for Buenos Ayres leaving the Count at Hackensack to ponder his hard luck. If a few more of our title-laden heiresses were to follow the example of the countess, foreign fortune-hunters would be more cautious when searching for rich game. The Countess is a woman of pluck and independence. She visited this city about three years ago after an interesting experience in the Klondike. She was then Edith Van Buren, and she is the daughter of General Thomas B. Van Buren, and a niece of William Walter Phelps. Some years ago she caused a good deal of talk in Europe by visiting a number of fashionable watering places without a chaperon. Her Gibsonian type of beauty attracted much attention, but despite her pulchritude and her wealth she managed to remain single until she was thirty-five or thereabouts. Three years ago she went to the Klondike with Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock and they staked out a claim near Dawson. They became very popular with the miners, and they separated in a huff. Subsequently Miss Van Buren wrote a book entitled, "Two Women in the Klondike." Then she started on a tour of the world, and she met the Count and wedded him in Nice.

The Tullys in Clover

After a New York season which many a Californian writer would give his eyes for Richard Tully and Mrs. Tully (Eleanor Gates) have come quietly back for a rest in their native State and are spending their summer in Berkeley near the university from which they graduated. Mrs. Tully's summer has been made the more glad by the fact that she has been offered a five thousand dollar guarantee for another novel of the same nature as the "Biography of a Prairie Girl," which gave her immediate literary standing. The book was written on the advice of the Century Company and its order came like manna from heaven to the then struggling young graduate from California. When she first went to New York she saw an editor of the *Century* personally, and offered him the manuscript of a short sketch which later formed one of the chapters of the volume. The man looked over the copy, but before he had read many pages he shocked her seriously by saying, "The *Century* will publish this and we would like you to give us several more like it and let us bring them out in book form." The young woman was overwhelmed for a moment by this lightning-stroke of luck, for she had come expecting to face the traditional editorial coldness, and so much success all at once was quite unnerving to a girl of little or no previous literary experience. The order, however, was a renewed inspiration to her, and she went home and wrote like mad until the book was completed and the copy was in the hands of the printer. The play, "The Strenuous Life," which Tully has sold and which is being produced in the East is founded on "James Wobberts, Freshman," the college farce which was so successful at Berkeley that it was produced in the Grand Opera House by a student company and played to packed houses for several nights.

Ferry, Not Bridge, Whist

The Tiburon ferry commuters have sought to beguile the tedium of their twenty-five minute, bi-daily scoot across and back, by organizing a whist club, where a peculiarly virulent type of bumble-puppy is kept on exhibition for all comers, catch as catch can; rules—razzle, dazzle; time limit—the trip; stakes—five cents a point, stand and deliver. A committee, in emulation of certain London clubs, is now discussing the advisability of limiting the amount of winnings permitted to any one player in a given week to twenty-five hundred dollars, but Dr. George H. Powers, who has been known to win as much as one dollar and fifteen cents in two trips, and "Uncle Joe" Matoon are violently opposed to the change and to all change, except small change.

Game Protection With a String to It

The members of the Country Club, the Tamalpais Sportsmen's Association and devotees of rifle and scatter-gun generally are complaining bitterly of the contemplated action of the Marin Supervisors in proposing to shorten the season for deer to two months and the quail and duck season to three. The present State law, adopted at the last session of the Legislature, after much pow-wowing, allows three and one-half months' deer shooting and four months for birds, and members of shooting clubs aver that these restrictions are amply sufficient to insure the protection and preservation of the game. But what exasperates the respectable sporting element above all things is the fixed idea, for it is more than a suspicion, that this draconian ordinance is aimed entirely at them and is not intended for home consumption. They point to the fact that during the past two seasons the administration of the game laws in Marin has been turned over by the Supervisors to a club

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of San Rafael "sports" and that every doe-killer, sooner and pothunter in the county has blazed away to his heart's content, in and out of season, provided only he voted straight on election day.

How He Knew

Yo may talk as you will about the snobbery of army officers, but the good fellowship extended to the only colored captain at the Presidio is all that even President Roosevelt would require. It was this officer who recently crowded Lieutenant Lowenberg and his fair young bride out of their quarters, this being the privilege of his rank; but the act did not detract from his popularity, as the colored captain when he took the Lowenberg cottage was simply acting on orders "from above." He is a West Pointer and is universally regarded as one of the best officers in the service. Shortly after his return from the Philippines, it is said, one of his rhookies returned tipsy from the city and was overheard calling the captain a "darned fool." He was dragged before a court-martial for the offense and a witness called who overheard the remark. "Did you hear the defendant call the Captain a darned fool?" asked the Judge Advocate. "Yes sah, yes sah!" replied the black positively. "Quote the words of the defendant exactly," went on the inquisitor. "He sayed, sah, 'He's a da'n fool.'" "Well, how do you know that he meant the Captain?" was the next question. "Well, I cutn'ly knew he wuz meaning de Capting, cause I took a look round an' de Capting, sah, war de only da'n fool I done see."

It Was a Servian Feud

The correspondents of the dailies appear to think that the Servian tragedy was the result of an outburst of local passion against the person of Queen Draga. The fact is that it was the culmination of long years of intrigue carried on against the reigning family by the rival claimants to the Servian throne. Moreover it is a case of the sins of the father being visited on the son. An ancestor of the Karageorgevitchs who led the revolt against the Turks in 1804 was assassinated by order of Milosch Obrenovitch, an ancestor of Alexander, who had supplanted him after he had been forced to take refuge in Austria. From then to the night of the assassination of Alexander and Draga, the Karageorgevitches have carried on intrigue from Vienna and other European capitals against their successful rivals, but it was only in recent years that they were given encouragement by the Servian army.

Favored the Pickle Man

According to my Far Eastern correspondent, Miss Bertha Runkle, the author of "The Helmet of Navarre," was disappointed on learning that her novel was unknown to the literature of Japan, but from private correspondence I learn that in the English and American colonies of Hong Kong she was lionized almost as much as she was in this city last winter. Among her most ardent admirers were an English nobleman and an American millionaire pickle manufacturer. Notwithstanding her romantic temperament she appeared to favor the suit of the pickle man.

On the Wrong Track

The citizens of that once popular seaside resort, Santa Cruz, are awakening from their lethargy. They are putting forth festive signs of life, and the long-closed shutters of her cottages are to be flung wide to the sunlight. They have decided to lure the joy-seeker by employing the seductive charms of the Heavenly Maid. In other words they are going to spend their money on brass bands, and judging from the list of those engaged for the season, it won't be hard to interpret what the indignant wild waves that lave the northerly shore of Monterey bay are saying in the good old summer time. I predict that when some of those bands begin to play, Major McLaughlin will be driven from his majestic home on the hill, and that Governor Jeter will apply for a writ of injunction. Those dear, unsophisticated citizens of Santa Cruz are proceeding the wrong way round. Raucous brass bands are not what the somnolent seaside burg needs to stimulate the summer traffic. Get together, good citizens, and build a first-class hotel, in spacious grounds, and put it in charge of a hotel man, and then people will go to Santa Cruz as of yore and spend their money. Ten years ago Santa Cruz was up to date. Now it's ten years behind the times. It has stood still while other resorts have been bidding for the fashionable trade.

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Teddy Was Bucked Off

The pen-slashing of the Yosemite Park Commissioners inflicted by my friend Elwyn Hoffman stirred the choler of those gentlemen in a way that prompted them to hold an indignation meeting. Jack Wilson was the most aggrieved of the bunch, and he was thinking of doing something desperate, such as instituting a libel suit against this paper, or having Mr. Hoffman arrested for slander, but Billy Foote, who has had great and varied experience with newspaper critics, advised him to go slow. "You may be able to prove that you're a good Commissioner," said Foote, "but you never can tell what matters may be deemed pertinent to the issue." So the indignant Wilson calmed himself. The Commissioners say that they have been grossly misrepresented by the newspaper stories concerning events in the Valley during the President's visit. They say that they exploded dynamite just to give the visitors some conception of the remarkable echoes during thunder storms and that the President and his companions marveled at the effect, and were delighted. Incidentally the Commissioners tell some funny stories about the President. They say that despite his boasted horsemanship he was bucked off the nag that he rode, and experienced a head-on collision with a snow bank. Billy Foote says that Teddy made him tired by calling for his warbag as soon as he entered the valley. "I think," said Foote, "it was the same bag he had at San Juan hill." Billy has never forgiven Teddy for appointing colored men to office in the South.

Berkeley Club's Personnel

Mrs. Frank M. Wilson, the president of the Town and Gown Club of Berkeley, is visiting in Chicago, and upon her return the members of her club expect to be entertained with an account of how they manage women's clubs in the city of grime. Mrs. Wilson is a very keen observer and has a bright manner of placing her facts in sentences. It was not she, however, who got off the famous witticism that went the rounds of Berkeley when the Town and Gown Club was first established. One of the members, a university matron if I remember rightly, was asked who formed the membership roll.

"Oh," she answered, "it is composed of ladies from the university set and women of the town."

The clubman to whom this information was vouchsafed thought the *mot* too good to keep to himself and it speedily passed into history.

Ethel and Leontine

Miss Leontine Blakeman is having "lots of clothes made," as her friends put it. They are wondering if there is any truth in the saying that dumb things tell tales. Leontine's cousin Ethel, by the way—Mrs. Tomlinson—is not coming to San Francisco this summer. And she denies that her mother may be a grandmother before the year is over.

Piloted by Cupid

A pretty little romance in the nature of a Utah elopement ended in this city last Friday when Miss Ida M. Ostlund became the bride of Dr. Allen Zimmerman. The doctor is a well known dentist in Salt Lake City. Some months ago business called him to Logan, a near by town. There he met Miss Ostlund, the daughter of a prominent and well-to-do retired merchant, with ideas of his own regarding his daughter's future. After the first meeting between the young people Dr. Zimmerman found various business excuses for visiting Logan. Last month Miss Ostlund came here to visit relatives. A little while later the doctor, too, came to this city—not to visit relatives but to cultivate relatives—and he and Miss Ostlund were quickly married. The next day, Saturday, they sailed for Honolulu on their wedding trip. On their return—well, by the time they return they are hoping that Papa Ostlund will give them his parental blessing.

Fresno is now at its usual summer white heat and those residents who can do so are escaping to the mountains, seaside and springs. Mr. and Mrs. Lee L. Gray arrived at Byron Springs this week. Mrs. Gray is as pretty as when she was Blanche Verdenal, and made her debut in New York society under the wing of her mother, Mrs. D. F. Verdenal, wife of the *Examiner's* Gotham correspondent. Her elder sister, Lottie, also married a Fresno man, Colonel William Forsyth. Others at Byron this week are Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clunie, F. C. Hotaling, Samuel Sussman, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crossitt, W. D. English, Mr. and Mrs. George Melbourne of Victoria, B. C., and Mrs. Kate B. Davis of Boston.

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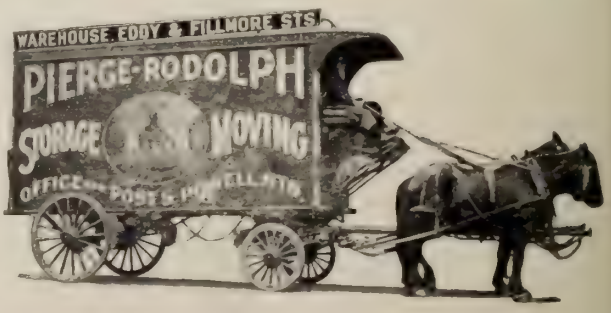

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The Hegira Del Montewards

The vexed question has been settled as to Pearl Landers's choice of an outing-place this summer. She will go to Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney will also summer at Del Monte, with Mrs. Whitney *mere*. The Jack Parrotts and family will be at the hotel all season. At present among those at Del Monte are John W. Twiggs, J. J. Moore, W. W. Wagner, Miss Flood, Miss Maynard, Mrs. M. Irvine, Mrs. I. H. Lewis and J. W. Byrne. Of course because Miss Flood and Mr. Twiggs both find Monterey interesting at the same time the gossips are again busying themselves in prophesying an engagement.

A Breezy New York Letter

The following is from a San Francisco newspaper man sojourning in New York:

At a recent graduation exercises of a New York medical school the statement was made by one of the physician speakers that in the near future neither the middle west nor the far west would send students to the New York colleges, "not on account of superior development in the West," as he phrased it, "but on account of the utter demoralization of the youth from Harlem to the Battery." One of the atrabilious papers took up the declaration of the medico and propounded several leading questions to him, the most startling of which was: "Is New York morally worse than San Francisco?" The man of pills and scalpel withdrew within his shell, fearing the notoriety of a discussion in the daily press, but a reporter with boring propensities squeezed out a reply. It ran as follows: It is ridiculous to place San Francisco on the same moral plane with New York. I know the Western city, its sinks of inquity and the much bruited looseness of conduct of its men and some of its women. The French restaurants of San Francisco are known the world over and they may be pernicious institutions. At any rate such vice as exists in the Western city is cloaked and covered and its women are all presumably virtuous. That does not hold in New York. Take the great "White Light" district, Broadway from Twenty-third street to Forty-sixth and the tenderloin section, and what do you meet at every step? Here are the theatres and to work your way from car to lobby a path must be cut through a pack of *femmes du pave.* Ride in any street car at any time of the day, walk down your best avenues, and what do you find? The women of the half world and others of a lower cast brushing elbows with the best and the purest. There is no distinction in dress or in locality. The two polar classes may almost be said to mingle and this it is that is so disheartening to the parent who wishes his son or daughter to come to the great metropolis to study. More than one editorial in the great New York papers are promised on account of the doctor's lament. But what cares the New Yorker? He is too busy to take such matters seriously.

* * * * *

Rumor has it that W. R. Hearst will return to New York much earlier than the date set upon at the time of his departure with bride and suite. When he left New York he said he would not be back until November but those who know some of his private affairs are preparing for his home coming in August. There is no question that there will be a shaking up in the New York office. Everybody expects it and great disappointment would result should the even-tempered violence of the *Journal's* methods remain undisturbed. And some very important changes are promised for the *Examiner* at the end of the summer season. Mr. Hearst is now in Northern Italy making the best of his honeymoon.

* * * * *

Hermann Oelrichs, fresh, ruddy and to the unflattering eye, corpulent, arrived on the *Kaiser Welhelm der Grosse* on Tuesday. One of the New York papers said he was going to San Francisco to look after the completion of his four million dollar hotel, the Fairmount, just as if Hermann Oelrichs had only business interests in San Francisco. Mr. Oelrichs's affection for the city is sincere. In fact it is his home. His voyage across the Atlantic was a jolly one. Some of his fellow passengers were old-time friends such as Levi P. Morton, Captain Richardson Clover, former naval attache to the American Embassy at London, Adolph Lewisohn and President Baker of the Atlantic Transport Line. E. H. Harriman, now midway across the Atlantic, left on Tuesday on the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*, minus his vermiform appendix. He laughed at the operation which freed him from the good-for-nothing, functionless attachment. "At present I'm not even interested in stock operations, let alone surgical ones," he said just before boarding the ship at Hoboken. "As for N. P., S. P. or U. P., I am not going to give them a thought. My vacation will be a vacation. The automobile's the thing and I shall try them through France, Germany and other continental countries before my return."

* * * * *

William Haber, son of Joseph Haber of San Francisco, has received an interne's position at Mount Sinai Hospital on account of an exceptional high standing in competitive examinations. This hospital wil soon move to its new quarters in Fifth avenue, a few blocks from the magnificent three million five hundred thousand dollar Carnegie home. The Mount Sinai hospital, when ready for occupancy will be the most thoroughly equipped in America. Its location is the finest in New York city, in Fifth avenue opposite the park.

* * * * *

Miss Maida Castelhun, who has been engaged in literary work in New York, will return to California next week. She has mapped out a year's work.

Talk of the difficulties a diver encounters in extracting pearls from the sea's depths. Are they anything in comparison with those encountered by Moraghan in bringing oysters from the depths, in order that epicures may feast upon the delicate bivalve? Have you ever eaten oysters at Moraghan's, in the California market? There is no other place in town where they are quite so good, or served so well.

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Complaint of the Fair Amouress

(Translated from the French of Francois Villon and published by request)

I.

Meseemeth I heard cry and groan
  That sweet who was the armourer's maid:
For her young years she made sore moan,
  And right upon this wise she said;
  'Ah fierce old age with foul bald head,
To spoil fair things thou art over fain;
  Who holdeth me? who? would God I were dead!
Would God I were well dead and slain!

II.

'Lo, thou hast broken the sweet yoke
  That my high beauty held above
All priests and clerks and merchant-folk;
  There was not one but for my love
  Would give me gold and gold enough
Though sorrow his very heart had riven,
  To win from me such wage thereof
As now no thief would take if given.

III.

'I was right chary of the same,
  God wot it was my great folly,
For love of one sly knave of them,
  Good store of that same sweet had he;
  For all my subtle wiles, perdie,
God wot I loved him well enow:
  Right evilly he handled me,
But he loved well my gold, I trow.

IV.

'Though I gat bruses green and black,
  I loved him never the less a jot;
Though he bound burdens on my back,
  If he said "Kiss me and heed it not,"
  Right little pain I felt, God wot,
When that foul thief's mouth, found so sweet,
  Kissed me—Much good thereof I got!
I keep the sin and the shame of it.

V.

'And he died thirty year agone.
I am old now, no sweet thing to see;
By God, though, when I think thereon,
  And of that good glad time, woe's me,
  And stare upon my changed body
Stark naked, that has been so sweet,
  Lean, wizen, like a small dry tree,
I am nigh mad with the pain of it.

VI.

'Where is my faultless forehead's white,
  The lifted eyebrows, soft gold hair,
Eyes wide apart and keen of sight,
  With subtle skill in the amorous air;
  The straight nose, great nor small, but fair,
The small carved ears of shapliest growth,
  Chin dimpling, colour good to wear,
And sweet red splendid kissing mouth?

VII.

'The shapely slender shoulders small,
  Long arms, hands wrought in glorious wise,
Round little breasts, the hips withal
  High, full of flesh, not scant of size,
  Fit for all amorous masteries;

* * * *
* * * *
* * * * *

VIII.

'A writhled forehead, hair gone grey,
  Fallen eyebrows, eyes gone blind and red,
Their laughs and looks all fled away,
  Yea, all that smote men's hearts are fled;
  The bowed nose, fallen from goodlihead;
Foul flapping ears like water-flags;
  Peaked chin, and cheeks all waste and dead,
And lips that are two skinny rags:

IX.

'Thus endeth all the beauty of us.
  The arms made short, the hands made lean,
The shoulders bowed and ruinous,
  The breasts, alack! all fallen in;
  The flanks too, like the breasts, grown thin;

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

X.

'So we make moan for the old sweet days,
  Poor old light women, two or three
Squatting above the straw-fire's blaze,
  The bosom crushed against the knee,
  Like fagots on a heap we be,
Round fires soon lit, soon quenched and done;
  And we were once so sweet, even we!
Thus fareth many and many an one.'

M. Edmond Rostand has been admitted to the *Academie Francaise*, and yet it was only the other day that a Chicago judge decided that he was a plagiarist.

"Parsifal" is really to be presented in New York. Manager Conreid paid no attention to Frau Wagner's protests, but went calmly on with his preparations.

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The Glad Summer Time

Showing that "Where to go for the summer" is not always happily answered by believing the glowing terms of advertisements and "hearsays."

I.

Fernwood, June tenth.

My dear Anne,

I knew you would be pleased to hear that we are settled in Fernwood, and taking nerve tonics on account of the excitement here. We have a hammock and Lillie is stretched therein reading. No one spoke to us last night—the day of our arrival—but Lillie got out her guitar and we sang and had a good time by ourselves. This morning every one thawed and came and talked to us—all the women, I mean. The men left on the train last night. There are some more coming next week. We leave on Monday—you know how it always is.

This morning Lillie and I were on the see-saw, and then we went to the swings and hoisted our dresses up to keep them out of the dirt. We were swinging towards the sun when a young man came out from the trees and asked us about the picnic grounds. I wanted to ask him how he liked the flowers on my stockings but he went away, and I suppose it is for good.

The weather is grand. The swimming tank is empty and the dance-hall is closed. We are going for a walk now, and to mail our letters, for there's no other amusement in sight.

I think Lillie and I will go to Outremer or Villa Blank in August. I hear they have tennis and pingpong and golf there—and men. Don't think we are unhappy here. We are having a nice, peaceful time and accumulating flesh.

Yours mountainously, *Beatrice.*

II.

Outremer, June tenth.

Dearest Beatrice,

I suppose you and Lille are having a gorgeous time in the mountains. I am rather sorry I did not go with you. We reached here two days ago, and haven't seen a man since our arrival except one old Papa and a man with rheumatism. Mamie and I went in bathing this morning, and my face is a sight. I have cold-creamed it, however, and besides I don't care much as there is no one here to look pretty for. We sit on the beach, eat and read and bathe, and that's about all. I think Mamie and I'll move on to Fernwood or Villa Blank in a month or so. They say they have any number of attractions there—MEN.

Yours seashorely, *Anne.*

III.

Villa Blank, June tenth.

Dear Anne,

Please forward this to Beatrice after you read it. I'm simply too brain-fatigued to write more than is necessary to get return letters. Flora and I have been here a week and have talked ourselves out, read every paper-covered novel in sight, played pingpong until we hated the look of a ball, exhausted tennis and golf—and are now ready to go. Only we have paid a month's board in advance (they knocked off some because we did), and will have to see it out. If you were thinking of coming here, *don't.* Why, girls, Flora and I are simply wild because we didn't go to Fernwood or Outremer. We hear that those places are the most fascinating spots and simply crowded with masculines. Condole with us, up here, with twenty women boarders beside ourselves and the only man the Chinese cook. Well, we will surely try the mountains or seashore when we get away from here.

Yours, blankly, *Carrie.*

—The Postman.

DIVIDEND NOTICES

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. Corner California and Montgomery Sts. For the six months ending June 30, 1903, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, free of taxes and payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal after July 1, 1903. J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

The German Savings and Loan Society. 526 California St. For the half year ending with June 30, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903.
GEORGE TOURNY. Secretary.

San Francisco Savings Union. 532 California St., corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 30th of June. 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and forty-two one hundredths (3 42-100) per cent on Term Deposits, and three (3) per cent on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier

The Society Woman, the Dancing Bear and the Lion that Wouldn't Roar

A Fable.

A Society Woman with a Penchant for entertaining Celebrities of every kind once invited a Visiting Author to dine at her Palatial Home. The Author, who did not know this particular woman from Eve, thought he might as well Accept her Bid, because after all a Good Dinner anywhere is not to be despised.

Therefore upon the Date of the Dinner, the Visiting Author showed up in his Happiest Rags. He found himself one of Nineteen Guests, and his place was at his hostess's Right Hand.

The Society Woman did her Best to make the Author talk, but he preferred to Eat. The other guests sat Silent waiting for the Celebrity to drop a few Epigrams and set the Pace for them. But he ate in almost absolute Silence and so the dinner took on the Aspect of a Quaker Meeting. No one dared be the first to speak. Even Champagne failed to Loosen Tongues.

When they adjourned to the Drawing Room, the Author was still wrapped in Meditation. The apres-diner promised to be about as Serious an affair as the meal itself.

But among the guests was a Foolish Youth who had a pair of Clever Feet. The Youth was in the habit of doing Ballet Stunts for his friends, and he had quite a reputation as a Carmencita and Belle Baya.

When he found that the Society Woman's program for the evening had not been Laid Down, the Foolish Youth suggested that they have some Music.

"But as an Author is the Guest of Honor," deprecated the Hostess, "I thought a conversational evening would about cover the bill."

"So it would," returned the Foolish Youth, "only no

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one seems willing to start the program."

To pass the time before the conversation should begin, therefore, he took the floor and gave a Pas Seul of not much Grace but considerable Originality and Abandon. In a short time the company began to Brace Up, and before an hour had gone by they were all doing Cake Walks, the Visiting Author applauding with both Hands and Feet.

The moral to this is that it is better, for social purposes, to be a Dancing Bear than a Lion that Won't Roar.

Automobile Topics

San Francisco was rather slow to take to the automobile, but the tentative period has passed. At first the wiseacres predicted that the motor car would never come into general use in this city, on account of our hills. They were regarded as insurmountable obstacles destined to ever stay the popularity of the motor car, but those proud eminences have long since ceased to be regarded with aversion by the chauffeur, and people that otherwise would be inclined to take to the auto are not deterred from doing so by reason of the fact that San Francisco is not a dead level. One day last week it was demonstrated by Mr. Lee, the manager of a local agency, that the grade of California street between Kearny and Stockton is not too great to be overcome by the power of a very small machine. He ascended it with two passengers and in the middle of one block turned the auto around and backed up for a short distance.

The automobile industry has made great strides in this city within the last few months. It has been going ahead by leaps and bounds, and a great deal of capital is to be invested in it within the immediate future. Two or three companies are now in process of organization, the purpose of which is to deal in mobes, and to carry on a general business incident to the trade. So important is the industry destined to become that it is a matter of only a short time when the Park Commissioners will be forced by public sentiment to recede from their attitude of antagonism toward the up-to-date mode of travel. In all the large cities of the world the automobile is recognized as the vehicle of the day. Prejudice is rampant against it only along the cowpaths. It is admitted into Central Park, New York, along all the drives, and the only park in which limitations are enforced is our own Golden Gate. However the prejudice of our Commissioners is easily accounted for. The automobile has not yet thrust the horse into the background in this city and lovers of horseflesh are so partial to the equine that they think the animal should be shown every consideration. But in more enlightened communities the auto and the horse are dividing the honors. The animal and the motor are entering upon friendly terms. In all parts of the country the auto men are seeking to educate the horse up to a recognition of the right of the mobe, and they are bidding fair to win the horse in advance of his master. Professional trainers are devoting their attention to the training of horses so that they shall not take fright at the "teuf-teuf" of the motor, and it is no longer unusual to see a horse regard a passing auto with complacency.

One of the most enthusiastic of the auto men in this State is F. A. Hyde, President of the California Automobile Club. He is doing more toward educating people with a view of popularizing the motor car than any other man in the State, and his efforts are entirely unselfish, for he is interested in no special car. He has rendered valuable service to the club by attending to legislation in interior towns. He has done much toward convincing people that the chauffeur has rights that should be respected.

It is held by some medical authorities that the automobilist who allows his desire for speed to render him oblivious of all danger suffers from a delirious intoxication similar to that produced by morphine; also that deafness, bronchial troubles and certain forms of catarrh may be traced to the automobile. There are other authorities that speak in high terms of the automobile as an agent of health. They say that cases of neurasthenia and insomnia have been cured by motor car rides, and that the easy jolting experienced when going at a good rate of speed has the same effect as horseback riding. Automobiling like all out door exercises may be robbed of its beneficial effects by overdoing it. There is no doubt that scorching is bad, and it is equally certain that motoring with prudence is healthful.

Mr. W. H. Deming is said to have the record for fast time and safe journey to Mount Hamilton in his fifteen-horse poweer auto. He made the trip from the Hotel Vendome to the summit in two hours and twenty minutes, a distance of twenty-six miles and a climb of over four thousand feet. He returned in one hour and twenty-five minutes.

Dr. H. Nelson Jackson, who left this city on May twenty-third to make the trip to New York on his auto, was heard from a few days ago, and he was then almost through Idaho. He is making the journey in easy stages, stopping at points of interest along the route. —*The Automobilist.*

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STAGE

The Altar of Friendship

Coming as it does after "If I Were King," Madeleine Ryley's somewhat invertebrate comedy drama "The Altar of Friendship" seems a trifle tame. But for a midsummer diversion it is as refreshing as a breath of fog on a hot day. If you sit through it in a pliant, plastic mood you can enjoy it to your heart's content and feel that you haven't wasted a minute. And that is the mood everybody should take to the theatre with him, for if you go to be entertained it is absurd to assume an attitude of defiance toward every one on the stage, as though you were saying to them, in the language of the man from Missouri, "You show me." "The Altar of Friendship' 'is a wholesome little comedy, cleverly constructed and of effervescent dialogue. But to the analytical mind, or to the student of the drama who knows all about the dramatic verities and what should constitute a play, but whose ideas are purely theoretical, it lacks a substantial pretext. All the complications arise from the fact that Arnold Winnifred trifles with the affections of a pretty typist who was the protegee of Richard Arbuthnot. Arnold marries Richard's sister, and then Arnold discovers that Richard had wronged the pretty typist. He saves his brother-in-law from exposure, and permits people to believe that he was the responsible party. Presently he falls in love and is about to marry when his betrothed hears the gossip about the typist who had been trifled with, and then he is in an awful predicament. In the end the truth comes out and Richard's sister goes away with her husband and a broken heart. Madeleine Ryley mixes things up and handles the complications in masterly style but you cannot help thinking every little while that this is the twentieth century, and that people do not make so much ado over the peccadilloes of a gay young bachelor. It is a contemptible thing to wrong a poor, confiding little girl who whacks a typewriter all day, and Arnold was undoubtedly a scoundrel, but the average up-to-date brother doesn't get into a white heat over the discovery that his brother-in-law has a past. Neither does the average up-to-date wife break her heart when she learns that she has married a man who had a very serious love affair once upon a time, and who took advantage of a trusting girl. Instead of pitying the girl who was seduced she is most likely to congratulate her husband on having escaped the wanton's wiles. That is the way the world wags, and it's a pity that things are not as Madeleine Ryley pictures them in "The Altar of Friendship." Hence I say that one should be in a plastic, pliant mood to enjoy it. Otherwise one might fail to enthuse over the sacrifice made by Richard Arbuthnot which wasn't anything more than any man would have been willing to do under similar circumstances. But it is refreshing and wholesome to feel for a few hours that sin is so heartily detested as it appears to be in Madeleine Ryley's little play. Moreover it is pleasant to attune onself to the note sounded in the pretty comedy, for in doing so one finds that the humor of its situations is infectious, and there is one scene that imparts something that very strikingly resembles a thrill. The play is very prettily staged, and Nat Goodwin makes the most of the character of Richard Arbuthnot. He plays the part with his characteristic drollery, and Zeffie Tillbury is a satisfactory substitute for Maxine Elliott. A little more vivacity on her part would indicate a livelier sense of the bubblesome nature of Sally Sartoris, but she is effective. Julia Dean has a part that does not enable her to make much of an impression on her audience. The other members of the company contribute adequate support.

At the Alcazar

"Pudd'nhead Wilson" is a play with good meat in it. In the years it has been on the stage it has not suffereed in comparison with newer productions. It is an attestation to "The play's the thing." There are not many really good plays, but the Mark Twain drama is one of them. Even if a poor company handled it it would still be interesting. The character of David Wilson is unique. Its success depends on the effacement of the actor's personality in favor of the role. Roxy is a part offering splendid possibilities for an emotional actress. The last time I saw the play Theodore Hamilton was Wilson and Eleanor Moretti was Roxy. Moretti is not an attractive woman, physically, but from her mother she inherited temperament. And her Roxy was a creation that stood out far beyond any of the other characterizations in the play. In her great scene with her son she wrung the heart. Hers was the intense acting that draws an audience out of itself. Remembering that wonderful Roxy, I was prepared to be disappointed in Miss Creighton's. It scarcely seemed possible that such a satisfactory exponent of society parts could inject the proper amount of intensity into the sixteenth-negress with her warm blood and passionate temperament. But Miss Creighton's Roxy is a strong impersonation, and from the artistic view-

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point is the best thing she has yet done during her engagement at the Alcazar. Oza Waldrop is a sympathetic Rowy and Miss Howe as Patsy, Wilson's sister, is all the role calls for. Whittlesey as the old man, with his peculiar fad for recording thumbprints, the "pudd'nhead," always holds the audience's interest.

Sam'l of Posen's New Play

All this week M. B. Curtis has been appearing in his original, famous role at the Central theatre. It is some years since "Sam'l of Posen" came this way, but it is always good to draw. Next week Curtis will appear in "The Greenhorn." Speaking of his role of Mosche Petsche in this play, Curtis is reported as saying: "I am the first man who ever played the part of the German-Jew on the stage in this country. On returning to the United Stater after an absence of four years, during which I visited all the principal cities in the world, I determined after witnessing the performances of other impersonators of Jewish characters, to revive my former creation and begin where they leave off. I consider my new play far superior to 'Sam'l of Posen.'" The Central stock will support the comedian in this play, as in that of this week. Myrtle Vane, the new soubrette, has already established herself a favorite. Millar Bacon, the new juvenile, has also won favor.

Nance O'Neil in Sardou Drama

"La Tosca" will have all the virtue of a new production next week at the California, with such a Floria as Nance O'Neil will be. She played the role in Australia but has never been seen here in it. It calls for intense emotion and Miss O'Neil is at her best in roles of that kind. She will play "Fedora" later. In her support are McKee Rankin, Charles Millward and E. J. Ratcliff.

The Isle of Champagne

Edwin Stevens is the whole show at the Tivoli this week. The role of Mumm in "The Isle of Champagne" requires great endurance and agility on the part of the leading comedian, and Stevens apparently remains indefatigable and spontaneous to the drop of the curtain. Seabrooke used to make his points by entirely different methods, but Stevens is funnier and does not work nearly so hard. The introduction of Mary Cahill's song from "Nancy Brown," "You can't fool all the People all the Time," makes a big hit, and Stevens is obliged to repeat it again and again. Annie Meyers looks wonderfully young in a number of fetching gowns and acts with all her customary vigor and dash. Hartman and Webb make the most of their very small parts. "The Isle of Champagne" has some rattling choruses, which the Tivoli people render with a swing that is very effective.

Next week will be positively the last of "In Washington" at the Grand. Another of the Rogers Brothers attractions, "In Central Park," will follow.

There's a good deal of music on the Orpheum's bill this week, but the audience likes it. The "Four Emperors of Music" give a very diversified and entertaining stunt. Anna Wilson, formerly of the Tivoli company, wins applause for her solo, and Saona makes a hit with his clever impersonations of great people.

Bryant's Realistic Stunt

The place of Alcazar stage manager left vacant by Charles S. Bryant's departure for the East will be filled by Fred Butler, formerly of the Grand, who will be a good man to keep the pace set by the brilliant young director. Bryant's early success, it would seem, was compassed equally by ability and the executive knack of making himself liked, for considering the brief length of time he has been before the public there is not a more popular man in the profession. A spirit of bon cameraderie always existed between himself and his company, as may be shown by the following incident which occurred during the rehearsal of the last farce which he put on at the Alcazar. "The Man from Mexico" had been staged with considerable care, and at the dress rehearsal members of the company came to Bryant and requested that, instead of criticising, he would sit out in the pit and see if the performance was really funny enough to laugh at. So the three hilarious acts were put through and the actors kept peeping down at Bryant to see how he was taking the humorous passages. To their great surprise and no small alarm the manager sat before them wearing a bored expression of unchanging solemnity. Then they put forth their best efforts to be ridiculous, they strained the incongruity of the situations, but still evoked from their one-man audience no more lively applause than a look of mild interest. Through three long, thankless acts the performers sweated and horse-played and grimaced, but Bryant never cracked a smile. It was not till the next night when the piece proved a roar from start to finish that it dawned upon them that the stage manager's laughless visage had been the result of an acting even more consummate than their own.

Already extensive preparations are going on at Fischer's for "Sapolio," the burlesque on "Sapho," which is to follow "Twirly Whirly" at Fischer's theatre. Ten new "show-girls" have been engaged from New York to augment the present chorus.

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The Second Mantelli Concert

My colleague, the Music Critic, considers Mantelli somewhat lacking in artistry and suggests that she "plays to the gallery." Now in my opinion the reverse of both those opinions applies to Mantelli's singing. At her concert on Tuesday afternoon she certainly did not force her dramatic effects. She was the artist at all times. Mantelli is a singer who grows upon one, to use the homely phrase. At first you merely approve her; then, as her program continues you awake in interest that grows until it reaches enthusiasm. Her personality does not at once please, but in the end you begin to believe her a beautiful woman and a splendid artist. Her Carmen is sensuous rather than sensual; it pleases the mind more than the senses. Hers is a graceful, charming Carmen, rather devoid of diablerie. I thought her art at its best point in the tender "Mignon" song, the "Connais tu le pays," and the number from "Les Huguenots," of the operatic selections, and in Grieg's "Ich liebe dich," Tosti's "Good bye" and Oley Speaks's "April Rain" of the lighter music. English, however, is evidently hard on Mantelli's throat. The hard English words do not bring out her liquid tones as do the Italian, French and German works. There was a small audience present, far too small to testify public appreciation of the artist's worth.

Time's Changes

Any one who remembers San Francisco theatres ten years ago cannot fail to be impressed by the changes in their character. The old Standard is no more. The Bush street theatre, where Crane gave us "The Senator" and Marie Wainwright produced "Twelfth Night," also exists but in memory. Stock musical comedy prevails at the California, which when it was made the "New" California played the finest Eastern attractions, ranking with the Baldwin. The latter, which was the best-beloved of all our theatres, went up in smoke close upon the engagement of Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda." The Columbia gets the attractions now that the Baldwin once played. When the Columbia was the Stockwell, it had Aubrey Boucicault, E. J. Henley and a stock company. When it was the Powell street theatre, it had grand opera by the Hess company that moved over from the Orpheum. The Orpheum, regarded as a "hoodoo" house, as long as opera held its boards, found high-class vaudeville the best kind of a mascot. The Alcazar, also a poorly paying investment for years, is with its splendid stock which produces the best plays from the East now one of the most popular theatres in the city. Fischer's, which lost money when a variety house and beer hall, has made it hand over fist since it turned itself into the home of weberfieldian burlesque. The Grand is no longer Morosco's, the melodrama house. After its seasons of syndicated stars, it is now playing the Rogers' Brothers' "In Washington" and the S. R. O. sign is out. The Central now draws those who used to fill Morosco's to indulge their taste for melodrama and sensational incidents. The Tivoli no longer gives us Strauss and Suppe, Offenbach, Planquette, Cellier and Genee. Instead we find there the works of the "new" composers, De Koven and his contemporaries. The changes in the local theatrical world would be worth exploiting in a whole page of a Sunday supplement.

The Neill-Morosco Enterprises, the new Western theatrical corporation, which introduced its first company at the Burbank theatre, Los Angeles, May seventeenth, has secured the exclusive rights to a long line of the best recent stage successes, such as "In the Palace of the King," "Hearts Aflame," "Mrs. Dane's Defense," "A Royal Family," "Janice Meredith" and "The Way of the World."

Among the new burlesques to be put on shortly at Fischer's is "The Big Little Princess" that Weber and Field are now using with such great success on their road tour. "Sapolio," the "Sapho" burlesque, is to follow "Twirly Whirly."

Ezra Kendal's performance in "The Vinegar Buyer" proved one of the most pronounced hits of the New York season. He will continue in the play all through the summer and comes here in August.

Amelia Bingham follows Goodwin at the Columbia. She will open her engagement here in either "A Modern Magdalen" or "The Climbers."

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Smiling Lydia Back Again

When Lydia Yeamans Titus last appeared at the Orpheum she gave one night a little exhibition of temper. It was deserved, for the gallery joined in the chorus of "Sweet Marie" without an invitation from the singer, and Mrs. Titus didn't like it. The fair Lydia, by the way, is one of the highest-salaried singers in vaudeville. She is also one of the most popular, and before Jessie Bartlett Davis and Camille d'Arville went upon the circuit, Lydia shared her popularity with nobody but Josephine Sabel. No one has ever sung a baby-song with quite the charm of Lydia Yeamans Titus. And it was she who introduced "Molly Newell" to popularity. "Mollie Newell, don't be cruel" used to be hummed and whistled all day when Mrs. Titus was singing it on Orpheum programs. She is a daughter of Annie Yeamans, the veteran comedienne, and a sister of Jennie Yeamans. She made her first hit in farce comedy with Hallen and Hart.

E. D. Price, general manager of the Belasco and Mayer enterprises, is in New York, securing plays and players for the Alcazar and Central theatres and arranging the details of the road tours of Florence Roberts and "The Dairy Farm." He returns the first week in July.

Florence Roberts is putting in a time of rest before beginning her September starring engagement. She has been visiting the theatres with her husband, Louis Morrison. Last Saturday they were in a box at the Columbia.

Features of Next Week's Bills

For the second and last week of his engagement at the Columbia Goodwin will give a revival of "When We Were Twenty-One." Julia Deane will have the principal feminine role and Zeffie Tillbury will be the Firefly.

At the California Nance O'Neil will appear in "La Tosca," opening tomorrow night.

"Monbars," Robert Mantell's fine romantic play, will follow "Pudd'nhead Wilson" at the Alcazar. The latter has drawn so well that it will run another week.

Flossie Hope and Gertie Emerson have a new song and dance entitled "My Starlight Sue" which they will put on Monday night at Fischer's for the first time. It is a great novelty and promises to be as big a hit as the popular song "Chimmie."

The new songs introduced into "In Washington" have made a hit, and the piece still packs the Grand at every performance. "A great show," everybody says of it.

"The Isle of Champagne" has scored at the Tivoli and will be continued.

M. B. Curtis in "The Greenhorn" will hold the boards next week at the Central, after which will come a week of "Joshua Whitcomb" with James Corrigan in the title role.

It is many years since Lydia Yeamans Titus was here, and she is sure to receive the warmest of welcomes on her reappearance at the Orpheum. Lydia is still assisted by her husband, F. J. Titus, and in the musical skit, "The Wrong Organ," introduces the charming song, "Sally in our Alley." Hayes and Healy, the "Ringmaster and the Circus Rider," are new. Hayes is a slender six-footer and Healy a short, plump chap. Allan J. Shaw, the original "Emperor of Coins," is a new arrival from Australia, a coin manipulator of dexterity. Perry and Lulu Ryan and Emma Wood, the "World's Trio," will appear in a novel act, and Vernon, the ventriloquist, will be new.

The baby sea-lion is a drawing card at the Chutes. It was born last week and now rivals the incubator babies in interest. In the theatre the new people are Saona, the impersonator, the Flying Wrest family, aerial marvels, Conroy and Pearl, comedy sketch artists, and Frederick "the Great," a magician. Hayward and Haywood, singers and dancers, Delphino and Palmora and Marah Craig are on the bill. —*The Playgoer.*

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MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

Mantelli's Rebuke to Ill Breeding

We have had many local exhibitions of bad manners at concerts, but the climax was capped at Mantelli's second recital last Friday. In the midst of the "Nobil Signor" song from "Les Huguenots" that opened the second part of the program an usher noisily preceded a woman into a box. The singer was disturbed in the midst of an aria, and she rebuked the late-comer by turning in her direction and singing directly at her for several bars. But the woman in the box was undismayed, and chatted with a companion in loud tones and later on she roused the indignation of the audience during Mr. Pyck's exposition of a Chopin number. The woman should have better sense for she was once a professional singer on the Orpheum circuit. Moreover if she had been attentive she might have obtained a few much-needed pointers for the improvement of her own vocal art which never won the praise of the artistic. By the way, it is high time for managers of concerts to make and enforce a rule against the seating of people during a song or instrumental solo.

A Musical Repartee

One old story, retold with interest by old opera-goers of New York, whose musical life is still bounded by the memory of Grisi and Mario at Castle Garden, is this: "These are your little Grisettes," said the Emperor Nicholas to Mme. Grisi, meeting her one day at St. Petersburg with her two little girls, Rita and Clelia. The third daughter, Mrs. Godfrey Pearce, was not yet born. "No, sire," answered Madame Grisi, with an appropriateness almost too happy for reality, "they are my little Marionettes."

The regular monthly program of sacred music will be rendered at St. Dominic's church tomorrow. The principal feature of the program will be Mendelssohn's cantata "Lauda Sion," sung by the choir of the church, under the direction of the organist,

Sir Arthur Sullivan's song "The Lost Chord" realized little short of fifty thousand dollars, one-third of which was the share of the composer.

Miss Edith Decker, the young prima donna, has returned home after a successful tour of the country with Signor Abramoff, her instructor. They have been in vaudeville together for a year, presenting an act from "Faust," and they are now preparing for a trip to Italy, arrangements having been made for Miss Decker's debut in grand opera at the principal opera house in Milan. While in New York the young prima donna made her appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House, and she received most enthusiastic praise for her work.

It scarcely seems possible that Marcia van Dresser should have been engaged by Manager Conreid for the Metropolitan grand opera forces. Yet that is what the despatches say. Miss van Dresser is a beautiful woman and very magnetic, but when she was with the Bostonians she could scarcely manage the music of the contralto parts. Her voice is rich and charming in speaking roles but was not at all suited for comic opera. It must have developed some new qualities if she is to enter grand opera.

Mr. Samuel Adelstein will spend his summer vacation on a two months' tramping and fishing trip among the mountains and lakes in the vicinity of Tahoe.

Edwin Stevens sends the company as well as the audience to laughing sometimes with his interpolated bits of fun. Stevens is funnier some nights than others. It just happens when he is in the humor. When he feels in perfect trim he is full of pranks, and that is what makes his impersonations so entertaining.

Hother Wismer left this week for the Hawaiian Islands. He will be away about six weeks. —*The Music Critic.*

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To Jessica

True to my soul as the steel to the pole
You have been to me ever.
Evil has thrilled me
And sorrow has chilled me,
Grief and regret for a wasted life filled me;
You have been near me
To comfort, to cheer me,
Bound firm and fast by a tie none can sever,
Close to my soul.

When we are dead and the last word is said
We will still be together.
Fear that I'd lose you
Has made me abuse you,
Sully your life that your God might accuse you;
Sin has engrossed you
And Heaven has lost you
That I might have you and hold you forever,
Living or dead.

June, 1903. *Mabel Porter Pitts.*

From a Garcon's Dictionary

Attitude—A very important part of a waiter's uniform, and necessary to be altered when dealing with guests on the first, second and third floors.

Bachelor—One who spends his money freely and never dines the same woman twice.

Dalliance—When a masculine and feminine guest eat little, talk in spasmodic gusts, but sigh a good deal.

Dessert—Sometimes it is fruit of the season, but it largely depends on what went before.

Frapped—A word applied to the wine when it has reached the proper temperature, and to the woman when she hasn't.

Hunger—A craving for something not always on the bill of fare.

Husband—A frisky married gent who never takes his own wife above the first floor.

Love—A sentiment often involving exceedingly lavish expense, and large tips at dinners *a deux*.

Madame—A feminine guest who is always very coquettish but absolutely discreet; has a fine taste in wines.

Mademoiselle—A feminine guest usually rather timid at first.

Sacrilege—The wasting of good wine on an uneducated palate.

Tip—An uncertain quantity. It is what every honest waiter expects. It is recompense for good service and discretion. Its size is often regulated by the risk the patron is running. It's an index to the character of the giver, and sometimes to the character of his companion.

Wife—A frisky married woman who knows the elevator boy by his first name. *—The Lexicographer.*

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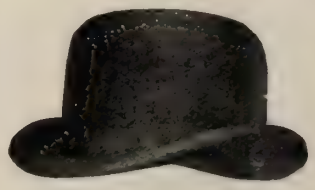

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LETTERS

A Book of Merit

"The Log of a Cowboy" is not the story of the cowboy and the lady, but the plain, unvarnished tale of the haps and mishaps of a drove of cattle and the men of the outfit who started from the Mexican border in the spring of 1882 with three thousand head of long-horns to be delivered at the Blackfoot Agency in Montana early in the following September. Whether Andy Adams, the author of the book, is identical with "Thomas Moore Quirk," the trail hand whose "log" it purports to be, or not, he evidently writes of what he knows, and a more interesting "human document" I have not met with since I read "The Cruise of the Cachelot." Although the whole narrative is given in the first person, the ego is suppressed, and the writer keeps himself in the background and takes up rather less of the reader's attention than the other hands. The little glimpse he gives us of his child-life in Georgia, while his father was serving in the Confederate army, and it devolved on his mother to keep her little family together and their livestock out of the hands of the soldiers of both armies, makes one hope that some day Andy Adams will find himself in another biographical mood and tell us more of his early years. Although this narrative deals with the history of a single "drive," it is one of the longest, since it extended over some three thousand miles, from the southern boundary of the United States to nearly the northern, and though the cattle were tractable and then on the whole as well-behaved and peaceable an outfit as the profession could produce, there is scarcely an incident or accident that did not occur amongst them, so that it is, in effect, a complete epitome of an occupation which time and circumstances have relegated to the "days that are no more." It was a primitive life, of hard work, monotony and privation, varied by the wild excitement of stampedes, meetings with Indians and rustlers, long drives where the cattle were maddened by thirst, and perilous river crossings where they were mired in the quicksands. After the weary months on the trail, varied only by the chance meeting with the advance guard of some other outfit, the few hours of wild dissipation in some frontier cow-town seem more like the antics of schoolboys let out for recess than the deliberate actions of responsible men, and they call for less moralizing than the so-called pranks of the college youth, and if the boys played poker around the fire at night when they might have been reading Shakespeare, it is to be taken into consideration that a pack of cards weighs considerably less in a saddle pocket than a book. This is a book which will appeal to men more than to women. It is one which cannot be exhausted by a single reading, and no amount of writing about will give an adequate idea of its value. It possesses more interest than nine novels out of ten, and while there is not attempt at "characterization," the various men in the outfit, Jim Flood, the foreman, "The Rebel," Honeyman, Quarternight, Officer, Blades, Borrowstone, and all the rest of them, are as clearly differentiated in the mind as though they had had pages of description each. They were not Sunday-school boys out on a picnic, by any manner of means, but after a detailed account of their work and their hardships, taken as a matter of course, our respect for the professional cowboy ought to move up a few notches. The book is brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in the excellent style which characterizes their work. Illustrations are by E. Boyd Smith, who probably deserves credit for the cover design also, of a section of the "circle-dots" and their attendant.

Californian Stories

A writer for one of the local magazines reiterates the old plaint that since Bret Harte died there has no one writing of California in the way that California should be written about. "The gods are dead!" How familiar it is. To be sure no one is making a specialty of gentlemanly gamblers and red-shirted miners. I wonder if any one could conceive of a miner in anything but a red shirt? But if the writer of the wail would just take the trouble to look into *Pearson's* monthly, and I am presupposing that he (or she) has the capacity to recognize a good thing when it is before him, he would find a series of as good San Francisco tales as he can ever hope to enjoy. I refer to "The Picaroons," which Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin are contributing, and they are vastly better stories than Bret Harte ever wrote after he left us. *Pearson's*, by the way, is looking up. Besides "The Picaroons," and plenty of other good fiction, there is a paper by Mabel Shippie Clark Pelton, author of "A Tar-Heel Baron," entitled "Where Women's Clubs are not," descriptive of the life of the women of the foothills of North Carolina, where the scene of her novel is laid; an instructive and interesting article on "Photographing from a Balloon"; "Jerome vs. Crime," which of course refers to the methods of the New York District Attorney; "The Beet Sugar Industry," and an exhaustive resume of the history and settlement of Oregon. The cover design and one paper, "A Honeymoon Pilgrimage," are by Edward N. Marshall.

— *The Bookworm*

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 86011.

ESTHER DONAIRE, Plaintiff
vs.
HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion and upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this Second Day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk.
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.

O. M. GOLDARACENA, Plaintiff's Attorney
Rooms 44-45, 628 Montgomery Street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

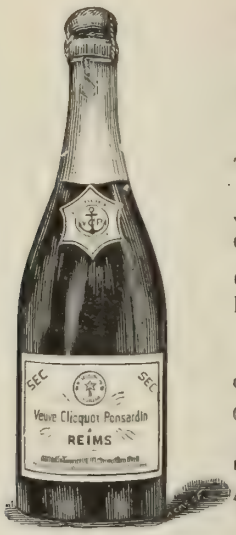
Estate of Jens Peter Mortensen, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Jens Peter Mortensen deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at Room 79 Chronicle Building, junction of Kearny, Geary and Market streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM, Administrator of the Estate of Jens Peter Mortensen, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 13, 1903.

CARLTON W. GREENE, Attorney for Administrator
Rooms 73 76 and 79 Chronicle Building



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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 81947

L. CRONER, Plaintiff, vs. REGINA CRONER, Defendant — Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to:

REGINA CRONER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of August, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk

A. B. TREADWELL, Attorney for Plaintiff
533 Kearny St., Rooms 7, 8 and 9
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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF THE FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No.—— No. 85,001

FLORENCE G. DEVENS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS G. DEVENS, Defendant — Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

THOMAS G. DEVENS, Defendant

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or she will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1903.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk.
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

LOUIS H. ANDERSON, Attorney for Plaintiff.
611 Hearst Bldg San Francisco.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. —— No. 85027

Catherine Loveland and Alice Dwyer, Plaintiffs. vs. Georgina Tew also known as Georgiana Tew, Mary A. Tew, Margaret E. Appleton and Arthur K. Appleton, her husband, John Doe and Richard Roe, Defendants. — Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Georgina Tew, also known as Georgiana Tew, Mary A. Tew, Margaret E. Appleton and Arthur K. Appleton, her husband, John Doe and Richard Roe, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of thi Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or they will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of April, A. D. 1903

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk

THEODORE J. ROCHE, Attorney for Plaintiffs
Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California. Department No. —. No. 85297.

MARGARET SCHIRMER, Plaintiff, vs. PHILIPP SCHIRMER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to PHILIPP SCHIRMER Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's adultery with one Mrs. Frank during and about the month of August A. D. 1902, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and this extreme cruelty towards plaintiff as in plaintiff's complaint alleged, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of April in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk.
By H. H. ST. LEGER, Deputy Clerk
JULIAN PINTO, Plaintiff's Attorney
Room 204, 2nd Floor, Emma Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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Other People's Ideas

From Lever's "Davenport Dunn":

Were one to treasure up the score of all the petty slights he may have received in life, so that in some day of power he might acquit the debt, success would be anything but desirable.

Leave people's vices alone, then; they're the same as their debts—if you're not going to pay them, you've no right to talk about them.

You know everything if you read the papers: accidents and marriages, the rate of the money market, the state of the crops, who is dining with the Queen, and who is skating on the Serpentine, who is ruined at Newmarket, and who drowned at sea, and then all about the playhouses, and the wonderful panoramas; so that let conversation turn how it will, you're ready for it.—*Skellet.*

What we fancy must break our hearts to do we can bear, and bear patiently, and, what's more, so learn to conform to, that after a few years of life we wonder that we ever thought them hardships.—*Grog Davis.*

It is by no means an uncommon delusion for ill-natured people to fancy that they are great moral physicians, and that the bitters they drop into *your* wineglass and *my* tea-cup are admirable tonics, which our constitutions may require . The drug is not always an evil, but the doctor is detestable.

From "Life's Common Way," by Annie Eliot Trumbull:

It is not the cataclysms of life that hew our destinies, but the quieter succession of days and nights which determines how the cataclysms shall leave them.

It is one of the hardest and one of the most incredible lessons of life—this discovery that where we were prepared for opposition there is nothing but vacuity. The resources of a final appeal reserved as a crucial weapon, vanish with the realization that there is nothing for that appeal to reach.

It is the little more or less that makes all the difference in life between apparent harmony and utter discord.

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"To travel, whatever we may say to the contrary, is one of the saddest pleasures in life; when you begin to feel yourself at home in some foreign land, it is because you have already begun to make it your country."—"*Corinne*"—*Mme. de Stael.* —*The Gleaner.*

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, June 27, 1903

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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American vs. English Society Women

A big London daily paper is just now conducting one of those discussion tournaments on English society so provocative of rancorous barbs, sarcastic shafts and pitiless truths. Last week "The American Woman and Her Influence" was the topic and the writer of the article, in striving for effect, allowed his or her imagination full scope, as the following extracts will demonstrate: "I have the greatest admiration for the American woman who remains an American girl, so long as she does not become ashamed of canned goods or pickled pork or silver ingots that provide her with such chic frocks and necklaces of pearls. It is the hybrid that sets one's teeth on edge—the Chicago-Park Lane-four hundred-upper ten variety. I accuse this hybrid of striking at all that is most cherished in the home life of England; at all that is most modest, unselfish and reverential. I accuse her of introducing the apelike decadence of New York society, where extravagance is distinction, display is nobility and notoriety the ideal at which to aim. I accuse her of neglecting duties to which she has married and setting evil example to those of a lower station. She is a snob to her dainty finger tips. Her tuft hunting, her struggles for social advancement, are based on the American plan of 'getting there.' She has no scruples in her methods of applying to social life the ethics of modern finance. She has no conception of home life. Her husband is a partner to be thrown over if tending to bore. She either neglects or spoils her children. She considers knowledge of domestic economies degrading for so wealthy a lady. She has no reverence, therefore cannot understand that there are duties which long custom has bound around a high name she has bought. Her actions are those of a creature newly civilized yielding to whim or caprice. In dress she encourages prodigality, which is the curse of womankind today." Two days after this article appeared an American peeress made answer. Part of her letter is as follows: "I am the wife of a British peer. My father's money was honestly made by a man with brains and not by a man with a grandfather. It made a vast difference in this Anglo-American contract, if you will so have it. Let us strike a balance and see who got the better bargain. My husband gave a peerage, a bad reputation and an encumbered estate, shady friends, endless debts and a broken constitution. I gave a fortune, good health, good looks, revived prosperity and happiness. If it were not for American women a large proportion of your great estates would have been lost to British aristocracy. Your House of Lords would by this time have been turned into stores for want of better purposes, and your noble descendants of William's emigres would probably be obliged to work for a living or else seek in marriage the daughter of some British millionaire of the people. Is not all this crusade against American women to be traced to the petty jealousies of your own women, who, knowing their inferiority in intellect and looks, leave no stone unturned to sneer at us, to make our lives as uncomfortable as possible, and to show us, when they can safely do so, how much they regard themselves as our superiors?" And still cases like the late Yarmouth-Thaw marriage continue to occur in society.

"Sapho" as a Standard Play

The decadents of London are said to be in thrills over another drama of the "Sapho" type and the actress who plays the leading role, though hitherto unknown to fame, is likely to become a leading favorite of the British stage. The new play is called "Margot" and is adapted from Daudet's play of that name. Special importance is attached to the play by the London critics because it bears such a strong resemblance to "Sapho," which was written by the same author and which attained such a success among the same class of theatre-goers both in England and America. Thus it appears that "Sapho" has become a standard by which to judge of the popular value of a certain class of dramas. The reviewers also predict a prosperous run for the new play in this country. Do they come to this conclusion by the run of "Sapho" on this side of the water? That is hardly a fair criterion. At the time that Olga Nethersole produced the French work she was at the height of her popularity. Clever in certain lines, she found in the title part just the kind of role to set off her emotional powers to their very best advantage. But what seemed at the time a sort of "Sapho" craze was due not so much to the vulgar and daring characteristics of the play and any general public liking for such a vulgar mess as to the very sensational advertising methods adopted by Miss Nethersole and her managers to attract attention. Nothing was left undone by them to boost the play as a new French sensation. A great deal was made of the stairway scene, which was one of the least objectionable of all the unconventional things in the story, but it offered an excellent hook to lift the whole mess into the daily prints. To drag the whole thing before the public and keep it flaunting constantly in view trouble with the courts was persistently sought. So much discussion was at last aroused that the courts were forced to take a more drastic course than the scheming business managers bargained for. The play was actually forbidden for a time in New York and other cities, while others quite as immoral were permitted to run their course. This notorious handling gave to Daudet's play an importance that it never merited as a theatrical production and certainly never deserved on

artistic or ethical grounds. Some color is given to the claim that "Margot beats Sapho" from the report that Mr. Charles Frohman, as soon as he learned the plot and the source of the new drama, despatched one of his most reliable representatives to witness the first presentation with a view to securing American rights. Outside of the question of the immoral standing of "Margot" there is after all a limit beyond which the most prurient manager, actor and actress dare not go in the first-class theatres of this country. This was about reached in the scenes between Sapho and her companions. To the credit of San Francisco it may be said that plays of this class have received far less support here than in any city of equal size in the country.

Change Coming for Missionaries

The government of France has given out that hereafter missionaries who go out to convert the heathen shall depend upon themselves to keep the peace. They are not to count on gunboats and armies and indemnities when strife and riot are stirred up about them, and if they do not like the prospect, they are at liberty to remain at home and leave the heathen unchristianized. This is an eminently common sense and practical decision, and one that cannot be too early adopted by other nations. More than one-half of the misunderstandings with minor nations, not to mention actual wars, have been brought about by the meddling of these self-constituted regulators of the consciences of other people. Three-fourths of the correspondence of the State Department is in connection with trivial "encroachments" upon the assumed rights of these people, who, by a fiction of their own imagination, regard their domiciles as "United States territory" and any trespass as an "invasion." The ordinary missionary has no more right to go into a foreign country and commit what to the natives are crimes and sacrileges than the savages would have to land in the United States and tear down churches and mutilate monuments. The average missionary knows little, if anything, of the beliefs of the people upon whom he foists himself. He considers it quite unnecessary to understand them. He believes he is right and they are wrong, and that in his mind settles the whole matter. If missionaries were content to confine themselves solely to the matter of religion they would find themselves with all the work cut out for them that they could possibly do. Usually, however, they begin by interfering with the status of women, and meddling with trade and manufacture. In some cases if the missionary is not himself the agent for some patented article, his son or his father or his brother-in-law is pretty sure to be, and more than once it has happened that letters have been addressed to the Secretary of State, calling upon him to interfere in their behalf to drive some rival from the field. Where there is a question of loot, the missionary—but the late Boxer uprising showed what some missionaries do in that line. And in the matter of indemnity it is surprising what a value the old clothes and rustic furniture assume. After the Boxer trouble the average claim for indemnity was over ten thousand dollars. How could any humble servant of Christ accumulate any such sum while performing missionary labors among poor natives? To this usual run of up-to-date missionaries there are of course exceptions, men who go forth taking their lives in their hands and laboring with zeal in the work to which they have dedicated themselves, but they are never found demanding armored cruisers to be sent to their rescue, nor presenting extortionate bills for imaginary damages. Their baggage is not rich in loot when they return home—if they ever do—nor do they seek to evade customs duties by prevarications. Hawaii is so close to our back door that we of California cannot avoid a knowledge of missionaries and missionary efforts there. If government backing is withdrawn, so that these gentlemen go abroad on precisely the same terms as jack tar, who deserts from his ship, there is apt to be a surprising falling off in the interest in the welfare of the souls of "our benighted brethren."

The Stead Boom for Mediums

San Francisco's whole tribe of wonder workers—spiritualists, clairvoyants, trance mediums, wand wavers, crystal gazers, seers, astrologers, and all the rest—came out of their dreams this week to explain William T. Stead's wonderful story of the medium who predicted the assassination of Alexander and Queen Draga of Servia. Most of them declared it was as simple as prophesying the rising of the sun. Most of them declared that if they had just had one little chance to finger that royal stationery they could have fallen into a catalyptic fit just as easily as Mrs. Birchell and just as easily have given the details of the approaching crime. Not one of them expressed even a jealous doubt as to the genuineness of the medium's prediction and every one of them enthusiastically patted Mr. Stead on the back and declared he was "a real gentleman for so courageously standing up for the truth." Indeed they can well afford to say nice things about Mr. Stead's course in the matter, for it's safe to say his story regarding the prediction has given the medium business the best advertisement it has received in a decade. What is generally claimed to be the most plausible explanation of Mr. Stead's story is given by Dr. Isaac Funk. Dr. Funk does not believe that the veil of the future can be lifted but he is satisfied there is a great deal in auto-suggestion. He might be classed in the ranks of the telepathists. He is personally acquainted with Mr. Stead and accepts his cable statements of the story at par. Dr. Funk's conclusions are that the Servian gentleman who handed the royal paper to the medium had some knowledge of the plot to kill the King and that the sensitive clairvoyant received a dim flash of what was transpiring in his mind through telepathy. "She was the receiver of the waves of thought that without doubt pass from soul to soul without the use of the senses. She was much like the sensitive mechanical receiver of the telephone that makes it possible for one to recognize the voice of a friend hundreds of miles away. Thought waves are like the waves of electricity in wireless telegraphy. They catch and impress the receiver with which they are attuned." Only the truth

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from the Servian gentleman regarding the state of his mind at the time of the episode will ever determine the value of this explanation.

Attack on the Gambling Craze

One of those protests against gambling is now sweeping over the land: the usual sign that marks the gaming world recovering from plunging without limit. Good resolutions are hardest refurbished after a night off. Seattle has been badly plucked by a gambling combination and it has recently passed a lot of new laws to keep itself good. So have Fresno, Bakersfield and a number of other cities up and down the coast. Saratoga, the Mecca of the Eastern fashionable gambling coterie, gained such a notoriety last year for the flagrant way in which that vice was catered that it is doubtful whether the big games dare open up, notwithstanding the barrels of money the bankers are sure to win from the gullible. Canfield, the leader of the professional gamblers there, is having his hands full trying to keep out of the net of the law in which "reform" politicians are trying to enmesh him. In London the crusade against fashionable gambling has made great headway this season. Women of prime social influence are uniting to prevent the spread of the evil. The Ladies' League is going to direct its efforts to persuading well-known hostesses to prevent gambling in their own houses among their women guests and more especially among the girls. Many hostesses, the Duchess of Portland among them, have all along refused to allow gambling among their guests, and others there are who have only allowed bridge to be played for nominal stakes. The artful way in which innocent young girls are drawn into the games and fleeced is shown in the case of one who was asked down to a country place for the week's end by a schoolgirl friend. In the letter of invitation she was told incidentally that she would be taught bridge. Toward the end of her stay the youthful visitor was informed by the mother of her girl friend that she owed two hundred dollars on her card games. The girl, until then under the impression that she was being taught bridge and not having the faintest idea that she was playing for money, wired to her father. He came down posthaste and not only refused to pay the money but gave the hostess a strenuous piece of his mind. Little incidents of this kind do heroic work in killing the game.

Extravagant Cost of College Athletics

In a recent Yale *Alumni Weekly* there is published a twenty years' exhaustive study on the finances of Yale athletics. This budget contributes some highly interesting data on modern athletics as conducted in the big up-to-date colleges. Something more than extravagance is expressed between the lines. In the last twenty years the cost of that institution's athletic field has grown from seventeen thousand to eighty thousand dollars. In 1881, the incomes from baseball, boating and football were respectively $7,254, $7,426 and $2,792; total, $17,472. Twenty years later the incomes from the same sports were $21,644, $7,377, $50,219; total, $79,240. In expenses the contrast is no less strong. In 1881 baseball, boating and football cost respectively $6,863, $7,348 and $2,689; total, $16,900. Ten years later their costs had jumped to $17,080, $26,716 and $24,911; total, $58,707. The total receipts in all branches of athletics last year were $83,460. The absolute bigness of that sum, almost satirical as derived from an educational institution, suggests a few illustrations. At four per cent it capitalizes at almost $2,100,000, and is the same, were the thing conceivable, as an athletic endowment fund of that sum—an endowment some half-million dollars larger than were the Yale funds twenty-five years ago and almost half as large as are all Yale's vested funds now. Yale's athletics have today a gross income one-third as large as Yale had in 1877. This extraordinary state of affairs is thus explained by Clarence Deming, of the class of '77, who raked up the matter: "That the systematic supervision of Yale athletics finances under Mr. Camp has been a force making for economy and for a system based on experience there is not the slightest doubt, but it has to meet as a counter force an undergraduate lavishness in matters of detail which runs up high bills. Unfortunately, too, the evil tends to self-perpetuation. Probably on an average not fewer than two-thirds of the athletes on any particular team or crew pass into the next crew or team year by year. These prolong or increase positively what may be called a tradition of luxury and high expenditure. The team of one year hates to be stinted in the privileges—be they parlor cars, good hotel rooms, lush supplies and good living—enjoyed by the team of the year before, and its demands are hard for the athletic managers to resist. It is to be hoped that with the Yale field improvements done we shall see the waxing athletic extravagance cut down to a more rational basis and a seat at the big football game within reach of the student who is earning his way through college." Brother Deming has probably not figured that the bulk of this eighty-three thousand dollars is drawn from graduates and outside people and that all of it is spent on athletics, which is the way of the modern college to advertise itself to the world and thus stimulate matriculations and big classes.

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DIVIDEND NOTICES

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. Corner California and Montgomery Sts. For the six months ending June 30, 1903, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, free of taxes and payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal after July 1, 1903. J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

The German Savings and Loan Society. 526 California St. For the half year ending with June 30, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903.
GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

San Francisco Savings Union. 532 California St., corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and forty-two one hundredths (3 42-100) per cent on Term Deposits, and three (3) per cent on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 710 Market St., opposite Third. For the half year ending with June 30, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits free of taxes payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

Continental Building and Loan Association. For the year ending June 30, 1903, has declared a dividend of 5 per cent on all ordinary deposits, 6 per cent on term deposits and 8 per cent on installment stock. Office 301 California Street, San Francisco. WM. CORBIN, Sec. and Gen'l Mgr.

Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery St. The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1903, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes and payable on and after July 1, 1903. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1903.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

How He Sows and Reaps

It pains me beyond full measure of expression to report that the missionary of the evangelical churches is not working in the Japanese vineyard according to contract.

It grieves me to relate that he is not "sacrificing" himself to "the cause of Christianity in a heathen land," as the Sunday school orators and the statements of the "Home Boards" persistently declare.

I fear that the sympathies of the little boys and girls of the "missionary bands" are being worked on a false pretense, and that the nickels of these confiding innocents are filched by unscrupulous persons more intent upon serving the mammon of their personal interest than in any earnest effort to convert the pagan from his idols, to proselyte the Buddhist in his blindness, to snatch the Shinto brand from the burning, and to "spread the light" in dark places.

I found the missionary in Yokohama living on the fat of the land. His house "on the Bluff" is a dream in a land where dreams are the regular occupation of the sleepers. His servants are legion. His carriage outshone the chariots of the legations of Tokyo. His 'rick'sha for family shopping and casual "gadding" is nickel-plated, runs on bicycle wheels, and is dragged by two kuruma-ya tandem, clad in purple and fine cotton. His home is adorned with costly bric-a-brac from the Benten-dori, carvings of Miyanoshita, lacquers of Nagoya, cloisonne of Kyoto, brocades of Osaka.

As I am an honest pagan this Yokohama missionary is not "sacrificing" much for the nickels of his unsuspecting almoners In truth, he can make the nimble nickel aforesaid "go farther" than the dollar of the ungodly spent on geishas and "shinzos" in the Tea-house of the Hundred Steps. He has learned the ways of the heathen trader and when that Oriental names a price the bargaining missionary immediately offers one-half, in full confidence that he will eventually get the thing for at least "a third off."

In the hot months of summer the missionary of Yokohama shuts up his missionary shop in town and with his family hies him away to Nikko, Hakone, Fuji, Miyanoshita, or some other of the many cool retreats of Japan. Every missionary in Yokohama knows where to lay his head o' nights in the dog days, and if he has not secured a permanent country home on long lease he is not wholly "on to his job."

The Yokohama missionary has three sources of income: he receives a regular stipend from home, he receives periodical contributions from his Japanese congregation, and he is frequently "helped in the good work" by unwary and unobserving tourists affiliated with the sect out of which the missionary has bloomed like the irises of Horikiri.

Besides these sources of income every missionary in Japan is "allowed" from one hundred to three hundred dollars a year for each child born "in the service." This money is for the education of the child during its minority. It is a generous allowance and provides a piano, a bicycle, a mosquito yacht, and all sorts of good clothes for the boys. It provides for the girls silk underwear, crepe kimonos, picture hats, embroidered parasols, brocaded purses with elegantly carved netsukes, tennis outfits, and imported French shoes for gala occasions when the elite of Yokohama light their silk lanterns for ichi ban "functions."

The missionary travels second-class, as beseems his humility and the purpose of his profession, but this is not the reason; he is, by courtesy of the steamship companies and the railroads, allowed a cut rate amounting to twenty-five per cent of the regular fare. By traveling second-class on short distances and third-class over short routes, the thrifty missionary of Yokohama saves many yen for the luxuries of his life in Yokohama and at the summer resorts.

Notwithstanding all this, "the good work goes bravely on." It is conducted by the "graduates" of the mission schools—Japanese who are as eager for the ease and emoluments of the missionary business as is the missionary himself. None of the money paid to these Japanese satellites of the missionary comes out of his pocket. It is duly charged on the home books to "expenses." A Japanese preacher or teacher can make more money in this work than by any other means, for as a rule he is born of the coolie class, and if he were not "educated" for the work he is now engaged in he would, in all probability, be honestly earning an average of thirty cents a day dragging a jinrikisha.

The missionaries of the evangelical sects have been hoeing in the Japanese vineyard for more than a hundred years, and by liberal padding of their reports they are able to claim at the present time fifty thousand "converts" in a total population of nearly forty-five million. I don't think any comment on my part is necessary.

I asked one of these missionaries who was complaining that he had been "laboring" in Japan fifteen years, why he didn't go home.

"Why should I go home?" he asked in reply. "I am comfortable enough here even if it is somewhat dull, tedious and monotonous; and the good Lord only knows what I could turn my hand to in my own country. I have lost my grip on things in America, so I suppose I am condemned to live and die in this heathen land."

The missionaries do not like the Japanese. They accuse them of many sins; not only sins of commission but sins of omission. They lock their valuables and money and even the food of their kitchens, from their servants, who are invariably Buddhists or of the Shinto religion. They distrust the people whom they have been ordained to rescue from the error of their ways.

I was about to enter the temple contiguous to the mortuary shrines of Shiba Park in Tokyo the other day when a young man, a Japanese, laid his hand on my shoulder and leered round into my face. It was very evident that he was under the influence of sake. I shook his hand from my shoulder and asked him what it might please him to want with me.

"You Christian?" he asked in a maudlin tone.

"No," I answered by way of proper rejoinder to an impertinent question. The answer aided by the sake staggered my interlocutor for an instant, but he recovered immediately, and again laying his trembling hand on my shoulder he hiccoughed:

"Tha's too bad. I Christian—good Christian."

This is the first drunken man I have seen in Japan. I hope the fellow was lying to me concerning his religious belief.

Now, in conclusion, let it be distinctly understood that I am not objecting to the missionary as such. Furthermore, it is none of my business what he does with the money that he receives from the little Sunday-school children. Moreover, it is immaterial to me whether he "converts" anybody in Japan or not. My sole idea in writing this expose of the Yokohama missionary (whom I do not claim is a type of the genus Japonensis), is to let the Sunday-schools and the Home Boards know that this particular missionary is not "sacrificing" anything for "the cause." It is my purpose to deprive him of the special plea that he is undergoing hardships, enduring privation or suffering in any degree whatever. I don't care how fat he grows on the contributions of confiding sectarians—that is entirely his business—and theirs. But I do object, as every honest man in Japan objects, to the false pretense upon which he appeals to the sympathy and works on the credulity of the faithful of his native land.

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The Saunterer

Dame Grundy Still Guessing

Mrs. Grundy is see-sawing between the theory that the Parrotts have forgiven the Parker-Whitney elopement and the belief that the olive branch held out by the parents was the usual make-believe stage prop used on such occasions to fool the public. The gossips who have kept tab on the pros and cons of the affair lean towards the idea that the rind of forgiveness is a very thin one and peels off at the first approach of the young couple. Daisy Whitney has entertained a great many of her girl friends at the Whitney ranch at Rocklin. Helen Wagner has just returned from a delightful trip there. Marie Louise, the sister of the bride, however, has not paid her any conspicuous visits, and Mrs. Grundy has used that fact as evidence of parental displeasure still holding out. To cement this version of the affair comes the news that Mr. and Mrs. Parrott and Marie Louise, instead of going to Del Monte according to schedule, are booked for an extended tour of Mexico. As the sudden change of their plans tripped on the heels of the Parker Whitneys' announcement that they too would summer at Del Monte, the gossips claim that the Parrotts are distinctly two when the Parker Whitneys enter the calculation. But there are others who see mere coincidences in these moves of the Parrotts and they claim Dame Grundy is barking up the wrong tree and will soon have to take to the tall timber.

Far From the Madding Crowd

When the Huntingtons hied themselves to Piedmont for the summer, society was so shocked it could scarcely sit up and take light refreshment. That the multi-est millionaires in our midst should go the way of the commuter possed the understanding of the smart set. Of course there are people in Oakland "among our best families" and no one has held their residence in that burg as a personal failing. But in the eyes of the San Mateoite the Huntingtons committed rank heresy when they chose it for a summer residence. I am told that Mrs. H. E. wanted to rent a place somewhere in the sacred confines bounded on the north by the Tobins and on the south by the Hopkins's, and she promised to entertain in the house-party royal style dear to old England. But her daughters, who dislike everything that smacks of society, urged her out of this idea, and Clara Huntington-Perkins, the married daughter, echoed their sentiments by promising to pay a longer visit out here if the family planted its summer roof-tree far from the verandas of the ultra-fashionables. So Piedmont was pitched upon and Mrs. Perkins has already arrived to make good her promised visit.

Has Broken Six Engagements

Senator George C. Perkins and Miss Pansy Perkins left for Europe on Monday. Miss Mae Perkins will leave in about a fortnight for the Orient. In Hongkong she will be the guest of the Wileys. The Perkins girls lead very pleasant lives, full of variety. Neither girl is in any hurry to marry. May has been engaged six times but on every occasion she has broken it off. One of her fiances was Mr. Bew, an Alameda druggist, and a reported fiance who however denied the engagement was "Bob" Mein, who is now reported engaged to Miss Adelaide Deming. It is Bob Mein's brother Will who is to marry pretty Pauline Fore of Oakland in the fall.

Will Marry Outside Her Faith

Jessica Davis, the pretty little cousin of the Peixottos, is going to follow the example set her by them and marry outside the faith which Peixotto Sr. upholds as a pillar in the synagogue. While Jessica was attending college at Berkeley she became engaged to Arthur Nahl and though her parents did not violently oppose the match they were naturally not entirely in sympathy with her views. She wished to marry Mr. Nahl immediately upon his graduation and go to Mexico with him, where he was offered a position as mining engineer. But parental entreaties induced her to wait a year and finish her own course at college. Now that she is graduated and is still of the same heart the family have sent their last objection to roost and Mr. Nahl is coming up from Mexico in September to claim his bride and carry her off to his picturesque adobe.

Fate of Huntington's Money

Mrs. Collis P. Huntington has just given an imposing library building to the Normal and Agricultural Institute of Hampton, Va. The edifice will cost about one hundred thousand dollars and is donated to the memory of Collis P. Huntington. Mr. Archer M. Huntington joins his stepmother in the gift and will select the list of books best suited to the requirements of the Hampton students. He is planning an expedition to the old Spanish colonies of South America, in which he is deeply interested. His researches in this fruitful but almost untrodden field have already won him the unusual honor of membership of the Spanish Academy of Medici and the Portuguese Academy of Lisbon. Meanwhile nephew H. E. Huntington is following his ambition in middle and southern California in the endeavor to become the owner of the longest trolley system in the world. His plans at present contemplate linking the leading valley and intramountain towns from Sacramento to San Diego. He already controls four hundred miles of trolley lines in the district and is right in the midst of organizing new companies and building new roads. If the new system is ever dubbed "The Huntington" there isn't much doubt but what the active soul of the energetic old railroad builder will contemplate it more fondly from the "trust" heaven than he will that one hundred thousand dollar granite edifice with its picturesque dome in Hampton. He always had an eye for the best tariff producer, did energetic old Collis.

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Is More Stunning Than Ever

To her intimate friends Lucy Bradbury asserts that she will never marry again, but there are one or two young men in Southern California who are doing a lot to try to make her change her mind. The fair Lucy is if possible more stunning than ever and as perfectly gowned as when as the wife of millionaire Jack Bradbury she led the Los Angeles and Santa Monica gay set, the set that did not care what it did nor how it was done since it had a good time, and a good time meant plenty of bottles and—but that is ancient history now. Lucy's latest conquest is a young man of good family from the East named French. He is living on one of Mrs. Banning's ranches and has become popular in Los Angeles society, to which the the woman whom rumor says he wishes to marry is not admitted.

Ambition of the Athletic Colonel

Colonel E. F. Preston of San Francisco and San Mateo is one of the most picturesque attractions at Lake Tahoe this season. The Colonel, be it known, is intent on reducing his waist-line. He is one of the disciples of William Greer Harrison who abominates embonpoint, and has long been an advocate of the strenuous life that leads to the shad belly. He converted General Barnes to his athletic religion, it will be remembered, but the poor General died before he had time to pose as an "after taking" exhibit. Not daunted by the experience of the ill-fated Barnes, Colonel Preston started out to render his curves less voluptuous, and every afternoon he could be found at the Olympic Club tossing the medicine ball and perspiring like a hired man. But the medicine ball was too slow for the impetuous Preston. His flesh was stubborn, and a few pounds a week were about all that he could shed in moisture. Therefore it was that he hied himself to the high altitudes and substituted the row-boat for the medicine ball. He pulls all over the lake from early morning to the lunch hour, and in the afternoon he tramps the mountain paths with the courage of a lion. When he shows up for dinner he looks very tired but firm. He is gradually reducing his figure to the Guy Barham mold, and he looks quite graceful in his tuxedo. And yet when I gazed upon his supple form the other day I could not repress sad thoughts of the late General W. H. L. Barnes.

Miss Denfy—Charley Coupon fairly raves over her face and figure.

Miss Envy—There! I always knew it; it's the craziness in the Coupon blood coming out at last.

New Beauties on the Stage

Miss Maud Marian Taylor of Snell's Seminary does other things beside teach. She has written a number of clever sketches for stage presentation that have met with success. One of them, "An Artist's Folly," was presented at the amateur dramatic affair at Fischer's last Friday. It served to introduce Miss Beatrice Bromfield of San Mateo, a niece of Ed. Hamilton of the *Examiner,* and Miss Hortense Steinhart, who masqueraded under the name of Elizabeth Hartstone on the bill. The latter is a daughter of the Joseph Steinharts, formerly of Stockton but for some years residents of San Francisco. Miss Bromfield is a strikingly beautiful young woman off the stage, but in the costume her part called for—a Pierrette affair with a short skirt and peaked chapeau—she did not show at her best. She is of the Maxine Elliott build and her role of a burlesque actress was not in harmony with her type. She has a pleasing voice and a graceful stage presence. Miss Steinhart, who had the part of the artist's wife, carried it off so well as to win sincere applause from Florence Roberts, who was in a stage-box. She is a pretty girl, not yet twenty years of age, and it was against her parents' wishes that she took up dramatic study. As her heart is in her work, and her first appearance was so successful, it is possible her parents may withdraw their opposition in time.

Wasted Sarcasm

They were cleaning up the I. O. U.'s after a poker game at a well known club the other night when one of the men who had lost money paused in writing out the check and sarcastically asked of his executioner: "How do you spell your name?" "Any old way will do," he answered, sweeetly, "first put all your care in spelling your own correctly."

Heralding Her Relatives

Madame La Bavarde (Mrs. Monroe Salisbury) took occasion the other day to acquaint the anxious readers of the *Bulletin* with the fact that her brother, Crittenden Robinson, the professional pigeon-shot, contemplates returning to this city before long. Incidentally she related that he had won many prizes abroad and that he was noted for his firmness and other remarkable qualities which she modestly refrained from stating were characteristic of the Robinson blood. Heretofore it was popularly supposed that the column edited by Madame La Bavarde was reserved for the chronicling of the social doings of the 400, but it appears

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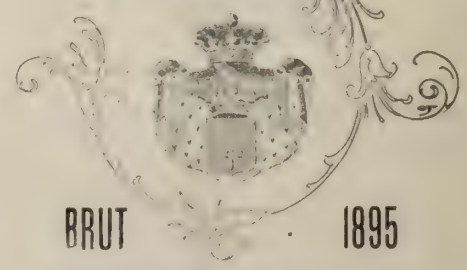

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to be devoted also to the circulation of intelligence about the movements of the editor's relatives. Mr. Robinson was formerly an attorney in this city, but he never worked at it very hard. He knew more about a gun than he did about Blackstone, and I have heard at different times that he was making a very good living shooting in pigeon matches at Monte Carlo and other resorts in Europe.

"Have you had any experience at cooking?" asked Mrs. Fussy, anxiously of the new applicant.

"Experience! I should say so. I've worked in nineteen places in the last two months."

Showers of Bridal Gifts

People who have been to all the smart weddings in years say that Carrie Taylor's gifts reached the high-water mark in costliness. The stones in the diamond necklace and diamond tiara which Mr. Newhall gave her were collected abroad by a special diamond expert employed for that purpose by Mr. Newhall. Chief Wittman of the police force, who has found Commissioner Newhall a great friend, did the handsome thing and sent a gift that could compare with those of millionaires. The captains of the police pooled and purchased a dozen plates fit to serve a king on. It had been whispered that Miss Taylor objected to her fiance's position on the police board and many of her friends expected that he would resign before his marriage. Whether these gifts propitiated her is not known but the fact remains that Mr. Newhall did not resign but merely took a leave of absence while he does Europe with his bride.

Shadowing the Detective

A short time after the costly presents began arriving with such clock-like regularity the Taylor family observed, to their surprise and alarm, that their movements were being watched by a strange and dangerous looking man. The fellow kept pacing up and down in front of their establishment eyeing it warily. and occasionally, when he thought that nobody was looking, he would walk through the gate and on to the lawn where he would cast furtive glances about. The household became generally alarmed and telephoned to Mr. Taylor to come home, and observing the man from a quiet window he decided that he was either a thief or a crank. He was about to ring up police headquarters when Mr. Newhall arrived and the prospective father-in-law took him into his confidence. "It looks to me, George," he said, "as though your engagement presents were attracting a gang of thieves." "How is that?" asked the fiance. "Just look at that fellow," said Mr. Taylor, "he has been out there watching the house for the last six hours." George Newhall laughed. "That man," he explained, "is a private detective whom I sent to look out for the jewelry."

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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An Embarassing Situation

During the wedding breakfast which followed the ceremony there occurred an embarrassing misunderstanding. Everybody present was not invited to stay to the wedding breakfast, and those who were bid to participate were told so by means of cards enclosed in each invitation. The tables were set for some two hundred guests, for the repast was in the nature of a family meal and the Hopkins, Taylor, Newhall and Pope families are very large. Nearly everybody present, however, seemeed to regard himself as bidden to the good cheer, and when the guests repaired to the table it was found that there were many more breakfasters than there were places provided. Some extra places were spread and measures taken to meet the embarrassing emergency, but some were obliged to go away who had cards, and many more retired cursing the convention which turns the wedding guest hungry away from the feast. And now society is wondering whose fault it is that the convention of wedding cards should not be understood by those who go to fashionable marriages.

Will Preserve the Newhall Home

When the Newhalls return it is expected that their house on Pacific avenue will be ready for occupancy. Immediately after his engagement with Miss Taylor was announced Mr. Newhall bought a half block on the avenue and it was thought that he would build one of the handsomest houses in the city there. But the old Newhall home in Van Ness avenue has so many tender recollections for him that George Newhall could not bear to live in any other house, so it is to be moved on to the new lot and will go through a process of remodeling that will entirely modernize it. Mr. Newhall's mother was devoted to the old home and it is out of sentiment to her love for the place that the son has resolved to preserve the building as his home.

New Style in Wedding Gowns

The gowns that the matrons of honor and bridesmaids wore at the Taylor-Newhall wedding were the gifts of the bride and may be taken as forerunners of next season's styles. The skirts struck a new keynote for they were guiltless of that sheathed-in-to-the-knees effect which has distinguished the gowns of the past two seasons. The newest skirts give the appearance of having goods to waste for they not only swish in voluminous ripples at the feet but show generous gores that dimly suggest the full gathered skirts of elder days.

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Surprised by an Ante-Wedding Call

One story going the rounds of the very inner circle anent the heavy shower of wedding gifts is regarded as rather a joke on the bride. Shortly before her marriage she called on Susie Blanding. Miss Taylor was very gushing, and Miss Blanding was at a loss to account for the visit, as well as for such a demonstration of affection. But a short time thereafter came an invitation to the reception and ceremony. When asked by her girl friends what she had sent Carrie Taylor, Miss Blanding replied:

"Nothing. Why should I send her anything? I hardly know her."

Lady Martin's Predicament

Mrs. Eleanor Martin is in New York, according to one authority on matters social, and from another equally reliable source we learn that she is on her way to Europe with the Downey Harveys. As a matter of fact that indomitable lady is like the poor only in one respect—we always have her with us, for she hates to travel. It was the news of the serious illness of the Peter Martin baby that gave Mrs. Martin the idea of going on to New York. But as soon as the wires ticked the glad news of the child's recovery Mrs. Martin changed her plans. She loves a wedding, and with two of them billed here last week all the king's horses and all the king's men could not budge her. It was at the Hopkins-Murphy wedding that Mrs. Martin created a mild sensation by dropping her point lace handkerchief which the wind immediately picked up and sportively carried away. Several gallants gave chase to the fluttering bit of lace and one lanky spinster finally captured it. "Thank you," said Mrs. Martin, "I won't let that happen again. I forgot my safety pin, do you happen to have one about you?" When the young man came to, he offered to go into the house and get one though he couldn't for the life of him fancy what Mrs. Martin wanted of it. But she nonchalantly pinned her handkerchief with it on to her sleeve just above her elbow, remarking that she always pinned her lace ones there as that was the only way she could keep them.

Took Liberties With the Bride

Mrs. Martin was not the only one that the wind took liberties with. It lifted the bride's veil like a sail as she crossed the lawn and carried away several pieces of it as souvenirs of the occasion. But the newly-made Mrs. Murphy didn't seem to mind a bit. It is only a young and pretty bride like Frances who can stand the glare of an al fresco wedding. The noonday sun is not as kind as softly-shaded lamps and some of the guests did not stand the test as well as the bride. There was not a little comment over Mrs. Gus Taylor's being singled out as the only one of the Hopkins sisters to act as matron of honor. As a matter of fact they were all three asked to officiate but Georgie Hopkins-McNear had a previous bid from the stork, so of course she could not accept and Edna Taylor thought Georgie's absence from the bridal party would be less conspicuous if she kept her company. The automobile which the bride and groom raced off in would have won the prize at a fiesta and was decorated by the Mesdames Taylor and Mrs. McNear.

Gay "Bobby" Eyre

"Bobby" Eyre was King Jovial of the occasion, and as he at one time was supposed to have his heart triple-plated with devotion for Frances Hopkins his facetious humor was taken as proof of the plating being entirely worn off. He made the hit of the day by remarking that now that the Hopkins's had a Quinn and a Murphy in the family they ought to take the shamrock as the family flower. Mrs. Grundy thinks she has discovered that Mr. Eyre is very much interested in Miss King and the matchmakers are ready to cry "Next!"

Republicans are now dropping the old party war cry, "the full dinner pail," and practicing the new Roosevelt slogan, "the full perambulator."

To Frisk or Not to Frisk?

The Larkspur summer girls are said to be the gayest girls going and some alluring tales come from there. One matron with several marriageable buds complains that unless a girl is a bit gay she doesn't have a show and if she is gay she is talked about. It's a trying situation, isn't it? But it's a question for the demure ones to decide for themselves. As for the Larkspur men, they need no press agent. One man, I hear, has played havoc with the summer girls' hearts. He is a big dark Englishman who boasts good looks and a melancholy air that hints of a past.

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Peer Captures American Beauty

The news of Miss Lily May's engagement at Paris to Lord Bagot furnished chit-chat at many a tea-table throughout the week, for although Miss May is a scion of a well-known Baltimore family and is in no wise personally identified with Californian society, her sister, Julia, is the present Mrs. William Babcock, and two of her brothers, it will be recalled, married the Misses Coleman. The Mays have been famous for ten generations throughout the Southern and Middle States for their good looks. The family, which was never a wealthy one, was seriously impoverished by the war and when the first of the brothers—it was Harry—arrived here he was well content to secure a position with Wells Fargo & Co., driving an express wagon. It is needless to say that he was thoroughly competent to handle the ribbons on that somewhat prosaic conveyance, for he had driven his cousin Fred's four-in-hand from about the time that he left off short trousers.

Not a Millionaire

Miss Lily May has made her home with her widowed mother in Paris for the last six or eight years, and enjoys an established position in the most exclusive circle of the noblesse of the ancien regime. She is tall, statuesque and blonde, and like all her family is a Roman Catholic. Lord Bagot was born in 1856 and is about ten years her senior. He is a member of the House of Lords and the holder of the baronage of Bagot created in 1780. He is well off, but is not a millionaire.

Were Dressmakers' Models

When old "Billy" O'Brien, one of the bonanza kings, acquired the Sharon house in Sutter street, after the failure of the Bank of California, being a bachelor he sent East for his sister, Mrs. Maria Coleman, to come and keep house for him. Mrs. Coleman was a widow with pretty twin daughters, the Misses May and Cecilia Coleman. Prior to their uncle's striking it so rich they were, owing to their beautiful figures, models in a New York costumer's establishment; whatever the Coleman sisters "tried on" for a prospective purchaser never failed to sell. They took well with San Francisco's smart set, and their weddings in the old Sutter street mansion were only a bit less grand than that of Clara Sharon and Frank Newlands, which had previously taken place in the same room. Harry May of Baltimore married one sister, his brother, Doctor May, became the husband of the other, and both couples went East to live. Mr. O'Brien and Mrs. Coleman both dying the home in Sutter street was purchased by Mrs. Abby M. Parrott and there she still resides during the winter.

The Sam Buckbees are still determined to take that automobile trip to Yosemite, though friends have assured them that the road to the valley is strewn with the splinters of autos that have in the past attempted the feat. One or two automobiles really have reached Yosemite, but—whisper it low—it took stout horses to help them over stiff ascents like Priest's hill. The Buckbees declare they are going in a horseless carriage, and horseless the trip shall be if they have to get out and pull the machine up themselves. They are trying to induce Ethyl Hager and some of the other enthusiasts to join them but it looks as though the Buckbees would have to pioneer the way alone.

Hunting for a Happy Sire

The Bohemian Club is hunting for a sire for the low jinks. The jinks have become so specialized now that a man has to be capable of writing a libretto for a comic opera in order to be able to sire successfully a low jinks. No one who is competent and who is willing to give the time has as yet been found. While a man is writing a low jinks he might be earning money for himself with far more credit and glory, hence no one seems desperately anxious to rush in to fill the breach.

All Her Wishes Granted

Mrs. George Pope expects a visit from the *ciconia alba* next month. The first time, she is said to have wished for a daughter, the second time for a son, and both wishes were granted. Her friends say if the long-legged bird brings "a pair" on his third trip the young mother will have the wish of her heart gratified. Mrs. Pope is one of society's prize beauties, but she is a devoted mother.

Miss Janet Newlands, daughter of Senator Newlands of Nevada, was married to Dr. William Bernard Johnston, of Washington, at Chevy Chase Church, Washington, last week. Owing to the recent death of Mrs. Newlands's sister, the wedding was a quiet one, only members of the families of the bride and bridegroom being present.

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Mrs. Spreckels Won't Be Defrauded

My Paris correspondent writes that Mrs. Gus Spreckels is the "rich American" who threatened to sue a dealer in antiquities for selling her a spurious Renaissance chair. Influence hushed up the matter and neither the name of the lady nor the dealer appeared in the published reports. But the wiseacres in the American colony say it does not take a clairvoyant to tag Mrs. Spreckels as the lady who was "took in." They also claim to have "inside" information to the effect that the dealer returned to her the price she paid for the imitation antiquity rather than have his trade ruined by a public airing of the matter. Mrs. Spreckels, writes my informant, discovered the fact that she had been imposed upon in a singular way. She was displaying her "trouvaille" to a friend who goes in for Renaissance objets d'art herself. Instead of going into ecstasies over the chair the visitor laughingly demanded whether Mrs. Spreckels had bought it from a certain dealer. "Well, I have the mate to it," she teasingly said, "and you can have it if you'll pay the cartage and promise to remove it from my hotel at night, else my reputation as a connoisseur might be ruined."

How the Trick Was Played

"You needn't tell me how old Papa F—— did the trick. I played leading lady to him once myself and I know just how he does it. He told you that it was a pleasure to show things to an appreciative customer, and when you had bought everything you wanted he impulsively invited you to come some day to his chateau where he kept his rare prizes. It is a charming chateau, is it not, particularly that bedroom with the Renaissance bed and chair? Of course you wanted the chair at once—everybody does want either that or the bed and some have taken both, I suppose. Papa F—— pretends he doesn't wish to sell it, he really can't part with such a personal treasure, but you finally succeed in persuading him. Forthwith he loses no time in replacing your chair with another spurious imitation and similar flow of 'patine' on tap." But Mrs. Spreckels evidently is not nursing a reputation as a judge of antiquities and bijoutry so she gave the dealer a raking that has stirred up a howdy-do over the deceptions practiced by such dealers. Incidentally she got her money back.

Caught a Famous Collector

A story of a like fraud on a famous collector is now going the rounds of the Parisian art lovers. A wealthy amateur bought a bahut which three great experts had conscientiously certified to be genuine. Not long ago he had it moved into another room and in shifting it a panel was broken and the thing sent to Picard, the great Picard whose fortune would be still larger if he could mend reputations as deftly as works of art. The owner in great trepidation accompanied his pet prize to Picard's to see whether it was beyond mending. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Picard, examining it. "It is the bahut that I made myself a few years ago!"

Was Mrs. Birdie Vanderbilt Caught?

My same correspondent is responsible for the statement that it is generally believed in Paris that the antique carved book shelves which Birdie Fair-Vanderbilt bought at an extravagant sum were manufactured for a dealer who bought up half a dozen tumble-down houses in Marseilles and put cabinet-makers to work converting the oak beams and rafters into "centuries old" furniture. The wood is naturally worm-eaten and after it is carved, dry rot is cleverly imitated on it. As a chisel can not work on dry rot its presence is taken as a badge of authenticity. Thus the way of the collector is pitted with fraud.

Looked Through the Keyhole

Superintendent of Schools "Billy" Langdon is about to introduce several innovations in the school department. Among other things, he has set for himself the old herculean task of taking the department out of politics. Recently, in a meeting of the teachers, he dared to say that the school system of San Francisco was twenty years behind the times. This created no end of adverse comment, which finally came to the speaker. At a subsequent gathering, Langdon silenced his critics by bringing substantial proof to support his declarations. Some of Langdon's former deputies are the centres about whom some very amusing stories radiate. Once when one of these assistants was in the Western Addition examining schools, he had occasion to congratulate a very young teacher upon her good discipline. "But you understand," said the lady, self-depreciatingly, "my children always behave when visitors are present." "That may be," was the answer, "but I know they behave, for I looked through the keyhole in the door for several minutes before entering."

How He Impressed the Children

Another tale is told of L. A. Jordan, who until recently was one of Langdon's aids. He was visiting one of the grades in the Lincoln school. Just before he was about to leave he said: "Children, do you know who I am?" "President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University," piped up a small tow-head. Jordan smiled benignly. "My dear little man, my name is Jordan, but I am not David Starr Jordan, neither am I the President of Stanford University. I am L. A. Jordan of the Department of Education and one of the Deputy Superintendents of Schools. David Starr Jordan is at the head of but one school, while I am at the head of many."

Beside Her Own Hearthstone

Janet Bruce's friends can scarcely realize that that lively young woman has really settled down to the staid life of a clergyman's wife. Mrs. Macon and her lately wedded

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husband have returned from their wedding trip, and the Rev. Clifton will officiate at Trinity church in Oakland. Mrs. Macon graduated from Berkeley University, so she has as many acquaintances on that side of the bay as on this. There are plenty of warm friends to entertain her and make her welcome in her new home. Her sister Bertie will also be an early bride, Frederick Stevenson being the bridegroom-elect.

The Surgeon's Quandary

I heard a good story the other day about the handsomest and most prominent of the smart set physicians, a man with a large female following and who is considered a very skilful surgeon. Among his patients was a woman upon whom he had once operated for appendicitis. Subsequently she went East, and she became ill again. A physician diagnosed her case as acute appendicitis, and said that an operation was necessary. "But," said the patient, "that is not possible, for Dr. Mc—— removed my appendix several months ago." However, the physician insisted that she had an appendix and that she should go on the operating table. She did so and the operation proved successful. The physician put the appendix in alcohol, and later on he visited this city and called on Dr. Mc—— with whom he was well acquainted, and showed him the contents of the bottle. After examining it the local doctor exclaimed, "I wonder what it was I removed!"

Joyous Time for the Great Unwashed

While Labor is swatting Capital and Capital is sidestepping and trying to get in a solar plexus blow on Labor, Weary Willie is traveling cheerfully about the West and having the time of his life at the expense of the combatants. By a combination of circumstances brought about by the good times the country is enjoying, Weary, with a dollar or two in his pocket, can travel on the railroads up and down the State in as comfortable a fashion as the man who pays first-class fare. For him the day of the well-worn brakebeam is temporarily suspended, that is if he knows the ropes. Coming up through the San Joaquin valley the other day, I helped a Past Master in the Pilgrim Procession over the price of his breakfast and in a burst of gratitude he revealed to me how it is that all the Weary Willies are traveling so comfortably and freely these good old summer days.

Way the Game Is Worked

Big improvements are being pushed forward by the railroads at Chatsworth Park, in the southern part of the State, at Salt Lake and along the Redding section, and in these full dinner pail days the companies are finding a scarcity of laborers in particular sections So in the papers in the big towns they are advertising for laborers to go to Chatsworth Park, Ogden and various other places. To get to the vicinity of Los Angeles from this city all Weary Willie has to do is to go to the employment agent and put up his fee of one dollar. A traveling agent then takes charge of him and all the other applicants, gives them each a ticket and puts them on board the cars. To get from Los Angeles into Nevada, as an applicant for work on the railroad cut-off there, costs Weary Willie two dollars. Any Weary who can't bone or dig up two dollars for such a trip doesn't deserve to enjoy it. That they do enjoy it and that they are "on to the lay" is evidenced by the great numbers of them who are knocking about the State. Of course their application for work to the employment agent is all a bluff to get the railroad ticket. The other day the agent took twenty-seven "laborers" down to Chatsworth Park. They all got off at the station and the agent shouted cheerfully, "This way, boys." Every man jack of them shouldered his blankets, turned his back on the agent, and started over the hill to Bakersfield. By the end of the week most of them had exhausted the hilarities of Bakersfield so they made application to the employment agent there for work in Nevada. Each of them worked Bakersfield for two dollars and with this money they got their tickets to Utah. Most of them left the train at Sacramento, some dropped off at Truckee and a few went as far as Reno. Those who drop off at way stations in this fashion usually pick up a few easy dollars by selling the balance of their tickets to any one about town who cares to travel to its destination.

Trying to Block the Game

The railroad company has tried to stop this sort of traveling by compelling the applicants to deliver up their blankets to the agent, who is ordered to hold the goods till the work ground is reached. Weary Willie dodges giving up his kit by buying a cheap roll of comforters for fifty cents. These he ostentatiously turns over to the keeping of the agent while his private kit he secretly hands to some obliging fellow about to board the train, and asks him to take charge of it till the train starts. However Weary's summer skylarking trips over the State are bearing a different sort of fruit, for deserving laboring men have heard him brag of the trick he is playing and they are taking advantage of the opportunity offered to get to towns where they are confident they can obtain work.

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Captain Cloman's Pet Story

Captain Syd. Cloman, who was so popular in clubdom as well as in army and navy circles, has gone away, but no one who knew him is likely to forget his pet story. Captain Cloman especially disliked after-dinner speaking—really disliked it. Cloman was really modest and his heart went pit-a-pat every time he was called upon to speak. His pet story under these circumstances concerned a man whose domestic happiness had been ruined because he was forced to live with his wife's family. After a great many wrangles the wife died; the husband did not regret it for he foresaw emancipation from his relatives-in-law. When the day of the funeral arrived the undertaker in charge touched the man on the shoulder and said, "As the two closest mourners you will ride to the cemetery in the carriage with your mother-in-law." "Indeed, I will not," replied the man. "But you must," insisted the undertaker, "no other carriage has been provided." "Very well, I'll walk, or go on the car," said the man, "but I won't ride with that odious woman." The undertaker drew himself up stiffly. "Then I stop the funeral proceedings right here," he declared. Under the circumstances this ultimately brought the man to terms. In this bitter predicament, he burst out: "Oh, all right. I'll ride with the old lady if you insist, but I want you to understand that you've ruined the pleasure of the entire day for me."

Mrs. Slowgirl: "Can you see why Miss Stunner wears such a peculiar bathing suit?"

Dick Hazard: "Oh, I thought everybody could see through it."

Californian Hustler in England

A young San Franciscan who has been "doing things" in England is J. Russell Selfridge, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Selfridge. Young Selfridge was a volunteer engineer in the navy during our brush with Spain and wished to remain there, but he was nearsighted and Uncle Sam didn't want him. So the young engineer and electrician went to Switzerland where he was in the employ of Mr. Butters who owns the electric roads in Geneva. From there he joined the British Westingham Company which constructed such wonderful things in such double-quick time near Liverpool. Just now he is at Cowes in the Isle of Wight, where he is working for the King. He is bossing the building of a miniature Annapolis. The building is officially known as the New Naval Cadets' Work Shop. Not an English contractor would look at the job under a year and so this hustling American company undertook the task and the King is going to drive a golden spike at the opening ceremonies on August fourth.

Didn't Rise to the Occasion

Marshall P. Wilder, the diminutive humorist, was evidently not too tiny to receive Cupid's arrows, judging by his romantic marriage in New York on Wednesday. Generally the professional funny man fails to win the adoration of women, but Wilder must be classed among the exceptions. When Joe Redding was last in San Francisco he told a funny story about the short comedian. It was at a Lambs' Club dinner. Wilder was one of the orators, and when he rose to speak, with his hand on the table in approved Depew style, his head scarcely topped the wine glasses. He spoke a few words, when Augustus Thomas, the playwright, arose and interrupted him:

"Mr. Wilder," he said, severely, "it is customary for a speaker to rise when he is addressing the members of this club."

Where is the Stepmother?

The San Mateo colony has been augmented by the addition of Mrs. W. B. Weir, who has settled there for the summer in a rented cottage. Mrs. Weir, like her sister, Mrs. Henry Bothin, enjoys quiet country life. Mrs. Weir closely resembles her brother. By the way, when Mattie Whittier came out here to live, accompanied by her trunks and household goods, rumor said Papa Whittier intended to give his children a stepmother and had invited Mattie to come on for the event. But it hasn't happened yet, and one hears nothing more of the prognostication.

Enigmatical Philippine Situation

"What card is President Roosevelt playing in sending General Wood to the Philippines?" is the question most frequently asked in Manila official circles, according to my correspondent. Those who consider themselves on the inside, he says, claim that Governor Taft is to return home at an early date, and that General Wood is to succeed him as Civil Governor. The office of Military Governor, or Governor-General, became practically extinct when Governor Taft was inaugurated Civil Governor, July 4, 1901. Probably no man stands closer to President Roosevelt, or has his confidence to a greater degree than General Wood. In less than three years he has climbed the military ladder

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from Captain in the medical corps to Brigadier-General. If Wood should succeed Taft there would be changes galore in Manila official circles. Major-General Davis, who is at present the commander of the island military division, retires from active service July twenty-sixth. There is no doubt he will remain in the Philippines and succeed Professor Dean C. Worcester as a member of the Civil Commission. The appointment of Worcester was one of the mistakes that the late President McKinley lived long enough to realize.

Taft as a King-Pin

Those on the inside are wondering what the President intends doing with Taft. Some of them seem to think he would like to reward him with a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, but that he fears the Senate will refuse to confirm the appointment. At any rate, if Taft's name is sent in it will precipitate a Senatorial fight on the policy of the Administration in the Philippines and this is something the Administration is not looking for. No one may guess what story of rottenness may come out if such a mess is aired. It has been said that Ambassador Choate, who has announced his intention to resign within a few months, is to be succeeded by Taft. But when the solution of the problem was cabled to the Governor he frankly said that he considered his present position greater than that of Ambassador to Great Britain. It is understood that Governor Wright intends to resign shortly and accept an offer made him to become a member of a well known New York firm of which ex-Speaker Carlisle is a member.

Filibusters Working the Islands

The Philippine insurrection has made filibustering profitable and many adventureers have been indulging in this paying pastime since Uncle Sam poked his nose into the Orient. Just who is back of the present big scheme is not positively known but many European arms manufacturers have been busy day and night for some time filling orders for China and these islands. The latest advices report vessels carrying three hundred thousand stands of arms lying off the shores near Hongkong and awaiting the opportunity to smuggle their cargoes into these islands for the natives. It is understood that the arms are consigned to representatives of German firms here but there is so much mystery clouding the matter that the authorities are, so far, all at sea. The British authorities at Hongkong are watching the vessels but the latter have taken the precaution to keep outside the law's limit.

KING EDWARD IN PARIS.

The French papers just received from Paris bring more interesting particulars of the festivities which marked the visit of the King of England. As might be expected they offered him champagne on all occasions, and it is worth mentioning that the Montebello was the only brand served at the review in Vincennes, at the gala performance at the grand opera and at the reception at the Hotel de Ville. That King Edward did not seem to be bored by all these ceremonies is quite evident from the following account of a reporter of the *Petit Journal*: "The King walked to an elegant buffet, prettily decorated with orchids and white lilacs. He took the cup which was offered to him as a souvenir and filled with Montebello champagne, and turning around, he slowly raised it with a graceful circular motion. After a few words of greeting pronounced by Mr. Deville, president of the Municipal Council, the King drank in small sips, with evident pleasure, and passing," as the *Petit Journal* says, "his royal tongue over his equally royal lips."

Will Prevent Railroad Wrecks

"Such accidents as those that occurred, last week, on the North Shore railroad are up to the management to prevent," said a well known railroad superintendent, commenting on them. "A little better knowledge of how to run a railroad will keep them out of that kind of track jumping. Other problems in accidents bother the most of us. Inventors are working all the time to overcome the casualties that run through the most experienced management. I've just received a letter from Colorado which tells of a new device that promises to greatly reduce collisions and save thousands of lives annually. The new appliance is a sort of looking-glass to be hung on each side of an engine. It enables the engineer and fireman to see the roadbed for six miles, both in front and in rear of the moving train. The chief value of the invention is that it doesn't make any difference if the road is straight or curved. The instrument works on the principle of the mirage and is called the miragescope. It has been tested on the Rio Grande, the Colorado Midland and several other lines and has passed all the tests favorably."

The Late Queen's Fad

The late Queen of Servia was a woman with fads. She was very fond of dogs, and treated them as if they were human beings. She had a Christmas tree for them, and on the tree were hung the sort of palatable morsels that doggies love. The animals were trained to take these dainties off in a well-bred manner. The Queen used to invite her friends to the dogs' Christmas tree, and the harrylehr-like function was considered quite a social event.

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Another Remarkable Strike

In talking of the remarkable strikes of this very eventful year, a well known water front labor leader declared our strike of the grave diggers ranked among the first. "But it has its fellow in Hartford, Ind.," he claimed. "Alfred E. Norton started grocery stores there and ran them 'as Christ would.' He refused to unionize his stores and the labor people forced him to close out. It's only fair to say that Norton is still in the fight and stoutly declares he'll win out yet. The whole thing is unique. Norton has some fifteen grocery stores now in the Middle West. He started them only a little while ago and his success has been phenomenal. His idea was patterned on Rev. Sheldon's book 'In His Steps,' and he determined to conduct his grocery store 'as Christ would.'" He limited his daily profits to two dollars and a half on each store and after that amount was earned each day he sold goods at cost. The poor, however, were allowed to buy all the time for cost. When Norton broached his idea everybody laughed at him and declared he was sure to fail. But he tacked up the following rules on his front door and went ahead:

Business for the day closes promptly at 6 p. m.
All employes are paid in full at the close of each day.
All transactions are cash and no books are kept.
All goods are sold at cost after $2.50 profit for the day has been made.
There is no delivery service.
No liquors, tobacco or cigars are carried in stock.
To the poor all goods are sold at cost at all times.

People Shy at First

All goods in his groceries are marked with the cost price and the selling price. Customers are notified when the daily profit of two dollars and a half has been reached by striking out the selling price, leaving the cost price, at which price the goods are sold for the balance of the day. At first people were somewhat shy of dealing with him but after they learned that he was living up to his announcements, his business grew by leaps and bounds. Within six months he was establishing branch stores in near by towns.

His Troubles with Labor Begin

Right in the midst of his success in Hartford his troubles with labor began. Mr. Norton is very careful in his selection of clerks and usually employs persons who are identified with church work and whose moral and religious standing are above reproach. No one is employed who drinks or uses tobacco. In this wise his corps of assistants are gathered from the various walks of life. This soon came to the attention of organized labor. He was asked to unionize his store. He not only refused but declared he would have nothing to do with union clerks. The result was that all good union men were requested to boycott the store run "as Christ would run it." For a few days his receipts suffered. He lost customers from the ranks of labor, then the tide began to turn and "sympathetic" customers began to patronize him. It looked as if he would win out when suddenly a new obstacle appeared. The owner of the building in which the grocery was located was drawn into the fight. He is in the grain and flour business. Pressure was brought to bear on him by the union people and he was also threatened with a boycott unless he ordered Mr. Norton to vacate. He had to give in and Norton was ordered out. Then he discovered that no other property owner in town dared to rent him a store. He has withdrawn his goods from the town, "temporarily," he says, and is preparing to buy a lot, erect his own building and get back into the fight.

Declares He Is Still In the Fight

Norton has some fifteen stores behind him now, all conducted "as Christ would." Though the profits from each, two dollars and a half per day, seem small, the aggregate nets him thirty-seven and a half dollars every twenty-four hours and $11,731.50 annually. What is more, his idea is growing. Since he started he has been on the crest of the wave of success till he dashed against the labor union. He never permits his money to remain idle. As soon as his profits have accumulated to a sufficient sum he invests the whole amount and another Christian grocery store is added to the list.

Belle (excitedly): "He tried to kiss her? What did she do in the emergency?"
Tom: "Met it face to face."

His Idea of Society

Harry Farwell of the "Chicago Farwells," who was out here two years ago and attracted some attention at Monterey, has come to the front in his native city as a rival destined to outshine the unique career of Harry Lehr. The public prints have taken to publishing extended notices of his eccentricities, all in line with Harry's bizarre parties, doll "toting," bracelet wearing and monkey-shine exhibitions. But here the comparison ends. Young Farwell compiled a "Beauty Book" and put in his wife's picture as queen of them all. Up to date he has been known as the brother of Mrs. Hobart-Chatfield Taylor and Mrs. Reginald de Koven, but hereafter these attractive names will have to be preceded with Farwell if they are to shine in the social advertising furnished by the scion of that name. Farwell is a handsome young fellow, just out of college, with wealth and leisure, and he turns naturally to society for diversion. His wife is a beauty and she warmly seconds his ambition. When an undergraduate he attended a dinner at his sister's, Mrs. Reginald de Koven, and some one asked him what his ambition was. He replied: "To lead the best set in the best city in the best country." That was in Chicago at the time society was suffering the throes of giving monkey dinners.

Sanford Bennett, Alameda's crack society baritone, is at Byron Springs with his wife. Among the other arrivals at Byron this week were W. D. English, J. P. Farley of Chicago, Dr. J. P. Fraser, J. E. Krumb, H. Kohler, Miss Alma Mitchell, Mrs. Loring Pickering, R. A. Crothers, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Zellerbach, Robert F. Gallagher, Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and W. E. Comback.

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Humor of the Pope

The Pope is not without a certain sense of humor, as is proved by the following story recently told of him: To please the friends of an artist whose zeal is decidedly in advance of his skill with the brush, the Holy Father allowed him to paint his portait. When the work was completed, although scarcely recognizable except to the eye of faith, the artist asked His Holiness to be good enough to write a text underneath it. Leo XIII, after a few moments' reflection, wrote: "It is I. Be not afraid," and signed it, "Leo. XIII."

Will Marry Her Pastor

Senator Clark's sister, Miss Ella Clark, is to marry a Los Angeles preacher. The young woman—but she is not young, and her lover is on the shady side of fifty and baldheaded—is religiously inclined and has been a member and worker in the church of which Rev. James A. Newell, D.D., is the pastor. He is a Presbyterian, and although his church is small and rather obscure, well liked. The two have known each other about nine years, Miss Clark having been a frequent visitor at the Newell home until the time of his wife's death, about three years ago. Before going to Los Angeles Dr. Newell had pastorates at Placerville and Santa Clara, at which latter place he had the same charge for sixteen years.

Has Reached Her Goal

It looks as though Mrs. Milo M. Potter "has came" so far as Southern California society is concerned. As Mrs. Jones she was the housekeeper at the Van Nuys, as Mrs. Potter she bids fair to displace even the leaders of society in that part of the State. She has been entertaining in a lavish way. Not long ago she took a car load of the most select young people of Los Angeles to the Potter in a special, where for two days they were entertained in royal style, the affair being given in honor of Mrs. Potter's daughter, Miss Nina Jones. Tonight Mrs. W. G. Nevin is to give a house party to three dozen at Brighton Beach in honor of Miss Jones, who is not having the same social difficulties to overcome as her mother.

Camping Popular This Year

But a few years separate us from the period when society never took its summer outing save on a hotel veranda. That was the period when a girl would not dare attempt the summer campaign without at least three big trunks of smart clothes. When Del Monte was her choice, all her occupation consisted in changing her clothes, and at least six changes in a day were de rigueur then. Now all that sort of thing has passed into history. The smart girl carries with her to the country a short skirt for walking, a few shirt-waists, and perhaps an organdy or dimity frock or two for dinner wear. If she has Ethyl Hager's independence, she dresses in any old thing that suits the day's program. And this year she has become a convert to camping. To have a camping place of one's own is now considered fully up to the distinction of owning a country-place. The H. K. Fields have a charming camp near Guerneville, and they entertain occasional friends up there in as hospitable fashion as if all the comforts of home were in easy reach. Their camp is luxuriously appointed, of course, but for all that 'tis a real camp. The Lunings have a beautiful camp near the Geysers, within driving distance of Cloverdale, and with a swimming pool in the river by the side of which the tents are pitched. The Shays of Oakland have their camp at Camp Taylor, and rarely miss a season there.

The Joe Tobins have rented the old Sutro place above Calistoga and are living a dolce far niente sort of life with the Van Ness's as their only neighbors. Alice Hager is visiting the Tobins and will divide most of her summer between them and the Van Ness's.

Why He Didn't Go

This sounds like one of Barney Bernard's Yiddish witticisms, but it is not. Nor was it intended as a joke. A well known Market street manufacturer was to have been one of a party that left for the Yosemite this week. At the last moment he sent word that he could not go. When asked what the matter was, he answered:

"Matter! Why, my boy swallowed a nickel and I have to wait to see how it comes out."

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"It is an interesting fact," said Colonel Weatherley, the well known horseman, to a group in the Palace cafe the other evening, "and one that most turfmen are unacquainted with, that all the great racehorses in this country and England can be pedigreed back to three animals that came from the Orient. That's a sweeping claim, I'll admit, but I'll wager a good round sum that if you take the winners in the last Derby, Suburban, Oaks, Futurity, Brooklyn, Metropolitan—in fact, any of the big stake events, you'll find their strain goes back to the trio of horses I'll name. All three are known in turf history by the names of the men who imported them into England. They are the Byerley Turk, the Darley Arabian and the D'Arcy Arabian. Byerley was a soldier of fortune who did martial service in Turkey and when he left for home the Sultan couldn't think of anything better to give him as a gift than a famous horse in his stables.

Gave Lexington to America

"On this charger Captain Byerley did yeoman service for King William during the campaign in Ireland. This time he was rewarded with a princely manor. But Byerley was a man of war, not of peace, and the quiet life on his new possessions was his undoing. He lost all he had, including his famous horse that has fixed the Byerley name in history. American horsemen owe this animal a monstrous debt of gratitude for he was the direct ancestor of her greatest sire, Lexington. America's other great sire, imported Leamington, can be traced back to the Darley Arabian; he was taken into England somewhere about two hundred years ago and was a very famous sire.

Bought the First Derby Winner

"Diomed, the winner of the first English Derby, was a descendant of the Byerley horse. He was brought over to this country, so you can readily understand how much we owe to that strain. Diomed was a very noted sire and died in Virginia when he was thirty-one years old. He cost his buyer one thousand dollars—a strong contrast to the prices, one hundred and five thousand and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, that Charles Reed and W. B. Macdonough, respectively, paid for St. Blaire and Ormonde, the only other Derby winners ever landed alive in this country except Diomed and St. Giles. He proved more valuable than both of them put together. His descendant, Lexington, alone, when mated with Alice Carneal, left an indelible strain on our trotting stock. Imp. Leamington, America's other great sire, stood even closer to his Arabian ancestor. He came down through the great Eclipse. But showing the descent only goes to prove what I claimed; that is, if you trace back the strain of any of the great race horses of today, you'll find it ends in one of these three Arabian horses."

"Yes," concluded the heeler, standing next the bar, "you can run down Abe Ruef all you want, but he's all right. I'll bet while you're standing here hammering him he's going about doing good."

"Maybe," rejoined an ex-Speaker, "but who's this fellow Good, anyhow?"

His Hope May Be Fulfilled

It is one of the not uncommon freaks of fate that Anton Roman should have died within the year after the demise of his brilliant literary discovery, Bret Harte. Roman, too, was one of the few remaining of Harte's old-time Californian friends who always had a good word for the errant genius, even after his departure from America. The old bookseller was the first to see greatness in "The Luck of Roaring Camp." "California needs you, Frank," he said at the time, "but it won't take many more like that one to take you East and keep you there." Roman's prophecy was of quick fulfillment, and Harte quit the coast for good within a few months. "When Frank left," said Roman, shortly after Harte's death, "he said that we would be sure to see each other again. I had always hoped that this would be true, but now, I guess, it's too late."

Working for Renomination

The Republican politicians are so well satisfied with the returns from the Schmitz regime that they are making herculean efforts to continue it. If the lines that are now out remain taut there is every chance that he will be nominated by them at the next municipal convention. The out-and-outers are looking around for a straight Republican to head the ticket. They not only want a man of business capacity and standing but one whose record will bear

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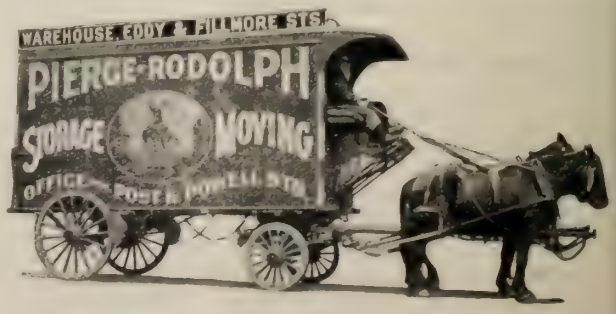

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the scrutiny of the labor element in the party. At this critical juncture of affairs this is a composite in politics that is exceedingly difficult to find. Schmitz's chances for renomination therefore lie chiefly in the inability of the opposition to dig up an available man that will rouse the enthusiasm of the big wings of the party. Slack, Fisk, Kellogg and Kirkpatrick have all been carefully weighed in the scales. The first three will not take the nomination for business reasons. Kirkpatrick is not an ideal candidate for the place just now because it is feared his resignation from the Harbor Commission, in order to run, might cause serious political complications; also Labor might take a clout at him for any one of a thousand unknown reasons. Meanwhile Schmitz is patching up his fiddle preparatory to drawing the long bow when he thinks is will do the most good. Just now his henchmen are exercising their strongest efforts in palliating that eccentric political trip he took East and in trying to recapture the lost labor cohort that is following Casey toward the promised land.

May Brideblossom—Mercy, I'm so nervous I can't keep from trembling.

Mrs. High Society—Don't mind it, dear, you'll get over it after your second or third venture. It's only altar fright."

Hail To The Cummerband

How much closer in touch with things eastern we are now than we were several seasons ago. Duck garments are the regularly accepted thing de rigueur at balls in New York this summer and already several smart affairs have been had here under the same authoritative dictum. The yachting clubs are responsible for the new convention, a convention I am sure that is bound to spread. It means extra comfort, less expense, and adds vastly to appearance. In the Orient the formal evening dress consists of a jacket, white duck trousers, a cummerband and dress shirt, no waistcoat at all. The costume is more becoming than the conventional black swallowtail. Young men, or old men who prefer to appear young, wear cummerbands of various hues and colors, with effects at once startling to the eye and appealing to the taste. Climate has of course a great deal to do with the lightness and color of the goods but during the period of our warm summer days some sort of a change ought to be made from the regulation stiff, conventional evening dress, and that's what the yachtsmen are trying to do.

A Plague of Saints

A Mexican correspondent tells me that the wholesale and unabating invasion of Mormons into the realm of Diaz is becoming a cause of alarm to the statesmen of the Southern Republic. Diaz, however, does not seem to care, for he has cheerfully allotted to these people a large and fertile tract of land in Northern Mexico, and thitherward the Saints are flocking at the rate of several thousand per month. It is even hinted by some of the more zealous that a new Mormon capital is soon to rear its stones amid these Aztec hills where wives are a-plenty and the Mormons may increase as only Mormons can. The granting of this territory to the Young propaganda is a bit of corruption, it is hinted, on the part of Diaz, and is well in keeping with the Tammany policy of the foxy President. As far as public sentiment is concerned the move is not a wise one. Nothing is more abhorred than polygamy among the devout and orthodox Catholics, and the open practice of plural marriages in the very midst of such people is apt to result in a bloody uprising that will drive the Mormons back to the States and cause some discomfort to the Diaz government.

"They say Abrams follows the races. I can't understand how he makes money if he sticks strictly to business."

"Easy enough—he's a pawnbroker."

Choice of Happy Harry Paris

Genevieve Carolan's engagement with Harry Poett is considered most appropriate by their friends. Genevieve is one of the so-called beauties of society and indeed she comes nearer deserving that praise than most newspaper-made beauties. She just misses being a beauty, but if Paris comes to town with that apple he would find it hard to hit upon any one girl here with undisputed right to that title. He'd have to make the apple into sauce and divide it round and Genevieve would surely come in for a spoonful. At one time it was popularly believed that she was engaged to Laurance Scott but his marriage with Caro Crockett disproved that. Mr. Poett, whom she will marry, is a brother of Mrs. J. H. P. Howard who has a place down near the Carolan home.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Maurer are shortly going abroad to remain for some time. They will go to Paris and to Bayreuth.

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Prank of Stanford Students

College jokes are generally of a quality to weary the average citizen, but three wealthy young men from Pasadena played one last week that is well worth going down in college history. The reckless collegians came up to the city from Stanford as soon as the semester was over, and they spent a week and all their money putting a proper fresco on the town. One morning it dawned on them that, being out of funds, it was a case of "East, West, home's best," so they agreed to take the next train for Pasadena. When they counted their aggregate capital, however, they found that they only had enough to buy two tickets, so one of them would either have to stay behind or ride under the seat. Upholstery was better than free lunch, they decided, so lots were drawn for who should ride as excess baggage. As it happened the youngest and wealthiest of the lot drew the unlucky straw, and the two more fortunate tipped the wink to each other and went to the ticket office, apparently to purchase transportation for two. Really, however, they had money enough for three tickets which they duly purchased. So they started down to Pasadena with the panting young swell doubled up like a dog under the seat. Before they had gone far people who knew them got on to the car and, seeing the eccentric pose of their opulent fellow citizen's son and heir, they wondered if over-study had driven him insane. Pretty soon the conductor came along and one of the boys handed him the three tickets. "Who's the third ticket for?" asked the puzzled official. "Oh, that's for the man under the seat," said the young fellow nonchalantly. "What's he doing there," asked the conductor. "Somehow he always prefers to ride that way," said the youth as the blushing victim swore, undoubled himself and came out into the light.

Some people that have incipient paresis flatter themselves that it is their artistic temperament.

Followed the Flag to Success

Captain William T. Littlebrant, who is at the Presidio with the Twelfth Cavalry, awaiting transportation on the *Sherman* to the Philippines, is by no means paying his first visit to San Francisco. Though Stockton born, his father being an ex-Mayor, Captain Littlebrant received most of his early education in San Francisco. He later taught school awhile and then went to West Point, graduating high and being commissioned in the Cavalry. He married a St. Louis heiress, who died at the birth of twins. The children have for years been the charge of their father's relatives in Stockton. The Captain fought in the Cuban campaign and of late has been stationed at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Promotion for Diss

While Captain Littlebrant has been winning honors in the regular service, one of his old schoolmates here, J. Wallace F. Diss, has been winning his spurs in the National Guard. Lieutenant-Colonel Diss, aide-de-camp on the Governor's staff, has just been commissioned Colonel and Chief of Engineers. Colonel Diss has long resided in the South, and is prominent in politics in that section. Some ten years ago he was in the newspaper business.

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There is another pretty button wedding on the tapis when Miss Clara Swigert, eldest daughter of Colonel Samuel Swigert, U. S. A., will be the bride, and Lieutenant O. P. M. Haggard of the Second Cavalry the groom, and the wedding is to take place next month. Miss Swigert has earned for herself the past winter the reputation of being one of the most expert of chafing dish cooks, all her concoctions being pronounced "simply delicious."

Captain B. C. Morse, U. S. A., formerly on the staff of General Shafter and one of the most popular officers who ever held that position, arrived here a few days ago en route, with his regiment, the Seventeenth Infantry, to the Philippines, whence they will sail on the first of July.

He (on the beach)—I won't hurt you if you'll let me kiss you.

She (on to herself)—Oh, I'm not a bit afraid, there's an emergency hospital close by.

Gay Del Monte

There will be a week of polo at Del Monte beginning the first of August, followed by the Pacific Coast Golf Association's championship tournament, which will also include the match for three beautiful Del Monte cups. The season at the hotel is now in full swing, with auto parties around the seventeen-mile drive, golf matches, evening parties at the club house, swimming and fishing. Among those who came down this week are Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Fred Greenwood and C. W. Earle. J. F. Williams, the much written about South African mine owner, is at the hotel with his family.

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Told Over the Wine

AND OVERHEARD AT BINKBAND'S.

[Scene: The interior of a fashionable restaurant at 7 p. m. The brilliantly lighted place is filled with modishly dressed people, most all of whom are in high spirits and bent on getting all the enjoyments that money affords. Dick Blase is sitting at a table a deux at one side of the big room. With him is that exceedingly well preserved and handsome widow, Mrs. Dasher.]

Dick Blase (taking up the menu card)—Same old scene; same old faces and, b'gad, it looks like the same old menu. Why don't the roof fall in and make a change?

Mrs. Dasher—Nonsense, Dickie, dear. Come, get out of your doldrums. Order some wine on the ice. There, I think that's quite an inspiration as a starter. (Blase continues to gloomily scan the menu and pencil his composition of the dinner while Mrs. Dasher gaily proceeds to clear her mind.) You're getting too moody, Dickie, and I warn you I'm not going to permit it. Perk up, or take the consequences. (Shakes a forefinger ominously at him.) Be careful that you select an irreproachable dinner or I'll—I'll—yes, I'll dine next with Tommy Tower. There he is, and still with his comedy lead wife, I do declare.

Dick Blase (brightening)—Gad! so he is. I thought they were to be divorced after that incident at the San Mateo roadhouse. Why, Charley Rappide told me at the Del Monte clubhouse that he expected to marry her before fall. He had on an elegant skate at the time and was spouting confidences like a gusher so he must have been trying to tell the truth.

Mrs. Dasher—Never doubt it. But Daisy Tower has all the money in that combination, you know—loads of it—and I fancy Tommy, with his florid tastes, doesn't like being cut loose from such a bank roll, even when he finds his wife in—well, in such a rapid way.

Dick Blase—Eh, yes—oh, I see, sort of Charley Rappide way, eh? Begad, that's good, Elsie, but you always were deucedly bright.

Mrs. Dasher—Precisely. How delightfully you are improving. I hope you now begin to discern the advantage of employing me as your physician; for one thing it will save you the expense of—well, say a trained nurse. Try some of these truffles on your fillet. They're good for the kidneys. This is rattling good wine, isn't it, Dickie dear?

Dick Blase—Out of sight. Have some more. Here, garcon, fix the wine. Hulloa, I say, look over there. Isn't that Gadsby? Bud Gadsby. Jove, how gray he's grown! Egad, I haven't seen the little duffer since he went dotty on Flora Flashlight and took her to the Orient. Let's see, that was some six years ago. Didn't he give her a whirl in Paris? Of course he did. They say she cost him close on to one hundred thousand dollars and twenty years of his life before she let go. Egad, he looks it; walks as if he were an ex-member of the paresis club, doesn't he?

Mrs. Dasher—Serves him right when he might have married Maybel Gaybred and lived happy ever afterwards. Maybel had a sloppy crush on him at that time. I've always wondered what there was between them. Bless me, there's Mabel coming in now with young Van Sittart. And, Dickie, as I live, she's hooked him sure. See, she's wearing the Van Sittart diamond on her collar. I'd know it among a thousand. Old Mrs. Van Sittart showed it to me, one day, and told me the brilliant's history. Well, well, I hope for dear old Maybel's sake that it's really the ring and the book this time. Maybel can't afford to keep up the gait she's going. Men have memories and—well, she won't always have that face and figure to hook a gudgeon like young Van Sittart.

Dick Blase (with a show of enthusiasm)—Begad but isn't she a high-class filly? I suppose it's the old Stetson stock in her. It's wicked blood, maybe, but it's the true blue blood all right. She's a thoroughbred. Just look at that bust. What a swing she gives to her hips as she walks. What coloring and what a carriage. Whew, but she's a stunner if there ever was one. By Jove, if I felt half as young as Van Sittart, I'd give her all the Van Sittart jewels, every last damn one of them, and throw in Shreve's in the bargain, just as a tribute to beauty, you know.

Mrs. Dasher—Yes, Dickie, dear, and I know the kind of tribute you'd exact.

Dick Blase—Elsie, did I ever—

Mrs. Dasher—No, dear, and you're not going to now, I'm sure, so order another bottle, not quite so cold. Who are those two Paris models with the Count?

Dick Blase (setting down his well used wine glass)—Hulloa, he has hooked something new, hasn't he? They're New Yorkers, that's patent in their carriage and clothes. Ha, there's Gadsby bowing to them, so they belong to the elect, "our society: hot society," as the song goes.

Mrs. Dasher—Yes—er, as the song goes. I suppose from the looks of things we'll see them later in the nominations of the San Rafael clique. That blonde will look somewhat different after a hayride to Marati's, won't she?

Dick Blase—Have some more wine. Are they going to give the regular course of hilarities over there this summer?

Mrs. Dasher—That's what the dickie birds say.

Dick Blase—The dickie birds had—hic—I beg your pardon—I say the dickie birds had better not chirp too loudly this season or the papers may have a few more of the same old kind of sensations. That story about Billy Highlife and his wife came within an ace of getting out. Sadie must have been deuced clever to manage it as she did. How did she do it, anyway? You know everything, Elsie; you ought to know the inside of that.

Mrs. Dasher—Maybe I do, Dickie. But hadn't you better pump a little less strenuously on the wine? Remember we are to go to the vaudeville tonight yet. What were you remarking—oh, about Sadie's cleverness in the—the—but the word clever doesn't express her talents. Sadie's attainments in—um—well, social life, would land her first under the wire in any class event in the diplomatic service. When Billy came home to the hotel so unexpectedly that night he had on a skyscraping edge. Sadie was on to his condition as soon as she heard him fumbling at the door, so she refused to open it. She told him to go to the clerk, get another room and stay there till he was in proper condition. Billy was sporting either a brash temper or a suspicious mood; anyhow, he cut her short by beginning to kick on the door. Think of that situation in a fashionable hotel, for a girl of Sadie's temperament. Of course, heads began to pop out of doors all

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along the corridor to see the shindig. What did Sadie do? When the woodwork began to crack, she threw on a long cloak, coolly flung open the door and calmly walked down the hallway to the room of her fast friend, Millicent. Naturally, Billy followed her to have out his tipsy say and naturally, when they both returned to their own rooms—well, appearances were all on Sadie's side and Billy had to apologize.

Dick Blase—They say—um—I beg pardon—they say Harry Highbury isn't chasing her so—so warmly since that ep-episode.

Mrs. Dasher—Not so openly, perhaps, but just as warmly. By the way, Dickie, hadn't you better turn off the wine. You've had enough for tonight. Have you noticed the magnificent black pearl Sadie's wearing? That's Harry's last badge.

Dick Blase (with a grin)—Same as Mamie's diamond solitaire, eh? um—beg pardon.

Mrs. Dasher—Not a bit of it, you suspicious old boy. Mamie got that diamond of Reggie Million all right, all right. She gave him just one kiss for it, really only one, and with not the slightest bit of feeling in it. She's just about as simple as Reggie, you know, and she told me all about it in the first flush of wearing it. I'm sure it's a straight story for right after she got it Reggie developed the fever that produced the Stanyan street flat and that little blonde Rivoli chorus girl, and the automobile and all the other impossible things.

Dick Blase—Well—er—well, I never could quite make out whether Mamie was—er—just simple, or—er—er. I say, Elsie, what's the matter with having another small bottle—just one?

Mrs. Dasher—Not a smell. You bad boy, you've been drinking too much already. Come along now. We'd better cut the vaudeville. I'll take you to your rooms and fix you up for the night. You're in no fit condition to turn loose by yourself now. I'm afraid you'll meet tempting companions at the club and be led into making a night of it. So come along with me.

Dick Blase—Orright, an', Elsie, I say, be a little bit good to me for ol' times.

Mrs. Dasher—Don't talk nonsense, Dickie. Walk straight as we go out. Keep up appearances. I'll see what's best for you when I get you to your rooms. Remember, I told you I'm your physician—not your nurse. (*Exeunt*)

—*The Eavesdropper.*

Lines To My Wife

Your clinging arms lie 'round me, soft and warm,
And in your eyes shines all the love you feel;
I read its message in your trembling form
And faultless charms you coyly half reveal.
You're mine, all mine. Each trick and roguish glance
How well I know them, know each trifling grace
That marks you vulner'ble to love's advance.
How well, how well, I know that trustful face.
In playful mood you ask if I still love
The woman of my choice—
I wonder what you'd do
If I, defying earth and heaven above,
Should tell you just how tired I am of you.

MABEL PORTER PITTS.

"Kelly, is Martin much of a politician?"

"Well, he's one of the kind we sometimes give a nomination to when we're sure there's no chance of an election."

Smokes Ten-Centers

General Frederick Dent Grant is said to be as fond of the weed as was his famous father. He likes strong cigars. A story was told me the other day apropos of the General and his fad. A porter had just relinquished his traveling bags and the General handed him a half-dollar.

"If it's all the same, sah," said the porter, "I'd rather have a cigar instead."

The General smiled in a puzzled way as he returned:

"Why, certainly, but you can get five with that coin."

—*The Bagman.*

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of J. J. Chauviteau, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned John Farnham, administrator of the estate of J. J. Chauviteau deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, junction of Kearny, Geary and Market streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the estate of
J. J. Chauviteau, deceased,

Carlton W. Greene, Attorney for Administrator,
Rooms 73-76-79 Chronicle Building.

Dated at San Francisco, June 27, 1903

Estate of Henry Boehm also known as Henry Boehn, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, administrator of the estate of Henry Boehm also known as Henry Boehn, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, junction of Kearny, Geary and Market Streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the estate of Henry Boehm,
also known as Henry Boehn, deceased.

Carlton W. Greene, Attorney for Administrator
Rooms 73-76-79 Chronicle Building

Dated at San Francisco, June 27, 1903

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Automobile Topics

Mr. Cuyler Lee, agent for the Western Automobile Co., 201 Larkin street, is in receipt of an interesting letter from Willis Pike, manager of the Castle Bros.' interests in Fresno. Very recently the firm purchased three of Mr. Lee's machines and Mr. Pike took one of them to Fresno on the initial trip. In recording his experience Mr. Pike writes: "I arrived home Sunday after a very pleasant and uneventful trip from the machine's standpoint. The auto worked beautifully all the way through. The little machine did not make a miss and saying we were delighted and pleased is putting it mildly. We made the run from Oakland to San Jose in an hour and fifty-five minutes, not half bad for a beginner, and we could have easily averaged for the whole trip twenty-two miles straight."

Launching a Big Enterprise

L. Eugene Lee, for the Pacific Automobile Company, has just purchased the big lot at the southwest corner of Golden Gate avenue and Octavia street for seventy-five thousand dollars. On this site the company promises to erect one of the very finest automobile establishments in this country at a cost of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. In the plans of the new building the ground floor alone will have a capacity for three hundred machines arranged in a semi-circle, after the fashion of a modern locomotive roundhouse. There will be reception rooms for ladies and gentlemen and everything in automobiling conveniences will be provided. Woodworking and upholstering departments are to be introduced on a large scale. On the premises will also be a safe and grill where superior and prompt service is promised. Other floors will be devoted to the machine shop, supplies and fitting, renting department, blacksmith shop, etc. There will also be clubrooms, a library and other conveniences, gotten up in such style as to make the place the most attractive of its kind on the coast. The men who are handling this big enterprise are well known for the thorough and successful way in which they handle such ventures. The principal members of the company are: E. P. Brinegar, Harry D. Morton, George S. Nixon, Frank M. Lee, Henry C. Cutting, W. Arthur Stringer, Paul Seiler, Jessie S. Andrews, Reuben P. Hurlburt, I. N. Miller, J. D. Lee, Byron Jackson, J. M. Wilkins, W. S. Arnold, P. F. Rocket, G. W. Andrews, L. Eugene Lee.

Nearly all the municipal officers of New York who are obliged to go about in rigs while attending to their duties have given up their horses and have taken to automobiles.

Small Cost of Automobiling

Henry Norman has figured out the following cost of an automobile for a family of two in modest circumstances. He prefaces with the statement that the family under consideration will save something on cab fares and will more than likely take its whole holiday in using the machine. This saving of fares and usage he puts down at $75.00. His budget figures are:

Cost (loss on selling it after two years' use, per annum)	$250 00
Tires (two years average)	75 00
Gasoline (4,000 miles per annum at 20 miles per 22-cent gallon)	44 00
Oils, etc.	50 00
Repairs	26 00
	$445 00
Less saving in cab and railway fares	75 00
Net yearly cost	$ 370 00

His warning advice is: "Buy your automobiles from the makers or the makers' agents; discover by comparison of prices at what places you can get supplies and accessories cheapest, combined with direct personal relationship, with an intelligent, responsible dealer who knows his business, and then getting everything from him, let him know that you propose to do so until you find out that he is overcharging you; never permit your driver to purchase supplies, nor consult him about your purchases, and never under any circumstances let your automobile be 'overhauled.' With this advice I think I have opened to him the door to a possession which, more than anything else in the material world, will increase his interests, his opportunities and his happiness." —*The Automobilist.*

"Harold, I can't possibly understand how you can be so cheerful over the fact that the lawyers haven't settled up papa's estate yet."

"Why, it proves conclusively there must still be something left."

What Constitutes a "Drunk"

The Chairman of Boston's Police Board, Hon. William Henry Harrison Emmons, has just established a standard of inebriety, by which he proposes to measure all cases coming under his jurisdiction. His test is simply and clearly defined. "I consider," he says, "that a man is drunk if his gait is unsteady, though his mind is clear. If a man's utterance is not clear and his breath smells of liquor, he may be able to walk as well as you or I, but he is nevertheless drunk. To my mind it makes no difference whether or not the man is able to keep moving along towards his home; if any one of these conditions is found present, he is drunk and I should expect the police to arrest him." If the Emmons standard were adopted in San Francisco, the police would be kept rather inordinately busy, especially since the cocktail habit has spread itself to the gentle sex. The chewing gum manufacturers might, however, reap a benefit. Boston must be an awfully naughty place.

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STAGE

At the Columbia

Nat Goodwin donned this week that comfortable role of the convivial bachelor that fits him so snugly in "When We Were Twenty-One." Nothing that he has done of late years seems so spontaneous, so natural. The piece was written to fit him and Esmond could not have selected happier situations. They are set in a wholesome domestic atmosphere with an excursion into the gayer life. All the phases of that gayer life have been artistically portrayed by Goodwin on and off the stage till he is a master craftsman in every shade of them. It is the field par excellence of the born comedian. The situations on the domestic side of the play offer him the chances where he has always been ambitious to win success—in pathos. And those same situations contribute that fireside atmosphere of wholesomeness which have made it so attractive to the higher class of theatregoers and which have raised it as a production above the mass of plays turned out by the playsmiths of the past decade. Since the company was last here the third act, the one bit of tinsel, has been refurbished, a manifest requirement, but it still flashes like a false gem in a setting. The cast is almost identical with the exception of Miss Dean. She is new in her part and suffers in comparison with her predecessor, Maxine Elliott. But time will unquestionably bestow on her those fine and delicate touches which enable the other members of the company to make such an excellent production.

The Orpheum

The Orpheum shines with a splendid all-star cast this week. It is a timely, well balanced bill, that goes with a snap and gives one the full round of vaudeville entertainment, from trick and ventriloquism, through farce comedy to high class music. Lydia Yeamans Titus, after her successful trip abroad, is back with a number of bright, catchy songs, sung as only she can sing them. The gallery began to whistle them the first night, proof that they are of the right stuff. She is unique in her line and has never failed to score a hit during her engagements here. The way the applause has been recalling her this week shows that she is still keeping her record. Drawee and his dog assistant do some unusually clever juggling. The World's Trio contribute several captivating novelties in singing and dancing and Hayes and Healy unload a budget of extravagant comicalities that would draw a laugh from a grave-stone. They are unusually good in their line, but so is the rest of the bill for tnat matter. Go and you'll understand why.

"The Greenhorn" at the Central

M. B. Curtis did not belie his new play when he said it was good. It is a very cleverly built frame for the comedian's picture of a Hebrew type. "The Greenhorn" has a New York background, and the scenic features are elaborate. Interest naturally centres in Curtis himself, the first exponent of the Jewish type in comedy. We have had others since "Sam'l of Posen" made his debut—Warfield, Bernard and their imitators—but Curtis still holds his own in his particular line. He is very strongly supported by the company, an especially good bit of work being Georgie Woodthorpe's Swedish servant.

One of the features of the Amelia Bingham season at the Columbia will be the magnificent display of gowns from Paquin and Worth. Wilton Lackaye, W. L. Abingdon, Ferdinand Gottschalk, James Carew, Alfred Fisher, Madge Carr Cook, Bijou Fernandez, Frances Ring and Lillian Wright are of the support.

When "Twirly Whirly" was presented in New York it threatened to be rather a failure until Fay Templeton sang a song called "My Particular Friend." It turned out that the song was written by Wilton Lackaye, who can do other things beside act.

White Whittlesey is running James Neill a close race for versatility. He has already played in Henry Miller, John Drew and Frank Mayo roles, and next will give us a Robert Mantell part and then an Alexandro Salvini.

Charles Wyngate, who has joined the Alcazar company, is not playing his first engagement at that theatre. He was of the company some years ago, and last year played there with Florence Roberts. He is a handsome man, and a strong addition to the stock.

Broadhurst & Currie will send their funny farce, "Mr. Jolly of Joliet," to the coast next season. Edward Garvie will again appear in the title role.

Mr. J. H. Linehan of Chicago, general agent for the Western and Southern department of the Phenix Insurance Company of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been in the city for some time reorganizing the Pacific Coast agency. He has installed Mr. A. C. Olds, the well known Missouri insurance man, as coast representative. Mr. Linehan expressed himself as being much pleased with the insurance situation on the coast, and is very enthusiastic over the remarkable development of California.

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A New Tosca and Scarpia

While opinions may differ as to Nance O'Neil's La Tosca, there can be but one verdict upon Ratcliffe's Scarpia. It is a remarkable piece of dramatic work, differing from that of the other Scarpias we have seen in purpose and detail. Ratcliffe's Scarpia is the tiger, as opposed to the bull of the other versions. He is subtle, and conceals his savagery beneath the mask of piety and courtesy. One can conceive the iron grip beneath the velvet glove in Ratcliffe's Scarpia. In the third act, where his dissimulation culminates and the hypocrite unmasks himself before his intended victim, Ratcliffe holds the audience's attention as it were in a vise. In the fourth act, he does not perhaps carry one along by the spell of his acting as MacDowell does. It is in this fourth act that MacDowell always scored his best innings with his auditors. MacDowell, the big, handsome animal, can bring out the brute in Scarpia's role more forcibly, if less artistically, than Ratcliffe, who is not of imposing build. But no one should fail to see this new Scarpia, if but for the purpose of contrast, and forming an opinion on the character itself. MacDowell's personality always obtruded itself so that a correct estimate of the Sardou creation was rendered wellnigh impossible. Nance O'Neil's La Tosca is also different from those of Fanny Davenport and Blanche Walsh. She is graceful and charming in the light work of the first act, and proceeds without any false notes to the pathos and tragedy of the third act. In the fourth, by omitting some of the business we have grown accustomed to, she lessens the effect. Her strongest work is in the third act. The other characters are faithfully portrayed. Millward makes an effective Mario, Ricca Allen as the Queen and Agnes Ranken as Gemerino are happily cast. The version is not so clear cut as the Davenport "La Tosca."

Features of Next Week's Bills

It's a great company that Amelia Bingham, the only actress-manager of our country, has gathered about her for "The Climbers." Wilton Lackaye and his wife will be of the roll, and Bijou Fernandez, who are all favorites here. "The Climbers" is very modern in dialogue and setting, and there will be some beautiful costumes worn. The second play of the engagement will be "A Modern Magdalen." The sale for the opening night of the Bingham season at the Columbia has been very large.

At the Chutes will be seen Kartelli, slack wire performer, Robinson and Grant, George W. Moore, monologuist, Kraft and Daly; character entertainers in "The Copper and the Kid," and Frank Cushman, the "20th Century Minstrel," in a new act. The Cabaret de la Mort is a new addition to the attractions.

Barney Fagan and Henrietta Byron will make their first appearance in this country in over six years at the Orpheum. As a popular song writer, dancer and comedian, Mr. Fagan holds an enviable position and Miss Byron is one of the daintiest comediennes before the public. They were the reigning sensation of London for five years and have been in Australia for the past seventeen months, where Mr. Fagan staged all of the big pantomimes for Williamson and Musgrove. The Wang Doodle Comedy Four, a quartet of colored entertainers, will present "The Darky Dancing Master," for the first time in this city. Julian Rose, in "Our Hebrew Friend," will be new here. William J. Evans and Gladys St. John will also be new. Vernon, the ventriloquial star, will introduce his original creation, a walking figure of Nat W. Wills, "the happy tramp," and give a number of the monologuist's best songs and parodies, by special permission of Mr. Wills. Lydia Yeamans Titus will continue. Mabel McKinley, a niece of the late President McKinley, will shortly be heard at the Orpheum.

Nance O'Neil will give the last two performances of "La Tosca" at the California tonight and tomorrow night. On Monday night we are to see her for the first time in "Fedora," which is considered by many to be the greatest of all the Sardou dramas. The play is full of opportunities for a display of the powerful

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Look out, Another Sensation Coming

dramatic and emotional art of the sort that Miss O'Neil revels in and it should show the remarkable young actress to a better advantage than anything she has yet given us. Following "Fedora," Miss O'Neil will present here for the first time "Romeo and Juliet," with new scenic effects.

In "Monbars" in which Robert Mantell made one of his sincerest successes, White Whittlesey will have a most congenial role. The Alcazar production will have all the New York scenery and effects. Monbars, the hero, is a child of the people, a navy underling during England's war with France. He becomes a pirate captain and makes money for himself and the people he loves. Then he falls in love with a Marquis's daughter, whom he saves from a mad dog's bite. There's a lot of "go" in "Monbars" and it will crowd the Alcazar at every performance.

Tomorrow night at the Grand "In Central Park" will receive its premier here. The production will be the same as that used by the Rogers Brothers at the Knickerbocker, New York. The piece is in three acts representing the interior of a matrimonial agency, the roof garden of the Waldorf Astoria and Central Park. The last will be rendered effective by the introduction of carriages, horses, automobiles and bicycles. The company will be strengthened by the addition of Camille Walling, soprano, and Kitty Irwin, character comedienne. Among the specialties will be new parodies by Raymond and Caverly; trio, "Rosalie, My Royal Rosy," Cheridah Simpson, Raymond and Caverly; "When Reuben Comes to Town," Camille Walling, Martha de Roy and Raymond and Caverly; "Duchess of Central Park," Camille Walling; drinking song, Cheridah Simpson; coster song, "Father Wants the Cradle Back," and ballad, "There's Nobody Just Like You," Harold Crane; "If Cabby Told Half that He Knew," Cheridah Simpson; song and dance, "You Have Such Beautiful Dreams," and Japanese serenade "Kijo," Budd Ross and Anna Wilks; "Matrimonial Agent," Herbert Sears, "The Girl You'd Just Like to Know," Louise Moore, and a new military march by Charles H. Jones, performed by forty beautiful girls. At its conclusion Cheridah Simpson will appear attired in doublet and hose and sing "The Music of the Military Band."

On Monday Misses Hope and Emerson, assisted by the entire chorus at Fischer's, will introduce a great novelty into "Twirly Whirly." The mangement intends that this specialty shall come in the nature of a surprise. There will also be two new additions to the company. C. C. Whelan, the specialty actor who has appeared in all the leading vaudeville houses of this and foreign countries, and Tom Guise, the basso. The next show at Fischer's will be the funny travesty on "Under the Red Robe" and "The Three Musketeers."

"Madelaine, or the Magic Kiss," will be the Tivoli production on Monday evening. It will be a novelty to many. The plot concerns the legend of Grimm, which runs, that when one of the noble family reaches the age of one hundred years, he will die if he is not kissed by a pure young girl, but in case this is brought about, twenty-five years will be taken from his life. Stevens will be the Baron, Hartman the Doctor and Webb the Baron's scribe. Cunningham is the schemer, Annie Myers Matrimonial Mary, Lee the steward, and Marie Welsh Margot.

As the Central's midsummer attraction, "Joshua Whitcomb," will be put on with James Corrigan in the title role. It was Joshua Whitcomb who made Denman Thompson famous, and the piece has a pretty heart thread running through the comedy scenes. In conjunction with the fun there are specialties galore, among them being vocal numbers by Myrtle Vane, Millar Bacon and the Columbia quartet, and a whistling solo by Eugenie Thais Lawton.

"Ben Hur" Coming

Gottlob, Marx & Co. are making elaborate preparations for the coming of "Ben Hur." The Grand Opera House has been secured for the engagement, which will open on November second. Owing to the magnitude of the production, the piece cannot be staged in any other city in this State. Klaw & Erlanger will mount the play here exactly as presented in New York, for one entire season, and during the past three years in the principal cities of the East and Middle West. The great chariot race, originally presented with but two chariots and eight horses, will be staged here with four chariots and sixteen horses. Three trained camels will also be utilized in the production here.

—*The Playgoer.*

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MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

San Francisco Honored

Three San Francisco musicians have been honored by an invitation to become members of the international committee of honor for the Richard Wagner monument festivities in Berlin, during the week beginning September fifth. These exercises are to be a gala event in Germany. The three San Franciscans who have received and accepted invitations to serve on the committee are Hugo Mansfeldt, Hermann Genss and Joseph Beringer.

Without Blare of Trumpets

A very prominent artist came to San Francisco some months ago and settled down to a quiet home life. There was no announcement of her coming and few outside of those who know everything musically had any idea that our city had received such attention. This newcomer, who has, I am told, been compared with Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, is Mrs. Mabel Gray Lachmund. She finished her musical education with four years in Leipsig, with Bruno Zwintscher and Reinecke at the Conservatory, and with Emma Koch of Berlin. She came to San Francisco directly from Europe after a brief three months at her home in the East. In a quiet way, Mrs. Lachmund has already created a stir in musical circles by her rendering of Chopin and Schumann, of which she has made a specialty. She has done some accompanying work abroad and here that has won her praise from famous singers. Mrs. Lachmund is now staying in Berkeley. She intends to appear in recital work next season on this side of the bay.

Anne Boleyn's Song

A most beautiful and little known air of the time of Henry VIII is "Oh, Death, Rock Me Asleep." Both music and words are supposed to have been composed by unfortunate Anne Boleyn. Its tune and one verse are to be found in a manuscript of Henry's time, written for one voice without accompaniment. There is in the British museum, however, another copy with accompaniment for the lute. The tolling of the passing bell and the utter melancholy of the whole air perfectly represent the misery of the words. One verse is:

"Oh, Death, rock me asleep! Bring me to quiet rest;
Let pass my weary, guiltless life out of my careful breast;
Tool on the passing bell, ring out my doleful knell,
Let thy sound my death tell.
Death doth draw near me,
There is no remedy."

Shakespeare alludes to it in "Henry IV" when Pistol exclaims:

"What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?
Then, death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!"

Carrie Roma's arrangement of "Nearer My God to Thee" for soprano solo and quartet with violin obligato, was a feature of the musical services at the First Congregational church, Oakland, for two successive Sundays.

The King of England and the Czar of Russia are both expert banjo players.

Miss Gertrude Judd is spending her vacation in Sonoma county.

Henry Heyman is the guest of Mrs. W. B. Collier and family at their summer home, Rancho Kabana, near Lakeport.

—*The Music Critic.*

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LETTERS

Valuable for Mothers

Every little girl, whether of high or low degree, seems to be born with an innate love of housekeeping, and to make dollie's bed, wash and iron her clothes, cook little messes and give tea parties with toy dishes is the joy of her existence. Unfortunately this natural bent is not always, or even often cultivated, and the little housekeeper loses her interest and either never regains it, or is forced through rebellion and sulks to learn what, by judicious management, she should have glided into unconsciously. "The Child Housekeeper," a little manual compiled by Elizabeth Coulson and Anna G. Chittenden, though meant as an assistant for those engaged in teaching elementary domestic science, ought to awaken mothers to their opportunities. The book is not intended as a manual of training for domestic servants, and there is nothing in it that needs a book from which to teach it, but for all that the book is a welcome addition to the library of how to do things. The authors wisely presuppose that while homes are provided with every comfort they are not supplied with the latest scientific apparatus, and the lessons are arranged with a view to utilizing such paraphernalia as are sure to be available. Each lesson is introduced by a suitable song, music and words by Alice R. Baldwin, and at the end is a list of stories which can be read or told to the little girls, or placed in their hands for reading. Throughout are bits of verse, and hints and stories, such as any wise mother ought to have at her tongue's end to add interest while her little maid learns to perform her tasks, and while, as before mentioned, the book is designed for teachers, it is full of suggestion to those whose classes are composed of their own little ones. Mechanically it is one of the prettiest books of the year. It is printed in fine, clear type, on excellent paper, and profusely illustrated. The cover is in a checkerboard pattern of blue and white, with a centre design of a scroll of music surrounded by housekeeping implements. It is issued by the A. S. Barnes Company for $1.50, and one must add, cheap at the price.

Little Novels

The book of short stories is said to be a worse proposition, from a commercial standpoint, than the volume of poetry. It usually happens that when a purchaser has examined the index, he finds that he has read nearly, if not quite all the contents, whether he has preserved the magazine numbers or not, and unless in exceptional cases, he does not care to re-read them. The Macmillans have adopted a new plan of publication. Some of the short-long stories which have attracted particular attention are published by them in a "Little Novel" series. "Philosophy Four" is a college story, detailing how two gay grasshoppers wasted their time during the term, and were brought up standing by the imminence of examination and the certainty of failure and its consequences. The luck that favors fools and children was with them, and those who have not forgotten their own school and college days will appreciate all that happened. Owen Wister is the author of the tale, which made its appearance first in *Lippincott's* magazine. Another of the series is "Mr. Keegan's Elopement," by Winston Churchill. This was originally printed in the *Century*, before Mr. Churchill became known as the author of "best-sellers," and will probably be quite new to a large number of readers. Mr. Keegan did not elope himself, but he managed all the details, and indeed, might be said to have produced the elopement, which he brought off successfully. The affair took place on, or rather from, the island of Madeira, and was conducted on novel lines.

Clever Short Stories

To pass over F. Hopkinson Smith's volume of short stories, "The Under Dog," will be to miss a treat. There are thirteen of them, but if there is anything unlucky about the number it is in there not being more of them. They vary, from grave to gay, but are always concerned with some one of the unfortunate brotherhood who always "get the worst of things." "These Under Dogs —grave and gay—have always appealed to me. Their stories are printed here in the hope that they may also appeal to you," says the author in concluding his preface, and there will be few readers not willing to assure him that they do. The first three tales, grouped under the general title, "No Respecter of Persons," concern the "moonlighters," and the manner in which a literal interpretation of the revenue laws is made to work hardship on the least guilty. "Cap'n Bob of the Screamer" is our old friend, "Caleb West's" assistant. "Plain Fin—Paper Hanger," is a running mate for Terrence Mulvaney, and it is a lucky thing for the army and the London constabulary that they never happened to meet. "Compartment Number Four" relates a most humorous mix of identities, owing to the prevarication of the station agent with regard to sleeping car berths. It resulted in confusing some European royalty, traveling incognito, with the supposed members of a circus troupe. Perhaps the story which makes the deepest impression is that of "Marny's Shadow." "The Diffendorfer" is such a lonely figure, and one has a haunting notion that "Diffendorfers" are all about us, if we only knew. But there is something good for every temperament, and there is so much youth and life about the telling that it is hard to convince oneself that there is another Smith, a man of middle age, and a son of this author, who is also writing books. "The Under Dog" is from Charles Scribner's Sons. Some of the illustrations, of which there are a full dozen, are the work of the author.

Elinor Glynn, who wrote "The Visits of Elizabeth" and "The Reflections of Ambrosine," and who is preparing to enlighten us concerning the visits of Elizabeth's offspring, is a sister of Lady Duff Gordon, who conducts the London dressmaking establishment known as "Lucette's."

The whiskey of the particular — Chapin & Gore.

A WARNING TO THE PUBI
AGAINST DECEPTION

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As to Juvenile Literature

Attention has been directed, once more, to the great improvement in children's books, which, even in the middle of the last century, were of such a doleful cast, discussing death and immortality and relating the pious conversations of most unnatural little people who all died young, and who, we cannot but believe, were happier dead than living. The whole object and aim of children's books, in those days, was to inculcate moral lessons, to instruct, and to preach. The elders preached at the children and the children preached at one another. Their playground, by preference, was the churchyard, and by way of entertainment they copied epitaphs, measured the length of the little graves, and reflected that even babies died. Whether or not there were any flesh and blood children who acted as models for these unearthly little creatures, with their pious comments, at the ripe age of five years, it is certain that their type was considered most admirable, for any one who has had the opportunity to overhaul an old Sunday-school library, almost the only source from which children could draw reading matter, can testify to the lugubrious biographies and memoirs of imaginary, or at least unknown "saints." While there is no denying the morbid unwholesomeness of such "literature," it had one decided merit—that of early turning children away from children's books, if at the same time it did not turn them away from reading. In a recent symposium in T. P.'s weekly, made up of answers to the question, of what child's book most impressed people prominent in literary circles, it appears that the majority had but one use for the juveniles of their day—to abominate them and keep from contact with them. Joseph Conrad says he does not remember ever to have read a child's book as a child. At the age of six he was enjoying Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," and he is making the acquaintance of children's books now, with the assistance of his own small son. Max Pemberton had read all of Dickens by the time he was twelve. Clement Scott had made his way through "Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote" and "Dr. Syntax" before he was six. "So I don't think I wanted any children's books after that dose." Arthur Morrison confesses to a loathing for children's books. "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," and then "Guy Mannering" were his favorites. "After 'Guy Mannering' I think I never read a child's book of any sort," and "Guy Mannering" came to him at the age of nine or ten. Andrew Lang says his children's books were grown up books. But children's books are made so attractive in these later days that the children never do grow up, or at best, they are but grown up children. Not only are children's books attractive in both manner and matter, but the books which delighted Andrew Lang, Arthur Morrison, Dr. Nicholl and Edmund Gosse are pared and clipped to fit the children. We have adaptations and Bowdlerizations, and makings over, so that there is not only the incentive to escape from the child's literature, but actual inducements offered to remain childish. Some idiotic publisher once went so far as to extract a "Little Folks' Series" out of Dickens, by taking out all the parts of his novels in which children figured and reprinting them separately. Minds, like bodies, will not grow tall by stooping down. The children of today are better off than their grandparents in the matter of reading, but when they have themselves reached the age of their grandparents, will their minds be as well trained after their continuous diet of spoon meat? —*The Bookworm.*

"I wonder if your two favorite fruits are the same as mine, Miss Sweetgirl?" he asked, as they sauntered slowly through the park.

"I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Dearboy. What are your two favorite fruits?"

"A date with a peach," he answered, and the moon had to get behind a cloud to save the situation.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California. Department No. —. No. 85297.

MARGARET SCHIRMER, Plaintiff, vs. PHILIPP SCHIRMER, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to PHILIPP SCHIRMER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County, or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's adultery with one Mrs. Frank during and about the month of August A. D. 1902, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and this extreme cruelty towards plaintiff as in plaintiff's complaint alleged, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of April in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By H. H. ST. LEGER, Deputy Clerk

JULIAN PINTO, Plaintiff's Attorney
Room 204, 2nd Floor, Emma Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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Naming Children

Three of a Kind

While we were visiting at a small village in one of the Carolinas we went one afternoon to see one of the old negro mammies in her own log cabin. She was highly honored at the condescension of "de ladies," and was much concerned that the call might not be disturbed by the presence of her children—"lo'teen pickaninnies," she called them. Of course, curiosity was too strong for the youngsters, and soon the one door was blocked with curly heads and wide-open eyes. When Mammy perceived them, she just turned around and, gathering up her skirts as one does in front of a flock of trespassing chickens, cried out "Shoo!" and the cough-drops disappeared.

But towards the end of our visit Mammy needed the services of a helper to put out the jelly and cake that she insisted we eat. Stepping to the door, she called—

"Mariana!"

Soon three girls in single-piece coverings came bashfully, but curiously, through the door, and all were given orders by the bustling mother.

"But," said one of the callers in a half-jesting way, "are all three named Mariana, Mammy?"

"Yes," the old woman explained, "all three. You see, when de lil' gi'ls came, 'fo I got 'round 'gain, de folks jest call 'em all Mariana, an's no good changin'. An', anyhow, when I wants a pickaninny, I jes' calls 'Mariana,' and one's sho' to come."—*Juan Lippincott's.*

Four of a Kind

Four children at one of the summer hotels, are known by the names of "One," "Two," "Three" and "Four." The eldest is ten years of age, and they are all fine, handsome children, who would commend themselves to notice even if it were not for their names. The cause is a freak of the father. He explains that having frequently noticed the intense dissatisfaction of children with the names bestowed upon them he resolved to give his children the opportunity of selecting their own names, so he calls them "One," "Two," etc., until they reach the age of twelve years, when they are given the privilege of selecting their own names. The plan, he says, has given much satisfaction to his family.

—*The Gleaner.*

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